From the collection of the

Prelinger Library

San Francisco, California
2006

1845 1847 [illegible]
LAWRENCE PUBLIC
LIBRARY
ESTABLISHED 1872
LAWRENCE, MASS.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

AN

ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE

FOR

BOYS AND GIRLS.

EDITED BY

J. T. TROWBRIDGE AND LUCY LARCOM.

VOL. V.

LAWRENCE
Public Library,
LAWRENCE, MASS.

BOSTON:
FIELDS, OSGOOD, & CO.,
124 TREMONT STREET.
1869.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by
FIELDS, OSGOOD, & CO.,
in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

Reg. No. 33,476

UNIVERSITY PRESS: WELCH, BIGELOW, & CO.,
CAMBRIDGE.

CONTENTS.

		Page
About Humming-Birds	*T. M. Brewer*	578
After Pickerel	*Gaston Fay*	396
Among the Glass-Makers	*J. T. Trowbridge*	26, 77
Apostle of Lake Superior, The	*J. H. A. Bone*	605
Beautiful Gate, The	*Helen Wall Pierson*	52
Canary Islands and Canary Birds	*James Parton*	309
Candy-Making	*Mrs. Jane G. Austin*	302, 388
Carl	*Lily Nelson*	296
Carl's Christmas Carol	*M. W. McLain*	807
Cat's Diary, The	*Mrs. A. M. Diaz*	88
Chased by a Pirate	*David A. Wasson*	747
Day on Carysfort Reef, A	*Elizabeth C. Agassiz*	536
December Charade (Farewell)	*Mrs. A. M. Diaz*	843
Discovery of the Madeira Islands	*James Parton*	583
Diverting History of Little Whiskey, The	*Harriet Beecher Stowe*	58
Doctor Isaac I. Hayes		57
Dr. Trotty	*E. Stuart Phelps*	327
Doll's Regatta, The	*Aunt Fanny*	772
Dream of the Little Boy who would not eat his Crusts	*Mrs. A. M. Diaz*	628
Dunie and the Ice	*Sophie May*	99
Excitement at Kettleville, The: A Dialogue	*Epes Sargent*	261
Few Words about the Crow, A	*T. M. B.*	412
First New England Thanksgiving, The	*J. H. A. Bone*	722
Gardening for Girls	*Author of "Six Hundred Dollars a Year"*	235, 318, 368, 481, 554, 592
Ghosts of the Mines, The	*Major Traverse*	657
Glass Cutting and Ornamenting	*J. T. Trowbridge*	147
Going up in a Balloon	*Junius Henri Browne*	521
Golden-Rod and Asters	*Author of "Seven Little Sisters"*	703
Great Pilgrimage, The	*J. H. A. Bone*	669
Hannibal at the Altar	*Elijah Kellogg*	188
Hot Buckwheat Cakes	*H. L. Palmer*	798
How a Ship is modelled and launched	*J. T. Trowbridge*	833
How Battles are fought	*Major Traverse*	813
How Ships are built	*J. T. Trowbridge*	760
How Spotty was tried for her Life	*Ella Williams*	681
How to do it	*Edward Everett Hale*	190, 253, 459, 544, 664, 790
In the Happy Valley	*Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman"*	444
Kitty; A Fairy Tale of Nowadays	*Aunt Fanny*	45
Last Voyage of Réné Ménard	*J. H. A. Bone*	400
Lawrence among the Coal-Mines	*J. T. Trowbridge*	509
Lawrence among the Iron-Men	*J. T. Trowbridge*	617
Lawrence at a Coal-Shaft	*J. T. Trowbridge*	357
Lawrence in a Coal-Mine	*J. T. Trowbridge*	434
Lawrence's Journey	*J. T. Trowbridge*	289
Le Bœuf Gras	*Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman"*	825
Little Barbara	*Georgiana M. Craik*	731
Little Esther	*G. Howard*	157
Lost at Sea	*Georgiana M. Craik*	602
Lost Children, The: A Juvenile Play in Five Acts	*Caroline H. Jervey*	112
Navigation and Discovery before Columbus	*James Parton*	104, 450
Sixty-Two Little Tadpoles	*Author of "Seven Little Sisters"*	336
Spray Sprite, The	*Celia Thaxter*	377
Story of a Bad Boy, The	*Thomas Bailey Aldrich*	1, 65, 137, 205, 273, 345, 425, 497, 569, 641, 713, 785
Story of the Golden Christmas-Tree, The	*Mrs. A. M. Diaz*	12
Strange Dish of Fruits, A	*Major Traverse*	529
Swan Story, The	*Helen C. Weeks*	653

Terrible Cape Bojador, The	*James Parton*	739
Violets, The	*Annie Moore*	243
Water-Lilies	*Author of "Seven Little Sisters"*	479
White Giant, The	*Elsie Teller*	184
Who first used the Mariner's Compass	*James Parton*	176
William Henry Letters, The	*Mrs. A. M. Diaz*	167, 249, 282, 469, 687
World we live on, The	*Elizabeth C. Agassiz*	38, 162, 217, 382, 694, 751
Wrecks and Wreckers	*Major Traverse*	226

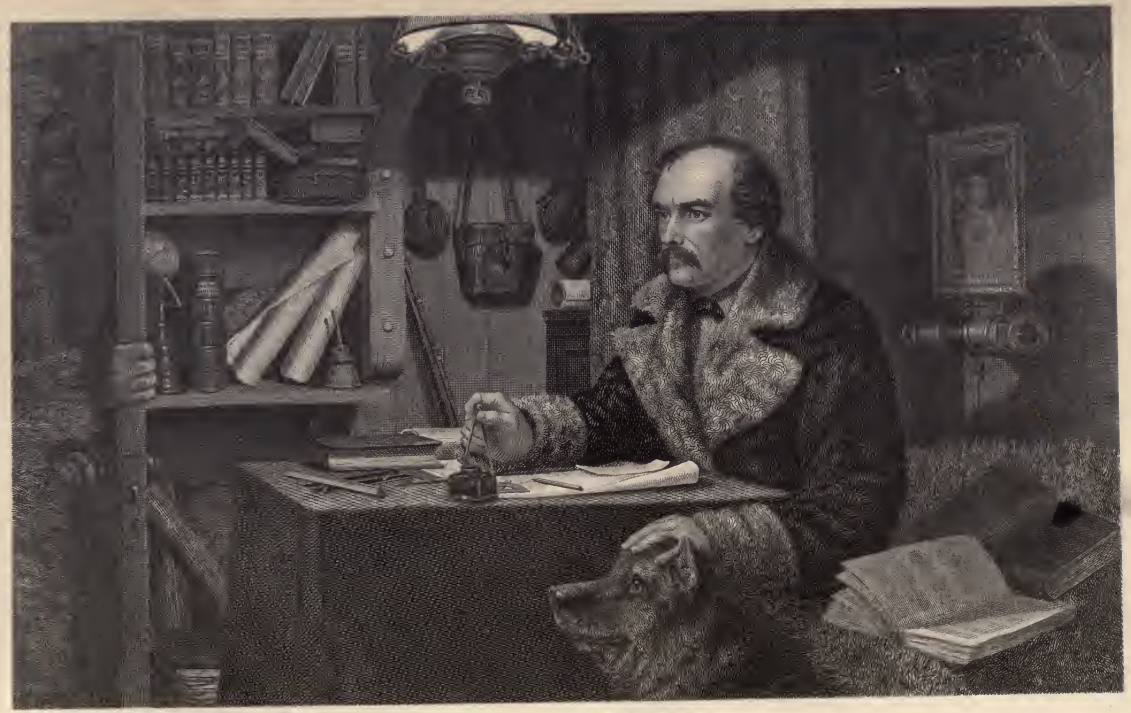
Poetry.

At Croquet	*L. G. W.*	583
At Queen Maude's Banquet	*Lucy Larcom*	260
Autumn Days	*Marian Douglas*	705
Berrying Song	*Lucy Larcom*	563
Bird's Good-Night Song to the Flowers, The	*Mrs. A. M. Diaz*	98
Bobolink and Canary	*Mrs. A. M. Wells*	410
Christmas-Tide	*A. W. Bellaw*	796
Cinderella	*Mrs. A. M. Wells*	332
Going to Sleep	*Mary N. Prescott*	520
Honor's Dream	*Harriet Prescott Spofford*	42
In the Cottage	*Lily Nelson*	477
Johnny Tearful	*George Cooper*	832
Lady Moon	*Lord Houghton*	491
Lilies of the Valley	*Mary B. C. Slade*	288
Little Culprit, The	*Kate Putnam Osgood*	183
Little Nannie	*Lucy Larcom*	338
Little Sweet-Pea	*R. S. P.*	615
Lost Willie	*C. A. Barry*	103
Morning-Glory	*H. H.*	
Morning Sunbeam, A	*A. Q. G.*	197
Mud Pies	*George Cooper*	750
My Heroine: A True Story	*Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman"*	10
Red Riding-Hood	*Lucy Larcom*	127
Rivulet, The	*Lucy Larcom*	418
Sissy's Ride in the Moon	*Annette Bishop*	730
Summer 's Done	*Lily Nelson*	652
Swing Away	*Lucy Larcom*	633
Taken at his Word	*R. S. P.*	759
Three in a Bed	*George Cooper*	146, 706
Tom Twist	*William Allen Butler*	244
Under the Palm-Trees	*Julia C. R. Dorr*	367
Unsociable Colt, The	*Edgar Fawcett*	450
Utopia	*Edward Wiebé*	128
What will become of me?	*Marian Douglas*	224
Why?	*L. G. W.*	663

Music.

Berrying Song	*F. Boott*	563
Come with me		126
Home: Trio		119
Lady Moon	*F. Boott*	491
Little Nannie	*F. Boott*	338
Rivulet, The	*F. Boott*	418
Swing Away	*F. Boott*	633
Three in a Bed	*F. Boott*	706
Utopia	*German Air*	128

Round the Evening Lamp	61, 130, 198, 267, 340, 419, 493, 565, 635, 708, 779, 850
Our Letter Box	63, 133, 201, 269, 342, 423, 495, 567, 639, 710, 782, 853



Dr. ISAAC I. HAYES.

IN THE CABIN OF HIS VESSEL, IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

An Illustrated Magazine

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

VOL. V. JANUARY, 1869. No. I.

LAWRENCE Public Library, LAWRENCE, MASS.

THE STORY OF A BAD BOY.

CHAPTER I.

IN WHICH I INTRODUCE MYSELF.

HIS is the story of a bad boy. Well, not such a very bad, but a pretty bad boy; and I ought to know, for I am, or rather I was, that boy myself.

Lest the title should mislead the reader, I hasten to assure him here that I have no dark confessions to make. I call my story the story of a bad boy, partly to distinguish myself from those faultless young gentlemen who generally figure in narratives of this kind, and partly because I really was *not* a cherub. I may truthfully say I was an amiable, impulsive lad, blessed with fine digestive powers, and no hypocrite. I did n't want to be an angel and with the angels stand; I did n't think the missionary tracts presented to me by the Rev. Wibird Hawkins were half so nice as Robinson Crusoe; and I did n't send my little pocket-money to the natives of the Feejee Islands, but spent it royally in peppermint-drops and taffy candy. In short, I was a real human boy, such as you may meet anywhere in New England, and no more like the impossible boy in a story-book than a sound orange is like one that has been sucked dry. But let us begin at the beginning.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1868, by FIELDS, OSGOOD, & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

Whenever a new scholar came to our school, I used to confront him at recess with the following words: "My name's Tom Bailey; what's your name?" If the name struck me favorably, I shook hands with the new pupil cordially; but, if it did n't, I would turn on my heel, for I was particular on this point. Such names as Higgins, Wiggins, and Spriggins were deadly affronts to my ear; while Langdon, Wallace, Blake, and the like, were passwords to my confidence and esteem.

Ah me! some of those dear fellows are rather elderly boys by this time, — lawyers, merchants, sea-captains, soldiers, authors, what not? Phil Adams (a special good name that Adams) is consul at Shanghai, where I picture him to myself with his head closely shaved, — he never had too much hair, — and a long pigtail hanging down behind. He is married, I hear; and I hope he and she that was Miss Wang Wang are very happy together, sitting cross-legged over their diminutive cups of tea in a sky-blue tower hung with bells. It is so I think of him; to me he is henceforth a jewelled mandarin, talking nothing but broken China. Whitcomb is a judge, sedate and wise, with spectacles balanced on the bridge of that remarkable nose which, in former days, was so plentifully sprinkled with freckles that the boys christened him Pepper Whitcomb. Just to think of little Pepper Whitcomb being a judge! What would he do to me now, I wonder, if I were to sing out "Pepper!" some day in court? Fred Langdon is in California, in the native-wine business, — he used to make the best licorice-water *I* ever tasted! Binny Wallace sleeps in the Old South Burying-Ground; and Jack Harris, too, is dead, — Harris, who commanded us boys, of old, in the famous snow-ball battles of Slatter's Hill. Was it yesterday I saw him at the head of his regiment on its way to join the shattered Army of the Potomac? Not yesterday, but five years ago. It was at the battle of the Seven Pines. Gallant Jack Harris, that never drew rein until he had dashed into the Rebel battery! So they found him — lying across the enemy's guns.

How we have parted, and wandered, and married, and died! I wonder what has become of all the boys who went to the Temple Grammar School at Rivermouth when I was a youngster?

"All, all are gone, the old familiar faces!"

It is with no ungentle hand I summon them back, for a moment, from that Past which has closed upon them and upon me. How pleasantly they live again in my memory! Happy, magical Past, in whose fairy atmosphere even Conway, mine ancient foe, stands forth transfigured, with a sort of dreamy glory encircling his bright red hair!

With the old school formula I commence these sketches of my boyhood. My name is Tom Bailey; what is yours, gentle reader? I take for granted it is neither Wiggins nor Spriggins, and that we shall get on famously together in the pages of this magazine, and be capital friends forever.

CHAPTER II.

IN WHICH I ENTERTAIN PECULIAR VIEWS.

I WAS born at Rivermouth, but, before I had a chance to become very well acquainted with that pretty New England town, my parents removed to New Orleans, where my father invested his money so securely in the banking business that he was never able to get any of it out again. But of this hereafter. I was only eighteen months old at the time of the removal, and it didn't make much difference to me where I was, because I was so small; but several years later, when my father proposed to take me North to be educated, I had my own peculiar views on the subject. I instantly kicked

over the little negro boy who happened to be standing by me at the moment, and, stamping my foot violently on the floor of the piazza, declared that I would not be taken away to live among a lot of Yankees!

You see I was what is called "a Northern man with Southern principles." I had no recollection of New England; my earliest memories were connected with the South, with Aunt Chloe, my old negro nurse, and with the great ill-kept garden in the centre of which stood our house, — a white-washed stone house it was, with wide verandas, — shut out from the street by lines of orange and magnolia trees. I knew I was born at the North, but hoped nobody would find it out. I looked upon the misfortune as something so shrouded by time and distance that maybe nobody remembered it. I never told my schoolmates I was a Yankee, because they talked about the

Yankees in such a scornful way it made me feel that it was quite a disgrace not to be born in Louisiana, or at least in one of the Border States. And this impression was strengthened by Aunt Chloe, who said, "dar was n't no gentl'men in de Norf no way," and on one occasion terrified me beyond measure by declaring that, "if any of dem mean whites tried to git her away from marster, she was jes' gwine to knock 'em on de head wid a gourd!"

The way this poor creature's eyes flashed, and the tragic air with which she struck at an imaginary "mean white," are among the most vivid things in my memory of those days.

To be frank, my idea of the North was about as accurate as that entertained by the well-educated Englishman of the present day concerning America. I supposed the inhabitants were divided into two classes, — Indians and white people; that the Indians occasionally dashed down on New York, and scalped any woman or child (giving the preference to children) whom they caught lingering in the outskirts after nightfall; that the white men were either hunters or schoolmasters, and that it was winter pretty much all the year round. The prevailing style of architecture I took to be log cabins.

With this delightful picture of Northern civilization in my eye, the reader will easily understand my terror at the bare thought of being transported to Rivermouth to school, and possibly will forgive me for kicking over little black Sam, and otherwise misconducting myself, when my father announced his determination to me. As for kicking little Sam, — I *always* did that, more or less gently, when anything went wrong with me.

My father was greatly perplexed and troubled by this unusually violent outbreak, and especially by the real consternation which he saw written in every line of my countenance. As little black Sam picked himself up, my father took my hand in his and led me thoughtfully to the library.

I can see him now as he leaned back in the bamboo chair and questioned me. He appeared strangely agitated on learning the nature of my objections to going North, and proceeded at once to knock down all my pine-log houses, and scatter all the Indian tribes with which I had populated the greater portion of the Eastern and Middle States.

"Who on earth, Tom, has filled your brain with such silly stories?" asked my father, wiping the tears from his eyes.

"Aunt Chloe, sir; she told me."

"And you really thought your grandfather wore a blanket embroidered with beads, and ornamented his leggins with the scalps of his enemies?"

"Well, sir, I did n't think that exactly."

"Did n't think that exactly? Tom, you will be the death of me."

He hid his face in his handkerchief, and, when he looked up, he seemed to have been suffering acutely. I was deeply moved myself, though I did not clearly understand what I had said or done to cause him to feel so badly. Perhaps I had hurt his feelings by thinking it even possible that Grandfather Nutter was an Indian warrior.

My father devoted that evening and several subsequent evenings to giving

me a clear and succinct account of New England; its early struggles, its progress, and its present condition, — faint and confused glimmerings of all which I had obtained at school, where history had never been a favorite pursuit of mine.

I was no longer unwilling to go North; on the contrary, the proposed journey to a new world full of wonders kept me awake nights. I promised myself all sorts of fun and adventures, though I was not entirely at rest in my mind touching the savages, and secretly resolved to go on board the ship — the journey was to be made by sea — with a certain little brass pistol in my trousers-pocket, in case of any difficulty with the tribes when we landed at Boston.

I could n't get the Indian out of my head. Only a short time previously the Cherokees — or was it the Camanches? — had been removed from their hunting-grounds in Arkansas; and in the wilds of the southwest the red men were still a source of terror to the border settlers. "Trouble with the Indians" was the staple news from Florida published in the New Orleans papers. We were constantly hearing of travellers being attacked and murdered in the interior of that State. If these things were done in Florida, why not in Massachusetts?

Yet long before the sailing day arrived I was eager to be off. My impatience was increased by the fact that my father had purchased for me a fine little Mustang pony, and shipped it to Rivermouth a fortnight previous to the date set for our own departure, — for both my parents were to accompany me. This pony (which nearly kicked me out of bed one night in a dream), and my father's promise that he and my mother would come to Rivermouth every other summer, completely resigned me to the situation. The pony's name was *Gitana*, which is the Spanish for gypsy; so I always called her — she was a lady pony — Gypsy.

At length the time came to leave the vine-covered mansion among the orange-trees, to say good by to little black Sam (I am convinced he was heartily glad to get rid of me), and to part with simple Aunt Chloe, who, in the confusion of her grief, kissed an eyelash into my eye, and then buried her face in the bright bandanna turban which she had mounted that morning in honor of our departure.

I fancy them standing by the open garden gate; the tears are rolling down Aunt Chloe's cheeks; Sam's six front teeth are glistening like pearls; I wave my hand to him manfully, then I call out "good by" in a muffled voice to Aunt Chloe; they and the old home fade away. I am never to see them again!

CHAPTER III.

ON BOARD THE TYPHOON.

I DO not remember much about the voyage to Boston, for after the first few hours at sea I was dreadfully unwell.

The name of our ship was the "A No. 1, fast-sailing packet Typhoon."

I learned afterwards that she sailed fast only in the newspaper advertisements. My father owned one quarter of the Typhoon, and that is why we happened to go in her. I tried to guess which quarter of the ship he owned, and finally concluded it must be the hind quarter, — the cabin, in which we had the cosiest of state-rooms, with one round window in the roof and two shelves or boxes nailed up against the wall to sleep in.

There was a good deal of confusion on deck while we were getting under way. The captain shouted orders (to which nobody seemed to pay any attention) through a battered tin trumpet, and grew so red in the face that he reminded me of a scooped-out pumpkin with a lighted candle inside. He swore right and left at the sailors without the slightest regard for their feelings. They did n't mind it a bit, however, but went on singing, —

> "Heave ho!
> With the rum below.
> And hurrah for the Spanish Main O!"

I will not be positive about "the Spanish Main," but it was hurrah for something O. I considered them very jolly fellows, and so indeed they were. One weather-beaten tar in particular struck my fancy, — a thick-set jovial man, about fifty years of age, with twinkling blue eyes and a fringe of gray hair circling his head like a crown. As he took off his tarpaulin I observed that the top of his head was quite smooth and flat, as if somebody had sat down on him when he was very young.

There was something noticeably hearty in this man's bronzed face, a heartiness that seemed to extend to his loosely knotted neckerchief. But what completely won my good-will was a picture of enviable loveliness painted on his left arm. It was the head of a woman with the body of a fish. Her flowing hair was of livid green, and she held a pink comb in one hand. I never saw anything so beautiful. I determined to know that man. I think I would have given my brass pistol to have had such a picture painted on my arm.

While I stood admiring this work of art, a fat, wheezy steam-tug, with the word AJAX in staring black letters on the paddle-box, came puffing up alongside the Typhoon. It was ridiculously small and conceited, compared with our stately ship. I speculated as to what it was going to do. In a few minutes we were lashed to the little monster, which gave a snort and a shriek, and commenced backing us out from the levee (wharf) with the greatest ease.

I once saw an ant running away with a piece of cheese eight or ten times larger than itself. I could not help thinking of it, when I found the chubby, smoky-nosed tug-boat towing the Typhoon out into the Mississippi River.

In the middle of the stream we swung round, the current caught us, and away we flew like a great winged bird. Only it did n't seem as if *we* were moving. The shore, with the countless steamboats, the tangled rigging of the ships, and the long lines of warehouses, appeared to be gliding away from us.

It was grand sport to stand on the quarter-deck and watch all this. Before long there was nothing to be seen on either side but stretches of low

swampy land, covered with stunted cypress-trees, from which drooped delicate streamers of Spanish moss, — a fine place for alligators and congo snakes. Here and there we passed a yellow sand-bar, and here and there a snag lifted its nose out of the water like a shark.

"This is your last chance to see the city, Tom," said my father, as we swept round a bend of the river.

I turned and looked. New Orleans was just a colorless mass of something in the sunset, and the dome of the St. Charles Hotel, upon which the sun shimmered for a moment, was no bigger than the top of old Aunt Chloe's thimble.

What do I remember next? the gray sky and the fretful blue waters of the Gulf. The steam-tug had long since let slip her hawsers, and gone panting away with a derisive scream, as much as to say, "I 've done my duty, now look out for yourself, old Typhoon!"

The ship seemed quite proud of being left to take care of itself, and, with its huge white sails bulged out, strutted off like a vain turkey. I had been standing by my father near the wheel-house all this while, observing things with that nicety of perception which belongs only to children; but now the dew began falling, and we went below to have supper.

The fresh fruit and milk, and the slices of cold chicken, looked very nice; yet somehow I had no appetite. There was a general smell of tar about everything. Then the ship gave sudden lurches that made it a matter of uncertainty whether one was going to put his fork to his mouth or into his eye. The tumblers and wineglasses, stuck in a rack over the table, kept clinking and clinking; and the cabin lamp, suspended by four gilt chains from the ceiling, swayed to and fro crazily. Now the floor seemed to rise, and now it seemed to sink under one's feet like a feather-bed.

There were not more than a dozen passengers on board, including ourselves; and all of these, excepting a bald-headed old gentleman, — a retired sea-captain, — disappeared into their state-rooms at an early hour of the evening.

After supper was cleared away, my father and the elderly gentleman, whose name was Captain Truck, played at checkers; and I amused myself for a while by watching the trouble they had in keeping the men in the proper places. Just at the most exciting point of the game, the ship would careen, and down would go the white checkers pell-mell among the black. Then my father laughed, but Captain Truck would grow very angry, and vow that he would have won the game in a move or two more, if the confounded old chicken-coop — that 's what he called the ship — had n't lurched.

"I — I think I will go to bed now, please," I said, laying my hand on my father's knee, and feeling exceedingly queer.

It was high time, for the Typhoon was plunging about in the most alarming fashion. I was speedily tucked away in the upper berth, where I felt a trifle more easy at first. My clothes were placed on a narrow shelf at my feet, and it was a great comfort to me to know that my pistol was so handy, for I made no doubt we should fall in with Pirates before many hours. This

is the last thing I remember with any distinctness. At midnight, as I was afterwards told, we were struck by a gale which never left us until we came in sight of the Massachusetts coast.

For days and days I had no sensible idea of what was going on around me. That we were being hurled somewhere upside-down, and that I did n't like it, was about all I knew. I have, indeed, a vague impression that my father used to climb up to the berth and call me his "Ancient Mariner," bidding me cheer up. But the Ancient Mariner was far from cheering up, if I recollect rightly; and I don't believe that venerable navigator would have cared much if it had been announced to him, through a speaking-trumpet, that "a low, black, suspicious craft, with raking masts, was rapidly bearing down upon us!"

In fact, one morning, I thought that such was the case, for bang! went the big cannon I had noticed in the bow of the ship when we came on board, and which had suggested to me the idea about pirates. Bang! went the gun again in a few seconds. I made a feeble effort to get at my trousers-pocket! But the Typhoon was only saluting Cape Cod, — the first land sighted by vessels approaching the coast from a southerly direction.

The vessel had ceased to roll, and my sea-sickness passed away as rapidly as it came. I was all right now, "only a little shaky in my timbers and a little blue about the gills," as Captain Truck remarked to my mother, who, like myself, had been confined to the state-room during the passage.

At Cape Cod the wind parted company with us without saying so much as "Excuse me"; so we were nearly two days in making the run which in favorable weather is usually accomplished in seven hours. That's what the pilot said.

I was able to go about the ship now, and I lost no time in cultivating the acquaintance of the sailor with the green-haired lady on his arm. I found him in the forecastle, — a sort of cellar in the front part of the vessel. He was an agreeable sailor, as I had expected, and we became the best of friends in five minutes.

He had been all over the world two or three times, and knew no end of stories. According to his own account, he must have been shipwrecked at least twice a year ever since his birth. He had served under Decatur when that gallant officer peppered the Algerines and made them promise not to sell their prisoners of war into slavery; he had worked a gun at the bombardment of Vera Cruz in the Mexican War, and he had been on Alexander Selkirk's island more than once. There were very few things he had n't done in a seafaring way.

"I suppose, sir," I remarked, "that *your* name is n't Typhoon?"

"Why, Lord love ye, lad, my name's Benjamin Watson, of Nantucket. But I 'm a true-blue Typhooner," he added, which increased my respect for him; I don't know why, and I did n't know then whether Typhoon was the name of a vegetable or a profession.

Not wishing to be outdone in frankness, I disclosed to him that *my* name was Tom Bailey, upon which he said he was very glad to hear it.

When we got more intimate, I discovered that Sailor Ben, as he wished me to call him, was a perfect walking picture-book. He had two anchors, a star, and a frigate in full sail on his right arm; a pair of lovely blue hands clasped on his breast, and I 've no doubt that other parts of his body were illustrated in the same agreeable manner. I imagine he was fond of draw-

ings, and took this means of gratifying his artistic taste. It was certainly very ingenious and convenient. A portfolio might be misplaced, or dropped overboard; but Sailor Ben had his pictures wherever he went, just as that eminent person in the poem —

"With rings on her fingers and bells on her toes" —

was accompanied by music on all occasions.

The two hands on his breast, he informed me, constituted a tribute to the memory of a dead messmate from whom he had parted years ago, — and surely a more touching tribute was never engraved on a tombstone. This caused me to think of my parting with old Aunt Chloe, and I told him I should take it as a great favor indeed if he would paint a pink hand and a black hand on my chest. He said the colors were pricked into the skin with needles,

and that the operation was somewhat painful. I assured him, in an off-hand manner, that I did n't mind pain, and begged him to set to work at once.

The simple-hearted fellow, who was probably not a little vain of his skill, took me into the forecastle, and was on the point of complying with my request, when my father happened to look down the gangway, — a circumstance that rather interfered with the decorative art.

I did n't have another opportunity of conferring alone with Sailor Ben, for the next morning, bright and early, we came in sight of the cupola of the Boston State House.

T. B. Aldrich.

MY HEROINE.

A TRUE STORY.

I KNEW a little maid, — as sweet
As any seven years' child you 'll meet
In mansion grand or village street,
However charming they be :
She 'll never know of this my verse
When I her simple tale rehearse ; —
A cottage girl, made baby-nurse
Unto another baby.

Till then how constant she at school !
Her tiny hands of work how full !
And never careless, never dull,
As little scholars may be.
Her absence questioned, with cheek red
And gentle lifting of the head,
" Ma'am, I could not be spared," she said ;
" I had to mind my baby."

Her baby ; oft along the lane
She 'd carry it with such sweet pain
On summer holidays, — full fain
To let both work and play be :
But, at the school hour told to start,
She 'd turn with sad divided heart
'Twixt scholar's wish and mother's part,
" I cannot leave my baby ! "

One day at school came rumors dire, —
" Lizzie has fallen in the fire ! "
And off in haste I went to inquire,
With anxious fear o'erflowing :
For yester-afternoon at prayer
My little Lizzie's face did wear
The look — how comes it, whence, or where ? —
Of children who are — *going.*

And almost as if bound for flight
To say new prayers in angels' sight,
Poor Lizzie lay, — so wan, so white,
So sadly idle seeming :
Her active hands now helpless bound,
Her wild eyes wandering vaguely round,
As up she started at each sound,
Or slept, and moaned in dreaming.

Her mother gave the piteous tale :
" How that child's courage did not fail,
Or else poor baby — " She stopped, pale,
And shed tears without number ;
Then told how at the fireside warm,
Lizzie, with baby on her arm,
Slipped — threw him from her — safe from harm,
Then fell — Here in her slumber

Lizzie shrieked, " Take him ! " and uptossed
Her poor burnt hands, and seemed half lost,
Until a smile her features crossed
As sweet as angels' may be.
" Yes, ma'am," she said in feeble tone,
" I 'm ill, I know," — she hushed a moan, —
" But " — here her look a queen might own —
" But, ma'am, I saved my baby ! "

Author of " John Halifax, Gentleman."

THE STORY OF THE GOLDEN CHRISTMAS-TREE.

"NOW," said Katie, — "now that the grown-up people are away, we children may hope for a little quiet. All sit along in a row, and I will tell you the Story of the Golden Christmas-Tree, that happened long time ago. It begins with two old folks, and they were poor, and lived in a house that had but one door. Now don't make faces. I mean one outside door. If any of you talk or giggle, or snap knuckles, or roll up your eyes, or pull hair, or pinch, or tickle, I shall stop telling. But chewing gum is no matter.

"And they had a daughter who was a beauty. Just as white as wax-work, and had golden hair, and was quite tall, but not very tall. Her eyes were as blue as a wax doll's, and her lips as red, and she was slim and slender, with a sweet little foot that stepped light as a feather.

"And they had one more child, but he was a boy, and his name was Valentine; but not a pretty boy, — a homely boy, and his place was always in the back corner. For they loved their daughter best, and sold all their eggs and geese feathers to buy ear-rings for her ears, and necklaces for her neck, and silver rings for her fingers, and ribbons to tie in her golden hair. But the boy had to wear very old things.

"And for the girl it was 'O sweet angel!' 'O my lovely one!' 'O pretty darling!' with kisses for her cheeks and for her lily-white hands. But for him it was 'O you stupid!' 'You naughty one!' 'You never do right!' And while she leaned against the wall, like a picture, with her pretty hands folded, and a fine dress, he scrubbed the floor, and washed the platters, with his old clothes, and the tears in his eyes.

"For he very often wept because nobody cared for him, and longed for some one to come and take him by the hand, and say something kind. And one evening, when he was lying all alone there, he dreamed that the hut was suddenly filled with a bright light, and that a beautiful lady, all in white, bent over him and said very kind words. But the dream passed away, and when he awoke the hut was dark, and he all alone in the cold, — all but his dog, his good old shaggy dog, Fido. Valentine loved Fido, and used to lay his head on the dog's neck and tell him all his troubles; and Fido would look up so sorryful, and lick his master's face, just as if he knew.

"There was nobody else for the boy to tell his troubles to, unless it was the one that gave him the dog, Jolly Tom; and he was no relation, not the least, but only skipper of a little sloop. And Valentine used to watch for his white sails, coming over the sea. For Jolly Tom always went whistling along, and often would call out, 'Ha, Valentine!' 'How are you, Valentine?' in a merry way, and once brought him home quite a large jews-harp, and taught him to play a tune. And the name of the tune was 'Whistling Winds.' And when Valentine felt very sad, he would go to his back corner, or away under a tree, and play up a tune, while Fido would sit by and wag his tail to the music.

"But one night a wicked pedler stole the dog away, which made Valentine feel so badly that it seemed as if he could not work at all, but only think of Fido and mourn for Fido all day long.

"This made the two old folks angry, and more cross to him than ever before. And one night they scolded him, and said, 'O, if you would but keep out of our sight! Away with you!'

"Then the boy walked a long way off to the sea-shore, where the sea was moaning; and there he lay down on the sands, and listened to the moan of the sea. Darkness was coming on, and it was a very gloomy night. Clouds covered up the stars, and there was quite a chilly blast blowing. Off the shore, near by, were vessels at anchor. He could hear the flapping of the sails and the shouts of the men.

"Pretty soon some sailors, hurrying along, stumbled over him, and one said, 'Pray, what 's this thing?'

"'O, some land-lubber!' cried another.

"Then he spoke out and said, 'I am Valentine. Do you belong to one of the ships? Shall you soon set sail? Is the Captain among you?'

"Then a tall man stepped forward and said, 'I am the Captain, what do you wish?'

"Valentine asked him if he would like to hire a boy, for he wished to go to seek his fortune in a strange land.

"'Yes,' said the Captain, 'I want a good stout boy. Come with us to the boat.'

"And when it was seen that he could handle an oar, they allowed him to be one of the rowers to row to the ship.

"And the ship sailed and sailed more than a thousand miles, and anchored at last before a great city.

"Now as Valentine did not wish to be a sailor-boy any more, he said good by to the crew and the captain, and then began walking up and down the streets to find work. It was a very grand city. The buildings were so tall and stately, with many columns and towers and porticos. There were marble statues standing about in very good places, and fountains sparkling, and palm-trees waving, and flowers blooming everywhere. And the people were dressed in very bright-colored clothes.

"Now as Valentine walked up and down, he came to the Palace. And said he, 'Since all is fine in this grand city, I may as well try my luck here as at any other place.'

"So he went through the back gate, and put his head in at the kitchen door. And as the cooks were far too busy to mind him, — for it was a feast day, and there were over forty lambs to be roasted, — he went through a back passage, and passed from room to room very softly, — walked softly because he was a little afraid, everything was so wonderful, and so bright, and so grand!

"At last he stubbed his toe against a gold nail which stuck up in the floor, and out jumped a man from behind a velvet curtain, twenty feet long!"

"The man, Katie?"

"How silly! Do you want I should stop telling?"

"O no." "O no!" "No, no, no, no, no!"

"Keep quiet, then, and don't interrupt. This man that jumped out had three feathers in his cap, and, as Valentine didn't know his real name, he called him, 'Mr. Three Feathers.' He said, 'Mr. Three Feathers, will you please give me some work to do?'

"Now the man was so angry at being called 'Mr. Three Feathers,' that he took Valentine by the collar and began running him out of the Palace.

"But a man that had four feathers called out, 'What are you doing with that boy? What does he want?'

"'Wants work to do,' said Mr. Three Feathers.

"'Well,' said Mr. Four Feathers, 'why turn him away? Don't you know that we are wanting a throne boy?'

"So Valentine was hired to be the throne boy, and was arrayed in fine array, as was quite proper for one who dwelt in a palace. It was his business to take care of the ornaments which adorned the throne, and to rub the golden candlesticks, and dust the ivory steps, and beat up the purple cushions. Every morning his hands had to be dipped in perfumed water.

"He did everything as well as he could, and the King was so pleased that he patted his head very often. Every month he got a large gold piece and a new pair of shoes. And he said to the King one day, 'The shoes I put under my bed, but where shall I put my gold pieces?'

"Then the King gave him an ivory-handled spade, and an apple-tree, in his own private garden, where he might dig a hole underneath to bury his gold pieces. And there he would sit, when work was done, and play on his jews-harp the tune of 'Whistling Winds,' and think of Jolly Tom, and of the dog that was stolen away. And he said to himself, that some day he would take all his money home, and build the two old folks a new house. 'For I am still their son,' he said, 'and must take care of them when they are past work.'

"And when Valentine had lived in the Palace a very long time, the King said to him one day, 'As I find that you are one to be trusted, I shall employ you to go on a long journey. You see this letter. It must be taken to the Great Governor Joriando. He is — But that you will find out for yourself.'

"The letter was very square and large, and sealed together with a great deal of red sealing-wax.

"'Put this letter,' said the King, 'inside your inner vest, and button it tight; you see it is marked "Private." Do you know the way?'

"'I can ask,' said Valentine.

"But after travelling a long time he came to a sandy desert, where there were no paths, and no one to point out the way. And it happened that he came out on the wrong side of the desert. There he met a soldier clad in armor, with tall, waving plumes; and he asked this soldier, 'Can you tell me where lives the Great Governor Joriando?'

"'No, I can't tell you,' said the soldier; 'but I have heard of him. He is —'

"Just then a trumpet sounded, and the soldier hurried away. Then Valentine walked the country up and down, asking of all people, 'Can you tell me where lives the Great Governor Joriando?' Some turned away, some stroked their faces and smiled, but none could tell.

"At last he grew very weary of wandering about, and one day, as he was passing through a hay-field, he threw himself down to rest against a hay-cock, but was no sooner down than up jumped a man from the other side, and came round to see who was there. He was quite a pale-looking man, and seemed to be a traveller."

"Katie, did Valentine leave his gold pieces under the apple-tree?"

"No. I forgot to tell about that. He dug them up, and put them in a leather bag, and hung it about his neck. Now, what was I telling when Dicky asked that question?"

"About the pale man."

"O yes. He was a pale, sick-looking man, with hollow cheeks and black hair, and carried a basket with the cover tied down.

"'Are you very tired?' he asked.

"'Yes, very,' said Valentine. 'Can you tell me where lives the Great Governor Joriando?'

"No. The traveller had never heard of such a governor. But he sat down by the side of Valentine, and there they talked together in a very friendly way. He was quite a sad man, with a low and sorrowful voice. Valentine took out his jews-harp and played up a tune, but the stranger did not seem pleased at all, but only turned his head away.

"And when they had taken quite a long rest, the traveller said, 'What do you think? Since you know not where to go, will you go with me?'

"'With all my heart,' said Valentine.

"And the two travelled together for many days, along highways and by-ways, by the banks of little brooks, and through pleasant woods, where birds sang and the leaves rustled in the breezes.

"And one evening they seated themselves, just as the moon was rising, on the top of a steep hill. There was a very large, high, smooth rock there — a white rock — that they leaned against. This rock was called the 'White Horse.'

"They stood by this rock and looked down. Below them there lay a large city, which looked beautiful in the moonlight. It was a very calm, still night. On their right hand were piled up the dark mountains, and on their left hand the wide sea was spread out, and many ships were sailing there.

"The traveller stood quiet, with his arms folded, a long time, saying not a word.

"But at last he turned to Valentine, and said, 'What do you think? I have something to tell. Will you hear it?'

"'Very gladly,' said Valentine.

"Then the Traveller pointed to a spot just outside the city, and asked, 'Do you see those turrets which point up so high among the green trees?'

"'Yes,' said Valentine, 'I see the turrets.'

"'They belong to a grand old castle,' said the traveller. 'And in that castle dwell a noble old couple, who have lived their lives very happily there for more than fifty years.

"'And when the fiftieth year came round, they said, "Let us celebrate our Golden Wedding. And, since it falls on Christmas, we will have for our grandchildren a Golden Christmas-Tree, whereon the presents shall be of pure gold."

"'And they bought of a countryman a fine green fir-tree, of a lovely shape, and quite tall, because the walls were so high.

"'Very soon came the joyful Christmas Eve, and not an old couple in the kingdom were so happy as they! For all had come to the Golden Wedding. Not even one little grandchild was missing.

"'Ah, but that was a happy sight! The grandmother was dressed in a velvet gown and a feather in her turban, and her fat face was smiling all over! The grandfather had his arms full of little children, and sang, and laughed, and wiped the tears from his eyes, — happy tears. Pretty, fair girls, dressed all in white, danced from room to room, and the gallant youths and the lovely maidens kissed one another under the mistletoe-bough!

"'Are you listening, Valentine?' the traveller asked.

"'Yes,' said Valentine, 'I am listening. Please tell the rest.'

"'I will,' said the traveller. 'I have resolved to tell the rest, and I shall tell it.

"'You must know that, in the midst of all the gay time, two of the mothers went away to a distant room, where the Tree had been placed, to light it up and arrange the presents. And O, these were a dazzling sight to behold! There were bracelets, coronets, charms, watches, lockets, clasps, rings, vases, buckles, all made of gold, and long golden chains!

"'And after everything was ready, the two mothers went up to the Grand Banquet Hall, to see that for the Golden Wedding Feast nothing was lacking; and left the Tree, with all its golden fruit, in care of a servant whom they fully trusted. For he had been a long time their servant, and they had been very kind to him, and to his little girl that died.'

"The traveller stopped in this part of his story, and bowed down his head, and did not say more for quite a long while. And when he began again his voice sounded lower and sadder than before.

"'That servant,' said he, — 'that servant whom they trusted, when he was left alone there, thought to himself, "How many fine clothes all these would buy! How many bottles of wine! How many good things to eat and a coach and horses besides! If I only had them for my own, and was far away from here, then I should be happy!"

"'And now, what do you think? He took all those golden things!

"'And when the doors were thrown open, and the people came in haste to see the Golden Christmas-Tree in all its glory, why, those presents were miles away, among yonder mountains, and the base robber was seeking some place to bury them in!'

"'The wretch! The mean villain!' Valentine cried out. 'If I could but get hold of him!

"I HAD TO MIND MY BABY."

DRAWN BY MISS PATTERSON.]

[See *My Heroine*, page 10.

"'And if you could,' then the traveller asked, 'what would you do with him?'

"'Throttle him!' cried Valentine. 'Bind him hand and foot! Tear him limb from limb! Hand him over to the officers! For he was trusted, and he deceived them!'

"'It is a pity,' said the traveller, 'that you could not get hold of him!'"

"But Katie," said little Dick, "we don't get any Golden Christmas-Tree in our story, after all. For the presents were stolen away!"

"Now, Dick," said Katie, "please be quiet. 'After all' has n't come yet. Wait till my story's done, sir. I was going to tell that in this part of his story the traveller folded his arms, and began walking backwards and forwards, and at every turn he came a little nearer Valentine.

"At last he came close up, and stooped over, and whispered, 'I myself am that wretch, that mean villain!'

"Then he stepped back, and said, 'Now do as you promised. Throttle me. Bind me hand and foot. Tear me limb from limb. Hand me over to the officers. For they trusted me, and I deceived them!'

"But Valentine started back, thinking about his gold pieces, and put his hand up to where they hung. This made the traveller smile.

"'Don't be afraid,' said he. 'I know you have something of value there, because you raise your hand to it so often. Don't you know that is the very way to let your secret be known? But I don't want your gold. I 'm sick of gold. I want you to hear the rest of my story, and then do me a favor.'

"He then told Valentine how he buried the golden presents in a low secret valley, and then wandered about among the mountains, and never dared to show his face. At last came a furious snow-storm, and in that he almost died. But a good shepherd carried him to his hut.

"'And when next I could walk about,' said the traveller, 'the flowers of spring were blooming. For I was sick a very long time, — too sick to notice anything at all. Yet I did see something, or seemed to see it, — something very strange. Now what do you think? All through that long sickness I saw, or seemed to see, — a Hand! A busy, never-weary Hand, which wrote, wrote, wrote everywhere! The letters it made were the color of bright red coals, and when put together they made the word — "Thief!" Wherever I looked, on the furniture, on the walls, on the ceiling, on the floor, on the bed-clothes, there was the Hand, steadily at work, writing, writing, writing, and always fast, as if not one moment could be lost. It wrote on my flesh. And then the letters burned! O, you may believe that I suffered!

"'Now when I got well, do you suppose I went to that low, secret valley, and dug up those golden things, and sold them? O no, I could not bear to see them. And I stayed there with the shepherd, and helped him watch his flocks by night.

"'And it happened that one day the Queen passed over the mountains with all her train. And she wanted to find a little blue flower, but none of them knew where it grew. Now I had seen some growing far below, on the face of a steep rock, and I let myself down there, and picked a good handful.

She liked me very much for doing this, and took me to her own city; and as I pleased her well she gave me first money, next rich presents, and next a fine house, where I made grand parties, and we had music and dancing, and very gay times.

"'But what do you think? The Hand came back! Or seemed to come back. And wrote that same word! Wrote it on the green of the grass, wrote it on the blue of the sky and on the darkness of the night, wrote it on my forehead, and I looked in the looking-glass very often to see if the word showed there. For I thought people could read it. Even in my dreams it was just the same. For then the good Baron himself would seem

to stand before me, and hold out a paper, with that word written on it; or else my little girl that died would seem to hold it out to me, and look so mournful!

"'And something else came. A whispering. A low, whispering voice at my ear. Only one word, but it was that same word. I seemed to hear it everywhere. In the streets I heard it, and turned quick to see who was whispering. But no one was there. In the midst of the music and dancing, and in the still hours of the night, I heard it too, and could not sleep. But still I would not take the things and carry them back to the Baron. I shall feel better soon, I said. But I did not feel better.

"'And now what do you think? Shall I tell you what is in this basket? All those golden things are here. One night when I could not sleep I said to myself, I will set off by the early morning light, and I will go to that low, secret valley, and I will dig up those golden presents, and return them to

their owner. And from the very moment that I said this to myself I never saw the Hand nor heard the whispering!

"'And now the castle stands before me. But I cannot, O I cannot meet the eye of that old man. Do you know why I have brought you here, and told you this story? To ask you to give these into the Baron's own hands, and say to him that I will remain until to-morrow night at the "White Horse," where the officers may find me.'

"Early in the next morning Valentine arrived at the castle, and began walking about the grounds to see what he could see.

"And the first thing he saw was a little spring of water bubbling up, and he dropped his basket, and stepped down to take a drink.

"And while he lay there flat on the grass, sucking in the clear cold water, there came along the stiff-looking steward of the castle, all dressed out in gold lace and ruffles. He touched the basket with his silver-pointed cane, and, when he found it was very heavy, thought he would just peep to see what there was inside.

"Just as he was doing this, Valentine lifted up his head to catch a long breath, and saw somebody meddling with his basket.

"'Don't meddle with that, sir!' he cried out.

"'Indeed I shall meddle with that, sir!' the stiff steward said. For he had found all those golden things, marked with the names of the family. And when Valentine began to tell where he got them, and what he was going to do with them, he laughed at him, and said, 'Hush up with your silly story! Do you think anybody will believe that?' Then he searched him, and took away his bag of gold pieces, and the letter marked 'Private,' and then shut him up in a cell.

"But when the Baron came home he said, 'Let me look him in the face! I can tell by his face whether he speaks true or false.' And when he had looked him in the face, and heard his story, he believed every word of it, and gave back the gold pieces and the square letter.

"'Then send to the "White Horse," and catch the thief!' cried the stiff steward.

"But the Baron said, 'No. That man's thoughts are the worst punishment he can have.'

"And when he saw that the lad was a smart, likely lad, he offered to employ him; but Valentine said he must go to find the 'Great Governor Joriando.'

"Then a merchant stepped forward, who had journeyed from a far country, and said that a long time before he had passed the Great Governor Joriando with a troop of soldiers, and that they were marching in haste to the King's Palace. And also that the King and all his armies were gone to the wars.

"'But keep the letter,' said the Baron. 'It may be of use to you.'

"'Yes, keep the letter to the Great Governor Joriando, by all means!' said the merchant. And he went away.

"So Valentine remained with the Baron, and served him a very long time, and saved a great deal of money.

"And one day as he was sitting all alone in a shady lane, playing on his jews-harp, he looked through the trees and saw a cottage where a lovely girl sat in the doorway, weeping. And he went to find out the reason. The name of this girl was Pauline. She was weeping because the goats had gone astray. For they were her uncle's goats, and he would be angry with her for their going astray.

"Now Valentine was always ready to do favors; so he ran quickly to find the goats, and drove them home. And the lovely young girl smiled very sweetly through her tears.

"And not long after he walked in the shady lane again, and found the lovely girl sitting in the doorway, weeping for her only brother, who had joined a band of rovers, and gone roving away.

"'Do not weep,' said Valentine. 'He will soon come back, and will have many fine tales to tell.' And then he related to her many things he had seen in his own travels.

"And it happened that every day after this he walked in the shady lane, and every day he saw the lovely girl, and every day she smiled upon him, and they talked pleasantly together.

"But one day Valentine stayed away, and sat down by himself to think. And he thought this: 'What a pity that I am ill-looking! If it were not so, I would ask Pauline to be my wife. I am very sorry. Yet it must be so, for did they not always say that of me at home? Yet Pauline smiles on me, and Pauline is very lovely. I wonder how it is!'

"The truth was that Valentine had grown up quite tall and manly. His smile was very sweet; and he had a pleasant way which charmed everybody, and charmed Pauline so much, that, when at last Valentine asked, 'Will you be my wife, and go to dwell with me in my own native country?' she did not say 'No,' but said only, 'Wait till my brother comes home.' And then Valentine knew, that, if the brother said 'yes,' Pauline would not say 'no.' And when the brother came home, he not only said 'yes,' but declared that nothing would suit him better than to go too; for that was a part of the world he had never seen.

"O how happy was Valentine then!

"And when Pauline heard about the two old folks, and of the little hut where he was once so sorrowful, she said, 'Listen, now. I have taken a fancy that our wedding shall be nowhere but in that little hut, where you were once so sad and sorrowful. And after the wedding, we will build a new house for the two old folks and take good care of them; for are you not still their son?'

"'Just as you please,' said Valentine. And the brother, who was always in haste, began that very hour to buy the wedding clothes.

"Now in the mean time, while Valentine was so far away, the beautiful daughter at home had grown up. And the two old folks said to one an-

other, 'Now surely some prince will come to marry our beautiful daughter, and will clothe her in royal robes, and place her upon a throne, and we shall sit at her right hand.'

"But the girl was not kind to the two old folks, and was too idle to learn anything, but thought only of her fine looks; and, besides, she was not sweet-tempered, but was quick to get angry. And to the poor beggar women, instead of giving them a kind word or a taste of her bread, she would say, 'Out of the way with you!'

"And one day a prince came along, and saw this pretty maiden, sitting upon a green bank twining a wreath of flowers. And he said, 'What a beautiful maiden! I will make her my Princess.'

"But first asked of the neighbors, 'Is she wise? Is she sweet-tempered?'

"'O no, not at all,' the neighbors said.

"'Then she 'll not do for me,' said the Prince. 'For if she cannot govern her temper she cannot govern people; and to set a dunce upon the throne would be folly. I 'll pass on.'

"The next year a great lord passed by, and saw this pretty maiden, dressed in her finery, all ready for the Ball. And he said, 'What a beautiful maiden! I will make her my Lady.'

"But first asked of the neighbors, 'Is she good to her mother?'

"'O no, not at all,' the neighbors said.

"'Then she will not do for me,' said the Lord. 'A girl who is not good to her mother will be good to nobody. I 'll pass on.'

"The next year there came a baron riding by; and he saw this pretty maiden sitting under a tree, stringing beads for a necklace. And he said, 'O, what a beautiful maiden! I will make her my Baroness.'

"But first asked of the neighbors, 'Is she kind to the poor?'

"'O no, not at all,' the neighbors said.

"'Then she will not do for me,' said the Baron. 'On my estates are many poor. I 'll pass on.'

"And the next year there came along a merry young farmer, with a round rosy face and wavy locks. And he saw this pretty maiden looking at herself in a clear, still fountain, and braiding her golden hair. Then he watched her through the branches of a green tree, and he said, 'O, what a beautiful maid! I will make her my wife.'

"But first he asked of the neighbors, 'Is she industrious?'

"'No, not at all,' the neighbors said.

"'Then she 'll never do for a farmer's wife,' he said; and laughed his merry laugh, and shook his wavy locks, and passed on.

"Thus years slipped away, and the beautiful daughter was left to twine her flowers, and dress, and string her beads, and braid her golden hair by herself, since none cared to marry her. But the older she grew the more disagreeable she became, and caused the two old folks to weep very bitter tears. And this made them remember their long-lost son, who was so patient and so kind.

And one day Jolly Tom came to see if they had any geese feathers to send

away; for he was going to a distant country with a company of merchants, to sell wool. Jolly Tom was a wool-dealer now, and lived upon the hill near by, in a fine house of his own.

"And when he came to ask about the geese feathers, there he found the two old folks, sitting in the dim twilight, weeping.

"'What is the matter?' asked Jolly Tom. 'And why do you weep?'

"'It is the conduct of our daughter which makes us weep,' they said; 'and we are also mourning for our son, — our long-lost son!'

"'Whom we drove away,' said the father.

"'O, he would not treat us so!' said the mother. 'If he would only come back again! He was good to us always. Say, father, did he give us ever one unkind word?'

"'No, dame, no, never. And don't you remember how ready he was to help?'

"Ah yes! and so tender-hearted, and so patient!' said the dame.

"'But we were not kind to him,' said the father.

"'We broke his heart!' said the mother. 'Don't you remember how sorrowful he looked at us, with the tears in his eyes?' O, if he would only come back, how I would throw my old arms around him!'

"'I would fall upon his neck, and weep tears of joy!' said the father. 'But O where is he now? Perhaps not alive.'

"'Perhaps drowned in the deep sea,' said the mother, 'or buried in some distant land, where strangers walk over his grave, but none cast any flowers there. O how could we drive our child away?'

"Cheer up, cheer up!' cried Jolly Tom; 'I will inquire of all I meet at the Great Fair, where will come merchants from all countries. Who knows but we may get news of him?'

"Now when Jolly Tom returned from the Fair, the two old folks went to ask what news. Alas, there were no tidings of Valentine!

"'But, my good friends,' said Jolly Tom, 'I 'll tell you what I 'll do. I 'll marry your daughter.'

"'What, marry our daughter!' cried the two old folks. 'Don't; she is vain, and idle, and bad-tempered!'

"'O, I 'll manage all that!' cried Jolly Tom.

"So they were married. For the pretty daughter wished much to be mistress of a house.

"And whenever Mrs. Jolly Tom got angry or cross, Mr. Jolly Tom would set up a hearty laugh, as loud as he could, and double himself up, and caper, and roll upon the floor, laughing so loud that she was obliged to laugh herself.

"And if Mrs. Jolly Tom sat idle, with folded hands, when there was plenty to do, Mr. Jolly Tom would say, 'O what a fine wax figure! Pray cover it from the dust! And then he would throw a bit of gauze over her face, or dust her with a feather-duster, as the showmen do; and then set up his laugh, till his wife was glad to go to work.

"And every time that Mrs. Jolly Tom decked herself out in gay gauds,

and stood long before the looking-glass, Mr. Jolly Tom presented her with a peacock, so that in a short time the barns and yards were so filled with them that one could scarcely stir for peacocks. But, every day that she behaved well all day, Mr. Jolly Tom allowed one peacock to be killed. And she soon grew so good that very few were left. But he saved the feathers, and hung them over the looking-glass, to make her beware of vanity. And that was the way peacock-feathers began to be hung over looking-glasses.

"Thus it came to pass that this couple lived quite happily.

"And one cold day there came a stranger to the door, and said to Jolly Tom, 'Sir, I wish to tell you a secret.'

"And Jolly Tom said, 'Sir, pray be in haste with your secret; for Christmas is near, and we are busy in preparing a Christmas-Tree for our two little boys.'

"Then the stranger took him away into a lonely field, and said, 'Don't you know me? Jolly Tom, don't you know me?' Then he took out his jews-harp, and played up the tune of 'Whistling Winds.'

"'Bless me! bless me!' cried Jolly Tom. 'You must be our Valentine!' Then he hugged him, and jumped about, and tumbled down, and picked himself up, laughing away all the time; and at last says he, 'Well, now, tell me your secret.'

"Then Valentine told him that he wished to do something for the two old folks to surprise them, and begged Jolly Tom to help, and to keep it private. And very soon you shall know what it was.

"On the twenty-fourth day of December, Jolly Tom sent a stout man, with a sled, and plenty of blankets, to invite the two old folks to his house. And the stout man wrapped them up well, and seated them on the sled, and told them to hold fast by the stakes. And for the hand which held the stake was a fur mitten. In this way they were carried to their daughter's house. She knew all about it, and the little boys knew too.

Just after dark Jolly Tom came in, and raised the window-curtain, and cried: —

"'Father! mother! look! look out! There's a bright light in your hut! It looks all ablaze!' Then he stood behind the door to laugh. But he had to stuff his mitten in his mouth.

"Then everybody ran, and the stout man bundled up the two old folks in their blankets; but this time no one thought of the fur mittens.

"And when they came near the hut, the old man cried out, 'Do but see what a blaze! All will be lost!'

"'And five silver dollars in the cupboard!' cried the old dame.

"But Jolly Tom, who stood by, nearly swallowed his pocket-handkerchief to keep himself from laughing.

"Then the stout man burst open the door, and O what a sight! O what a sight! A blaze indeed! And by the light of it what do you think they saw? But first I must tell you where the light came from. In the middle of the room stood a Christmas-Tree, of an elegant shape, blazing with candles, brilliant with gold, and dazzling to behold! For from every little twig

hung a bright gold piece! All for the two old folks. A real, golden Christmas-Tree!

"At one end of the room stood a tall, manly youth, with a smiling face, and a bran-new wedding suit. He held by the hand a lovely girl, dressed in pure white, with a long flowing veil. Near by stood the Priest, who was to marry them, in his long black robes. Pauline's brother was on the other side, dressed in a gay tunic, with buckles on his knees, and a red tasselled cap.

"The two old folks stood in the doorway, and could not speak a word.

"But the tall youth came forward, leading the lovely bride. And they both knelt down before these two old folks, and began kissing their hands.

"'Father, mother, give us your blessing!' cried the youth. 'For I am your son, and this dear girl will be your loving daughter!'

"And when they clasped him in their arms, and he felt their warm tears and their kisses, and heard them sob out, 'Bless you! bless you! our son and our daughter!' then Valentine bowed down his head, and wept tears of joy!

"And Pauline, when she saw him weeping, bent down, and took his hand, and said loving words to him.

"Then he remembered how one night, when he was a boy, lying there all alone, he dreamed that a bright light filled the hut, and that a beautiful lady, all in white, bent over him, and spoke kindly, and then vanished away, and left him cold and alone.

"And when he remembered this dream he caught Pauline by the hand, and cried out, 'O, don't vanish away! don't vanish away!'

"Then Pauline laughed, and said, 'My dear, I would n't vanish away for all the world.'

"Then Jolly Tom clapped his hands, and laughed, and capered about, and Mrs. Jolly Tom did the same, and the little Jolly Toms, and threw up their caps. And then Pauline's brother began, and then the happy couple, and at last the two old folks, and last of all the Priest also; and such a laughing and a clapping and a capering never was known before.

"But at last Valentine said, 'Sir Priest, will you please to marry us?'

"Then all became quiet, and stood in a circle around the couple; and one little boy peeped out from behind his mother, and the other little boy held his father's coat-skirts, while the Priest married Pauline and Valentine. And I can tell you that every one kissed the bride!

"And after the wedding supper was eaten, when Jolly Tom began to dance and caper about because he could not keep still, then Valentine sat down in his old back corner, and played up the tune of 'Whistling Winds,' while Jolly Tom danced a jig with the bride.

"And after that he went and sat near the two old folks, and told his whole story, while all the people listened. And to prove it he took out the square letter marked 'Private,' upon which was written, 'To the Great Governor Joriando.'

"And years and years after he used to repeat this story to his children, and at the end they would say, 'Now take out the square letter, father.'

"Then he would take out the letter, quite soiled and yellow, and turn it over, and sigh, and say, 'One thing troubles me, — that I never saw the 'Great Governor Joriando!'

"But when asked to open the letter, to see what was inside, he would say, 'Don't you see it is marked Private?'"

Mrs. A. M. Diaz.

AMONG THE GLASS-MAKERS.

I.

FURNACES AND MELTING-POTS, AND WHAT IS PUT INTO THEM.

"WELL, Lawrence," said the Doctor, one day, shoving his chair back from the dinner-table, "how do you think of spending this afternoon?"

"I think I shall finish this piece of pie the first thing," said Lawrence. "Then, as I've no lessons to learn, I feel as if I should like to have a good time."

"If you could manage to have what you call a good time, and learn something too, how would that suit you?" Lawrence thought that would suit him better than anything else. "Well," said the Doctor, "I have business down near the Glass Works; you can go with me, if you like, and perhaps we can learn something about making glass."

"Hurrah!" said Lawrence, delighted; and his pie went the way of all pie in the hands of boys of fifteen, with more than usual rapidity.

They had just time to walk to the railroad station, and step on board the down train as it stopped. It thundered on again, and in half an hour brought them in sight of a building which the boy knew as the Glass Works, and which he had long wished to peep into. His heart beat quick with curiosity; and he began to wonder (for he had never given the subject much thought before) how such an infinite variety of useful and curious articles — window-panes, mirrors, vases, beads, goblets, lamps, lenses of telescopes and microscopes — were fashioned from so brittle a material, and how the material itself was made.

It was a wide-spreading, irregular pile, with brick walls, and two immense, tapering, tall, round chimneys soaring up into the blue sky above its roofs. The train let them off at a platform near by, and then moved on past the rear of the factory.

"Glass works always like to be near a railroad or a wharf, I find," said the Doctor.

Lawrence said he supposed they sent off heavy freights.

"Yes, but those are a trifle compared with the freights that come to them. Look! there is a coal train switching off and backing up to the yard. They buy fuel by the cargo, as we do by the ton, and stuff it up those huge chimneys. But what is so heavy when it goes in is light enough when it goes out." They looked up at the cloud which poured out of one of the great flues, and stretched away horizontally, in a long, black streamer, high over the adjacent city. "Some of it flies off in smoke, which we can see, but more of it in gases, which we cannot see; and the wind might blow away the ashes. Yet," said the Doctor, as they walked on, "not an atom of the coal is really destroyed; it can't be destroyed; it only changes form."

Going around to the front of the factory, they entered a small door beside a large gate, passed through the office, where the Doctor seemed to be acquainted, and thence through rooms full of wonderful things, which Lawrence wished to stop at once and examine. But his uncle said, "No; we shall come around to these in due time. In visiting a place like this, if you really wish to learn much about it, the way is to begin at the beginning. Now let me see."

They entered the spacious rear yard of the factory from one side, just as the coal train backed into it from the other.

"Ah! there is the gaffer!" said the Doctor. "Do you know what a gaffer is?"

"Laugher, one who laughs; quaffer, one who quaffs; gaffer, one who — gaffs, I guess," said Lawrence, smiling; "though what gaffing is, I don't know more than the man in the moon."

"He sees us; we'll ask him," said the Doctor.

A short, solid-looking man, in an easy slouched hat and a loose business-coat, who was giving a gang of men directions about unloading the coal, left them, on seeing the Doctor, and came and shook hands with him very cordially. Somehow the Doctor seemed to know everybody.

"This is my nephew," — and Lawrence had the honor of shaking hands with a gaffer. "By the way," added the Doctor, "I have often wondered why it is you are called a gaffer. What is the meaning of the word?"

"I don't know; it's a name we're called by," said the man. "The foreman of any other factory than glass works is called a foreman or boss, — or superintendent, if you wish to be very smart. But the foreman of a glass-house is always *the gaffer*, — though I doubt if any one can tell you why."

"Ah! I have it! I have it!" cried the Doctor, tapping Lawrence on the shoulder with his cane in such a way that the boy suspected he had "had it" all the while, — for he was a knowing old head, and he had a habit of testing other people's knowledge of a subject before bringing out his own. "But I sha' n't tell; for if it gets out I shall lose the honor of the discovery. I'll send the word, with the etymology, to one of the big-dictionary makers. For you won't find it in any dictionary as a name applied to the foreman of a glass-house. You'll find 'GAFFER; AN OLD MAN,' — *gaffer* and *gamma* being ancient abbreviations of *grandfather* and *grandmother*."

"I have it! I have it!" cried Lawrence, in his turn, having caught the bait his uncle threw out; for it was also the Doctor's habit, in keeping back his knowledge of a question, to let fall hints which should lead his young friends to solve it for themselves, thus developing their thinking faculties, and fixing more securely in their minds what they learned.

"What, young man! have you got my secret away from me? Prove it."

"*Gaffer* used to mean grandfather, or old man. Now, in some shops, the boss is called old man. Just so, I suppose, he used to be called *gaffer;* and the name has stuck to him, even after its original meaning has been forgotten."

"Very well! capital! But why is it that it is applied only to the glass-house foreman?"

That Lawrence could not explain. But the gaffer himself had an idea on that point, which, coming from one of the name and trade, was certainly entitled to consideration.

"I imagine," he said, "that generally the foremen of glass-houses were older men than the bosses of other trades, for it takes a man who has spent his life in the business, and grown gray in it, to take the management of it. I believe there is no other trade that requires so much care and experience; that must have been especially the case before our modern improvements in building furnaces. Then again, even if other foremen were called gaffers, they might have lost the name, as it went out of use outside of the shop. But while the men of other trades have changed their habits and expressions to suit the times, glass-makers, until within a few years, never changed anything. That was owing to their exclusiveness. They were a class by themselves. Their art was a wonderful one; it was the most ancient of arts, — it was thought perfect, and not to be improved; they were jealous of having it become known to any that were not regularly initiated into it; and so they kept it shut up from the world, and surrounded by mystery, almost as much as if they had been members of a secret society."

"Well," laughed the Doctor, "three heads are better than one; and I think, together, we have sifted out the meaning of the word *gaffer* pretty thoroughly. And now for getting at the secrets of this mystic order. Gaffer, what have you got to show us? Lawrence, what shall we see first?"

"Let's see where the coal goes, since we have begun with the coal," said Lawrence.

"Then you'd like to see the cave?" said the gaffer.

Lawrence had no more distinct idea of what a glass-house cave was, than he had had of a gaffer. But *cave* sounded romantic. It suggested the subterranean, — something deep and dark and mysterious. So he said, boldly, that he should like very much to see the cave.

"Come with me," said the gaffer. "We use coal for various purposes, but the bulk of it goes the way I'll show you."

They were going towards one of the great towering chimneys. But, just before reaching it, the gaffer, to Lawrence's great delight, turned suddenly, and stepped down into a passage that dived (romantically speaking) deep into the earth. The lad and the Doctor followed, leaving daylight and the upper air behind them, and now saw before them a great glow of fire shining in the midst of surrounding darkness. That is to say, in the language of plain fact, they descended a flight of steps into a sort of cellar, from which, I regret to say, daylight was not wholly excluded, and found themselves — But we will let the gaffer speak.

"Here is where we get our draught. We are now under the large chimney, — cone, we call it. It is supported by these piers. Right in the centre, between them, you see that horizontal grate, with the fire from above shining through; that is in the bottom of the furnace, — what we call the eye."

"It 's an awful, fiery-red eye!" said Lawrence. "Don't it look like some horrible, one-eyed dragon, shut up there, and glaring down at us through those iron bars?"

"Not at all; not in the least," said the Doctor, who could be dreadfully prosaic when he saw young people inclined to be too romantic. "It looks to me like a very hot fire. I should think your grates would burn out fast."

"They last longer than one would suppose," said the gaffer. "Iron bars like these will stand a couple of years. The draught of cold air rushing up through them, and the dead cinders accumulating, keep them comparatively cool."

"How do you get rid of the clinkers?" said Lawrence, who remembered his bitter experience cleaning the stoves at home. "I suppose you let the fire go out once in a while."

"We let this fire go down about once in five or six years," said the gaffer. "Then it takes three weeks' steady firing up to get a heat we can work with."

"Three weeks!" exclaimed Lawrence, astonished. "Then it would hardly pay to let the fire go down for the clinkers!"

"As for them, we just slip the grate one side, and cut 'em off from the sides of the eye with an instrument we drive up from below. We never let

the fire go down till the furnace burns out. The furnace is built inside the cone."

"And where do you melt your glass?"

"In pots set into the furnace, just overhead here, as I will show you by and by. Our glass pots are closed in, so that no impurities from the fire can get into them. That's the way pots have to be arranged, where flint glass is made. But in furnaces where they make common green glass, which they are not so particular about, the pots are left open at the top, for the advantage of getting the direct action of the heat on the melting materials. That lets the flux run over into the fire sometimes, and that spoils the furnace; so that green-glass furnaces have to shut down about once every year."

Just then a being who seemed (to the imagination of the lad, at least, — the Doctor had forgotten his Arabian Nights some years since), — a being who seemed the dark genie of the place, advanced from some dismal recess in which he had lain concealed, and thrust a ponderous iron spear, or lance, through the bars, directly into the eye of Lawrence's dragon, bringing down from it a sudden shower of fiery tears that lighted up the obscurity. In other words, nearer, perhaps, to the literal truth, a strong, curly-headed, grimy fellow came out from one of the coal chambers under the cone, and gave the fire a poke through the grate, — using an extraordinarily long and strong poker, and fetching down, well, I think we may say, without being too fanciful, a meteoric rain of live embers, like the sparks from an exploded rocket.

The being retreated into the darkness; and now Lawrence beheld a wonderful piece of magic, or optical illusion. He noticed that the opening between the piers, beneath the furnace, extended a long way beyond, forming a sort of subterranean gallery, awfully gloomy, to be sure, except that now the very counterpart of his black genie, who had just thrust the iron into the dragon's eye, appeared, and thrust up a similar iron into a similar eye, and brought down a similar shower of flaming tears at the end of the vista. The whole thing looked so much like a reflection, in a wizard's glass, of the scene he had just witnessed, — occurring a few moments behind the usual time when reflections in earthly mirrors take place, — that he would hardly have been surprised to see phantom images of himself, his uncle, and the gaffer suddenly make their appearance at the second genie's elbow.

I am sorry to add that the worthy gaffer immediately dispelled the pleasing illusion by saying, "The cave extends under both cones; there is another opening at the farther end, opposite to this. You see the other fireman poking the other grate."

"Where do you put in the coal?" asked the Doctor.

"I'll show you. Matthew!"

It was rather disappointing to Lawrence to see his swart genie answer to a Christian name, and to observe, as he came near, facing them in the glow of the furnace fire, that he was, after all, only a harmless, good-natured fellow-creature, notwithstanding the coal-dust that blackened him.

"Open the teaze-hole," said the gaffer.

Matthew led the way towards one of the black coal-chambers, and showed a deep, square-shaped orifice, leading up, by an inclined plane, through the thick brick ribs of the cone, into the furnace. It was closed at the farther end by a half-ignited mass of soft coal, which had been packed into it, to stop the draught in that direction.

"This is the teaze-hole, — though how it ever got that name is more than I know," said the gaffer. "Look up in there, and you 'll see him open it."

Matthew took a heavy, long-handled iron implement, called a rake, and shoved it clanging up into the passage, removing enough of the soft glowing mass to let the visitors look in and see the dazzling regions of fire beyond, and hear the rushing of air and roaring of flame in the freshly opened vent. Then he tossed a few shovelfuls of coal into the mouth, and shoved them up with his rake through the teaze-hole into the furnace, to show how the thing was done; then the vent was closed up again with coal, as before.

"I see you burn bituminous coal here," said the Doctor. "How much a day?"

"This furnace takes about forty tons a week. The other one, which is not quite as large, takes less. The two average upwards of ten tons a day."

Lawrence asked what was the use of so high a chimney.

"That 's to make the draught. The higher the chimney, the greater the draught, generally speaking."

"Can you tell why?" the Doctor asked Lawrence.

"I know heated air expands, and so becomes lighter than the same bulk of cold air. Confine it in a chimney, and that makes a suction from below; —as the hot air rises, cold air rushes in to fill its place."

"But why will a tall chimney make a stronger draught than a low one?"

"I suppose," said Lawrence, "the hot air keeps drawing, until it gets out, and is free. It 's like a string of horses attached to anything; the longer the string, the more they will pull. But I should think," he added, "that a chimney might be built too high. If the top gets very cold, I should think that would cool the column of air, and deaden the draught; — it would be like having one horse after another drop down at the end of the string."

"That, I believe, is the fact," said the gaffer. "A sheet-iron funnel as high as this cone, exposed to the weather, would make no draught at all to speak of. If you build high, you must build thick, so that the interior of the chimney will hold its warmth all the way up."

"How did people ever manage without chimneys?" said Lawrence; "for I read the other day that they were unknown in ancient times, and that they were considered a luxury, which only the rich could indulge in, even in the age of Queen Elizabeth."

"They made a fire in the middle of the room, wigwam fashion, and let the smoke get out through a hole in the roof the best way it could," said the Doctor.

"Glass-makers must have labored under an inconvenience," said the gaffer. "I have a little book called 'Reminiscences of Glass-Making,' which has drawings in it of the old-fashioned Italian and French glass furnaces. They

have no high chimneys; but the smoke is shown coming out of short flues into the room where the blowers are at work. Their draught must have been very uncertain. A fire must have air."

"It is estimated," remarked the Doctor, "that for every pound of bituminous coal near two hundred cubic feet of common air are required to make an economical fire, — that is, to mix with and burn all the gases; and that, in a fire like this, the weight of the air consumed is greater than that of all the other materials that go into the furnace, — coal, ore, everything."

Lawrence looked astonished. "In that case," said he, "when people get in their winter's supply of fuel, and grumble at the cost, they might console themselves by thinking that the biggest part of what they burn they get for nothing; it don't have to come in carts, and they don't have to settle the bill for it."

"And boys of your age don't get the back-ache shovelling it in at the cellar window," said the Doctor. "It comes, as a great many of our blessings do, so bountifully and so invisibly, that we don't appreciate it. It is well to stop and think of such things sometimes."

"Now," said the gaffer, "I 'll show you where the melting-pots are made."

Emerging from the cave, they crossed a corner of the yard, and entered a long brick building, in the first room of which they found a man at work, on a low bench, in the midst of piles of rubbish.

"Here is where the clay of the pots that have been used up in the furnaces is broken up and cleaned. This man, as you see, takes up a piece at a time, and knocks off the glazed side, and the side that has been in contact with the fire. Then it is ready to be pounded up, and used over again."

They passed on to a second room, which was long and low and gloomy, and contained several bins, in one of which a man appeared, balancing himself on a bar laid across it, like a gymnast.

"It takes the very best quality of clay for melting-pots," said the gaffer. "This comes from Stourbridge, in England. It is first ground in that hopper, and mixed with the burnt clay, then the whole is shovelled into one of these bins, and worked."

They turned to the gymnast, who, Lawrence now saw, was treading a mass of moist clay with his naked feet. Before him was an empty space, extending across the bin, into which he presently got down, and shovelled back, upon the heap he had been treading, more clay from a dense mass at the opposite end. Then he got up again, with his bare feet, steadying his movements by means of the bar, and recommenced treading.

"That don't seem to be very lively work," said Lawrence.

"It 's better than a treadmill," replied the man. "There 's variety about it. For variety I go to shovelling; and then for variety I go to treading."

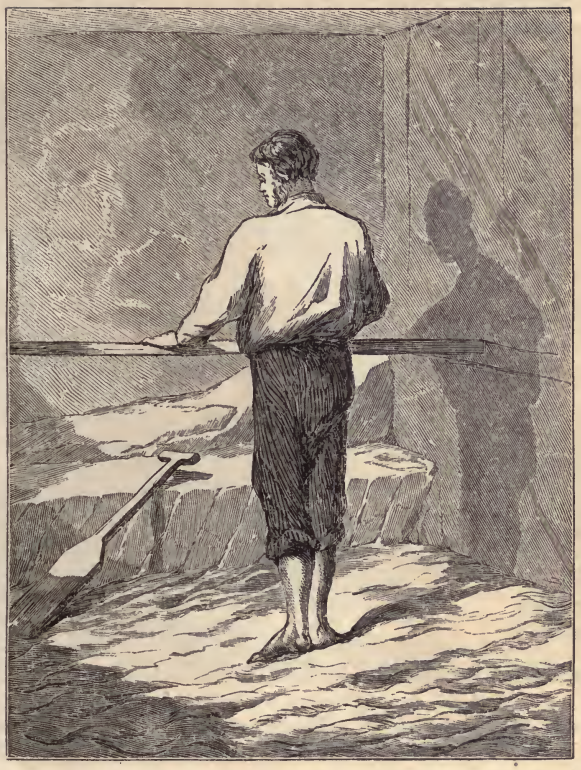
"But you don't keep at this all the while, — do you?"

"When I begin a batch, I never leave it, except to eat and sleep, till it 's finished. I can't give it any peace."

"How long do you work it?"

HONOR'S DREAM.

DRAWN BY W. J. HENNESSY.] [See page 42.



"About seven weeks." The man looked up at a chalk-mark on the wall. "I have been five weeks on this."

"Is it possible," said the Doctor, "that clay requires so much manual, or I may say pedal, labor in its preparation?"

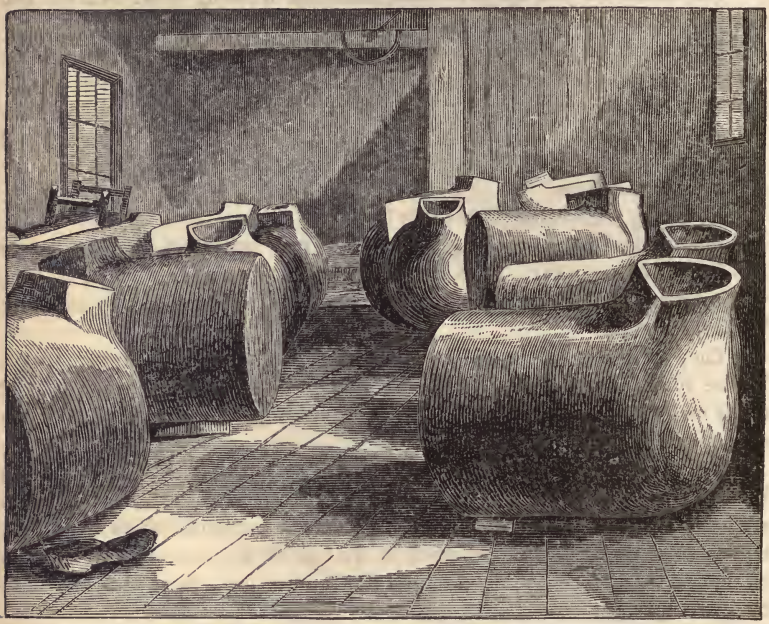
"Nothing else will do," said the gaffer. "Machinery has been tried, but there is nothing like the naked foot."

"Could you make equally durable pots without putting in the burnt clay?"

"Pots made of raw clay alone would n't stand at all; they would crack. We must put in the old burnt clay to temper them. You come up stairs."

As the gaffer threw open the door of an upper room, Lawrence fancied that he was taking them to visit a small menagerie. The loft appeared filled with monsters. They resembled exceedingly chubby young elephant calves, as much as anything. But, what was most extraordinary, they were standing about the room, a herd of fifty or more, holding up short round necks, all with their heads cut off! At a second glance he discovered that they were never designed to have heads, or legs either; and that the great hole he

found in each pitifully uplifted headless neck was nothing more nor less than the usual opening into the — melting-pot.



These were the finished pots. Others were unfinished. There were two workmen in the room, one of whom was engaged in cutting off slices of a thick clay loaf, and making them over into rolls. He cut the slices by means of a wire furnished with a wooden handle at each end; and he shaped the rolls with his hands. The rolls — which looked like short, moist sausages, laid side by side on the table — were taken by the second workman, and used in building up the pots.

Lawrence noticed that he worked but a few minutes on one, then went to another, and he inquired the reason.

"If I should build a pot right up from the bottom, with soft clay," replied the man, "it would all sink down to the floor with its own weight. We must leave each pot to dry a little, before we add much to it."

Lawrence noticed how skilfully he applied one end of a roll to the mass, and pressed it in, working it towards him, around the edge of the pot; leaving no chance for an air-bubble to hide away in it, and expand and crack the clay when afterwards subjected to heat; shaping and smoothing all with his hand, and rounding the top into a dome. The boy watched and admired, and said at length he thought it "quite an art."

The man had just pressed the end of a roll upon the back of one of his monsters, and he left it sticking out ludicrously like a tail, while he an-

swered, "It 's no art; it 's only a notion. It takes a little gumption, and a deal of patience, — that 's all."

"I 'd rather be you up here than that man treading down stairs; you have some exercise for your mind," said Lawrence.

"I 'd sooner be the man down stairs," replied the artist. "He has no care on his mind but to hear the bell, and go to dinner. But I 'm all the while in trouble, — fearing my pots won't come out right, dreading they may crack, or something, and I 'll be shown the gate." And, seizing hold of the tail, he proceeded to work it around towards the side until it had disappeared in the mass.

"How long will such a pot as this last?"

"There 's no telling anything about it. It may crack in a week, or it may run four or five months. Two made just alike, of the same batch of clay, will act that way. There 's no help for it, but just to break 'em up and work 'em over again."

"They are like some people I know," said the Doctor, "who are always in the furnace of affliction, or being broken and trodden underfoot, and made ready for another turn at the fire. Stourbridge clay is much like human clay, after all."

"But this clay gets a little rest in here," said the gaffer. "We like to have a pot a year old before we use it. When one is wanted, we lower it on a truck through this trap door, and run it into a pot arch, which is nothing but a great oven, or kiln, where it is heated by degrees, and left about a week, and then taken out red-hot, and run into its place in an arch of one of the great furnaces."

Lawrence said he should think that must be an operation worth seeing; — a heavy pot like that, red-hot! "How much does it weigh?"

"About two thousand pounds."

"And how much does it hold?" asked the Doctor.

"Something like twenty-three hundred-weight of material," said the gaffer, "which we will now go and see."

In the yard below they found a man knocking the head out of a hogshead turned down on its side, which proved to be full of broken glass.

"This we buy to melt over again. Good flint glass is worth to us about two cents a pound. This cask came from New Orleans; some of it was perhaps picked up by the rag-pickers. Did you ever watch them turning over piles of rubbish, or raking the gutters with their hooks? You 'll see them carefully fish out bits of flint glass, and put them into their bags, along with old rags, old bones, and pieces of old coal. The old rags go to the paper-makers, or shoddy-makers; and the old glass, and perhaps some of the old bones, come to us."

"What do you do with old bones?" asked Lawrence, seeing a large pile of them in a corner of the yard.

"We use many different substances in making different kinds of glass. We use bones — or phosphate of lime, which is what bones are mostly composed of — in making opaque white glass. Now come into the cullet-room."

"Cullet? — what is cullet?"

The gaffer showed two old women sorting over heaps of broken glass, and said, "That is cullet."

"Where did you ever get such a name?"

The gaffer could not tell. But the Doctor said it was probably the French *cueillette* (from the same root as our word *cull*), meaning a gathering, a picked-up lot, a *collection* (also from the same root), and said he thought it applied very aptly to such a curious heap.

"A vast quantity accumulates about a glass-factory," said the gaffer. "Sometimes you would think more than half goes into the waste-pans, when we are blowing. But nothing is wasted. As the old, burnt-out pots are good to mix with fresh clay in making new ones, so cullet, melted over again with the other materials, improves the quality of the product. Now for the other materials."

"What! do you use sugar?" said Lawrence, as they came to a number of upright open barrels.

"Taste it," said the gaffer.

"Sand!" exclaimed Lawrence, the moment his fingers touched it. "But don't it look like pulverized white sugar? Where do you get it?"

"From Berkshire County. It is washed there, and put up wet, to prevent it from sifting out of the barrels. Here we are drying it in this sand-oven," — and the gaffer showed a heap spread out on a large, pan-shaped table, heated from beneath. "Sand," he added, "is the principal article in the manufacture of flint glass."

"Why do you call it *flint?*"

"In the English factories," said the gaffer, "it used to be made of flint stone, broken up and ground. But in this country glass-makers found sand much easier to be obtained. They got it at first from Demerara, in South America; homeward-bound ships brought it as ballast. But the War of 1812 interfered with commerce, and compelled them to look at home for their sand, as for many other things. At first they used the sand of Plymouth Beach, until better was found at Morris River, in New Jersey. But a few years ago sand of the first quality turned up in Berkshire County. This is almost pure silica. Silica is the article required, whether it occurs in flint or sand."

"And what do you put with it to make glass?"

"You can make glass of two materials, — silica and an alkali. But it is good for nothing. It has no solidity. It will dissolve in hot water. To give it density and hardness, we add either lime, or — this material."

"Red sand?" said Lawrence. "No, this is n't sand!" — putting his hand into the barrel. "What is it?"

"Red-lead," said the Doctor.

"Ground and sifted, ready for use," added the gaffer. "It is not ground fine, like the red-lead painters use. This or litharge — which is another form of almost the same substance, and answers the same purpose — is used in making flint glass."

"But what *is* red-lead? What is it made of?"

"It is made of common lead, such as you run bullets out of. You've noticed, in melting it, that a thin skin always forms on the lead, which you call dross, and throw away? That is a result of the mixture of the oxygen of the air with the lead it comes in contact with; that is, so much of the lead is *oxidized.* It is on its way to become litharge, or red-lead, which is lead oxidized to the highest degree. To make the oxide, they melt lead on the floor of a large oven. It becomes a bright lake of melted metal, at first; it is stirred, and kept burning, until the last appearance of anything like liquid lead is worked out of it. Some glass-factories make their own red-lead; but ours comes from Galena, in just this shape, as you see it."

"In what proportion do you mix your materials for flint glass?"

"Three parts of sand, two of red-lead, and one of alkali, is about as simple a statement as I can make of it. That will make you good strong glass. But there will be a tinge of green in it, such as you see in a pane of common window-glass if you look across the edge of it. That comes from a minute quantity of iron which is contained even in the purest silica. A little arsenic, and oxide of manganese take it out, or, as we say, decolorize it. Too much lead gives a yellowish cast to the glass. The oxides of other metals are used to give different colors. In making different kinds of glass, the materials may be varied indefinitely. Boracic acid may take the place of silica. Oxide of zinc may take the place of red-lead; in window and plate glass, lime takes its place. A variety of other substances are used to produce certain effects. But the common transparent glass-ware used in every house is the kind we call flint, and it is composed of the materials I have named, — silica, oxide of lead, and the alkalies, with arsenic and oxide of manganese to decolorize it."

"What do you use for alkalies?" asked the Doctor.

"Pearlash and saltpetre, or pearlash and soda. Here is where we purify the saltpetre."

The gaffer showed a tank, the bottom and sides of which were thickly incrusted with beautiful large crystals. "The saltpetre," he explained, "is dissolved in hot water. The liquid is skimmed, and allowed to cool. As the crystals form, they exclude all impurities, which are drained off with the remaining liquid. The pearlash is purified in a different way. It is dissolved, like the saltpetre; but the impurities, except what are skimmed off, settle to the bottom, in what we call slurry, which we sell to chemical works. The liquid is then evaporated in these large caldrons, until only the dry, clear pearlash remains."

The gaffer then showed where the several materials were all thrown together into a tank, and mixed. "They are then ready to be loaded upon this carriage, and taken to the blowing-house, — which we will now go and see."

This was delightful news to Lawrence, who was getting tired of these preliminaries, and eager to witness the wonders of blowing and working the melted material. What he saw we shall endeavor to describe in our next number.

J. T. Trowbridge.

THE WORLD WE LIVE ON.

TO the young folks, — to all the young folks, — to my especial friends among them, and to those whom I shall never know except as a distant crowd of bright and happy boys and girls whom I like to imagine reading this Magazine, I dedicate the following pages. Sometimes, perhaps, when they have finished the stories, they will enjoy turning to my more serious chapters.

There are few among you, I fancy, who have not grown up under the impression that the world we live upon has been always, so far as its general features are concerned, much what it is now. You know that forests have been cleared, that countries have been marked out according to certain boundaries, that cities have been built, and that countless changes have taken place upon the earth's surface; but these changes are all connected with the history of man. Your school-books tell you little or nothing of the extraordinary events which preceded by ages the very existence of mankind, and prepared the world to be our home. Your map shows you the United States as they exist to-day, and your lesson in geography gives you the name and boundaries, the rivers, mountains, and lakes, the cities and towns, of every State; but while it teaches you so many facts about the State of New York, for instance, it tells you nothing of an ancient sea-shore running through its centre from east to west, the record of a time when America itself was but a long, narrow island, around which the ocean washed.

You go, perhaps, to Trenton Falls, and gather there the curious animal remains of which the rocks are full; but as you pick up the fossil shells, or look at the curious old crustacea called trilobites, I doubt whether it occurs to you that you are doing just what you might do at Newport, or Long Branch, or Nahant, namely, walking on a beach, and picking up the animals which lived upon it.

In the very spot from which I write, Ithaca, in the State of New York, lying on a line parallel with the old sea-shore of Trenton, the young people are all familiar with the broken bits of clay, slate, or limestone, to be found at every roadside, filled with shells and remains of marine animals; but I doubt whether they ask themselves how it happens that here, so far from the ocean, sea-shells are so common that the very rocks are crowded with them. Perhaps they wonder how they came there; but, as their school-books tell them nothing about it, they are contented to let it remain a mystery.

Indeed, it is not very long since the wisest scientific men asked themselves the same question, and could find no answer. Only by very slow degrees have they learned, that, in the process of building the world, sand and mud, sea-shores, lake and river bottoms, have been consolidated, have hardened into rock, petrifying within them the animals living upon their surface, and the plants growing upon their soil. It is not very difficult, when one has the clew to it, to understand how this may happen. An animal, dying, sinks into the sand or mud, as the case may be; his solid parts — such as the

hard envelopes we call shells, or the skeleton of a fish — do not decay; if more and more sand or mud is piled above him, and hardens into rock, in the course of time, by the pressure of its own weight, the animal is embalmed there for ages, till for some purpose or other the rock is split, and he is found in his strange tomb.

Of these things I will tell you more in detail hereafter, if you care to listen. Just now I only want to show that our world has assumed its present outline and general character very gradually, and that creation has been a process of growth, not a single complete act.

Let us return to our geography lesson. Go a little farther west, and we come to the bank of the Mississippi, and our map shows us the great river flowing from north to south, from Minnesota to Louisiana, till it empties into the Gulf of Mexico, but our geography tells us nothing of a great gulf once occupying almost the whole of what is called the Mississippi Valley, when the States now forming the boundaries of the river had no existence, and all that part of our continent lay open to the ocean. Nor does it say anything of a time when there were neither Rocky Mountains nor Alleghanies, when immense marshes, on which grew forests wholly unlike our forests, filled the central part of the United States. No doubt it speaks of the coal beds in Ohio and Pennsylvania, and explains how coal is formed by the decomposition of plants; but these coal beds have a story of their own to tell, which would interest the dullest mind. They were built up by the slow decay of vast forests, in which the largest trees were of a kind known to us now almost entirely as ferns, rushes, reeds, and the like. It is true that some large representatives of them still exist, but they grow in very different climates from ours, — in the tropical parts of South America, where there are tall and stately tree-ferns, and where some of the palms also resemble the trees of the coal forests.

You may ask how we know all this, if nothing remains of these forests except the coal. We know it because the coal beds are full of stems, leaves, fragments of trunks, fruits, seed-vessels, in all of which the structure is perfectly preserved. The coal, you must remember, was once only mud, the trees falling in swampy ground, soaked with rain, slowly decomposing, and forming a rich loamy soil, as trees do now, if they are left to decay where they lie. My young readers must not suppose, however, that one or twenty such forests would make a coal deposit of much thickness; on the contrary, countless generations of trees must have grown up and perished, before the beds of coal were formed which feed all our fires to-day. As the layers of vegetable soil formed by the decomposition of such successive forests were heaped one upon another, the pressure of the upper ones consolidated those below, and gradually transformed the whole mass from a soft to a hard substance. Here and there, however, a branch, a fallen leaf, a fruit or seed, has been buried in this soil without decaying; and by such remains we are enabled to decipher the character of these old woods.

Then came another process; this mass had to be baked, to give it the character of coal. For reasons which, so far as I understand them myself,

I shall try to explain hereafter, the interior of the earth is hotter than its surface. Here and there this internal heat finds an outlet, — comes in contact with what geologists call the crust of our globe, that is, with the solid envelope which forms its surface. This envelope is composed of a great number of materials, — sand, mud, lime, &c.; and these materials are changed into a variety of substances by the action of heat. The effect of this heating process upon the deposits left by the dying forests of which we have been talking was to change them into coal. We shall see hereafter, if you care to know more about it, how the petroleum of which we hear so much nowadays is connected with this same internal furnace, and with the coal beds themselves.

Leaving the Middle States, and going farther south, we read there the same story of change and gradual growth. In the days when the coal forests existed, there was no Florida at all. It has been built on to our continent by coral animals, — strange little workmen, the busiest and most patient architects the world has ever seen, whose history we will study together.

In short, all the countries with the present aspect of which your geography makes you familiar have grown slowly, through innumerable ages, to be what we find them. Europe was once an archipelago of islands in the wide ocean, — a bit of France here, a fraction of Germany there, Russia just showing herself above the waters, neither Alps nor Apennines nor Pyrenees to be seen. There are regions of Central Europe, now far removed from the sea-shores, the soil of which is so filled with remains of marine animals, that you cannot take up a handful of roadside dust without gathering a variety of shells. The mountains of the Jura, in Switzerland, are full of such localities. There is a very romantic gorge running from the base of the Jura, near Montagny, to the village of St. Croix, about half-way up the slope of the range. I well remember wandering through it one summer afternoon with a party of friends, and our amusing ourselves, as we walked along, by breaking off bits from the brittle rocks forming the walls of the precipitous chasm, and examining the shells which fell from them as they crumbled under our touch. Resting afterwards on the mountain terrace above, while we ate our lunch of bread and cheese, and looking across the plain of Switzerland to the Alps, it was difficult to believe that the ocean had ever washed over that fertile land, and had broken against the base of the very range on which we sat.

In the series of chapters I propose to write for "Our Young Folks," I shall attempt to explain, as far as modern geology teaches it to us, how these changes were brought about; what agents have been at work fashioning this earth on which we live, building it up or wearing it away, heating it in the great furnace of nature, cooling it gradually till a crust was formed upon its surface. We shall see that vapors condensed, and oceans slowly gathered about this world of ours, that gradually land was lifted above the face of the waters, that after a while life stirred on those newly baptized shores, and that at last the earth, so carefully prepared for this end, became inhabited, but not by beings of exactly the same kind as those which live upon it now.

True, there were corals and strange old star-fishes mounted on stems, and

spreading their fringed cups like flowers in the water; there were shells endless in number, infinite in variety; there were crustacea, that is, animals resembling our shrimps, crabs, and lobsters; and there were fishes also, — but neither fish nor shrimp nor shell nor star-fish was our familiar acquaintance of to-day. In their general structure they were the same, so that the naturalist recognizes them at once; but that structure was presented under singular, old-fashioned forms, very unlike their representatives now.

All the earliest animals were marine, for the very good reason that in those days the world was wholly ocean and low sea-shore. There was neither forest nor field; no very wide expanses of surface were raised above the water, and the dry land was not yet prepared to receive its myriads of inhabitants. But the beaches were ready; their sands and shallows swarmed with a busy, crowded life; and let me remind you again that, when we split some bit of inland rock, and find it full of shells, broken fragments of crustacea, or star-fish, we do but break in upon one of the little colonies which had their homes upon those primitive shores, lived and died upon them as our animals of the same kind live and die upon our sea-shores to-day.

Nor is it strange that we find small fragments of rock thronged with these remains, while large masses in their immediate neighborhood do not contain any. We see the same thing on our beaches now; many of these animals are naturally gregarious; others are brought together by the fact that in certain very limited localities they find exactly what they need to sustain existence. How often, in looking for sea-anemones, or star-fishes, or crabs, we find them crowded into some little corner they have chosen for their home, while we may hunt for them in vain over all the neighboring space.

Gradually I hope to make you acquainted with some of these early animals, and to show you that not only the earth, but the beings living upon its surface, have been different at successive periods. We must, however, always remember that there has been a connection between the past and present; that the period to which we ourselves belong, and all those preceding it, are chapters of one and the same story, intelligently linked from first to last. We know it but in part; many of the pages are so torn and defaced that it seems impossible to decipher them, and some are wholly missing. And yet, bit by bit, the students of nature are putting the broken record together, and puzzling it out for us.

We will not, however, go back at once to the ancient world and its inhabitants, in our talks about Natural History. What is near and familiar is more readily understood than what is strange and distant; a special fact is more easily explained than a wide, comprehensive view. So I will begin, not with the great features of the world's history, but with a very small portion of its present surface.

In my next chapter I will tell you something of the peninsula of Florida. We shall see with what silent, quiet patience the ages have added this single outlying State to our continent, and we shall then be better prepared to understand the more general phenomena affecting the outline and character of the whole earth.

E. C. Agassiz.

HONOR'S DREAM.

IN the glorious Christmas weather
All the stars came flocking together, —
Flocking into the frosty sky,
Jostling and sparkling, brightening and darkling,
Winking and blinking, far and nigh.

Proud Orion, high and large,
Looked, as he leaned on his silver targe,
At Cassiopeia's jewelled chair,
While his heart-beats played with belt and blade,
Bickering and flickering everywhere.

He heeded not the rabble of stars,
Nor the balanced and blood-red spear of Mars,
Nor the angry torch of Sirius, nay,
Nor the light like dawn, where the splendid swan
With wide-stretched wings swept the Milky Way.

And just as little they heeded him, —
The lovesick giant with glittering limb, —
For they were noting the bells in the spires,
The cheer and mirth on the dark round earth,
And the lighting of happy Christmas fires.

The wind was blowing aloft that night, —
Blowing the thin clouds high and light
To airy ribbons, till one hung down,
Gleaming and glimmering, shining and shimmering,
A gauzy veil from the Northern Crown.

And under the folds of the vaporous veil
There grew the semblance of features pale,
Of floating hair, and of shadowy eyes
Gazing and growing, glooming and glowing
In the face of the Queen of the Winter Skies, —

The darkly radiant Queen, who knew
The nook of each frozen drop of dew,
The fortunes of all beneath her reign,
The brooks that bubble in icy trouble,
The frost-flowers stealing across the pane.

And she counted the little children, too,
And sent them such dreams, the long night through,
Of cousins and chums and sleds and drums,
Of gay disguises and glad surprises,
Of stockings and tarts, and wonderful plums!

Out of the cold and tingling dark
Lit by so many a diamond spark,
Till, close on the breaking edge of day,
Through casements stooping the Dreams came trooping,
Rollicking, frolicking, ready for play.

Darling Bessie, so white and so fair,
The pillow all rich with her yellow hair,
Was clasping a doll with angel-wings,
While a queer dream rocked her, and told her the Doctor
And Santa Claus were the self-same things.

And who was so gay at the dawn of day
As Bessie and Marian, Maud and May,
When joyful Harry came bursting through,
And grinned like a gaby, and said a new baby —
A sister! he 'd kissed her! — had brought the dream true?

But long ere the Christmas sunrise came,
Wrapping the white world with rosy flame,
The kind Queen questioned if all were done;
For, with so many children, 't was fairly bewildering
To choose the fit dream for every one.

And she shivered when, searching far and wide,
She saw on the lonely common's side,
Where the winds from their four wild quarters blow,
There lay little Honor with nothing upon her
Save the careless coverlet of the snow.

For Honor no stocking hung over the hearth,
No hand prepared the morrow's mirth,
Only around her the loose drift whirled
Where the child had dropped when her tired feet stopped, —
For no one loved her in all the world.

Though the Queen of its jewels stripped her crown,
She could make no snowdrift as warm as down,
She could give the smile on no mother's face, —
The flying gleam of some happy dream
Was all she could cast across the place.

"Since to-morrow the child must beg her way,
To-night," cried the Queen, "let her heart be gay.
Deck her, O Dreams, a Christmas-tree
With branches that even reach into heaven!"
"And we," sang the stars, "will the candles be!"

Straight from the pitiful Queen's far realm,
Into the boughs of a bending elm,
Darted a bevy of flashing Dreams,
While each icy spray caught an azure ray,
And tossed it back in a mist of beams.

Then from every stem a smiling sprite
Scattered glory upon the night,
And from bough to bough a rainbow flew;
The icicles tinkled, the gay stars twinkled,
And cherub faces came peering through.

And grander and greater, as Honor dreamed,
The height of the glittering elm-tree seemed,
Till over Orion its branches were creeping,
And their mystical dances of banners and lances
Beneath it the Northern Lights were keeping.

What smiles on the cherub faces bloomed!
What shining shadows around her loomed!
What pillowing arms bore her high and higher!
How this seraph's pinions cleft the blue dominions,
As the white flame fans from some sacred fire!

Forgotten the frozen sleep below,
Where the wild winds tossed the careless snow,
The constellations that over her wheeled, —
Such warmth and lustre about her cluster
In faces like flowers of some fadeless field!

For such music breathes over happy Honor,
Such beautiful angels are crowding upon her,
Such a tender hand has its blessing given!
Ah, waken who may at the dawn of day,
But Honor already has waked in Heaven!

Harriet Prescott Spofford.

KITTY.

A FAIRY TALE OF NOWADAYS.

KITTY sat by the fireside one winter evening, her bright eyes flashing back the firelight, and a joyful smile on her rosy lips.

She was as happy as a queen. In her hand she held tight three five-dollar gold pieces, which was something quite astonishing in these days, when all the money we use is made of oblong bits of dirty green paper.

A dear little old Quaker uncle had given Kitty the gold for a birthday present, and had said to her, "Kitty, thee is twelve years old to-day; thee may choose thy present for theeself."

The little old Quaker uncle did not speak grammatically when he said "*thee* is" and "*thee*self"; but that was *his* way and *his* affair, — not mine.

"Let — me — see," said Kitty, with great deliberation. "Yes — I must have lots of candies — of course. Then there 's dolls! but I have Clementine and Puss, and the Major and the baby, — I guess that 's dolls enough. Well — books! but I have Aunt Fanny's 'Nightcaps,' 'Mittens,' 'Socks,' and 'Pop-guns,' — and those lovely 'Young Folks' every month. That makes a good many books. A gold watch would be nice; or a diamond ring, with three big diamonds in it, like mamma's; or some beautiful coral ear-rings, only my ears have no holes in them, — what a bother! I wish they had! Dear me! if only some one would tell me what to get with my gold pieces!"

"*I* will," said a pleasant voice.

Kitty looked round, and immediately became so frightened that she shut her eyes tight, and gave a little squeal; then, hearing nothing more, she peeped with the tip of one end of one eye, and saw standing before her the oddest, queerest-looking little old soul you can imagine. Her nose came out so far, and her mouth went in so deep, and her chin stuck up so high, that she looked for all the world like those wooden nut-crackers the Swiss people make.

I cannot tell you the color of her eyes; I only know that there was a kind, tender expression in them, which almost took away the ugly look of the rest of her face, — like some people you and I love. They are plain enough, that is a fact; but a good and beautiful spirit dwells in their hearts, and looks out at their eyes, and all *little* children (who know more than you dream of) love them at once.

"So you think I 'm quite a fright," said the fairy, — for, sure enough, she was one.

Kitty blushed till her ears were perfectly crimson.

"Well, so I am. It 's enough to make one ugly to see all the selfishness, and quarrelling, and wicked conduct that I have to see in my travels round the world. I am the Birthday Fairy; and I have come, as you desire, to advise you how to spend your money. Will you go with me?"

By this time Kitty had not only recovered from her alarm, but she was looking lovingly at the fairy, and thinking that she was not so *very* ugly after all. In great glee she put on her curly white Astrachan coat — which made her look behind like a little white bear — and her white fur hat, beneath which her wavy golden hair floated out over her shoulders as if the little bear had been buying a wig, to be in the fashion; then she drew on a pair of red mittens, — so red that putting them on was almost as good as warming your hands at a blazing fire; then she "put on" her white muff, by passing over her head the cord to which it was fastened; then she dropped the precious gold pieces into a funny little pocket outside of her muff, — it was hidden by a darling little ermine's head with sharp black eyes. Then she popped her red mittens, with her hands inside of them, into her muff; and then she said, with a brisk little jump, "I 'm all ready! don't you see?"

It was enchanting to go out at night; and doubly so to travel with a fairy. The stars twinkled kindly at them; the man in the moon grinned ridiculously; and the gas-lights made little wavering bows as they passed. Kitty danced every step of the way, and everybody agreed that this was a very extra occasion indeed.

The very first place they stopped at was the second story of a fashionable house in Fifth Avenue, — for all this took place in the city of New York, you must know.

A birthday party had been celebrated in this house the evening before with great grandeur, on which occasion all the children invited (about a hundred) and the children in the house (nine) had crammed themselves full with candies; and the nine in the house, the next morning, had eaten up every scrap they could find that had been left over.

O the doleful dumps! what a rueful set they were now! Nine little beds, each containing a young human, doubled up with the stomach-ache, groaning with a headache, and all making the most horrible faces. The doctor was there, with nine mustard plasters, nine emetics, nine doses of castor-oil, and goodness only knows what else! And he plastered all of them on their nine little stomachs with a mustard plaster, though eighteen little kicking legs tried to hinder him, and poured down each of their nine screaming throats a dose of castor-oil, and an emetic, and goodness only knows what else, until they all choked, and got nine of the most dreadful red noses with screaming and crying; and poor little Kitty's ears tingled with the noise and hubbub, and the very thought of candy was so sickening, that she said to herself, "One thing is certain! *not one cent* of my birthday money shall go for candy!" — which was a very good resolution, don't you think so, my dear little reader?

"So you 've concluded not to spend your money in candy," said the fairy.

Kitty started, and the words, "She knows all my thoughts," passed through her brain.

"Of course I do," said the fairy. "You can't hide anything from *me*, but I can hide as much as I please from others. No one knows we are here; we are invisible. I thought that you might like to judge for yourself whether

eating 'lots of candy' would make you happy, or buying it would be the most sensible way of spending your birthday money."

"O no, no!" cried Kitty, with a shudder; and, taking a last pitying look at the doubled-up and groaning children, they seemed to float out of the room, and were in the gas-lighted streets again.

The stars twinkled more kindly than before; the man in the moon grinned like a hippogriff, — whatever that is; and the people in the streets were laughing to make themselves fat, and chattering and walking fast to keep themselves warm; and Kitty went skipping along as if she had twenty pairs of feet, and was dancing with the whole of them.

Presently they came near a magnificent toy-shop, the blazing light from which created quite an illumination. A crowd of people were staring in at the windows, and among them was one thin little girl with a basket of matches on her arm.

It really seemed to be impossible to stretch two eyes any wider open than that little girl's eyes were stretched. They were nearly popping out of her head with admiration and longing for a pretty little doll in the right-hand corner of the window. Between patching and fading, her poor frock was of half a dozen colors; but her shivering hands were of only one: they were purple with the freezing, biting cold.

Kitty's blue eyes fell upon the child, who was still looking and longing. The blue eyes followed the direction of the longing ones, and, strange to relate, the pretty little doll in the right-hand corner smiled sweetly at Kitty; and then, all at once, a thought seemed to float out of heaven, and rest like a dove on Kitty's heart.

"Come, dear birthday fairy, — come quick!" she said. With a hop, skip, and jump she was in the shop. The next moment she had bought the little doll in the right-hand corner. It cost half of one of her gold pieces, — but, hardly waiting for the change, she ran out and placed it tenderly in the match-girl's arms, her face radiant with love and happiness.

"'T is for you, little girl," she whispered; "I bought it for you with some of my birthday money."

I wish I could describe to you the wonderful, beautiful joy which spread like a sudden glory all over that poor child's face, but I cannot. You must do as Kitty did. I can only tell you what the poor little thing said; it was nothing but "Oh, O-h, O—h," each time softer, and breathed out longer, as she gently smoothed the elegant blue tarlatan dress, and touched with her trembling fingers the flaxen curls of the doll. But these little words were quite enough to show her intense delight, and they filled Kitty's heart with joy as she skipped away with the fairy.

The beautiful stars seemed actually to smile this time. As to that queer old chap, — the man in the moon, — he was winking now, as well as grinning with approbation, at Kitty's kind thought and deed. And *she* would have stood on her head with happiness, only girls don't do such things; so she took it out by hopping on one foot for quite a distance.

Somehow or other, the fairy and Kitty were now in a wretched street, nar-

row and dirty, where all the houses were lop-sided, and nearly tumbling down.

A moment after, they found themselves in a low room, in the top story of one of these houses.

"Look, Kitty," said the fairy.

The little girl saw a miserable bed on the floor in one corner, on which lay a soldier with one arm. A deep red scar, as from an awful sword-cut, stretched across his forehead. He was tossing with fever; his wounds, carelessly healed, were inflamed and very painful. He had been lying there two weeks.

Three children were in the room, — the youngest asleep in another corner, with big tears still trembling on his little pinched face. He had fallen asleep crying for a piece of bread. The next one was crying now, sobbing out, "Oh, give me a little, little piece! only one piece of bread! oh, I am hungry, hungry! Give me just one piece. I 'll promise not to ask for any more, if you 'll only give me one piece." The eldest, a girl ten years of age, was begging her to hush, her own lips quivering, her poor little heart almost breaking with grief.

They had no mother. She was dead, and this oldest girl did all she could, by begging, to keep the family from starving. There was no fire in the room, and they were shivering with the biting cold, — starving and freezing!

O, wonderful magic of a kind thought in a pitying, generous heart! One look, and Kitty had rushed down the stairs into the street. The next moment she was in the grocery store at the corner. "Quick, quick!" she cried, "give me some bundles of wood, some coal, some candles, some tea, some sugar, some milk, some bread, some — some" — she looked around and saw oranges — "yes, some oranges, and — and — butter, — a pound of butter, — and — O, do hurry, please, and come with me."

The grocery man — especially when he saw the gold piece which Kitty offered in payment — skipped about at such a rate, to oblige her, that he trod on the cat's tail, bumped his own head, tumbled down in a heap of cabbages, and made pow-wow enough for forty Indians. But never mind! out came a little hand-cart with a roll and a rattle, and in it were tumbled all the things before you could count ten; and then the grocery man ran at a red-faced boy who was asleep on a pile of potatoes, and cried "Boo!" at which the boy jumped — not half a mile high, O dear, no! — and sneezed, and took hold of the hand-cart, and dragged it after Kitty, who ran all the way back to the wretched room.

"Well done!" cried the fairy, who had stayed behind, as the eager little girl whisked around, and pushed the red-faced boy into the room, his arms full of parcels; then sent him down to get the rest; then pulled his cap off, and asked him to "please to make the fire." Something in Kitty's voice, so sweet and clear, and her smile so tender, seemed to turn that gruff, red-faced boy all at once into a kind little chap; and to his own astonishment he tore off his coat, and went down on his knees at the old broken stove, and never

stopped puffing and blowing until a fine fire was blazing away; and, in five minutes after, an old tin shaving-pot full of water was singing, on the top of it, like a teakettle's first cousin. Then Kitty thanked the red-faced boy, and gave him ten cents for himself, and a smile worth a dollar, and sent him away as pleased as Punch.

The sick soldier and the two children who were awake had watched all these doings in amazement, never speaking a word. They only saw Kitty, for the fairy kept herself invisible to *them;* but the little girl knew, by the light growing bright and brighter in the deep, calm, beautiful eyes of the fairy, how much she approved of all that had been done.

And now Kitty peeled an orange, and fed the poor soldier with its cool, grateful juice, while his eldest child gave her poor little starving sister, not "a little, little piece," but a big, big slice of the nice white bread, and woke up the youngest, so that his little empty stomach might also be filled. O, you should have seen the happiness then! You should have seen him toddle up to Kitty and his father, and generously offer them a bite, it was *so* good! You should have heard the teakettle's first cousin boiling away like a good fellow, telling them in a little squeaky voice to "hurry-up-and-make-the-tea! hurry-up-and-make-the-tea-I'm-all-right!"

So Kitty and the little girl and the fairy hurried up and made the tea. It had to be put right into the shaving-pot, — and oh, oh! nobody knows how good it was! *so good*, with milk and sugar! for let me tell you what I am pretty sure you don't know, — poor people seldom, if ever, have milk and sugar with their tea. They are thankful to get the tea alone; and as to butter on their bread, they have that about once in a blue moon. When next you

see a blue moon shining in the sky, you may make up your mind that all the miserably poor people are sitting in their parlors, eating bread and butter; but pray don't forget that they can also get these comforting things when good little girls run around hunting them up, with their birthday fairies.

After tea, strange to say, the sick soldier and his children all fell into a sweet, comfortable sleep. You must not think this impolite in them, when they had such fine company. They could not help it. They were worn out with grief and fatigue and pain; and the good fairy, who — as I told you — was invisible to them, had pressed their eyelids down with her soft, kind hands.

So Kitty placed on the rickety table all the money left of her two gold pieces, which would buy food for many days; then, gently shutting the door, the two went away.

O how the beautiful stars twinkled this time, and the man in the moon actually blew Kitty a kiss! It slid swiftly down on one of his brightest beams, and softly pressed her cheek like a zephyr. By this you see that the man in the moon can kiss as well as the rest of us; and, if you wish him to kiss *you*, you must go into the houses of the sick and poor, and help and comfort them, when his dear old round face is looking down upon you.

But don't tell, if he should; for it would certainly get into the almanac, and then all the dirty people that snuff up snuff and chew tobacco will be wanting him to kiss *them*, and that would be very disagreeable.

Kitty's cheeks glowed like twin pink roses, and she danced along, every pulse beating with happiness.

Presently they came to a church. Lights gleamed from the painted windows, red, purple, and gold, and the grand notes of an organ thrilled the air. Voices sweet and tender blended with deep, vibrating ones, which floated through the aisles, and then died softly away.

"Let us go in," said the fairy. Kitty's sweet face grew grave and reverent as they entered and took a seat near the door, just as the minister was repeating this verse from the Bible: "Give alms of thy goods, and never turn thy face from any poor man; and the face of the Lord shall not be turned away from thee."

Then he told of the privations and terrible sufferings of our own missionaries in the far West, the frontiers of our great country: how they had to ride or walk miles and miles in storm and sunshine, in heat and cold, to teach the great love and mercy of our Heavenly Father to the widely scattered people. He told of the poverty of most of these people, — so poor, that they could pay but very little towards the support of a minister and his family, who often suffered for the want of clothes, and sometimes had not sufficient food to eat, — the poor wife working early and late, and the children — the *little* children — cutting wood and drawing water. "And yet," he continued, "the souls of the people hunger and thirst for the word of God."

By this time the big tears stood in Kitty's eyes, and blinded her; but she heard the good minister cry out, as if from his very soul, "O, will you not help our missionaries in their work? Will you not help them *now?* for with-

out speedy help they cannot do their Master's work, and" — here his voice grew low and solemn — "you will have your reward; for our Lord has said that 'inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.' 'To do good and to distribute forget not; for with such sacrifices God is well pleased.'"

He was silent. Then four grave, dignified-looking men went up to the minister with quiet steps, and took from his hands each a silver plate, and went from pew to pew, receiving the offerings of the congregation.

The tender breast of the little listening girl had swelled high and higher with loving pity. A solemn awe crept into her heart, and a tender longing to help those poor, hard-working missionaries, whose little children had to cut wood and draw water; their poor bare feet wounded, perhaps, by the flinty paths.

Her last gold piece was in her hand. A tiny rosy flame seemed to rise from its centre, exhaling a delicious fragrance. She bent down to breathe its sweetness. Its golden light illumined her lovely face; and her very heart glowed, and seemed to be singing a song of gladness.

When the silver plate was presented to her, she placed her gold piece softly in it, and said, in a sweet, gentle whisper, "It is for the missionary's poor little children."

Strange to say, the same bright glow flashed into the good man's face as he bowed and passed on.

When the service was ended, they went out, and high, high above the smiling stars and good old moon, an angel looked down with love upon the child, and guarded her safely on her way.

And she was so happy! so happy! She seemed to float along by the side of her beloved birthday fairy, who by her gentle magic had taught Kitty how much more blessed it was to give than to receive; for this, and nothing else, was the secret of her happiness.

Then the fairy gently drew her to her pleasant home, and, placing her in her pretty white bed, she closed in sleep her blue and gleaming eyes.

"*Aunt Fanny.*"

THE BEAUTIFUL GATE.

"MY eye!" said Cud, looking admiringly over the fence. "What ef they was gold, sure enough! would n't I run an' git one changed, mighty quick?"

Vegetable gold they were indeed, lying in great yellow nuggets here and there over the pumpkin-vines, basking in the still warm beams of an October sun.

"'Pears like dey 'd took all de sunshine to derselves," said Cud, again. And so they had; for the suns of a whole summer had burnished them into gold.

Perhaps my young readers are wondering who could own so queer a name as Cud. Well, the boy that owned it owned nothing else in the world, not even himself; for he was black and a slave. His real name was too large for his size. It was quite aristocratic, — Cuthbert Carter; or, as he would tell you with Virginia accent, "Kudbut Ke-arter, sah! I 'longs to de Ke-arters, one ob de berry fust families." You see they are all first families in Virginia; that is the reason why, when the war began, everybody wanted to be an officer. Poor Cud had little reason to pride himself on his owners, — "de fust blood in Virginy." It may be that "fust blood" flows hotter and quicker than second-rate blood. It is certain that his young master, Peyton Harrison Carter, — called Marse Pate for short, — possessed a fiery temper. Two years before the day that Cud was standing thinking slowly out his own theory on pumpkins, Marse Pate, in a moment of passion, had given him a stunning blow that sent him reeling down a high flight of stone steps. One crash of pain went through him as though every bone were ground to atoms, then a great dark came whirling down, and he was picked up — *lame for life.* Poor little Cud! crippled in mind as well as body by a great wrong; for you can easily understand, my little readers, that slavery had given as great a blow to his inner life as his fiery master had given to his poor dark body.

Yet he was sharp in his way, too. He could not play like other children, or work as hard, either, so he had more time to think. He waited on table, and heard talk about the war, and he had his own ideas about it. Marse Pate had gone to fight, and Miss Rose, his young wife, grew pale and sad and silent. The old Missis, though, — Marse Pate's mother, — was full of fight and fury about the "nigger-stealers," as she called the Federal Army.

Cud sometimes wished they would steal him.

"But Massa Linkum could n't make nothin' at all out er me," he said, with a sudden thrill of pain, looking down at his shrunken limb; and a look of intense hate came into his face, that made it hideous. No mask could have changed his expression more than did the thought of Marse Pate.

But now a young lady comes out of the house, and Cud is too shy to stand staring there any longer. She walks slowly through the garden path, singing something softly to herself. Cud has heard it before, and, as she approaches the gate, he catches two lines, —

"And every prospect pleases,
And only man is vile.

"Reckon dey is vile, sure enough," says Cud, "specially Marse Pate, when he 's riled."

The last of the crimson chrysanthemums had burned themselves out on the garden border, where a few fiery flakes still flashed on the grass. Some of tawny red or pale yellow bloomed on sturdily still, but the young lady did not pause to gather them. She only stood a moment, and looked at the — pumpkins, and a very sad face she had the while.

"Reckon she 's a thinkin' of her mar's pies," said Cud, as he cast a reflective glance back at her. And he longed to question her about that wonderful land, — so wonderful that to breathe the very air made one free, — where her home had been before she came South to teach. But he felt too awkward and shy to dare to speak to the fair Miss Alice, and he only slunk away on his homeward road, rather frightened to see how far the sun was sliding towards the west. He had taken a long time to walk that short mile from Wheeling.

But he limped as fast as he could, looking neither at the white and feathery clouds, nor at the pale and waning light, only at the dusty beaten road that stretched out before him, — looking at last, as he neared his home, at something else, — something that made him stop and drop back in a frightened way. What was it that the men were carrying so tenderly through the gate? A wounded man, white and faint, with his life dripping steadily away in a precious crimson tide, a ghost-like likeness of his old enemy, a shadow of his young master, — could that be Marse Pate?

It was indeed. The fiery heart would not beat much longer; the fever of life was going out; the ashes of death whitened cheek and lip.

Cud had no time to think, — time only for a slow horror to break over him like a cold rain, when a rough voice cried: "Here, young un, run for a doctor! — any one, only be quick!"

Marse Pate's fast-dulling eye had caught sight of the shrinking figure. Something more than pain contracted the white brow.

"He can't go, he 's lame," he murmured. "Where 's David?"

"Can you ask?" said the Virginian mother, sternly. "Where is the Yankee camp? One of these men must go, and at once."

So Cud saw his young master carried in. He wondered if he should have to wait at tea to-night, — if everything would go on as usual, while the life of the master was ebbing away. He stole forlornly into the kitchen, where old Dinah had just finished baking some fragrant corn-bread, and asked her about it. "Go 'long, chile," she said, not unkindly, giving him a huge bit of the smoking pone; "reckon folks thinks mighty little of their vittles when death 's in a house!" and then she sat down and threw her apron over her head, and cried behind that shield; for she had nursed Marse Pate when he was a dear little baby, fair as a lily, with shiny golden hair.

Cud stole out silently. It was not half so lonely out of doors as in that great house, where the shadow of a terrible dread had fallen. A friendly red

light still warmed the western sky, and as Cud looked towards it he suddenly remembered that there was to be a meeting this very night for enlistment. There were plenty of Union men in Wheeling, and a Yankee captain and a stump speaker were coming to drum them up. It was pleasant to Cud to-night to think about a crowd; and he hurried along, shaking off, as he went, the chill and deathly thoughts which had troubled him, and singing to himself, for company, a negro hymn.

He soon reached the first straggling house of the town. The door stood open, and a light was burning on the table. Some one was reading in a low but clear voice, "Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have give I thee." "Lors!" said Cud, with bated breath, "I wonder what he guv! A hunk of hot gingerbread, now, would be what *I*'d like."

Cud peered anxiously in. Some sick person seemed to be lying there on a bed, gasping for breath; and Miss Alice was reading solemnly the next words, "In the name of Jesus of Nazareth, rise up and walk."

Cud forgot the political meeting and listened on. "I wish I could find that gate," he thought sadly, — "that Beautiful; but reckon it's way up Norf somewhar," and he walked with a lagging step, and sang no more.

"What ef I did meet Jesus or one o' them thar 'postles?" he said drearily, "reckon he would n't speak to a pore little nig like me; spect dat ar man dat was cured so as he could caper about so spry like was white, for sure!"

Thinking such thoughts, no wonder Cud stumbled into the wrong place, and found himself among a crowd of gray coats, where a smothered "hurrah" for Jeff Davis woke him up. It was a miserable old barn, lit by a few flaring tallow candles, and looking just ready to fall in on the whole concern. There was a good deal of confusion and eager talking; then two or three of Cud's own color, who stood at the door, were put out. Cud was so small, and the room so badly lighted, that he shrank into the shadows and stayed. What if he should hear some great secret that the Yankees would be glad to know! He would go through fire and water to tell it to them; and then — his poor little heart beat quick with pride — then surely Massa Linkum would take him into his service, and give him some good place.

So he listened with his sharp little ears, and when the meeting broke up he was sure he knew something that the Yankees would be glad to know. Their camp was two miles away in a gap of the mountains, — two long miles for him to limp up hill, that he might reach them in time. A rebel attack was to surprise them before morning, so he started at once.

He knew the way, for one summer — the time before he was hurt — he had bounded along by Marse Pate's side on a hunting expedition. He thought bitterly of that time now, as he limped painfully over the steep road, each moment feeling a sharp sting of pain stabbing the injured limb. He was no hero, poor little Cud! and the tears rolled down his thin cheeks; but he never thought of turning back, not even when a white rabbit made a great whir in the leaves, and ran like a flash of light over his path.

The stars came out now, silently, one by one, like little sparks of fire, in the ashen gray sky. But when the first silver bar of moonlight was laid on

the road, Cud shrank back as though he had seen a ghost. How the trees shivered together in the wind, and seemed full of strange whispering! What queer dark shadows ran over the ground, or danced about him like mocking imps! He began to sing again, trembling at the sound of his own voice.

> "Muss we, muss we,
> Muss we go down to sin?
> My Jesus opens de golden gate,
> And ax you for walk in."

When he stood on the bridge, he gave a quick look back at the road that stretched out white in the moonlight, as if he half expected to see the tips of shining bayonets sparkling through the night. What if the Secesh caught him, and shot him for a spy. "Wonder if folks would year 'bout it," he thought, "and know I done died for my country," and the slow blood quickened in his heart at the thought.

But the next moment he said, disconsolately, "Reckon I ain't got no country; spect dis yer country was n't made for nigger." But then the beautiful North! — would he ever see that? — and the Beautiful Gate, that must surely be there. And Jesus, what if he walked there as he did of old in Judea? He reached the high ridge beyond the bridge, when a sudden strange hoot startled him. His foot slipped, the loose clay and stones slid from under him, and he fell crashing down at the feet of a Union picket, who had just emitted a hideous yawn over his weary work. He stooped tenderly enough over the boy, for he had children at home, and he forgot the color of this one.

Poor little Cud! Fiery thrills of pain were burning out his life, but he made a mighty effort to speak.

"You 're the despatch post, I reckon," said the man, "for you come quicker 'n a streak o' lightnin'."

Cud knew at once this man was a Northerner by his accent. He felt a great whirling in his head, as though a hundred wheels were turning there, and grinding out new pains. "Would it never stop?" he thought. Ah, yes, poor little Cud, soon! But he must fulfil his mission. He raised his head a little, and said, "Don't stay here, Yank. I was gwine to warn de boys; you 'll do it a heap better. Tell 'em — tell 'em de Rebels are comin' mighty quick; git 'em ready for 'em, — go — " Then the myriads of wheels stopped grinding, the pain slipped silently away, and Cud fainted.

When he opened his eyes again he was in a pleasant room. He was lying on a little white bed, and the first thing he saw was a picture of Christ blessing the children. The next was the sweet face of Miss Alice, bending kindly over him. He never looked at her without thinking of the white pond-lilies he had waded after many a time. Was this heaven, he wondered, and Miss Alice a lovely angel? But the old pain came thrilling back through every limb, and even ignorant little Cud knew that there is no pain in heaven. He looked at Miss Alice wistfully. "I yered you a readin' last night," he said.

"Did you, and what did I read?"

"I liked it a heap; 'bout a lame man gittin' cured at the Beautiful Gate."

"Shall I read it to you now?" she asked.

Cud eagerly assented, but seemed very sad when she came to an end. "I thort," he said, slowly, "'t was gwine to tell us how to git thar. I 'm lame, yer see, an' I reckon ef I could once git to that gate, Jesus might feel right sorry for me, and ef he could cure me jes' by stretchin' out his han', 'pears like he 'd do it mighty quick!"

Miss Alice did not smile. A tear, instead, came into her violet-like eyes.

"Jesus can come to you here," she said; "just pray to him. He died for you, you know; and do you think he will not come when you call him?"

"And will he cure me?" said Cud, eagerly. "I would be his slave, and work for him all my life, ef he would."

Poor little Cud could hardly take things in a spiritual sense. The great wheels were turning in his brain, and his breath came quickly; but he prayed, "O Lord Jesus, I can never find de Beautiful Gate. Come now, and make me well."

"Perhaps he will take you up to him," said Miss Alice, tenderly. "Would you give yourself to him, to serve him there as well as here?"

"Do ye think Jesus, wid de angels shinin' roun' him, wants *me?*" said the child, with some wonder, yet more of joy, in his tone.

Miss Alice nodded, and then saw him close his eyes wearily. She went to the window and opened it. The chill gray sky was warming in the east with soft pink blushes, the morning air came in little fluttering sighs; then rifts of gold broke through the pearl, and waves of violet and crimson rose over

the distant mountains like a kingly crown. Airy cloud-pinnacles melted into golden mist before the sun; while nearer rose the trees, with foliage stricken by a sudden frost into wondrous wealth of scarlet and orange.

A strain of triumphal music swept by on the fresh morning air, a sound of shouts, a snatch of the old air, "Hail, Columbia!" startled the dying child.

"What — where is it?" he murmured.

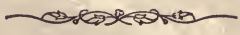
"There has been a skirmish" said Miss Alice, "and the Union has won."

Cud raised himself, and a strange fire flickered in his eye. "That 's all along o' me, Miss Alice," he said, with sudden fervor; "I done it."

Miss Alice thought he was wandering. She still stood at the window, watching for the doctor, for whom she had sent.

Now the sun, breaking forth from inner depths of rose, issued from the gateway of the day. Cud looked at it with clouding eyes. "I see it now," he said, — "de Beautiful Gate." So he entered in.

Helen Wall Pierson.



DOCTOR ISAAC I. HAYES.

DR. HAYES is a native of Pennsylvania, and was born in the year 1832. After graduating at the University of Pennsylvania in 1853, in his twenty-first year, he immediately joined the expedition of Dr. Kane, and sailed for the arctic seas in search of Sir John Franklin.

Of this expedition he was surgeon and naturalist, and he took a principal share in the explorations which distinguished that memorable voyage, — his chief exploits being a journey into the interior of Greenland, a journey made with dog-sledges across the frozen sea to the most northern land of the globe (which he discovered), and a boat expedition towards the Danish settlements of Greenland. An account of this last expedition he gave in a narrative entitled "An Arctic Boat Journey." Returning in 1855, after an absence of two and a half years, Dr. Hayes at once proposed to conduct an expedition himself towards the North Pole. It was four years before he was able, with the aid of his scientific friends, to equip a small schooner for the voyage. He finally set sail from Boston in the spring of 1860. The incidents of this remarkable voyage are recounted in his volume entitled "The Open Polar Sea."

It was this open polar sea which Dr. Hayes went to seek; and he reached it at a point only five hundred miles from the North Pole, travelling to that point over the ice with dog-sledges. During this journey he went much farther north than on his former one, and he planted the American flag nearer to the North Pole than any flag had ever before been planted.

Prior to this, his schooner, the "United States," had been nearly wrecked among the ice-fields, and the hardy voyagers, being frozen up by the arctic

winter, which gave them four months of absolute darkness, remained in their perilous situation during ten months. They did not see the sun for one hundred and twenty-six days, — a gloomy period of darkness and inaction.

The portrait we have given shows Dr. Hayes at this time seated in his cabin, engaged in projecting the chart of his discoveries. The moment selected by the artist is when the Esquimau chief Kalutinah (as described in Dr. Hayes's narrative) has opened the door to enter the cabin of the "great chief," as they called the white captain. The portrait of this Kalutinah is painted after a photograph, as is also that of the dog in the foreground, which is a picture of the Doctor's favorite and leading sledge-dog.

The interior of the cabin is from a sketch by Dr. Hayes himself, who, besides being a successful navigator, traveller, and author, is a skilful artist. It was in this cabin that the popular story, "Cast Away in the Cold," which was published last year in "Our Young Folks," was first sketched by Dr. Hayes, to while away the tedium of the long arctic winter.

THE DIVERTING HISTORY OF LITTLE WHISKEY.

BEING A CONTINUATION OF "QUEER LITTLE PEOPLE."

MY little folks have perhaps wondered at not hearing from me for a month or two past, but the fact is, I have been diligently looking around for something to write, and have at last found it in the ways and doings of one of the queer little people, whom I shall call Whiskey.

On the next page is his picture. But you cannot imagine from this how pretty he is. His back has the most beautiful smooth shining stripes of reddish brown and black, his eyes shine like bright glass beads, and he sits up jauntily on his hind quarters, with his little tail thrown over his back like a ruffle!

And where does he live? Well, "that is telling," as we children say. It was somewhere up in the mountains of Berkshire, in a queer, quaint, old-fashioned garden, that I made Mr. Whiskey's acquaintance.

Here there lives a young parson, who preaches every Sunday in a little brown church, and during week-days goes through all these hills and valleys, visiting the poor, and gathering children into Sunday schools.

His wife is a very small-sized lady, — not much bigger than you, my little Mary, — but very fond of all sorts of dumb animals; and, by constantly watching their actions and ways, she has come to have quite a strange power over them, as I shall relate.

The little lady fixed her mind on Whiskey, and gave him his name without consulting him upon the subject. She admired his bright eyes, and resolved to cultivate his acquaintance.

By constant watching, she discovered that he had a small hole of his own in the grass-plot a few paces from her back door. So she used to fill her pocket with hazelnuts, and go out and sit in the back porch, and make a little noise, such as squirrels make to each other, to attract his attention.

In a minute or two up would pop the little head with the bright eyes, in the grass-plot, and Master Whiskey would sit on his haunches and listen, with one small ear cocked towards her. Then she would throw him a hazelnut, and he would slip instantly down into his hole again. In a minute or two, however, his curiosity would get the better of his prudence; and she, sitting quiet, would see the little brown-striped head slowly, slowly coming up again, over the tiny green spikes of the grass-plot. Quick as a flash he would dart at the nut, whisk it into a little bag on one side of his jaws, which Madame Nature has furnished him with for his provision-pouch, and down into his hole again! An ungrateful, suspicious little brute he was too; for though in this way he bagged and carried off nut after nut, until the patient little woman had used up a pound of hazelnuts, still he seemed to have the same wild fright at sight of her, and would whisk off and hide himself in his hole the moment she appeared. In vain she called "Whiskey, Whiskey, Whiskey," in the most flattering tones; in vain she coaxed and cajoled. No, no; he was not to be caught napping. He had no objection to accepting her nuts, as many as she chose to throw to him; but as to her taking any personal liberty with him, you see, it was not to be thought of!

But at last patience and perseverance began to have their reward. Little Master Whiskey said to himself, "Surely this is a nice, kind lady, to take so much pains to give me nuts; she is certainly very considerate; and with that he edged a little nearer and nearer every day, until, quite to the delight

of the small lady, he would come and climb into her lap and seize the nuts, when she rattled them there, and after that he seemed to make exploring voyages all over her person. He would climb up and sit on her shoulder; he would mount and perch himself on her head; and, when she held a nut for him between her teeth, would take it out of her mouth.

After a while he began to make tours of discovery in the house. He would suddenly appear on the minister's writing-table, when he was composing his Sunday sermon, and sit cocking his little pert head at him, seeming to wonder what he was about. But in all his explorations he proved himself a true Yankee squirrel, having always a shrewd eye on the main chance. If the parson dropped a nut on the floor, down went Whiskey after it, and into his provision-bag it went, and then he would look up as if he expected another; for he had a wallet on each side of his jaws, and he always wanted both sides handsomely filled before he made for his hole. So busy and active, and always intent on this one object, was he, that before long the little lady found he had made way with six pounds of hazelnuts. His general rule was to carry off four nuts at a time, — three being stuffed into the side-pockets of his jaws, and the fourth held in his teeth. When he had furnished himself in this way, he would dart like lightning for his hole, and disappear in a moment; but in a short time up he would come, brisk and wide-awake, and ready for the next supply.

Once a person who had the curiosity to dig open a chipping squirrel's hole found in it two quarts of buckwheat, a quantity of grass-seed, nearly a peck of acorns, some Indian corn, and a quart of walnuts; a pretty handsome supply for a squirrel's winter store-room, — don't you think so?

Whiskey learned in time to work for his living in many artful ways that his young mistress devised. Sometimes she would tie his nuts up in a paper package, which he would attack with great energy, gnawing the strings, and rustling the nuts out of the paper in wonderfully quick time. Sometimes she would tie a nut to the end of a bit of twine, and swing it backward and forward over his head; and, after a succession of spry jumps, he would pounce upon it, and hang swinging on the twine, till he had gnawed the nut away.

Another squirrel — doubtless hearing of Whiskey's good luck — began to haunt the same yard; but Whiskey would by no means allow him to cultivate his young mistress's acquaintance. No indeed! he evidently considered that the institution would not support two. Sometimes he would appear to be conversing with the stranger on the most familiar and amicable terms in the back yard: but if his mistress called his name, he would immediately start and chase his companion quite out of sight, before he came back to her.

So you see that self-seeking is not confined to men alone, and that Whiskey's fine little fur coat covers a very selfish heart.

As winter comes on, Whiskey will go down into his hole, which has many long galleries and winding passages, and a snug little bedroom well lined with leaves. Here he will doze and dream away his long winter months, and nibble out the inside of his store of nuts.

If I hear any more of his cunning tricks, I will tell you of them.

Harriet Beecher Stowe.

CHARADE.

No. 1.

"WICKED paynims full fifty or more
Before my lance have gone down on the sand;
Dragons a dozen and giants a score
All have fallen beneath my hand;
Enchanters a few and kings one or two
I have conquered at your command."

Thus a young knight made his suit
To a lady coquettish and fickle and gay,
But she was either provokingly mute
Or else would say him nay,
For she was my *whole*, and vexed his soul
By the pranks she made him play.

He went to his castle my *last* to keep,
And he travelled along in sore distress,
For my *first* was long and rough and steep,
And how could he ever guess —
Who knew less by far of wooing than war —
That "no" could ever mean "yes"?

CARL.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 2.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 3.

WILLY WISP.

CHARADE.

No. 4.

A SWEET little girl with golden hair
Sat in the great old rocking-chair,
And while the kitten she fondled and nursed
She heard my gentle and murmuring *first.*
She sat and sang to herself in glee,
And the kitten slumbered on her knee;
A mouse from his hole in the wall peeped in,
And at once there was a terrible din;
And in quicker time than you could have reckoned
The kitten had given and gained my *second.*

A lady clad in gorgeous array,
With silk, and satin, and feathers gay,
Through every street went up and down,
And looked over all the dry goods in town;
Tumbled and tossed them all about
Till clerk after clerk was quite worn out.
When their patience was gone, and they were half dead,
She made my *whole* — of a spool of thread.

W. W. T.

PUZZLE.

No. 5.

My first is in crumb, though you hardly would know it.
My second is also, for the letters will show it.
My third is in puzzle, and also in pun.
My fourth 's in amusement, but is not in fun.
My fifth is in music, but not in the dancers.
My sixth 's not in waltz, but is in the Lancers.
My seventh is in "Young Folks" and "Atlantic" as well.
My eighth is there also, as quick you can tell.
My whole you surely must guess if you can,
He was long ago a most fashionable man.

PATSIE & WINNIE.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 6.

WILLY WISP.

ANSWERS.

79. Breast-plate.

80. Asp-ire.

81. Deciphering rebuses is a pleasant pastime. [(D *ciphering*) (re) ('buses) (eye) (sap) (lease) (ant) (pea) (ass) (time).]

82. 'T is now the very witching time of night, when churchyards yawn. [(Tie) (snow) (thief) E R Y (witch *in* G) (time) of (night) W (hen) (church) (yards) (yawn).]

83. Regardez et aimez toujours vos maîtres.

84. Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell.

"A head that is not ahead," — that is the answer to the last picture proverb.

In wishing the readers of *Our Young Folks* a Happy New Year, — which we do most heartily, — we invite them to sit down and listen to a little chat about our plans for the present volume, — the beginning of a series of chats which may continue through the year, if we find them mutually agreeable.

Our Letter Box is still to be kept open, and whatever is dropped into it will receive due attention. New letters will be none the less welcome on account of the large number remaining yet unanswered, — which, by the way, will be examined as rapidly as possible. Of course, every letter cannot be directly noticed, and the best may sometimes have to wait. Business letters, which need a prompt reply, will always receive it, provided they contain the necessary stamps.

We intend to have an occasional talk with our readers about the best books to read, and how to read them; about pictures, whenever it seems worth while to do so; about fancy-work, or any pleasant and useful occupation for the fingers of boys and girls in those idle hours when they are so apt to slip into mischief; about games, too, — for, although we have left our childhood a long way behind us, the memory of its play-days is fresher with us than that of yesterday's toil, and we believe that there is no healthy childhood without frolic and fun. In these last matters, we shall want the help of our little friends. Send us a description of any game you like, or of any pretty or curious kind of work you know how to do, that we may let the rest of our young folks know about it, — using always our own judgment as to whether it is suitable.

If any one of these subjects should grow upon our hands so as to make it desirable, we will set apart for it some special corner.

As we are in season for the holidays, we take this opportunity to mention a few children's books,— some new, and some which have already been tested and found worthy.

For boys who like stories of hardship and adventure, there is "Lion Ben," of which it is sufficient praise to say that it is by the author of "Good Old Times." Like that, it is the history of a boy's rough experience on the wild shores of Maine, and is the first of a series announced by Lee and Shepard as the "Elm Island Stories."

"Cast away in the Cold" is also to be had in book form; and it is, as the boys well know, a sort of Arctic Robinson Crusoe, very suitable to read in overcoat and mittens, — or, rather, when they are laid aside, of a winter's evening, for the comfort of a blazing wood-fire.

For the girls, Jean Ingelow's stories are deservedly popular. There are three series of them, published by Roberts Brothers: "Studies for Stories," "Stories told to a Child," and "A Sister's Bye-Hours."

The "Little Prudy" and "Dotty Dimple" books are great favorites. Of the last series there are two new volumes just issued: "Dotty Dimple at Home," and "Dotty Dimple out West." In all child-literature, there are no creations more real and natural and charming than these two little New England girls, Dotty and Prudy. Everybody who knows anything about them wants to become better acquainted with them.

Our older girl-readers, who were not subscribers to this Magazine in 1866, may not have read that delightful story, "A Summer in Leslie Goldthwaite's Life." It is to be had in a handsome volume now, and is one of the very best books for girls. And, by the way, Mrs. Whitney ought to know of the numerous requests we receive, that she should tell us the story of a "Winter in Leslie Goldthwaite's Life."

"Tom Brown's School-Days at Rugby" is a standard for boys, — one of the books they must be better for reading. And Hawthorne's "Tanglewood Tales," and Grimm's "Household Stories," and

Hans Christian Andersen's Fairy Tales, are among the children's classics. And, for poetry, there are "Willie Winkie" and "Lilliput Levee," — fresh, charming, and wide-awake, just such verses as children like.

Many other volumes crowd into mind, but we must take no more room to notice them.

PRIZES.

Wishing to obtain the very best puzzles, the Editors offer for them the following prizes: —

For the Two Best Illustrated Rebuses, a Prize of Fifteen Dollars each.

For the Two Best Charades or Riddles, a Prize of Ten Dollars each.

For the Two Best Puzzles of any other kind, a Prize of Ten Dollars each.

The prizes will be paid in money or in books, as the authors may choose.

This offer will remain open until the publication of the April number. All the puzzles sent in will, of course, be retained.

Some familiar quotation (*not* from the Bible) is the most suitable subject for a Rebus. And those are the best rebuses which read in the same way to the ear and to the eye, and in which one word does not run into another. In charades, also, the syllable-words should be pronounced exactly as in the whole word they compose. And do not forget that every answer of an enigma, partial and entire, should be numbered and written out in full; — also that letters which are most plainly and neatly written, and on one side of the sheet only, are those which an editor is likely to read first.

From our Prospectus it will be seen that the Magazine will this year be instructive, as well as entertaining.

No pains will be spared to secure for our great family of readers valuable information on all important subjects, and to make *Our Young Folks* companionable for them, in school and out of school, at work or at play.

And as in large families there are children of all ages, we shall consider the wants of all; — of the babies who have not outgrown the lullabies of dear old Mother Goose, as well as of the boys who are putting on their seven-league boots for grown-up adventures, and the girls who are dreaming what the world will look like when they are young ladies; not forgetting the real, live, healthy children, who do not think about themselves at all, and so are easily entertained; nor the little invalids, who look up with gratitude so touching when any cheerful visitor helps them to forget their pain. To them, especially, we hope to make *Our Young Folks* welcome. And just here we want to give an extract from a letter which has brought us real pleasure and encouragement: —

"My dear 'Young Folks': I hope you will not think me very bold in writing to you, but I would like so much to compose some enigmas, charades, &c. for your interesting Magazine, that I thought I would write and ask you if I might try.

"I spend nearly all my time in reading, as I am a cripple, and never leave my room at all except on very warm, mild days, when I go out to ride with Auntie; but even that tires me very much, so that reading is my chief amusement, — especially reading *Our Young Folks*, and working out the puzzles. I enjoy the mythological enigmas very much indeed, as I have just finished studying 'Dwight's Mythology'; though it hardly seemed a study to me, it was so interesting with Aunt Mary, — but she makes every lesson interesting.

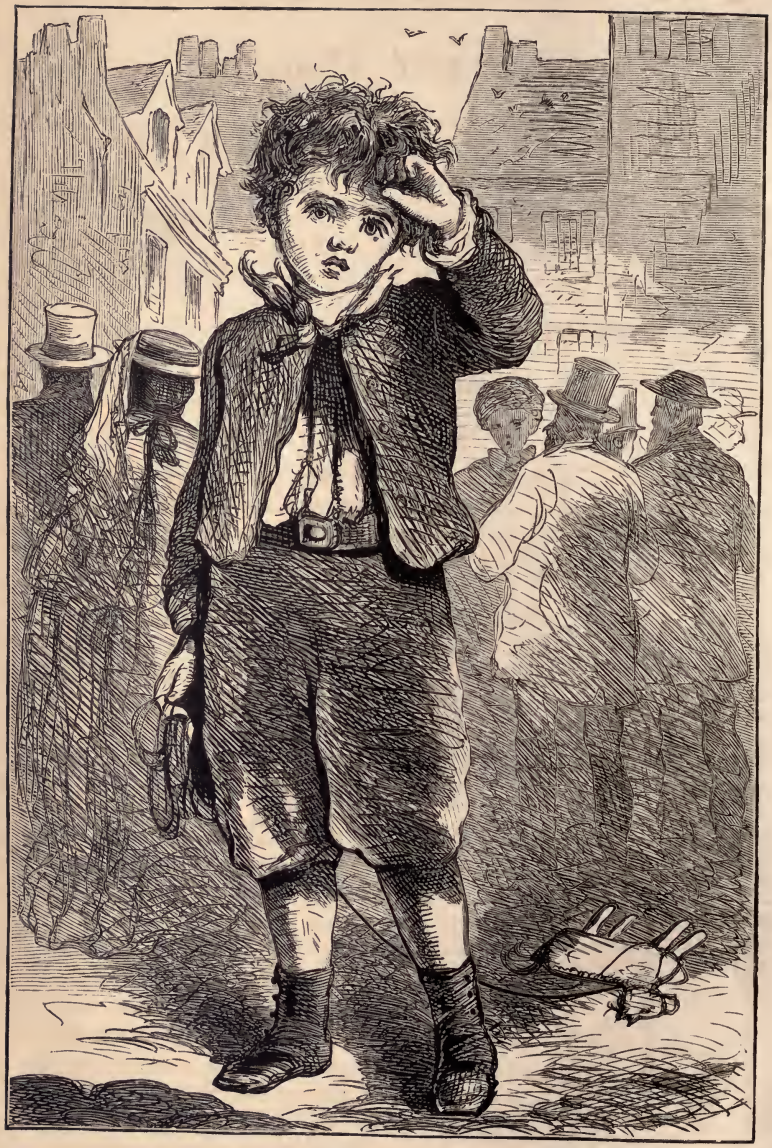
"I hope when I grow up I can be just as clever and good as Auntie is, everybody loves her so much! But then I may not live to grow up, for, as I have already told you, I am a cripple, and so very weak! I get tired very easily, so that I don't suppose I could do much good to any one, even if I did live; do you think I could?"

Dear little Alice! It is *the heart* to do good that the world most needs, and that Heaven accepts. You have already helped us by your kind words, and we will gladly examine anything you send us, and give it a fair chance for a place.

And you may — God grant you may! — grow up to be a comfort to many; for it is not the crippled in body that encumber the earth, but the crippled in soul.

Thanks, little Alice, for all the other kind things you say of us, that seem too flattering to quote here. And for you, and for all our friends, and for the wide world, we repeat the Christmas benediction of Tiny Tim, —

"God bless us, every one!"



LOST WILLIE.

DRAWN BY CHARLES A. BARRY.]

[See page 103.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

An Illustrated Magazine

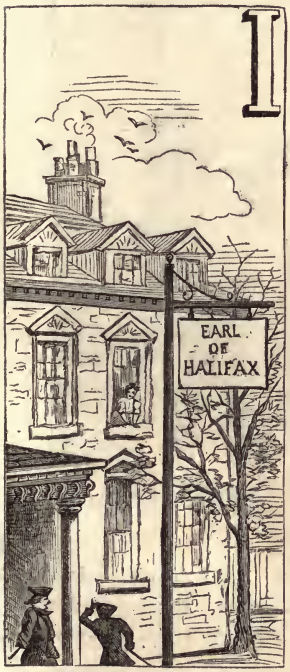
FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

VOL. V. FEBRUARY, 1869. No. II.

THE STORY OF A BAD BOY.

CHAPTER IV.

RIVERMOUTH.



IT was a beautiful May morning when the Typhoon hauled up at Long Wharf. Whether the Indians were not early risers, or whether they were away just then on a war-path, I could n't determine; but they did not appear in any great force, — in fact, did not appear at all.

In the remarkable geography which I never hurt myself with studying at New Orleans, was a picture representing the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth. The Pilgrim Fathers, in rather odd hats and coats, are seen approaching the savages; the savages, in no coats or hats to speak of, are evidently undecided whether to shake hands with the Pilgrim Fathers or to make one grand rush and scalp the entire party. Now this scene had so stamped itself on my mind, that, in spite of all my father had said, I was prepared for some such greeting from the aborigines. Nevertheless, I was not sorry to have my expectations unfulfilled. By the way, speaking of the Pilgrim Fathers, I often used to wonder why there was no mention made of the Pilgrim Mothers.

While our trunks were being hoisted from the hold of the ship, I mounted on the roof of the cabin, and took a critical

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by FIELDS, OSGOOD, & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

view of Boston. As we came up the harbor, I had noticed that the houses were huddled together on an immense hill, at the top of which was a large building, the State House, towering proudly above the rest, like an amiable mother-hen surrounded by her brood of many-colored chickens. A closer inspection did not impress me very favorably. The city was not nearly so imposing as New Orleans, which stretches out for miles and miles, in the shape of a crescent, along the banks of the majestic river.

I soon grew tired of looking at the masses of houses, rising above one another in irregular tiers, and was glad my father did not propose to remain long in Boston. As I leaned over the rail in this mood, a measly-looking little boy with no shoes said that if I would come down on the wharf he'd

lick me for two cents, — not an exorbitant price. But I did n't go down. I climbed into the rigging, and stared at him. This, as I was rejoiced to observe, so exasperated him that he stood on his head on a pile of boards, in order to pacify himself.

The first train for Rivermouth left at noon. After a late breakfast on board the Typhoon, our trunks were piled upon a baggage-wagon, and ourselves stowed away in a coach, which must have turned at least one hundred corners before it set us down at the railway station.

In less time than it takes to tell it, we were shooting across the country at a fearful rate, — now clattering over a bridge, now screaming through a tunnel; here we cut a flourishing village in two, like a knife, and here we dived into the shadow of a pine forest. Before a fellow could tell where he was, he was somewhere else. Sometimes we glided along the edge of the ocean, and could see the sails of ships twinkling like bits of silver against the horizon; sometimes we dashed across rocky pasture-lands where stupid-eyed cattle were loafing. It was fun to scare the lazy-looking cows that lay round in groups under the newly budded trees near the railroad track.

Whenever we approached a village, the engineer sounded his bell, and slackened the speed of the train; but we did not pause at any of the little brown stations on the route (they looked just like overgrown black-walnut clocks), though at every one of them a man popped out as if he were worked by machinery, and waved a red flag, and appeared as though he would like to have us stop. But we were an express train, and made no stoppages, excepting once or twice to give the engine a drink.

It is strange how the memory clings to some things. It is over twenty years since I took that first ride to Rivermouth, and yet, oddly enough, I remember as if it were yesterday, that, as we passed slowly through the village of Hampton, we saw two boys fighting behind a red barn. There was also a shaggy yellow dog, who looked as if he had commenced to unravel, barking himself all up into a knot with excitement. We had only a hurried glimpse of the battle, — long enough, however, to see that the combatants were equally matched and very much in earnest. I am ashamed to say how many times since I have speculated as to which boy got licked. Maybe both the small rascals are dead now (not in consequence of the set-to, let us hope), or maybe they are married, and have pugnacious urchins of their own; yet to this day I sometimes find myself wondering how that fight turned out.

We had been riding perhaps two hours and a half, when we shot by a tall factory with a chimney resembling a church steeple; then the locomotive gave a scream, the engineer rung his bell, and we plunged into the twilight of a long wooden building, open at both ends. Here we stopped, and the conductor, thrusting his head in at the car door, cried out, "Passengers for Rivermouth!"

At last we had reached our journey's end. On the platform my father shook hands with a straight, brisk old gentleman whose face was very serene and rosy. He had on a white hat and a long swallow-tailed coat, the collar of which came clear up above his ears. He didn't look unlike a Pilgrim Father. This, of course, was Grandfather Nutter, at whose house I was born. My mother kissed him a great many times; and I was glad to see him myself, though I naturally did not feel very intimate with a person whom I had not seen since I was eighteen months old.

While we were getting into the double-seated wagon which Grandfather Nutter had provided, I took the opportunity of asking after the health of the pony. The pony had arrived all right ten days before, and was in the stable at home, quite anxious to see me.

As we drove through the quiet old town, I thought Rivermouth the prettiest place in the world; and I think so still. The streets are long and wide, shaded by gigantic American elms, whose drooping branches, interlacing here and there, span the avenues with arches graceful enough to be the handiwork of fairies. Many of the houses have small flower-gardens in front, gay with china-asters, and are substantially built, with massive chimney-stacks and protruding eaves. A beautiful river goes rippling by the town, and, after turning and twisting among a lot of tiny islands, empties itself into the sea.

The harbor is so fine that the largest ships can sail directly up to the wharves and drop anchor. Only they don't. Years ago it was a famous seaport. Princely fortunes were made in the West India trade; and in 1812, when we were at war with Great Britain, any number of privateers were fitted out at Rivermouth to prey upon the merchant vessels of the enemy. Certain people grew suddenly and mysteriously rich. A great many of "the first families" of to-day do not care to trace their pedigree back to the time when their grandsires owned shares in the Matilda Jane, twenty-four guns. Well, well!

Few ships come to Rivermouth now. Commerce drifted into other ports. The phantom fleet sailed off one day, and never came back again. The crazy old warehouses are empty; and barnacles and eel-grass cling to the piles of the crumbling wharfs, where the sunshine lies lovingly, bringing out the faint spicy odor that haunts the place, — the ghost of the old dead West India trade!

During our ride from the station, I was struck, of course, only by the general neatness of the houses and the beauty of the elm-trees lining the streets. I describe Rivermouth now as I came to know it afterwards.

Rivermouth is a very ancient town. In my day there existed a tradition among the boys that it was here Christopher Columbus made his first landing on this continent. I remember having the exact spot pointed out to me by Pepper Whitcomb! One thing is certain, Captain John Smith, who afterwards, according to the legend, married Pocahontas, — whereby he got Powhatan for a father-in-law, — explored the river in 1614, and was much charmed by the beauty of Rivermouth, which at that time was covered with wild strawberry-vines.

Rivermouth figures prominently in all the colonial histories. It was loyal to the English king as long as loyalty was a virtue, and then turned round and helped to thrash His Majesty with a readiness truly touching. Whenever there is any fighting to be done, the Rivermouth men are on the alert. Such has been their character for two hundred and fifty years. Who can tell how many of the brave fellows lie under the walls of Quebec, in the trenches at Bunker Hill, in the dark woods of Chancellorsville? Outside the town is a mossy graveyard in which there have been no interments these four generations. Here you can read on quaintly sculptured tombstones the names of doughty naval captains and bold horsemen whose bodies lie elsewhere.

"Their bones are dust,
And their good swords rust:
Their souls are with the saints, I trust." *

Every other house in the place has its tradition more or less grim and entertaining. If ghosts could flourish anywhere, there are certain streets in Rivermouth that would be full of them. I don't know of a town with so many old houses. Let us linger, for a moment, in front of the one which the Oldest Inhabitant is always sure to point out to the curious stranger.

It is a square wooden edifice, with gambrel roof and deep-set window-frames. Over the windows and doors there used to be heavy carvings, — oak-leaves and acorns, and angels' heads with wings spreading from the ears, oddly jumbled together; but these ornaments and other outward signs of grandeur have long since disappeared. A peculiar interest attaches itself to this house, not because of its age, for it has not been standing quite a century; nor on account of its architecture, which is not striking, — but because of the illustrious men who at various periods have occupied its spacious chambers.

In 1770 it was an aristocratic hotel. At the left side of the entrance stood a high post, from which swung the sign of the Earl of Halifax. The landlord was a stanch royalist, — that is to say, he believed in the king; and when the overtaxed colonies determined to throw off the British yoke, the adherents to the Crown held private meetings in one of the back rooms of the tavern. This irritated the rebels, as they were called; and one night they made an attack on the Earl of Halifax, tore down the signboard, broke in the window-sashes, and gave the landlord hardly time to make himself invisible over a fence in the rear.

For several months the shattered tavern remained deserted. At last the exiled innkeeper, on promising to do better, was allowed to return; a new sign, bearing the name of William Pitt, the friend of America, swung proudly from the door-post, and the patriots were appeased. Here it was that the mail-coach from Boston twice a week, for many a year, set down its load of travellers and gossip. For some of the details in this sketch, I am indebted to a recently published chronicle of those times.

It is 1782. The French fleet is lying in the harbor of Rivermouth, and eight of the principal officers, in white uniforms trimmed with gold-lace, have taken up their quarters at the sign of the William Pitt. Who is this young and handsome officer now entering the door of the tavern? It is no less a personage than the Marquis Lafayette, who has come all the way from Providence to visit the French gentlemen boarding there. What a gallant-looking cavalier he is, with his quick eyes and coal-black hair! Forty years later he visited the spot again; his locks were gray and his step was feeble, but his heart held its young love for Liberty.

Who is this finely dressed traveller alighting from his coach-and-four, attended by servants in livery? Do you know that sounding name, written

* Altered from Coleridge.

in big valorous letters on the Declaration of Independence, — written as if by the hand of a giant? Can you not see it now? —

This is he.

Three young men, with their *valet*, are standing on the door-step of the William Pitt, bowing politely, and inquiring in the most courteous terms in the world if they can be accommodated. It is the time of the French Revolution, and these are three sons of the Duke of Orleans, — Louis Philippe and his two brothers. Louis Philippe never forgot his visit to Rivermouth. Years afterwards, when he was seated on the throne of France, he asked an American lady, who chanced to be at his court, if the pleasant old mansion were still standing.

But a greater and a better man than the king of the French has honored this roof. Here, in 1789, came George Washington, the President of the United States, to pay his final complimentary visit to the State dignitaries. The wainscoted chamber where he slept, and the dining-hall where he entertained his guests, have a certain dignity and sanctity which even the present Irish tenants cannot wholly destroy.

During the period of *my* reign at Rivermouth, an ancient lady, Dame Jocelyn by name, lived in one of the upper rooms of this notable building. She was a dashing young belle at the time of Washington's first visit to the town, and must have been exceedingly coquettish and pretty, judging from a certain portrait on ivory still in the possession of the family. According to Dame Jocelyn, George Washington flirted with her just a little bit, — in what a stately and highly finished manner can be imagined. There was a mirror with a deep filigreed frame hanging over the mantel-piece in this room. The glass was cracked and the quicksilver rubbed off or discolored in many places. When it reflected your face you had the singular pleasure of not recognizing yourself. It gave your features the appearance of having been run through a mince-meat machine. But what rendered the looking-glass a thing of enchantment to me was a faded green feather, tipped with scarlet, which drooped from the top of the tarnished gilt mouldings. This feather Washington took from the plume of his three-cornered hat, and presented with his own hand to the worshipful Mistress Jocelyn the day he left Rivermouth forever. I wish I could describe the mincing genteel air, and the ill-concealed self-complacency, with which the dear old lady related the incident.

Many a Saturday afternoon have I climbed up the rickety staircase to that dingy room, which always had a flavor of snuff about it, to sit on a stiff-backed chair and listen for hours together to Dame Jocelyn's stories of the olden time. How she would prattle! She was bedridden, — poor creature! — and had not been out of the chamber for fourteen years. Meanwhile the

world had shot ahead of Dame Jocelyn. The changes that had taken place under her very nose were unknown to this faded, crooning old gentlewoman, whom the eighteenth century had neglected to take away with the rest of its odd traps. She had no patience with new-fangled notions. The old ways and the old times were good enough for her. She had never seen a steam-engine, though she had heard "the dratted thing" screech in the distance. In *her* day, when gentlefolk travelled, they went in their own coaches. She did n't see how respectable people could bring themselves down to "riding in a car with rag-tag and bobtail and Lord-knows-who." Poor old aristocrat! the landlord charged her no rent for the room, and the neighbors took turns in supplying her with meals. Towards the close of her life, — she lived to be ninety-nine, — she grew very fretful and capricious about her food. If she did n't chance to fancy what was sent her, she had no hesitation in sending it back to the giver with "Miss Jocelyn's respectful compliments."

But I have been gossiping too long, — and yet not too long if I have impressed upon the reader an idea of what a rusty, delightful old town it was to which I had come to spend the next three or four years of my boyhood.

A drive of twenty minutes from the station brought us to the door-step of Grandfather Nutter's house. What kind of house it was, and what sort of people lived in it, shall be told in another chapter.

CHAPTER V.

The Nutter House and the Nutter Family.

The Nutter House, — all the more prominent dwellings in Rivermouth are named after somebody; for instance, there is the Walford House, the Venner House, the Trefethern House, etc., though it by no means follows that they are inhabited by the people whose names they bear, — the Nutter House, to resume, has been in our family nearly a hundred years, and is an honor to the builder (an ancestor of ours, I believe), supposing durability to be a merit. If our ancestor *was* a carpenter, he knew his trade. I wish I knew mine as well. Such timber and such workmanship don't often come together in houses built nowadays.

Imagine a low-studded structure, with a wide hall running through the middle. At your right hand, as you enter, stands a tall black mahogany clock, looking like an Egyptian mummy set up on end. On each side of the hall are doors (whose knobs, it must be confessed, do not turn very easily), opening into large rooms wainscoted and rich in wood-carvings about the mantel-pieces and cornices. The walls are covered with pictured paper, representing landscapes and sea-views. In the parlor, for example, this enlivening figure is repeated all over the room: — A group of English peasants, wearing Italian hats, are dancing on a lawn that abruptly resolves itself into a sea-beach, upon which stands a flabby fisherman (nationality unknown), quietly hauling in what appears to be a small whale, and totally regardless of the dreadful naval combat going on just beyond the end of his fishing-rod.

On the other side of the ships is the main-land again, with the same peasants dancing. Our ancestors were very worthy people, but their wall-papers were abominable.

There are neither grates nor stoves in these quaint chambers, but splendid open chimney-places, with room enough for the corpulent back-log to turn over comfortably on the polished andirons. A wide staircase leads from the hall to the second story, which is arranged much like the first. Over this is the garret. I need n't tell a New England boy what a museum of curiosities is the garret of a well-regulated New England house of fifty or sixty years' standing. Here meet together, as if by some preconcerted arrangement, all the broken-down chairs of the household, all the spavined tables, all the seedy hats, all the intoxicated-looking boots, all the split walking-sticks that have retired from business, "weary with the march of life." The pots, the pans, the trunks, the bottles, — who may hope to make an inventory of the numberless odds and ends collected in this bewildering lumber-room? But what a place it is to sit of an afternoon with the rain pattering on the roof! what a place in which to read Gulliver's Travels, or the famous adventures of Rinaldo Rinaldini!

My grandfather's house stood a little back from the main street, in the shadow of two handsome elms, whose overgrown boughs would dash themselves against the gables whenever the wind blew hard. In the rear was a pleasant garden, covering perhaps a quarter of an acre, full of purple-plum-trees and gooseberry-bushes. These trees were old settlers, and are all dead now, excepting one, which bears a plum as big as an egg. This tree, as I

have said, is still standing, and a more beautiful tree to tumble out of never grew anywhere. In the northwestern corner of the garden were the stables and carriage house, opening upon a narrow lane. You may imagine that I made an early visit to that locality to inspect Gypsy. Indeed, I paid her a visit every half-hour during the first day of my arrival. At the twenty-fourth visit, she trod on my foot rather heavily, as a reminder, probably, that I was wearing out my welcome. She was a knowing little pony, that Gypsy, and I shall have much to say of her in the course of these pages.

Gypsy's quarters were very nice, but nothing among my new surroundings gave me more satisfaction than the cosey sleeping apartment that had been prepared for myself. It was the hall room over the front door.

I had never had a chamber all to myself before, and this one, about twice the size of our state-room on board the Typhoon, was a marvel of neatness and comfort. Pretty chintz curtains hung at the window, and a patch quilt of more colors than were in Jacob's coat covered the little truckle-bed. The pattern of the wall-paper left nothing to be desired in that line. On a gray background were small bunches of leaves, unlike any that ever grew in this world; and on every other bunch perched a yellow-bird, pitted with crimson spots, as if it had just recovered from a severe attack of the small-pox. That no such bird ever existed did not detract from my admiration of each one. There were two hundred and sixty-eight of these birds in all, not counting those split in two where the paper was badly joined. I counted them once when I was laid up with a fine black eye, and, falling asleep immediately dreamed that the whole flock suddenly took wing and flew out of the window. From that time I was never able to regard them as merely inanimate objects.

A wash-stand in the corner, a chest of carved mahogany drawers, a looking-glass in a filigreed frame, and a high-backed chair studded with brass nails like a coffin, constituted the furniture. Over the head of the bed were two oak shelves, holding perhaps a dozen books, — among which were Theodore, or The Peruvians; Robinson Crusoe; an odd volume of Tristram Shandy; Baxter's Saints' Rest; and a fine English edition of the Arabian Nights, with six hundred wood-cuts by Harvey.

Shall I ever forget the hour when I first overhauled these books? I do not allude especially to Baxter's Saints' Rest, which is far from being a lively work for the young, but to the Arabian Nights, and particularly to Robinson Crusoe. The thrill that ran into my fingers' ends then has not run out yet. Many a time did I steal up to this nest of a room, and, taking the dog's-eared volume from its shelf, glide off into an enchanted realm, where there were no lessons to get and no boys to smash my kite. In a lidless trunk in the garret I subsequently unearthed another motley collection of novels and romances, embracing the adventures of Baron Trenck, Jack Sheppard, Don Quixote, Gil Blas, and Charlotte Temple, — all of which I fed upon like a bookworm.

I never come across a copy of any of those works without feeling a certain tenderness for the yellow-haired little rascal who used to lean above the

magic pages hour after hour, religiously believing every word he read, and no more doubting the reality of Sinbad the Sailor, or the Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance, than he did the existence of his own grandfather.

Against the wall at the foot of the bed hung a single-barrel shot-gun, — placed there by Grandfather Nutter, who knew what a boy loved, if ever a grandfather did. As the trigger of the gun had been accidentally twisted off, it was not, perhaps, the most dangerous weapon that could be placed in the hands of youth. In this maimed condition its "bump of destructiveness" was much less than that of my small brass pocket-pistol, which I at once proceeded to suspend from one of the nails supporting the fowling-piece, for my vagaries concerning the red man had been entirely dispelled.

Having introduced the reader to the Nutter House, a presentation to the Nutter family naturally follows. The family consisted of my grandfather; his sister, Miss Abigail Nutter; and Kitty Collins, the maid-of-all-work.

Grandfather Nutter was a hale, cheery old gentleman, as straight and as bald as an arrow. He had been a sailor in early life; that is to say, at the age of ten he fled from the multiplication-table, and ran away to sea. A single voyage satisfied him. There never was but one of our family who *did n't* run away to sea, and this one died at his birth. My grandfather had also been a soldier, — a captain of militia in 1812. If I owe the British nation anything, I owe thanks to that particular British soldier who put a musket-ball into the fleshy part of Captain Nutter's leg, causing that noble warrior a slight permanent limp, but offsetting the injury by furnishing him with the material for a story which the old gentleman was never weary of telling and I never weary of listening to. The story, in brief, was as follows: At the breaking out of the war, an English frigate lay for several days off the coast near Rivermouth. A strong fort defended the harbor, and a regiment of minute-men, scattered at various points along-shore, stood ready to repel the boats, should the enemy try to effect a landing. Captain Nutter had charge of a slight earthwork just outside the mouth of the river. Late one thick night the sound of oars was heard; the sentinel tried to fire off his gun at half-cock, and could n't, when Captain Nutter sprung upon the parapet in the pitch darkness, and shouted, "Boat ahoy!" A musket-shot immediately embedded itself in the calf of his leg. The Captain tumbled into the fort, and the boat, which had probably come in search of water, pulled back to the frigate.

This was my grandfather's only exploit during the war. That his prompt and bold conduct was instrumental in teaching the enemy the hopelessness of attempting to conquer such a people was among the firm beliefs of my boyhood.

At the time I came to Rivermouth, my grandfather had retired from active pursuits, and was living at ease on his money, invested principally in shipping. He had been a widower many years; a maiden sister, the aforesaid Miss Abigail, managing his household. Miss Abigail also managed her brother, and her brother's servant, and the visitor at her brother's gate, — not in a tyrannical spirit, but from a philanthropic desire to be useful to every-

body. In person she was tall and angular; she had a gray complexion, gray eyes, gray eyebrows, and generally wore a gray dress. Her strongest weak point was a belief in the efficacy of "hot drops" as a cure for all known diseases.

If there were ever two people who seemed to dislike each other, Miss Abigail and Kitty Collins were those people. If ever two people really loved each other, Miss Abigail and Kitty Collins were those people also. They were always either skirmishing or having a cup of tea lovingly together.

Miss Abigail was very fond of me, and so was Kitty; and in the course of their disagreements each let me into the private history of the other. According to Kitty, it was not originally my grandfather's intention to have Miss Abigail at the head of his domestic establishment. She had swooped down on him (Kitty's own words), with a band-box in one hand and a faded blue cotton umbrella, still in existence, in the other. Clad in this singular garb, — I do not remember that Kitty alluded to any additional peculiarity of dress, — Miss Abigail had made her appearance at the door of the Nutter House on the morning of my grandmother's funeral. The small amount of baggage which the lady brought with her would have led the superficial observer to infer that Miss Abigail's visit was limited to a few days. I run ahead of my story in saying she remained seventeen years! How much longer she would have remained can never be definitely known now, as she died at the expiration of that period.

Whether or not my grandfather was quite pleased by this unlooked-for addition to his family is a problem. He was very kind always to Miss Abigail, and seldom opposed her; though I think she must have tried his patience sometimes, especially when she interfered with Kitty.

Kitty Collins, or Mrs. Catherine, as she preferred to be called, was descended in a direct line from an extensive family of kings who formerly ruled over Ireland. In consequence of various calamities, among which the failure of the potato-crop may be mentioned, Miss Kitty Collins, in company with several hundred of her countrymen and countrywomen, — also descended from kings, — came over to America in an emigrant ship, in the year eighteen hundred and something. I don't know what freak of fortune caused the royal exile to turn up at Rivermouth; but turn up she did, a few months after arriving in this country, and was hired by my grandmother to do "general housework" for the sum of four shillings and sixpence a week.

Kitty had been living about seven years in my grandfather's family when she unburdened her heart of a secret which had been weighing upon it all that time. It may be said of people, as it is said of nations, "Happy are they that have no history." Kitty had a history, and a pathetic one, I think.

On board the emigrant ship that brought her to America, she became acquainted with a sailor, who, being touched by Kitty's forlorn condition, was very good to her. Long before the end of the voyage, which had been tedious and perilous, she was heart-broken at the thought of separating from her kindly protector; but they were not to part just yet, for the sailor returned Kitty's affection, and the two were married on their arrival at port.

Kitty's husband — she would never mention his name, but kept it locked in her bosom like some precious relic — had a considerable sum of money when the crew were paid off; and the young couple — for Kitty was young then — lived very happily in a lodging-house on South Street, near the docks. This was in New York.

The days flew by like hours, and the stocking in which the little bride kept the funds shrunk and shrunk, until at last there were only three or four dollars left in the toe of it. Then Kitty was troubled; for she knew her sailor would have to go to sea again unless he could get employment on shore. This he endeavored to do, but not with much success. One morning as usual he kissed her good day, and set out in search of work.

"Kissed me good by, and called me his little Irish lass," sobbed Kitty, telling the story, — "kissed me good by, and, Heaven help me! I never set eye on him nor on the likes of him again!"

He never came back. Day after day dragged on, night after night, and then the weary weeks. What had become of him? Had he been murdered? had he fallen into the docks? had he — *deserted her?* No! she could not believe that; he was too brave and tender and true. She could n't believe that. He was dead, dead, or he 'd come back to her.

Meanwhile the landlord of the lodging-house turned Kitty into the streets, now that "her man" was gone, and the payment of the rent doubtful. She got a place as a servant. The family she lived with shortly moved to Boston, and she accompanied them; then they went abroad, but Kitty would not leave America. Somehow she drifted to Rivermouth, and for seven long years never gave speech to her sorrow, until the kindness of strangers, who had become friends to her, unsealed the heroic lips.

Kitty's story, you may be sure, made my grandparents treat her more kindly than ever. In time she grew to be regarded less as a servant than as a friend in the home circle, sharing its joys and sorrows, — a faithful nurse, a willing slave, a happy spirit in spite of all. I fancy I hear her singing over her work in the kitchen, pausing from time to time to make some witty reply to Miss Abigail, — for Kitty, like all her race, had a vein of unconscious humor. Her bright honest face comes to me out from the past, the light and life of the Nutter House when I was a boy at Rivermouth.

T. B. Aldrich.

AMONG THE GLASS-MAKERS.

II.

BLOWING AND PRESSING.

THE gaffer led the way into a spacious building, full of strange lights and flames and human life. Furnaces were glowing; men and boys were at work before the fires, or darting to and fro; some were blowing fiery bubbles, which put to shame all the soap-bubbles in the world; others were shaping the glowing metal; there were noises like the reports of pocket-pistols, and sounds of clanging iron, where boys were knocking off cold glass from the ends of iron rods into small sheet-iron carriages.

Altogether the scene was so dazzling and confusing that Lawrence at first thought there was little chance of his learning any more about glass-making here than he knew already. First, one had a bubble, then another had it; then it had disappeared, and the man who he thought had it was quietly at work on a lamp-chimney or a goblet, while he knew no more how he came by it than if it had been produced by magic.

"It is magic!" he exclaimed.

"That was, in old times, the popular notion with regard to glass-making; and I believe glass-blowers rather favored the superstition," said the Doctor.

"They used to dress in the skins of beasts, to protect themselves from the heat, when they were setting pots in the furnaces," said the gaffer; "and they wore great blue or green goggles on their eyes; and sometimes, after the job was done, and they wanted a good time, — glass-blowers have always been rather fond of a good time, — they would rush out into the village in their outlandish rig, and frighten the natives, like so many demons."

"But they were a superstitious class themselves," said the Doctor. "They believed in the salamander, which was supposed to be generated by the flames of a furnace that had been kept burning a great while, and to live in them. When any workman disappeared mysteriously, the salamander was supposed to have rushed out and caught him, and carried him into his den. Or was it only a joke of theirs, gaffer?"

"The worst salamander that ever carried off a glass-blower was the fiery monster we call rum," said the gaffer. "A good many have been carried off by that, and I guess that is what they meant."

"Glass-makers have had the reputation of being hard drinkers; why is it?" said the Doctor.

"They are a hard-working class; but their work is irregular. They have plenty of money, and plenty of leisure time to spend it, — a dangerous circumstance for a man or a boy, in or out of the glass-house," added the gaffer, with a look at Lawrence. "But glass-makers have improved in this respect of late years. Look around you; have n't we a pretty respectable set of men at work here?"

While the Doctor was looking at the men, Lawrence took a general view of the building. He counted four separate furnaces. Two were on one side, and seemed to be merely large ovens with flaming mouths. These he was told were the "leers," where the newly made glass-ware was annealed. Then near each end of the building, standing by the great chimneys, like dwarfs beside giants, were two small round furnaces, blazing at several mouths, called "glory-holes," at which men and boys appeared constantly heating and reheating articles of glass to be worked.

The great chimneys themselves, however, were what most astonished Lawrence. They resembled circular brick towers, with port-holes of fire; their tops disappearing through the high, broad-arched, strongly raftered roof. Into the port-holes men were thrusting iron rods, and taking out lumps of melted metal, and shaping them on tables, or blowing them into globes, or dropping them into moulds. "These then," he thought, "are the big furnaces; and those port-holes must be the necks of the melting-pots."

"We are now standing right over the cave," said the gaffer. "This furnace has eleven arches, the other has eight; and in each arch is set one of these pots, such as you saw. The crown of the furnace is built over them, so as to reflect the heat down on to them, and the flues carry it all around them. Look in, and see the melted metal."

Lawrence, shielding his eyes with his hand, advanced to one of the port-holes, and saw what seemed a pot of liquid fire within, of intensely dazzling brightness.

"How long does it take to melt down your raw materials to that shape?" he asked, drawing back, with flushed face.

"We don't fill a pot all at once," said the gaffer. "We put in about a quarter or a third of a charge at a time; then, when that melts, another lot. When the pots are full, they are closed up, and we push the fires; the materials are fused and mixed by a sort of boiling caused by the escape of carbonic-acid gas. When the materials are of poor quality, a sort of scum, called sandiver, or glass-gall, rises to the top, and must be skimmed off. The metal is *fined*, as we say, by keeping it for forty or fifty hours at a much higher temperature than when we finally begin to work it. After the bubbles are all out of it, and it has become what we call *plain*, that is, clear glass, we let it cool a little, regulating the fires so as to keep it in the best condition for working. It requires a deal of care and judgment to get it right every time. We blow four days in the week. Friday and Saturday we clear up, fill the pots, set a new one, if one has been broken, and get ready for the next week's blowing. Sunday night the glass in the pots is plain; and at one o'clock the first set of hands come on."

"In the night? how do you like that?" Lawrence asked a workman, who was lighting his pipe of tobacco with a piece of red-hot glass.

"Well enough," said the man. "I does my work and I gits my sleep. We works from one o'clock at night till six in the morning, then we goes home and to bed, and t' other set of hands comes on. We comes on again at one in the afternoon, and works till six in the evening; then t' other set takes our place, and works till midnight."

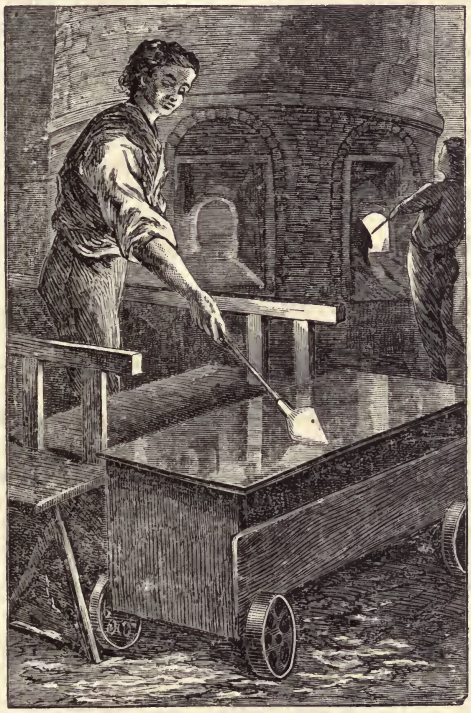
"How does the work agree with you? I could n't stand the heat," said Lawrence, retreating still farther from the furnace.

"Glass-blowers is as healthy and long-lived as any class of men," was the reply. "I never takes cold, though some does."

So saying, the workman, having lighted his short clay pipe, took his long iron pipe, — it was, perhaps, five feet long and an inch in diameter, — and thrust one end of it into the neck of a pot, and commenced turning it.

"That is what we call gathering," said the gaffer.

When the workman had got what he judged to be a sufficient quantity of the melted metal on the end of the iron, — it was a lump somewhat larger than a butternut, — he took it out, and rolled it on a small, polished iron table, which the gaffer said was a *marver*.



"A corruption of *marbre*, the French word for marble," said the Doctor. "The English workmen got a good many terms from the French and Italians, along with their trade. The marver used to be made of marble or stone, did n't it, gaffer? and the name has gone over to the iron slab."

The workman, having reduced the soft lump to a shape suitable for his purpose, put the other end of the pipe to his lips, and began to blow. Lawrence, watching closely, could see a little bubble of air push out into the lump,

which at the same time began to swell into a bulb. He continued to blow, and the lump continued to expand. Now he held it down near the floor, and swung it to and fro, still blowing at intervals, and increasing its size, while the motion stretched it until it had become a large bulb with a long neck. Then he touched the end to the ground, to prevent it from expanding farther in that direction; in the mean while the thin glass of the neck had become cool, and ceased to enlarge; so that now, when he blew again, the thicker and softer glass of the sides of the bulb swelled out into a more spherical form. It was now shaped something like a small gourd, hanging by its straight stem from the end of the pipe, and the glass, which had been at a white heat at first, had become transparent at the neck, and a dull lurid red in the bulb. The workman now took an instrument in his hand, and pinched the thick soft glass at the extremity of the bulb into a button, like a blow at the end of the gourd.

All this was done in scarcely more than a minute's time; and Lawrence was amused to observe that the blower, while producing these magical effects with his iron pipe, had never once taken the clay pipe out of his mouth.

"How can you blow and smoke at the same time?" he asked, as the man stood twirling his glass gourd in the air, waiting for a boy to come and take it. "I should think you would blow the smoke and tobacco out of your pipe."

"O, I just claps my tongue over the end on 't, and stops the hole, when I blows," was the answer.

A boy now ran up and took the iron tube with the glass on its end. Lawrence followed him, convinced that the only way of learning how any article was made was to watch it from the beginning through each stage of the process.

The boy handed it to a workman sitting on a chair-shaped bench with strong, straight arms, across which he laid the iron, with the glass at his right hand. Turning the rod, by rolling it under his left hand, like a lathe, he gave the button another pinch, and then knocked it off. The end of the gourd now had a small hole in it.

"Notice the instrument he uses," said the gaffer.

"It looks like a pair of sheep-shears," said Lawrence, "only the blades are duller. What do you call it?"

"The old name, *pucellas*, has about gone out of use with us. We call it simply a pair of *tools*. They are, pre-eminently, the glass-blower's *tools*, — he shapes everything with them."

The workman in the mean while had handed the pipe back to the boy, who thrust the glass into the flames of one of the "glory-holes."

"It is coal tar that gives that hot flash," said the gaffer. "In the other glory-hole furnace, over yonder, we burn rosin. He is heating the glass again, so that it can be shaped."

It was but the work of a few moments; and the glass was handed, glowing, back to the workman, who had in the mean while taken the button off from another precisely similar glass, which had been handed him by another

boy. This he now exchanged for the first. He laid the pipe across the arms of his bench, as before, and, turning it rapidly under his hand, pushed the point of one blade of his sheep-shears, or "tools," into the hole left by the knocked-off button. Having opened it a little, he inserted both points, and gradually enlarged the hole, now to the size of a penny, now to that of a dollar, and lastly to that of a little tin cap that he fitted to a rim, which, in working, he had turned outward upon the edge of the glass. He used the cap as a measure, and it was laid aside when the rim was found to be of the right circumference. It was less than a minute's work, and that end of the gourd was finished. But it was no longer a gourd; it was a lamp-chimney.

Another boy now came forward with another iron rod, closely resembling the blowing pipe, except that it had no hole through it.

"That is what we call a *ponty*, or *pontil*," said the gaffer.

On the end of the ponty was a little wheel of red-hot glass. Applied to the bottom of the lamp-chimney, it fitted the opening. The workman then touched the top of the chimney, where it joined the blowing-pipe, with cold steel, and cracked it off. The chimney was then taken away, sticking to the glass wheel on the end of the ponty.

"That is what we call *reversing* it," said the gaffer.

The top of the chimney was now heated at the glory-hole, as the bottom had previously been, and afterwards, when soft, smoothed and shaped by the workman. This done, he gave the opposite end of the ponty a gentle knock, and the chimney fell off from the little glass wheel. One boy took it up on a stick, and placed it in a box packed nearly full of chimneys; while another reheated the glass wheel at the end of the ponty, and a third carried a blowing pipe to one of the little sheet-iron carriages, or "pans," and knocked off the cold glass left by the last article that had been blown upon it.

Lawrence now watched another blower. He gathered on his pipe a larger lump of metal than the first, rounded it on a marver, and blew it into a surprisingly large and beautiful bubble, which put on all the colors of the dying dolphin, as the light shone upon its cooling surface. He held it down, and swung it, to lengthen it; or he held it above his head, to flatten it at the poles; he whirled it, to perfect the sphere; he pinched a button out of the thick soft glass that seemed forming into a large drop at the end of it; and finally exchanged it, pipe and all, for a clean pipe, with which he proceeded to blow another.

A second workman then took the bubble, knocked off the button, and fashioned it very much as his fellow had fashioned the lamp-chimney. But, instead of coming out of his hands a lamp-chimney, it came out a beautiful, large lamp-globe. This a boy took, and hastened with it to one of the leers, or annealing ovens.

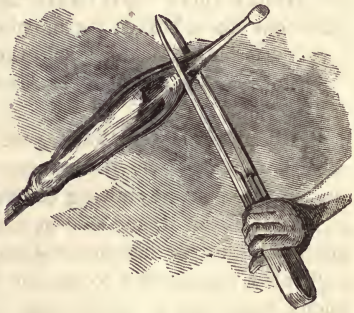
A third was blowing a small balloon of glass, giving to it gradually the form of a cylinder, — flattening the end by spatting it down smartly upon a marver on the ground. When reversed on a ponty, it was so large and heavy, and it swayed and staggered so, that Lawrence thought surely it would break off and fall. But the boy who had it, by skilfully balancing it, and turning the

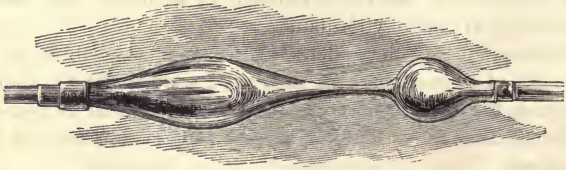
ponty, kept it on, until the glass had hardened sufficiently to remain in position while he heated the opposite end at a glory-hole. This being shaped, the article turned out to be a glass jar of large size.

In surprising contrast with this was the making of that most exquisite of all drinking-vessels, the small, delicate wineglass.

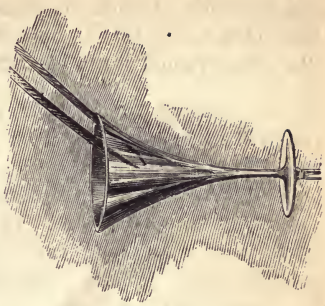
"Watch these two men," said the gaffer. One was blowing a thick bubble no bigger than a thimble; the other was blowing one somewhat larger. (See first cut on this page.) "They are both at work on one glass. This larger bubble is to be the bowl of the glass. Now look."

The blower drew out the soft metal from the end of the bubble into a slender stem. (See second cut.) The other blower now brought his smaller bubble, stuck the bottom of it to the end of the stem, (see third cut,) and then, by a touch of cold steel, cracked it off from his pipe. The chief blower now had at the end of his pipe two bubbles, with a stem between them, and with a hole in the end of the outer and smaller bubble. This, softened at the furnace door, was not only opened by the tools, but turned completely inside out, and flattened into a perfect little wheel on the end of the stem, thus becoming the foot of the wineglass.





The glass was then reversed on a ponty, and taken to a third workman, with now a hole in the larger bubble, where it, in its turn, had been cracked off from the pipe. This hole was enlarged by the tools, and the rough edge of the soft glass trimmed off with a pair of scissors, as a tailor would trim a bit of cloth. The half-closed bowl was then held in the furnace until it seemed soft and tremulous as melting wax, and was thrown open to its proper wineglass shape simply by the centrifugal force given to it by the ponty whirled in the workman's skilful fingers. A few light touches afterwards, (see cut page 83,) and the article was perfected, — as delicate and graceful a little gem of a glass as could be made anywhere in the world.



"There, Doctor!" said the gaffer, "you might give the remainder of your natural life to the business, and you could never do that! That man began to work in glass when he was a boy, and it has become second nature with him, like speaking his native language. He has handled the blowing-pipe and the ponty until they are like parts of his own hands. He almost *feels* the glass on the end of them."

The Doctor expressed his surprise at the quickness of the operation, and the simplicity and cheapness of the tools employed.

"All the tools he uses," rejoined the gaffer, "do not cost more than fifteen dollars, and they will last him his life."

"What is this?" said Lawrence, picking up a piece of glass from the floor. "It looks like a broken thermometer-tube."

"It was blown for one," said the gaffer.

"Blown? — so small!" exclaimed Lawrence. "I can't find any hole in it."

"It has a hole — or *bore*, as we call it — of the usual size; but it is flat. That is to make a very little mercury look to be a good deal. Do you see a narrow white stripe running the length of the tube?"

Lawrence saw it, and said he had often observed the stripe in the backs of thermometers, but had never learned what it was for.

"It is a background to see the mercury against. Would you like to see such a tube made? Come here. Watch this man."

With delight and curiosity Lawrence watched. The man was gathering a lump of metal from one of the pots. He blew into it gently, and shaped it on a marver, flattening it until it resembled in form and size that part of a sword-hilt that is grasped by the hand.

"In flattening it," said the gaffer, "he flattened the bubble of air he had blown into it." Lawrence looked, and could see the bubble, about as broad as his finger, extending through the glass. "That is to be the bore of the thermometer, — though of itself it is now larger than two or three thermometer tubes. Now they are going to put on the stripe."

A boy brought a lump of melted, opaque, white glass on a ponty. It was touched to the now hardened sword-hilt, and drawn from end to end along the flat side, leaving a stripe about as broad as a lady's finger. The sword-hilt, with the stripe carefully pressed down and hardened upon it, was now plunged into a pot of melted glass, and thickly coated; the soft exterior was rounded on a marver, until the entire body of glass, enclosing the stripe and the flattened bore, was in size and shape a little longer and considerably larger than a banana.

This was now slowly heated to a melting state. Then came forward a boy with a ponty, bearing on its end a piece of glass resembling an inverted con-

ical inkstand. This he set upright on the ground, the bottom of the inkstand uppermost. The blower, with the melting lump, now advanced, and held it over the ponty, until the soft mass drooped down and touched the bottom of the inkstand, to which it adhered. The man and the boy held the lump a moment between them; then, at a word of command, the boy shouldered his ponty, like a very large staff with a very small bundle on the end of it, and set out to travel. As he ran in one direction, into a work-room, the man backed off in the other, the glowing lump stretching between them, like some miraculous kind of spruce gum. In a minute they were seventy or eighty feet apart, with a gleaming cord of glass, smaller than a pipe-stem, sagging between them. This was presently lowered, laid out at its full length upon the ground, and broken from what was left of the lump at the ends.

Even the Doctor, who had hitherto said little, now expressed his astonishment and admiration, exclaiming, "It is marvellous! it is truly marvellous!"

"Of course," said the gaffer, "the bore stretches with the tube, and keeps its flattened shape. So does the stripe."

"But what keeps the tube of uniform size? Why don't it break?" said Lawrence.

"The reason is this. As the glass runs out thin, it cools, and stops stretching, while it continues to draw out the soft glass from the thicker parts at the ends. If we wish to make a small tube, we stretch it quick, without giving it much time to cool. To make a large tube, we stretch slower. Here is a piece of barometer tubing, stretched in the same way; so is this lot of homœopathic medicine vials." The "vials" were a small stack of hollow glass canes, about five feet in length, standing in a corner of the work-room, into which the visitors had followed the boy. "Though, of course," added the gaffer, "to make them, we don't flatten the bore, but only blow it larger."

"Then how are vials made out of these tubes?"

"They are cut into pieces of the right length, then the bottoms are melted and closed in by means of a common blow-pipe, such as chemists use."

Lawrence was about to ask a similar question with regard to the thermometers, when a man came along, and, stooping, commenced cutting the long tube into uniform lengths of about five feet, and packing them together into a narrow, long box.

"These," said the gaffer, "he sends to his shop in Boston, — for he is a thermometer-maker; there they are cut up into tubes of the right length; an end of each one is melted and blown out into a bulb, — the tube itself serving as a very small blowing-pipe. To avoid getting moisture into the bulb, instead of breath from the mouth, air from a small india-rubber bag is used. As the bag is squeezed at one end, the bulb swells at the other."

"Then how is the mercury put in? So small a bore!" said Lawrence, trying to find it with a pin point.

"The glass is heated, and that expands the air in it, and expels the greater

part of it. As the air that is left cools and contracts, it is made to suck in the mercury. To expel the rest of the air, the mercury is boiled in the tube. When there is enough mercury in the tube to fill it, at as high a degree of temperature as it is expected ever to go, the end is softened, bent over, and closed up. As the mercury cools and contracts, it leaves a vacuum at the upper part of the tube."

As Lawrence stood aside to make room for the boy, who was stretching another eighty-foot tube, the gaffer continued: —

"Glass beads and bugles are made in much the same way. Glass of any desired color is used. It is blown, and stretched into tubes a hundred feet long or more. These are broken up into bits of the right length for the required bead. To make a round bead, the bits are put into a sort of mud, made of sand and ashes, and worked about in it till the holes are filled up. They are afterwards put into a heated cylinder, along with sand; the cylinder is made to revolve, and the motion, with the friction of the sand, wears down the edges of the softened glass till the beads become round, — the sand and ashes in them preventing the sides from flattening."

The gaffer now took his visitors around to another side of the blowing-room, and showed them the process of blowing glass into a mould. This was of cast-iron, and worked by a boy, who opened and shut it by means of handles. The blower gathered the melted glass, rolled it on a marver, blew into it slightly, then dropped it, in a long, purse-shaped, glowing lump, into the open mould. This was immediately closed by the boy; then the blower blew until a bubble, pushed up on the top of the mould, expanded to the size of a football, and to the thinness of the thinnest transparent film, and finally burst with a loud pop, flying into shreds of tinsel, light as feathers. The mould was then opened, and a caster-vial with figured sides was exposed. This was taken up by a second boy on a "snap-dragon," — a rod something like a ponty, but with a socket at the end for holding articles of glass, — and carried to a glory-hole, where the round, open top was heated. It was then passed to a workman seated in a chair, who shaped the top, and pressed into it a piece of iron called a "lip-maker." The top was then a mouth, and the vial became a "vinegar," as the boys called it. Another man was blowing "mustards," in the same way; and a third was blowing "inks."

"Does it blow easy?" Lawrence inquired of the last.

"It don't require much effort," said the man; and, having his glass all ready to drop, he put the pipe into Lawrence's hand, who lowered the stretching, purse-shaped lump into the mould, and blew. He blew till a bubble sprang up on the top of the mould, and cracked like a pistol: then with a laugh gave back the pipe to the man. The mould was opened, and a nice little inkstand came out.

"You shall keep that to remember us by," said the gaffer. "But don't touch it yet!" — as Lawrence was about to handle it. "It's hissing hot! I'll mark it so we shall know it again."

He took up a handful of the glass tinsel from a heap formed by the breaking bubbles, crushed it, threw it in the air, and said, as it fell in a glittering

shower, "This is the diamond dust ladies powdered their hair with a year or two ago."

As they passed on, he continued: "You have now seen the two processes by which blown glass is made, — the simple blowing, which is as ancient as the time of Moses, and the modern process of blowing into moulds. Here is something else."

A workman, who had gathered some metal, dropped it, without blowing at all, into an elaborately constructed mould, the several parts of which were opened and closed by means of at least half a dozen handles. The soft, glowing glass being securely shut into it, the mould was shoved under a strong hand-press, and a plunger brought down forcibly into it by a man at the lever. The plunger being lifted, and the mould opened, a cream-pitcher appeared, with the handle, all complete.

"This," said the gaffer, "is what we call *pressing*. It is claimed by some as an American invention. Whether it is or not, it is quite modern, and it has been carried to a higher degree of perfection in this country than anywhere else. Here is a press that is making a large preserve-dish, elaborately figured, a really elegant article. It is done, you see, almost in a moment. Here is another man working two different moulds, and turning out two hundred small preserve-plates in a minute. You can see by this how much the use of moulds must have done towards cheapening the price of glass. And, really," he added, "we are making pressed glass nowadays that is almost as clear and beautiful as blown, — though of course there is a popular prejudice in favor of the blown article, since it is more expensive."

Lawrence asked a workman who was cutting off the melted glass from the ponty, as it dropped into a mould, if it "cut easy."

"Well, about as easy as stiff dough cuts. Try it."

And Lawrence, applying the shears, clipped off a lump, which, pressed in the mould, came out a graceful goblet.

"Now," said the gaffer, "I believe you have seen about everything."

"No," said Lawrence. "I have n't seen how you make glass of two different colors, — a lamp-shade, for instance, which is all red, perhaps, except where there are figures of transparent glass."

"Let me see," said the gaffer, looking about him. "We are not doing any plating to-day. But we will do some, to show you."

Lawrence begged he would not give himself any trouble.

"That is what I shall say when I go to visit you some time. 'Don't give yourself any trouble for me,' I shall say to your aunt. But she will give herself trouble, and I trust it will be a pleasure for her to do so. Now I must give myself trouble, to show you how glass-plating is done; and it will be a pleasure."

He gave orders to some men, who stopped the work they were at to assist him. A piece of hard ruby glass, previously prepared, was melted on the end of a ponty; two soft lumps of it were taken off on the ends of two blowing-pipes, — "for I am going to show you two different ways of plating," said the gaffer. "I am going to make two ruby cups. To save the colored glass,

which is costly, we put a thin plate of it on a body of flint glass. This lump I shall put on the outside of the first cup. The lump on the other pipe will go on the inside of the second cup. Now look sharp."

He blew the first lump into a bowl-like shape. "This," said he, "is the shell." It was broken off, and placed in a secure position on the ground, with the opening uppermost. Then a lump of soft flint-glass was brought, of which the gaffer blew a bubble into the ruby shell until it filled it. The mouth of the shell was then closed in upon the flint, and the two completely welded into one hollow globe. This was now made thoroughly soft at the fire, blown, reversed, opened at the end, trimmed with scissors about the edges, and finally shaped into a cup. But it had no handle. The melted piece of ruby was accordingly brought again, touched to the top of what was to be the back of the cup, stretched out, and a stick three or four inches long, resembling a stick of soft, stretching, bright red candy, clipped off. This, adhering to the top of the cup, was stretched upward an inch or two farther, then bent backward, curved inward, and pressed to the back of the cup near the bottom. One or two little touches to give it a graceful form, and the handle was finished.

He kept the second cup along in nearly the same stages of shaping as the first, working on one while his assistants were reheating the other. The process of shaping was the same with each. But the process of plating the second on the inside was much simpler and easier. The lump of ruby was immersed in melted flint, coated with it, and then blown.

"Why don't you do all your plating in that way?" asked Lawrence.

"We do, unless we wish to produce the effect you have noticed on the lamp-shades. For that the ruby must be on the outside. The transparent figures are cut through it into the clear glass, — as you will see when you visit the cutting-room."

The gaffer then presented the two cups to Lawrence, — one for himself, and one for his little cousin at home.

"But," said he, "they must be annealed before you can take them."

"What is annealing?"

"Come this way," said the gaffer. "This is the leer. Look in."

J. T. Trowbridge.

THE CAT'S DIARY.

TO-DAY I must keep myself hid. A loaded gun stands behind the door. The shot are intended to go through my body.

"Scat!" is an odious word. It has a sound which no cat can endure. Why are people so rude? Gentleness is pleasing to all. It does me no good, all this rough treatment. I do not need to be driven out. If they would but open the door and point, — why, I trust I can take a hint. I am not the cat to stay where my company is unwished for. But they stamp. They cry, "Scat! scat!" They use the broom, and I hurry away to hide myself and my tears. I hurry to the garden. There, in shady corners, where the juicy catnip grows, I meet my friends. We tell to one another our wrongs, and mourn together.

When the king of the cats comes, — which is always at night, — we assemble upon some convenient roof, and pour forth our sorrows. These are called the Nights of Lamentation. We use, then, the real court language, which is part Egyptian; for we sprang from an Egyptian race.

The king of the cats is brave, but full of pity. He has told us that, when every dog has had his day, then the days of the cats will begin. It will then be his first duty to abolish mouse-traps. To him we have to give an account of all our actions, — how many mice we have caught, how many we have smelt, whether we have charmed any birds, sucked eggs, stolen new-born chickens, scratched small children, or licked the butter.

Last night he came, and we assembled by starlight on the gentle slope of a roof. There were many present. The place was convenient; the dogs were chained up, the bad boys were put to bed, the brooms behind the door.

First, the members had to be seated. Lady Maltese had caught seventeen mice, the highest number, and was therefore shown to a seat on the ridge-pole. Her husband, Sir Tom Maltese, having fought a bloody battle with a rat, was allowed to touch noses with the king. To him was given the highest place, — the top brick of a chimney. The young Miss Whiteys, twins, came dressed exactly alike, in white fur with black trimmings. They were full of frolic, racing and tumbling, and always in the way. These young persons were requested to take a back seat; and old Ma'am Mouser, who never had a family of her own, offered to make them behave. Poor Madame Purr was full of sorrow; for her whole family had just been drowned. She came in dark slate-colored furs, and preferred a low seat, where her weeping would not be observed. Miss Whitefoot, who had discovered a new way of opening pantry doors, was loudly welcomed, and seated on the martin-house. Mrs. Loudmew, by great watchfulness, and by finding good hiding-places, had succeeded in raising her whole family. Not one had been shot or drowned. To her was given a very high seat, — the top round of a ladder, leading to the roof above.

The king had a central position on the scuttle window.

Sweet Kitty Gray, who lives in our yard, had a question to ask, and was requested to stand on the end of the stove funnel. She wished to know whether, when a small child swung her over his shoulder by her tail, she should scratch, or only mew. This question being left for us all to answer, we cried out, with one voice, "Mew, mew!" But, being asked which we ourselves did on such occasions, all remained silent. For none wished to be so impolite as to speak first.

After several had spoken of their trials, a lean, dingy, sorrowful cat of unknown color, a stranger to all present, asked permission to relate her story. Her smellers having been examined, she was declared worthy to speak in court, and, being unable to mount the funnel, was requested to step a little forward from the ring. She advanced with trembling steps, and began her story as follows: —

"I was once pure white, — whiter than the white meat of a chicken, — whiter than new milk. This dirty string about my neck was then a beautiful blue ribbon, tied in a bow.

"O my friends, of blue ribbons, new milk, and chickens' meat I have now only the memory!" (Here the court were much affected.) "In those pleasant days, my name was Happy Minty. A lovely child held me in her

arms. A soft bed was made up for me near her own. It had a spread. The sheets were marked 'H. M.' I was taken to ride in a coach and four, dressed in a cloak of silk velvet, and with feathers in my hat. With her own hands the lovely child fed me with frosted cake, and warmed for me the delicate vanilla ice-creams. O how sweet were those days of my youth! But alas! I grew, — grew in wisdom, grew in size. Ah, why was it expected of me always to be a kitten? Why was I urged to chase my own tail, after I had seen the folly of it?"

Here we all exclaimed, in court language, "Ah, why?" "Ah, why?"

But the king of the cats waved his tail, and commanded silence.

O, nothing can be more beautiful than the pure black of our king, unless it be the majestic yellow of his large round eyes! And then he is so grand and stately! Not one speck of white! for, if but one white hair were discovered, he would be known as an impostor, and no true king, and would be eaten by dogs.

When silence was restored, the unhappy stranger went on with her story.

"There came," said she, "or was brought to the house, a new kitten. A meddlesome, pert young miss; not pretty, for she was neither pure white, nor a royal black, nor a soft Maltese, nor a genteel gray, but an odious yellow!"

Here sweet Kitty Gray trod on the tail of Happy Minty, to hush her. But it was too late. The words had been spoken. A furious yellow cat leaped down from the rain-water spout, put up his back, and with much sputtering demanded whether he were to be insulted in open court. This caused great confusion. The king, after restoring order in his usual happy manner, remarked that it was very plain the stranger was not aware the gentleman in yellow was present. Still, as he felt himself insulted, if it would be any satisfaction to him to claw her, he might have that satisfaction.

Happy Minty, who had been looking very steadily at the gentleman in yellow, at last said to him, quite gently: —

"Excuse me, sir, for gazing at you so boldly. It is because of your fine appearance. Mere color is nothing. How stately is your form! How firm your tread! What magnificent whiskers! You must have come from some nobler race. Born with so much strength and grace and courage, I really must believe you were also born — without claws."

Here young Miss Whitey put up her paw and winked behind it at sweet Kitty Gray, and then winked at her sister, and her sister winked at her; and they fairly twisted themselves heels over head, that they might not die of laughing. A box on the ear soon quieted them.

The gentleman in yellow, however, seemed quite pleased at being praised so highly; said he had perhaps misunderstood the interesting stranger, and begged she would proceed with her story. He then gallantly conducted sweet Kitty Gray to her seat on a flower-pot, saying, as he did so, that no lovelier flower ever bloomed there. He seemed much pleased with this young person. Every one is. And no wonder, seeing that she is so pretty and gentle in all her ways. After we had gone home, I heard him singing

to her a serenade. It was in the court language, which, as I said before, is part Egyptian.

> "O lovely creature!
> How elegant is your form!
> How graceful your motions!
> The fall of your feet is like the falling of snow-flakes,
> The gentle wave of your tail is like the wave of a soldier's plume.
> Your eyes are greener than the leaves of the sacred catnip.
> I know a land where the dogs have no teeth, —
> A land where all the mice are white,
> A land o'erflowing with milk.
> Let us journey to that happy country!
> Let us seek those peaceful shores."

Of course the song was not all true. But there is no time to speak of that now, as I wish to finish the account of Happy Minty.

After the two Miss Whiteys had been boxed on the ear, and order fully restored, the wretched wanderer proceeded with her story as follows: —

"To that foolish young kitten," said she, "were given all my comforts. And the bold thing made herself quite at home. Nothing was too good for her. She hopped into everybody's lap, she was under everybody's feet. She must receive great attentions. For her, now, were the rides in the coach, the soft bed, the silk-velvet cloak, the frosted cake, the warmed vanilla creams. She could jump through a hoop! What great deed was that?

"From this time I was scarcely noticed. But little food was given me, and that little was poor. In fact, I was made to feel, in various ways, that my company was not wanted.

"Being extremely hungry, I one night crept into the pantry. Four pans of milk stood there. I only took a little, — only just licked off the top. Yet, the next night, a cruel deed was done. I was taken by an unkind young man for an evening walk, as I thought. But, at the end of a long lane, he laid me down on the cold grass, and left me! — yes, he left me!

"'Aha!' says I, 'not so fast! I am going too!' But, alas! there was a stone tied to my leg. I could not step. And O, it was a dismal place! The rain fell, the winds blew, and, not far away, I heard the terrible bark of a water-dog!"

Here one of the Miss Whiteys was so much affected with pity that she nearly fell from the roof. A hop-pole saved her life. After she had received another box on the ear, Happy Minty went on.

"I gnawed off the string," said she, "but not till the flesh was worn to the bone. No hair has grown over the place; you can see it now. Then some cruel boys found me, and — But I will not dwell upon this, I will not harrow up the feelings of the court. You all know what we have to expect from cruel boys. It is enough to say, that, for three days and nights, I dragged after me, by my tail, a tin pan, or it might have been a porringer, I cannot say, so weakened is my mind by suffering. Oh! was I once pure white? Was this dirty string a beautiful blue ribbon, tied in a bow? Was I once Happy Minty, indeed?" (Here all the court were moved to tears.)

"Ever since that evening walk with the unkind young man," said she, "I

have lived a wretched, wretched life, without food, without shelter, stoned by boys, worried by dogs. And now what am I? what am I? Draggled, lean, starved, — a wreck of a cat, — no more. Just a strip of fur hanging over sharp bones! If any of you will, you may make your paws meet through my body. Will some one try?"

At this several stepped forward. But command was given that only those who had had their claws cut should be allowed to try. Immediately all stepped back; for, although many had been obliged to have their claws cut, none wished to have it known.

Happy Minty stood patiently waiting; her eyes were closed, her tail drooped, her limbs trembled. Sweet Kitty Gray sprang forward, and offered her shoulder for a support. The Miss Whiteys, being young and thoughtless, began to make sport of her because she staggered. And when at last she fell down, they sputtered, and began to go heels over head again. Old Ma'am Mouser said they needed another boxed ear. And this they would have got, had not sweet Kitty Gray just then spoken out, and said: —

"Please, ma'am, excuse them. They will do better next time. Perhaps no one has ever told them how to behave. Poor things! they have no mother. I've a pretty story to tell, which they will like to hear. I call it 'The Sweet-Pea Story.'"

She was going on with "The Sweet-Pea Story," when the king of the cats, with a majestic wave, remarked that it was getting late, and, as he wished to say a few parting words, it would be well to defer "The Sweet-Pea Story" until the next assembling of the court. Then, after expressing his sympathy for the afflicted stranger, he went on with his closing remarks.

"My children," said he, "bear your troubles bravely. It is not to be expected that your backs will always be stroked the right way, or even stroked at all. Be cheerful. When the fences are too narrow, walk on the ground. Don't fret. Many are worse off than we. Across the sea, in the Isle of Man, there is a race of cats who have no tails. Among us that sacred privilege is free to all. Long may it wave! (Cheers.) Consider your blessings. We always fall upon our feet; this is a great mercy. And we have nine lives; think of that! Then there is a whole race — the race of mice — created expressly for our eating. And, as to our appearance, of what have we to complain? Our fur is handsome, our motions are graceful, and our mewing is so melodious that even the birds, so famous for musical talent, sometimes imitate it. And we share, more than any other creature, the dwellings of men. We are permitted even in the presence of kings. For what says the proverb? 'A *cat* may look upon a king.' This is, no doubt, owing to our high descent. Let us not forget that we are of noble blood. The king of beasts is our near relative. Does the dog despise us? He does. He is full of pride. He follows after man, and even barks at the moon. Let him. But let him also seek out his relatives in the forest. But this he will never do. He is ashamed of them. For the wolves are his cousins, so are the sneaking foxes, the jackals, and the laughing hyenas. But our ancestors came from Egypt. Our family portraits are in the pyramids.

We are akin to the mighty panther, the cougar, the jaguar, the royal Bengal tiger, and, greater than all, to the majestic lion, who reigns king of the forest!"

At this we could no longer be restrained, but all sprang to our feet, waved our tails, and burst forth into rousing cheers for the cats, and hisses for all the dogs, and made the ridge-poles ring. But suddenly there fell among us, from attic windows, a shower of blacking-boxes and boot-jacks. The king of the cats gave the royal leap, which was the signal for breaking up the court.

Last evening, after we were assembled on the gently sloping roof, one of the Miss Whiteys appeared with a stick of wood fastened to her neck. She was also quite lame, and dripping with wet. Being asked the cause of all this, she replied that, in order to make everything clear, it would be necessary to begin by telling her dream.

Sir Tom Maltese objected to this, on the ground that telling dreams would be trifling with the court. There was, however, a learned member present, who remarked that telling dreams at court was an old Egyptian custom, and must, therefore, be proper. This settled the whole matter.

Miss Whitey then stated that, about noon, as she lay on a high shelf, in the act of watching a mouse-hole, she fell asleep.

"And in my sleep," said she, "I dreamed of lying upon grass that was smoother and softer than a velvet easy-chair; and in a tree, high above me, was the most beautiful bird I ever saw. He was as white as snow, except about his neck, where there was a bright scarlet collar. His singing was so loud and sweet that all the other birds had stopped to listen.

"I crouched close to the ground. I kept my eyes fixed steadily upon him until his song grew fainter, fainter, fainter, fainter, and at last was heard no longer. He then spread his wings and flew three times around the tree, alighting on a lower branch. I never lost sight of him, but looked exactly into his eyes. The next time he only flew twice around the tree, and then settled himself upon a still lower branch. He then tried to fly away. But this he could not do, for I held him with my eyes. They turned away not one moment. He flew once around the tree, and, after that, flew no more; but only hopped down, one branch lower, one branch lower, until he reached the lowest branch of all. And there he sat, trembling, fluttering his wings, and making little cries of distress. Then I knew that he would soon be within my reach. I stretched myself close to the earth, creeping along slowly, softly, and glared my eyes very wide open, that he might feel all their power. At last he gave one weak cry, spread his wings, and dropped slowly to the ground, not two yards from my mouth.

"Then, in my dream, I gave a quick spring, and caught, not a beautiful white bird, but a good beating. For I had sprung from the shelf, doing great damage to the crockery, and had landed with my paws in a dish of hot gruel. You have now learned the cause of my lameness.

"After this it was decided that drowning would be good for me. Dick

offered to do it; — he 's a famous boy for bragging. 'O, he knew how to drown a cat! Nobody need tell him how to drown a cat! It was just as easy!'

"My sister was in great distress. I said to her, 'Don't worry, dear. He talks big. 'T is I, I, I, — great I! who but I? Be easy, dear; these bragging boys are always the greatest simpletons. Be easy.'

"Just after dark, he took me along, very carefully, to the wood-box. 'Ah, now,' said he, 'this stick of wood is just the thing for me.' 'Yes,' said I to myself, 'just the thing for *me*.' He fastened it on, paddled off a little way into the pond, and dropped me in. The wood floated me ashore, and here I am. My sister will now bite off the string."

After Miss Whitey had finished, sweet Kitty Gray was asked to tell "The Sweet-Pea Story" which she had promised us. She seemed, at first, a little bashful; but that in a young person is very becoming. The gentleman in yellow conducted her to the stand, and bade her take courage and speak. She then took courage, and spoke as follows: —

"By hiding often in the garden, I have come to understand very well the language of the place. And vastly amusing it is to sit and listen to all that is going on among the flowers, birds, and insects.

"The funniest of all is to hear the bees making bargains with the flowers for their honey. They come for it with bags. The bumble-bee brings his gold with him. They are on hand early in the day; but the flowers are quite ready for them, and those who keep the pure article never lack for customers.

"The sunflowers and hollyhocks hang their signs out high, but their honey is not considered the best. The rose and the heliotrope put a fragrance into theirs which is much admired. The violet keeps in an out-of-the-way place, but is well known to the trade. The syringa offers a very rich article. The sweet-pea has a growing business, and attracts crowds of buyers. The honeysuckle and running rose have gone into partnership, and mean to stand highest in the market.

"Perhaps the court would be pleased to hear a little of what is sometimes said in the way of trade. I will call it

"A Talk in the Honey Market.

"*Flowers.* Good morrow, good bees, full early ye fly;
What will ye buy? what will ye buy?

"*Bees.* We 'll buy your honey, if fresh and sweet,
And good enough for our queen to eat,
And we 'll store it away for our winter's treat;
For when comes the snow,
And icy winds blow,
The flowers will all be dead, you know.

"*Flowers.* And what will ye pay, what will ye pay,
If we provide for that wintry day?

"*Bees.* O, we 'll tell you fine tales. Great news ye shall gain.
For we 've travelled afar over valley and plain.

And the whispering leaves of the forest-trees,
They tell all their secrets to wandering bees.
We linger about where the little brooks flow,
And we hear all they sing, though they murmur so low.
We have played by the shore with the sweet Rose-Marie,
And have heard the moan of the sorrowful sea.
We spend long hours
In the woodland bowers,
And have news from your kindred, the dear wild-flowers.
We know the swamp pinks, with their fragrance so fine,
The lupine, the aster, and bright columbine.
We know where the purple geranium blows,
And fragrant sweetbrier, and pretty wild rose.
And perhaps we 'll tell,
If your honey you 'll sell,
Why every one loveth the wild-flowers so well.

"*Flowers.* O tell us this secret, and take all our store!
Tell us how to be loved, and we 'll ask nothing more."

The court were much interested in this little account of the doings in the garden, and sweet Kitty Gray, seeing that she had given us pleasure, took more courage, and related "The Sweet-Pea Story," as follows: —

"It is known to you all that a board fence separates the back yard from the garden. One pleasant morning last May, as I was sunning myself after a rain on the top of this fence, little Amy came singing across the yard. She stooped down near me, and began making holes in the earth. I hopped upon her shoulder and peeped over to see what would happen. And I saw that she dropped into every hole a small round seed. She then smoothed the earth over the seeds, and ran singing into the house.

"Towards noon I stretched myself upon the ground near by, a cooler place being then more agreeable. It is a very good stand there, being exactly on the track of the field-mice. I laid my ear close to the earth, and listened to the low, murmuring sound which seemed to come from below. It was the small round seeds complaining. 'O how hard it is to stay in the dark! Here it is cold and damp. No air, no sunshine. O how sad!'

"Then I whispered down to them, — for the flower language is very easy to me, — I whispered down to them, 'Wait. Something beautiful will come of it. I have seen many small round seeds hidden away in the earth, and always something beautiful came of it.'

"After that there were cold rains and chilling winds, and I said to myself, 'Poor little seeds! How long they have to wait! I fear they may die of cold.' But one bright morning, when the fields were green, and the trees were white, and there was sunshine enough for all the world, I happened to look down from my post, and saw a fine sight. Just where the seeds had been hidden away something beautiful had come of it, — a row of pretty, green sprouts! And, as I watched them day by day, I observed that they were determined to rise in the world. For they very soon put on garments of lovely green, and adorned themselves with rings.

"Now this is the way I found out their names. One day Amy came sing-

ing into the yard, — it is so pleasant when children come singing! — she came singing into the yard, and she said, 'Now I must string my sweet-peas.' And then I knew they were sweet-peas.

"She took a ball of white cord from her pocket, and began at the end of the row, giving to each one a string by which to climb the fence. But there was not quite enough of the white cord. And on this account she gave to one a dark, rough, knotted string, and one was left without any at all.

"Now it has been vastly entertaining for me to follow these two sweet-peas. In fact, nearly all my leisure time has been spent in watching them, for I have kept the run of them all summer. The one to whom the dark string was given had by no means a contented disposition. As I sat near her one morning, catching flies the best way I could, she made to me the most bitter complaints.

"'Look across the yard,' said she. 'Those plants have all the sunshine, and we have all the shade.'

"I whispered, 'Wait till afternoon. Then they will have the shade, and you will have the sun. None have the sunshine always. Some shade is good for all.'

"'Well,' she said, 'why is this dark, rough, knotty string given to me? I have a great desire to go up. The yellow-birds sing of fine things to be seen from the fence-top. They sing of gardens blooming with flowers, and of bees, and painted butterflies, and sparkling waters. And I've heard that, higher up, the air is pure and sweet. It must be very delightful. But I can never climb by that dark, rough string. I'd rather stay below. The earthworm tells me it is quite pleasant here; and he, for one, never wished to go higher. Robin Runaway is a pleasant playfellow, and sometimes the lady-bugs come, — and the lady-bugs are quite genteel people. To be sure there is a strong smell of earth, but one gets accustomed to that. I will creep about here and amuse myself with the beetles. This burdock is a fine protection from the rain. Who knows but some day a pleasanter way of climbing may be offered me? Meanwhile, the earthworm and I will be good friends together.'

"My friends, from that hour I watched her course. At first she ran about gayly enough, playing with the beetles and Robin Runaway; but when a young family of weeds sprang up, it became very troublesome to move about. Then the burdock spread out its broad leaves, taking from her every ray of sunshine. Scarcely a breath of pure air could reach her. The singing of the birds sounded far away. She bore one pale, sickly blossom, — no more. And now whoever passes that way may, if he will take the trouble, find her lying there, a yellow, feeble, miserable thing, giving pleasure to none. She has not strength enough now to raise herself from the earth.

"But the sweet-pea who had no string given her conducted quite differently. She said, 'I was not made to creep about here. There is something in me which says, "Go up! go up!" This earthy smell oppresses me. O, if one could only mount to where the birds are singing! I shall

never be content to remain here with Robin Runaway and the earthworms. "Up!" is the word.'

"And when the yellow-birds sang to her of the beautiful things to be seen from above, — of gardens, and fountains, and the fragrant breath of flowers, — she could no longer remain quiet, but resolved to find some way of raising herself from the earth. And a pleasure it was for me to watch her progress. First she came to a blade of grass. 'A blade of grass is not very high,' said she, 'but then it leads up, and at the top of this there may be found something higher.' The blade of grass led her to a poppy-stalk. 'A poppy-stalk is not very high,' said she; 'but it leads up, and who can tell what may be found at the top?' She soon climbed the poppy, and found there the leaves of a currant-bush. 'A currant-bush is not very high,' said she, 'but it leads up, and from its top something may take me much higher.' At the top of the currant-bush, the air seemed filled with sweetness. This came, although she did not know it, partly from her own blossoms. But the bees knew this, and the painted butterflies. These were constant visitors, and charming company they were. And when the humming-birds came, — why, that was the best of all.

"And what should she find at the top of the currant-bush but that same dark, rough string I have spoken of? At first she turned away, saying, 'O, that is a dark, hard way, too gloomy to be pleasant.' But a little bird came down and whispered something in her ear; and I heard her saying, 'Very true, little bird; very true, little bird. One cannot expect that all the ways will be made pleasant. It leads upward. That is enough.'

"And it happened that the dark string led higher than all the rest, reaching even as far as the branch of a hawthorn. And now she is where the yellow-birds sing. The air is pure; no smell of earth reaches her there; and she is blooming all over with the flowers that everybody loves. A beautiful garden is spread out beneath, where happy children play, and fountains sparkle in the sun. A delightful place, where the butterflies come, every morning, to tell their dreams, and the birds every

evening sing good night to the flowers. For flowers without number are blooming there. The air is full of their sweetness. She herself is sweeter than they all. But this she does not know."

Sweet Kitty Gray ended by giving us

THE BIRDS' GOOD-NIGHT SONG TO THE FLOWERS.

Good night, dear flowers ;
Shadows creep along the sky,
Birdies now must homeward fly.

Good night, darling mignonette ;
Good night, little violet.

Good night, pink and four-o'clock ;
Good night, homely hollyhock.

Good night, feathery feverfew ;
Heliotrope, good night to you.

Good night, lily ; good night, rose ;
Good night, every flower that blows.

Thank you for your lovely bloom,
Thank you for your sweet perfume.

If you did not bloom so brightly
We could never sing so lightly.

Now fairies wake, the watch to keep,
And birdies all may go to sleep.
Good night, dear flowers.

Mrs. A. M. Diaz.

DUNIE AND THE ICE.

I BELIEVE only six of the Pardoe children went to church that day, — though it may have been seven. But, if I am not accurate as to numbers, the story of their adventure is perfectly true.

They lived on an island in the middle of the river, in a little world by themselves. It was early spring-time. The earth appeared to be covered with a patchwork quilt of whitey-brown and grayish-green. Under this ragged old quilt the forces of nature were hard at work. The dry grass was undergoing thorough repairs, and the "sod" would "turn to violets" one of these days. All in due time; but just now things looked dismal enough. The trees were only sketched in outline, and even the willows showed as yet no little vapory touches of green. The roads were full of holes, and, as Grandpa Pardoe said, it was "dreadful travelling *underfoot*." Overhead it was scarcely better. It seemed as if the "upper deep" had tipped over, and was pouring itself into the lap of the earth.

But on this particular Sunday the dripping clouds were ready for a day of rest. The wee bit girlie of the house, Dunie Pardoe, looked out of the window, and said with intense surprise, "Why, mamma, mamma, 't is n't yainin'! There 's a little bit o' sun ou' doors. I sawed it!"

"She 's a precious baby to tell the news," cried Brother Phil, smothering her with kisses. "I 've a great mind to take her to Sabbath school. May I, mother? She wants to see things as much as anybody else."

"Well, if you take her, Philip, you must be responsible for her," replied the busy Mrs. Pardoe, who was at that moment tying the shoestrings of the next to the youngest. Perhaps, with so much to do, her mind had slipped into a hard knot; it seems to me, if she had had full possession of her faculties, she would never have consented to let Miss Julia go out when the roads were scarcely navigable except for boys' boots.

Dunie clapped her hands.

"O, will they let me in?" she asked; "for, when I go to the school, then somebody comes that 's a teacher, and tells me 'Go home,' and says I must n't stay."

Dunie was three years old, and the "committee-men," overlooking her peculiar merits, had not considered her a scholar. But this was only a Sabbath school; nobody would object to her going, just for one day.

Then there was a scramble to get her ready; but when she was fairly enveloped in her Rob Roy cloak and red quilted hood a murmur of admiration ran round the room. Who so beautiful as our Dunie? Such a splendid, "adust complexion," such wonderful "Indian-red" eyes, shaded by the blackest of lashes! She was a little sister to be proud of. Not one of the other ten had ever been so cunning or so fat.

Well, they took her to church, and, in order to get there, they had to cross a bridge. They looked over the railing, and saw around the piers a few logs

floating in the high water, though they could not move far, being locked in with ice.

"I should n't think," said Mary, with mock gravity, "'t was proper for logs to go swimming on Sunday."

"Nor I either," said Phil; "they ought to be 'taken up' for it. But come, let 's hurry; we 're late."

"Hurry!" echoed four childish voices, — "hurry with Dunie!"

"My shoes *won't* walk," said the little one, by way of apology. It was her feet which were at fault. They were not large enough to carry her plump little body; and though she had now enlarged them with mud, that did not seem to help the matter at all. There was no way for it but to carry her in arms, "for fear they might lose her in one of the holes."

They reached the main-land at last, and the church; and I believe Dunie only spoke in meeting once, and then she said "I so tired." Phil observed that afterward the clergyman preached faster, — from sheer pity, he presumed.

Dunie practised gymnastics just a little, and now and then opened her rosy mouth, inlaid with pearl, and very gently yawned. But soon the "spirit of deep sleep" fell upon her, and she lost the Sabbath-school exercises which followed the sermon. This would hereafter be a subject of regret to Dunie; but it was just now a real relief to her five "responsible" brothers and sisters.

After their lessons had been repeated, and school was out, the six Pardoes started for home. But a change had come over the weather. The wind had started up from a sound sleep, and was blowing as if all the people in the world were deaf, and must be made to hear.

"Never mind," said the eldest sister, cheerily, "it will blow us home. Dunie, what *made* you talk in church?"

"I never," replied the young culprit, rubbing her eyes. "But," added she, indignantly, "that man up in the box, *he* kep' a talkin' all the time."

"But what made you go to sleep, dear, and lose the Sabbath-school?" said Moses, who was next younger than Phil, and, though kindly disposed, had a peculiar talent for making little ones cry.

"*I* went asleep in Sabber school?" sobbed Dunie, completely discouraged, — "in Sabber school? Where 'd they put it? *I* never sawed it."

"There, don't you tease her, Moses," said the youngest but two. "We 've got as much as *we* can do to get her home, — for I begin to believe she 's chip-footed, — I do."

The next to the oldest was about to correct his brother, and say "*club*-footed," when a frightful noise was heard, — not thunder, it was too prolonged for that. It was a deep, sullen roar, heard above the wail of the wind like the boom of a cataract.

The ice was going out.

There is always more or less excitement to New England children in such an event. This was an unusually imposing spectacle, for the ice was very strong, and the freshet was hurling it down stream with great force.

The white blocks, incrusted with snow, were as blue at heart as turquoise, and they trembled and crowded one another like an immense company of living things. The powerful tide was crushing them between vast masses of logs, or heaving them upward to fall headlong and sideways, and crumble themselves into smaller fragments.

The sun came out of a cloud, and shone on the creamy, frozen waves in their mad dance. Then they sparkled and quivered as if the river had thrown up from its unquiet bed a mine of diamonds.

"How splendid!" exclaimed the children, lost in rapture.

"But it makes me scared," said little Dunie, falling, face downward, into a mud-puddle.

"Why, what are you afraid of?" said Moses, picking her up, and partially cleansing her with his pocket-handkerchief. "The ice can't touch us."

"Hullo there!" screamed the toll-gatherer, appearing at the door of his small house with both arms raised above his head. "Children, children, stop! Don't go near the bridge for your lives!"

"O, it's going off, it's going off!" screamed the five Pardoes in concert, joined by the terrified Dunie, who did not know *what* was "going off," but thought likely it was the whole world and part of the sky.

The children forgot to admire any longer the magnificent white flood. The ice might be glorious in beauty, but, alas! it was terrible in strength. How could they get home? What would become of them? They saw their father's house in the distance; but when and how were they to reach it? It might as well have been leagues away.

"'T will be days and days," cried Mary, "before ever we'll be able to cross this river in boats. What will be done with us? for we can't sleep on the ground."

"And nothing to eat," wailed hungry Moses, tortured with a fleeting vision of apple-pie and doughnuts.

"It *is* a hard case," said the toll-gatherer, compassionately, "but you don't want to risk your lives. Look at them blocks crowding up ag'inst the piers; hear what a thunder they make; and the logs coming down in booms. You step into our house, children; and my wife and the neighbors, we'll contrive to stow you away somewhere."

Crowds of people were collecting on the bank, watching the ice "go out." The Pardoes stood irresolute; when suddenly there was a shout from the other end of the bridge, as loud and shrill as a fog-bell, "Children, *come*—HOME!"

It was Mr. Pardoe's voice.

"What shall we do? what shall we do? said Philip, running round and round.

"'T won't do to risk it, Neighbor Pardoe," screamed the toll-keeper.

"Children — run — there's — time!" answered the father, hoarsely.

It was Mary who replied, "Yes, father, we'll come."

"He knows," thought she. "If he tells us to do it, it's right."

Firm in obedience and faith, she stepped upon the shaking bridge. For an

instant Philip hesitated, looked up stream and down stream, then followed cautiously with Dunie. After him the three other children in all stages of fright, with white lips, trembling limbs, and eyes dilated with fear.

"Quick! quick!" screamed Mr. Pardoe. "Run for your lives!" shouted the people on the bank.

The roaring torrent and the high wind together were rocking the bridge like a cradle. If it had not been for Dunie! All the rest could run. It seemed as if there was lead in the child's shoes. She hung, a dead weight, between Philip and Mary, who pulled her forward without letting her little toddling feet touch the ground.

The small procession of six! How eagerly everybody watched "what speed they made, with their graves so nigh." Only a few brittle planks between them and destruction! More than one man was on the point of rushing after the little pedestrians, and drawing them back from their doom. Yet all the anxiety of the multitude could not have equalled the agonizing suspense in that one father's heart. He thought he knew the strength of the piers, and the length of time they could resist the attack of the ice. But what if he had made a mistake? What if his precious children were about to fall a sacrifice to their obedience? Every moment seemed an age to the frantic father, while the little creatures ran for their lives. But it was over at last; the bridge was crossed, the children were safe!

The people on the opposite bank set up a shout; but Mr. Pardoe was speechless. He caught Dunie, and held her close to his heart, as if, in her little person, he embraced the whole six.

"O father!" cried Philip, "if you could know how we trembled! 'T was like walking over an earthquake!"

"With Dunie to drag every step!" added Moses.

"I 'll tell you what I thought," said Mary, catching her breath, — "I thought my father was a stone-mason, and ought to know more than a toll-keeper about bridges. But anyway, if he 'd been nothing but a lawyer or a doctor, I 'd have done what he said."

"Bravo for my Mary!" said Mr. Pardoe, wiping his eyes.

Five minutes after this the bridge was snapped asunder. The main body of it went reeling down stream, the sport of the ice. Mr. Pardoe closed his eyes, shuddering at the fancy of what might have been.

Everybody fell to kissing Dunie, for this had long been a family habit whenever there arose any feeling which was beyond the power of expression.

"I 'm glad we got all home," gasped Dunie, her eyes expanding with a perfectly new idea, as she watched the ruins from the window. "That b'idge is a goin' way off! The ice catched it! How I did yun on that b'idge, so the ice would n't catch *me!* But," added the little innocent, with a sudden play of fancy, "I was n't 'fwaid, mamma, for I looked up to the sky, and then God sended some booful clouds, and I FOUGHT I saw two little angels yidin' on 'em."

Sophie May.

LOST WILLIE.

HALLO, little Willie boy! — wandered away
From the mother-fold, have you? Now what will you do?
The night's coming on, and there's no place to stay,
And darkness will soon cover city and you.
Did the man with the music, and monkey so queer,
Induce you to start on your travels alone?
Or was it the band of the circus just here,
With its drum, and its fife, and its wheezy trombone?

Perhaps "Punch and Judy," from over the sea,
With their comical acts interrupted your play;
If they did, older boys, like your father and me,
Won't wonder at all at your strolling away.
Or maybe "Tom Thumb" has come into the town
To craze, with his ponies, a little boy's wits;
Or the "man with the dogs," or some wonderful clown,
The "Japanese Jugglers," or famed Signor Blitz.

Cheer up, wandering Willie! Some good hand will lead
Her darling safe back to the mother so dear.
The city is full of kind people to heed
A little boy's sorrows, so never you fear.
Dry the tears on your cheeks, and smooth the wild hair,
And stand like a man, confronting your fate.
Remember, they win who will patiently bear
The ills of this life, come they early or late.

And Willie, dear Willie, 't is better to be —
Believe me, my boy — in the plight you are in
Than adrift on the waste of that fathomless sea
Whose great waves are drowning the children of sin.
O better, far better, lost thus as you are,
In the populous street, where you're sure to be found,
Than lost to your Saviour, who loves you — afar
From the beautiful home where His praises resound!

C. A. Barry.

NAVIGATION AND DISCOVERY BEFORE COLUMBUS.

I.

INVENTION OF THE COMPASS.

A PERSON does not need to go to sea in order to find out how lost and helpless a sailor would be in the midst of the ocean if he had no compass. A few summers ago I passed some days at one of the Isles of Shoals, a small rocky group in the Atlantic Ocean, ten miles from the coast of New Hampshire; and I used to go out almost every day in a boat, fishing for cod and haddock. One misty morning, I remember, I started with three or four others for one of the favorite fishing-places, about half a mile off. We had been there for an hour or two, and had caught a few very fine fish, when some one, looking up, cried out, "Where is the island?"

We all looked around, but the island was gone! The mist had changed into a dense fog, which had gathered over our rocky abode, and hid it completely from our view. Nor was there any object in sight, except another of the island boats, containing a fishing-party like ourselves. We called out to them, "Where is the island?"

To which one of them replied, "It 's drifted out to sea."

Which, in fact, *we* might have done, if we had been a little further off.

I cannot tell you how entirely lost we seemed for a few minutes. Every one gave his opinion as to the direction in which the island was; but, as our boat had been floating about without an anchor, and had consequently changed its position every moment, it was all guesswork, and we might have rowed about a whole day without finding it, and drifted out of sight of land. While we were talking the matter over, we heard the large bell of the hotel ring, which of course told us the way we were to go, in order to reach the island. So we kept on our fishing for two or three hours longer, and the mist soon rolled away, revealing to view the gray rock, the long white hotel, the ladies walking about, and the little boys fishing for perch along the shore. We afterwards learned that the regular frequenters of this island considered it unsafe to go a hundred yards from the shore without a compass, and always took a pocket-compass with them in case a sudden fog should wrap the island from their sight.

I was telling this incident one evening, some time after dark, when I was out in a boat on Lake Champlain, the summer before last. It was pretty dark, and I had been asking the boatman by what marks he was guided in steering the boat towards the little cove to which we were bound. He said he depended entirely on the outline of the shore, which he proceeded to explain to us. After I had told my little story, he told a story which showed,

in a far more striking manner, what a handy thing it may be sometimes to have a compass in your pocket.

He said that he had been a prisoner for eleven months in Andersonville during the late war, and when he heard that General Sherman was at Atlanta, about two hundred and forty miles distant, he and his comrade determined to try to escape, and make their way thither. One of them had an old-fashioned watch with a compass in the back of it; and by this they expected to direct their course, which was nearly northwest. But, as they expected to travel only by night, they resolved not to start until they could get a box of matches, so as to be able to strike a light now and then, to look at their compass. They delayed their departure for six weeks, trying to get a box of matches, for the purchase of which they gave one of their negro friends their last five-dollar bill. He could not buy a box of matches for five dollars, nor for any other number of dollars, and so at last they made up their minds to start without them.

Assisted by their black friend, they got away one afternoon, and lay hidden until late in the evening, when they started at a great pace through the woods, and came about midnight to a road which seemed to go, as nearly as they could guess, exactly northwest. *Seemed*, I say; but it might not, and, if it did not, it would lead them to capture and death. The night was not very dark, but the stars were hidden by clouds; else the friendly North Star would have guided them upon their way. Anxious as they were to get on, they stood for several minutes comparing recollections, and debating the great question upon which their lives depended. But, the more they talked it over, the more uncertain they became; and now they bitterly regretted their impatience in coming away without matches.

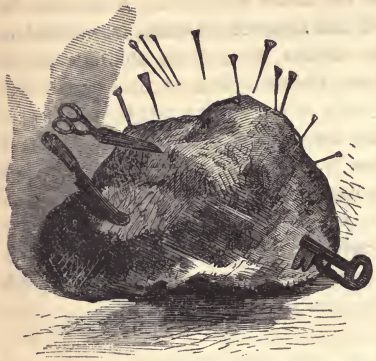
There were a great number of fireflies flying about. A lucky thought occurred to one of them, — the boatman who told us the story. He caught a firefly, and, taking it between his thumb and finger, held it over his compass. Imagine their joy to find that the insect gave them plenty of light for their purpose; and imagine their still greater joy to discover that the road led straight to the Union army. Eight nights of travel brought them safely to it.

Admirable invention! I often wonder that a thing so valuable can be so small, simple, and cheap. It is nothing but a needle, a pivot, and a card, which you can buy for half a dollar, and carry in your pocket, or dangle at the end of a watch-chain. Yet, small and trifling as it is, a ship's company that should find themselves in the middle of the ocean without a compass would consider it a great favor to be allowed to buy one for many thousand dollars.

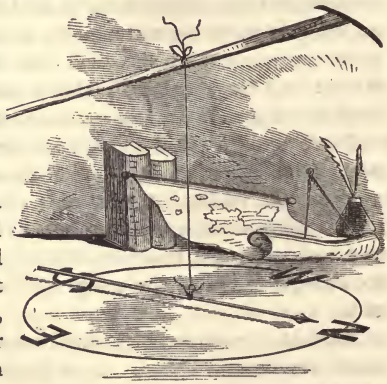
But stop; some of the Young Folks, who live far from the sea-coast, and have never seen the magnetic needle quivering in its box under its glass lid, may not know exactly what a compass is.

Well, you must know there is a kind of iron ore, of a dark gray color, found in iron mines in many parts of the world, which is called loadstone, or natural magnet. It is about as heavy as the common iron ore, and looks like

it, except that it is a little more glistening. It has, however, most wonderful and mysterious properties. One is, that it attracts to itself iron and other metals. The smaller the magnet, the more power it usually has. There have been found magnets weighing a twentieth part of an ounce which could lift a piece of iron weighing two ounces, or forty times their own weight; and the story goes, that Sir Isaac Newton had a magnet set in a finger-ring which could lift a piece of iron of two hundred and fifty times its own weight. There is a famous magnet at Cadiz, which was presented by the Emperor of China to one of the kings of Portugal. It weighs thirty-eight pounds, and can lift two hundred pounds. It is not common, however, for a loadstone to be capable of lifting more than ten times its weight. This attractive power of the magnet is one of the most curious things in nature, and one which nobody has yet been wise enough to explain.



Another property of the magnet is equally mysterious, and far more important to man. If you take a bar of iron or steel, and rub it against a loadstone, and then suspend it carefully in the middle by a thread, it will always point north and south, or very nearly north and south. Now, a compass is nothing more than a small steel needle, which, having been rubbed against a magnet in a certain manner, is balanced with great nicety upon a pivot, and the whole enclosed in a box. That needle points toward the North Star, and serves to guide the mariner over the trackless deep, when neither sun nor stars are visible. It does not tell him where he is; but it tells him in what direction he is sailing, and it tells him, with the help of other instruments, in what direction he must sail to reach the haven where he would be.



No one knows who invented the compass, nor precisely when it was invented, nor even who first found a natural magnet. The fanciful Greeks, who had a story about everything, used to say that a shepherd, named Magnes, was tending his sheep one day on Mount Ida, when he noticed that the iron crook at the end of his shepherd's-staff was attracted by a piece of dark-colored stone, which he brought with him down the mountain. This is the reason, the Greeks say, why the magnet was called, in their language, *Magnes.* The story is probably one of those pretty tales which the Greeks de-

lighted to invent respecting the origin of things. Be this as it may, the Greeks, the Romans, the Chinese, and all the ancient civilized nations, knew something about the attractive power of the loadstone; and the Chinese, it seems, employed the directing power of the magnetic needle, more than a thousand years ago, in their journeys across the wide, uninhabited plains of Asia. But the compass, such as we have it now, was unknown in Europe until about the year 1300.

I was saying the other day to a gentleman well versed in the Bible, that the ancients did not possess the compass, but sailed the Mediterranean and other inland seas, or skirted along the coasts of the ocean, without the aid of this precious instrument.

"But," he asked, scratching his head with the end of his pen, "does not St. Paul say something about using the compass on one of his voyages in the Mediterranean Sea?"

"Impossible," said I. "There was not a compass in existence at that time in that part of the world."

"I think you are mistaken," he rejoined.

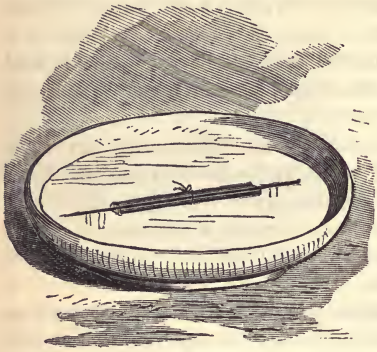
I handed him a Bible, and asked him to find the passage; which he proceeded to do with the alacrity of a man who is about to win a victory. And, sure enough, he soon turned to Acts xxviii. verses 12 and 13, and read as follows: —

"And, landing at Syracuse, we tarried there three days. And from thence *we fetched a compass*, and came to Rhegium."

Here was triumph indeed. I must confess that for a moment I was puzzled. But, being positive that the compass was not known either to the Greeks, the Romans, or the Jews, I thought that perhaps the translators had used the word "compass" for some other instrument which may have been used by the ancient navigators. It then occurred to us to look up the passage in the Greek Testament, and ascertain what the word was which had been translated "compass." The mystery vanished at once; for we found that St. Paul had used the Greek verb which means to tack, to go about, to make a circuit, which sailors, in the days of King James I., when our translation was made, used to call *fetching a compass*. The passage, therefore, simply means this: "And from Syracuse we made a circuit" (round the island of Sicily) "and so came to Rhegium" (on the coast of Italy).

The captain of the ship, then, that bore the valiant Apostle Paul to the mouth of the Tiber. had no compass on board his vessel, but was guided by the stars, the sun, and the bold outline of the shore. Nevertheless, it was from the native land of St. Paul that the Crusaders, about seven hundred years ago, brought home to Europe specimens of the loadstone, and some little knowledge of its properties. The first Crusaders returned from Palestine about the year 1100, but the first mention which has been discovered of the directing power of the magnetic needle occurs in a book that bears date 1180. In a French poem called "The Bible," published about 1250, there is a passage, too, in which the author expresses the wish that the Pope were as safe a point to look at as the North Star is to sailors, who can steer towards

that star by the direction of *a needle floating in a straw on a basin of water*, after being touched by the magnet. And there is a still more interesting allusion to the needle in an account which has come down to us of a visit paid about the year 1258 by a learned Italian to Roger Bacon, the celebrated English philosopher, the fame of whose learning had spread over Europe.



"I did not fail," says the Italian scholar, "to see Friar Bacon as soon as I arrived; and, among other things, he showed me a black ugly stone called a magnet, which has the surprising property of drawing iron to it; and upon which if a needle be rubbed, and afterwards fastened to a straw, so that it shall swim upon water, the needle will instantly turn towards the Pole Star; therefore, be the night ever so dark, so that neither moon nor star be visible, yet shall the mariner be able by the help of this needle to steer his vessel aright."

It would have been difficult for a sailor, tossing upon the wild, tempestuous Atlantic, to keep a needle afloat upon a still surface of water, and I doubt very much whether it was often attempted. There was another reason why the captains of ships in that age would have hesitated to employ such a contrivance, which our Italian thus explains: —

"This discovery, which appears useful in so great a degree to all who travel by sea, must remain concealed until other times, because no master-mariner dares to use it, lest he should fall under a supposition of his being a magician; nor would even the sailors venture themselves out to sea under his command if he took with him an instrument which carries so great an appearance of being constructed under the influence of some infernal spirit."

Well might he say so in speaking of poor Friar Bacon, who, not many years after this visit, was imprisoned in his convent cell, while his works were condemned as dangerous and devilish. The ignorant monks of his time thought he must have sold his soul to the Devil, because he said that he and other astronomers, by noting the movements of the heavenly bodies, might be able to *foretell* their future movements, especially such events as eclipses of the sun and moon. He was a prisoner for ten years, — he, the most valuable and enlightened man of his age, — and was released only when his religious superiors thought he was too old and too infirm to write any more books, or make any more discoveries. He lived but a year after his release, during which time he often said he was sorry for having taken so much trouble on behalf of science.

I have often thought, that, if Roger Bacon had not been himself a priest, the ignorant and timid priests of that day would have burnt him at the stake, and all because he knew more than they! But you must remember, that, in

those days, people really thought that the Devil went secretly about the world, hungry for human souls, and that men often made compacts with him, agreeing to serve him forever, after their death, if in this world he would make them exceedingly wise, powerful, beautiful, or rich. Sailors have always been given to such fancies; and, very likely, if a captain had in that age dared to steer his ship by so simple a thing as a needle enclosed in a straw, and floating on a cup of water, the sailors would have thought him in league with the Devil, and tossed him overboard, another Jonah, to appease the tempest.

Many a year passed away, therefore, before the magnetic needle was much used by sailors. Still it *was* used; for in an Icelandic book, written even before Roger Bacon was born, we read that the brave Norwegian chief who settled Iceland found his way thither from Norway, a distance of seven hundred miles, guided by ravens; "For," says the author, "in those times, seamen had no loadstones in the northern countries." These words are a positive proof that the directing power of the magnetic needle was known as early as the year 1150.

But how could *ravens* direct a ship from Norway to Iceland? Well, I suppose that, when this brave navigator began to doubt whether he was sailing in the right direction, he let loose one of his ravens, and, by watching which way it took to get back to its home, he could ascertain in what direction Iceland lay.

But the magnetic needle could never have been of very great use to sailors while it could only be used wrapped in a straw floating on the water, or suspended by a string. Nevertheless, it was two centuries after the Crusaders brought home the first loadstone to Europe, before the compass, as we now have it, was invented. An Italian navigator, it seems, named Flavio Gioja, who used to sail out of Naples (where, a friend tells me, the name is still common), was the man who first had ingenuity enough to mount the needle upon a pivot, and enclose it in a box. In fact, he "boxed the compass"; and this is the reason, I suppose, why the Italian word for compass is *bossola*, a box. In French, it is, as you know, *boussole*, which is evidently derived from the Italian word. This boxing of the needle, or the invention of the compass, took place about the year 1300, five hundred and sixty-nine years ago.

Mark that date, boys and girls; for it is very convenient to have, well fixed in your head, a few dates, — such as that the compass was invented about the year 1300, that Columbus discovered America in 1492, that printing was invented in 1438, and that Luther was born in 1483.

Then the sailor needed no longer to creep timidly along the shore, and lie to whenever the sky was veiled with clouds, or a mist hung over the landmarks by which he was accustomed to steer. Much remained to be done before the broad ocean could be navigated with certainty and safety by an ordinary man; but the first and greatest step was taken when the compass was invented.

Still, you must not suppose that there were no adventurous navigators be-

fore that period, and no science of navigation. Why, at the very time when Captain Flavio Gioja invented the compass at Naples, the ship-yards of Venice employed sixteen thousand men, and the ships of Venice dotted every inland sea, and swarmed in every port of Europe, bearing to them the spices, fabrics, and jewels brought from India. And had not the Norwegians sailed to Iceland, seven hundred miles, and from Iceland to Greenland, two hundred miles, and afterwards from Greenland to Massachusetts, to cut firewood and ship-timber, and this seven hundred years before Columbus? In the East Indies, too, they built long galleys and huge junks, some of which required a crew of three hundred men, carried six thousand bags of pepper, and had ten boats hung over the side, just where we hang them now. They built their vessels in compartments, too; so that, if a ship sprung a leak, the water was kept out of all the hold except one small portion, from which the cargo could be quickly removed. There were map-makers then in the commercial cities, and a good many of them; for at that day, of course, every map was made by hand. And let me tell you that men who live much out of doors, and pass a part of every night under the stars, become extremely well acquainted with the heavens above, and with the objects around them, and can *feel* their way, in an astonishing manner, without chart or compass.

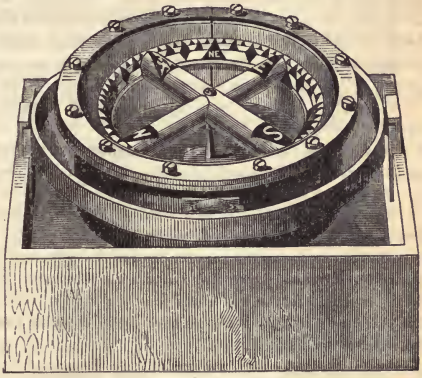
Not the less does the invention of the compass make an era in the history of the human race. Bold and skilful as the ancient sailors were in navigating inland seas, and sailing along well-known coasts, it was a very different thing when they found themselves blown out upon the broad ocean. The Atlantic was then called the Sea of Darkness; and many sailors supposed that if they should sail far enough down into the torrid zone they would come to where the waters of the ocean boiled continually, and that finally they would reach the fiery mouth of hell, into which they would be drawn, and be punished for their audacity in everlasting fire.

It requires courage in a sailor to face the dangers which are real and understood, such as tempests, hurricanes, rock-bound coasts, hostile savages, the sunken reef, the awful leak, and the wide, wide, pathless ocean. But I am to tell you of heroes who, besides such perils as these, went forth to meet imaginary ones much more terrible. It costs us no great effort to go into a house supposed by ignorant people to be "haunted," because *we* do not believe in haunted houses. But suppose you did believe in such things? Suppose you had no doubt that some houses were haunted, and that you were called upon to enter at midnight a house that had had the name of being haunted for many years, wherein you *might* see a horrid goblin, and that horrid goblin *might* carry you off to eternal flames? That would be a brave lad who should go firmly into such a house, and walk into every room, and peep into every closet, and explore every part of the garret, and finish by rummaging about in the dark and cobwebbed cellar. In fact, no boy or girl could do it. It would have to be done, as the first discoveries were made, a little at a time. One boy would muster up courage to go to the front door and look through the keyhole. Another might go so far as to push open the door, and then run away as fast as his legs could carry him. A third,

finding that no ghost appeared, might walk a few steps into the entry; and so the work of exploration would continue, until the whole house had been gone over. After that, a family might be expected to move in.

Just so it was with navigation and discovery, after the compass was invented. One bold sailor after another ventured forth upon the Sea of Darkness, each going a little farther than the last, until the whole round world had been gone over, except the parts locked in eternal ice.

Before I close I have another curious thing to tell about the compass, which I heard of only the other day. It is said, above, that Roger Bacon's way of showing the power of the magnetic needle was to enclose it in a straw, and let it float upon water. Would you believe that the best compasses now in use are made on that very principle? It is so. Ritchie's patent "Liquid Compass," now used in the ships of the United States Navy, and by the Cunard line of steamships, has the needle enclosed, not in a straw, of course, but in a very thin, round case of metal, air-tight, which floats upon liquid in such a way as to steady the needle, and make it work much better than in the ordinary compass. The needle has the additional support of a pivot. You may understand this compass better by looking at the picture of it, and I believe you can generally see the compass itself in the office of the maker, in Tremont Street, Boston. You notice, in the picture, that there are two cylinders which form a cross. The object of that arrangement is to afford a better support to the ring that rests upon the four ends of the cross, upon which are marked the cardinal divisions. In this compass, the needle being supported, in great part, by the liquid, it can be heavier, and thus have a stronger directing force, than the light needles which have no support but the pivot.



The navigators of whom we are to converse had no such excellent compasses as this. But is it not curious that a device which was used six or seven hundred years ago, in the first rude compasses that Europe ever saw, should be *imitated* in the perfect instruments that guide the mariner now?

James Parton.

THE LOST CHILDREN.

A JUVENILE PLAY IN FIVE ACTS.

INTRODUCTORY NOTE.

To the Editors of "Our Young Folks":—

Several years since, the following Play was written by Mrs. Lewis Jervey of Charleston, S. C., author of "Vernon Grove" and "Helen Courtenay's Promise"; and from time to time additions were made to it, until it was completed in its present form.

Two years ago it was performed in Roxbury, Mass., by about sixty children, and its success has induced me to offer it to you for publication.

Before proceeding to the play itself, it may be profitable to give some hints in regard to the best manner of "bringing out" the piece.

The force of sixty children — if so many be employed — is a pretty strong one, and I would advise our prospective stage manager to provide himself with much patience, and a sufficient number of this issue of "Our Young Folks" to avoid the troublesome duty of copying the different parts of the actors. I shall mention all the characters in turn, with a slight description of dress, manners, etc.

The Chorus. One person must take charge of the young girls who are to perform this part. Their ages may be from ten to sixteen years. They must be dressed as nearly alike as convenient, white being the prettiest costume. They must be arranged according to height, and must bow to the audience before and after singing. The curtain rises after they are assembled, and falls before they leave the stage. They must know the words of the songs, and sing them distinctly. A piano behind the scenes greatly helps them to keep time and tune. The trio of "Home, sweet Home," sounds best when the three children stand by the piano out of sight, with the Chorus on the stage. The Chorus appears four times.

The Soldiers. The Soldiers consist of a company of thirty, if possible, with captain, lieutenants, etc.; and they must be thoroughly drilled by some one who will have the whole charge of them all through the representation. At the appointed scene they are to come upon the stage in three squads, with drums and a color-bearer. If a public room be used, the soldiers may remain in an ante-room, and march up the aisles of the hall, which has a good effect. The squads are drilled on the stage, and then formed into a square, the captain desiring the standard-bearer — who must be chosen with regard to his voice — to stand forward and lead a suitable song that has been well practised, all the boys joining in the chorus. At the end of the song any local interest may be cheered. As the last squad marches off, the *Lost Children* are to go after them, cheering and throwing up their hats, and the curtain falls on the empty stage.

The Ethiopians. This will probably be the most difficult part of the entertainment. I was fortunate in obtaining the services of four well-drilled boys, whose capital rendering of their parts gave universal satisfaction and delight. The dress, instruments, and talk are as nearly like those of professional Ethiopians as possible. The time allotted to them is about thirty minutes.

Mr. and Mrs. Manly are dressed as gentleman and lady in morning costume, — Mrs. Manly in a dress with a train; Mr. Manly with mustache, cane, and beaver hat. Ages about sixteen and eighteen. The most difficult part of their *rôle* is the grief that they must show.

The Children must be the smallest that can be found possessing the right capacity for assuming their parts. The real ages are necessarily greater than the assumed ones. The torn and soiled dresses in which they first appear may easily be slipped off by Bridget. In the evening scene, the boy must be lying with his head in *Lily's* lap: *Lily* may be sitting on a log to raise her somewhat, and she is to sing him a little home tune or hymn, after which the *Sailor* appears. *Lily* must drawl out the words "down *yonder*," and point with her hand.

The Sailor's garb is the common United States marine dress. When noticing the weather, as he wonders what he can do for the children, he must use a good deal of action, and look up as if at the clouds.

The Sailor's Mother's dress is composed of a well-flowered chintz pattern, with a muslin apron, and mob cap trimmed with ribbon. Her appearance when the curtain rises is that of deep dejection, and the change is great as *Jack* comes in. The song with the spinning-wheel lends a great charm to her part. When *Jack* whistles and dances for the children, her singing "Yankee Doodle" and clapping her hands helps the part. Cake is handed to the children.

RED RIDING-HOOD.

FROM THE PAINTING BY LANDSEER.]

[See page 127.

The morning walk of the young *Belle* and *Beau* must be done with many airs and graces, and a drawling style. Children not over fourteen take this part, as it is very cunning to see the mincing gait and foppish airs. The disgust expressed at the collision with the *Town Crier* must be very manifest, and the young couple walk off arm in arm, ignorant that the *Town Crier* is watching and mimicking them. Dress, walking costume.

The Watchman appears after the curtain rises, calling the hour, and then, if it is thought best, he sings a humorous but appropriate song. His dress is like a policeman's. The *Town Crier* knocks against him as he enters. He must be provided with a bell and a placard with "*Lost Children*" upon it, and be very rough in his manner. These two characters are between fourteen and sixteen years of age.

Bridget, the nurse, is to wear a bright pink calico dress, rather short, with high neck and long sleeves. She must be able to use the Irish brogue, and act her part well in detail.

In the final scene, be sure to have the *Chorus* all ready to say behind the scenes, "They 're found," at the right time.

When *Lily* is to separate her father and the *Sailor*, let them be directly in front of the stage. The whole of the last act must be performed deliberately, and each set of talkers must come forward and then retire.

Always avoid having the children's backs to the audience.

At the end of the Fifth Act, the *Ethiopians* and *Chorus* come in to join in the last song. The *Chorus* stands behind, and the rest of the characters are arranged according to the taste of the manager. One singer leads in the song "Come with me," and all the rest join in the "Tra la la." The Prologue and Epilogue are said by the *Watchman*, as he has less to do than the others; and he repeats the former before the first, and the latter after the last chorus.

In regard to drilling the children, I would only suggest that they meet as often as twice a week, but that the whole company need meet but twice *all together*, and then only when they all know their parts. The best way to dispose of the *Chorus* and *Soldiers* is for them to occupy the very front seats, so that they may see the play, and the girls may be easily called when they are wanted, and the *Soldiers* marched into their seats *after* the drill is over. The play can have a run of several evenings if desired, as the trouble will be well worth it. With many kind wishes for the success of your young *débutants*,

I am, very truly,

MRS. CHARLES J. BOWEN.

THE PLAY.

Persons represented.

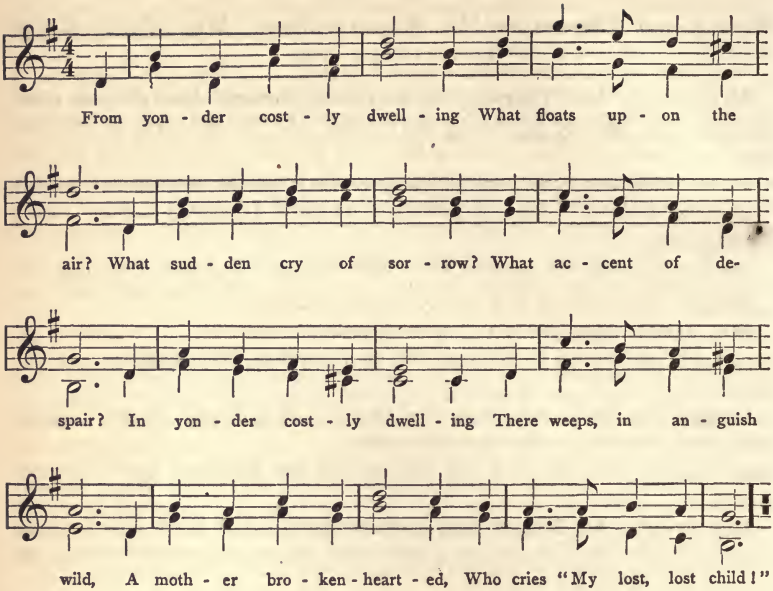
MR. MANLY,	TOWN CRIER,
MRS. MANLY,	WATCHMAN,
JAMIE and LILY (*children*),	SAILOR'S MOTHER,
BRIDGET (*the Nurse*),	JACK THE SAILOR,
MISS FITZALLEN,	MR. BONVILLE, *a Dandy*,
DICK and ETHIOPIANS,	CHORUS OF GIRLS,

SOLDIERS.

PROLOGUE.

How glorious is the Histrionic Art!
You 'll feel it more than ever ere we part.
Who like an actor smiles and tears can win,
And point the path to virtue or to sin?
I meant to say a Prologue long, sublime,
Whose words would triumph o'er the wreck of time;
I meant to utter axioms wise and true, —
But I 'm convinced that this would never do;
For our stage manager bade me beware
I did not take more time than was my share.
Ah! one thing more he bade me *surely* say,
Don't be too critical upon our Play.

(*Enter* CHORUS OF GIRLS.)



(Stand opposite and address each other.)

First voices address second voices.

From yonder costly dwelling
What floats upon the air?
What sudden cry of sorrow?
What accent of despair?

Second voices address first voices.

In yonder costly dwelling,
There weeps, in anguish wild,
A mother broken-hearted,
Who cries, "My lost, lost child!"

First voices address second voices.

What glimmering light approaches
Along the gloomy way?
What fearful words are spoken
Before the dawning day?

Second voices address first voices.

The Watchman's lantern glimmers
Amid the night so wild,
And the Crier's voice is shouting
"Lost child! Lost child! Lost child!"

(Turn to the audience.)

Chorus address audience.

And now to you, dear Patrons,
Old, young, the girls, the boys,
Our Play will tell its story,
Its sorrows and its joys.
And when, returning homeward,
You gather hand in hand,
May no "Lost Child" be missing
From out your household band.

ACT I.

SCENE I. — *A Chamber in* MR. MANLY'S *House.* MRS. MANLY *discovered reading a book.*

Mrs. Manly. Well, I declare, this everlasting thought about children gives one very little time for improving one's mind. Ah for the days of girlhood once more, when I could devote at least half an hour to the morning's paper, a day now and then to a novel (pointing to the book), and sometimes indulge — in doing nothing! Ah! the times are changed. (*Calling.*) Bridget, bring the children.

(*Enter* BRIDGET.)

Bridget. And is it me that you 're calling, ma'am?

Mrs. Manly. Yes, Bridget; I wish to send the children in the court to get some fresh air, it is so close here; but we must have them looking neat, you know.

Bridget. And it 's never neat that they be, Mrs. Manly, Master Jamie's nose most especially. My ould father used to have a bit of a joke upon that same subject, and, if ye 'll not object, I 'll jist enlighten you a bit consarning it.

Mrs. Manly. Ah, Bridget, how many things that old father of yours has to answer for! Well, I suppose I must have patience and listen to you, for you are a good faithful creature.

Bridget (*bashfully*). Ah, Misthress Manly, and is n't it that you are blarneying me this morning?

Mrs. Manly. By no means, Bridget: but quick, the story!

Bridget. I was a going to fetch the childer jist, but here comes the darlints themselves. St. Patterick, how soiled they be! (*Enter children in a soiled state.* BRIDGET *carries* JAMIE *forward and inspects him.*) My ould father used to tell, that a Paddy, being asked why he wore his stockings wrong side out, replied, "Becase there 's a hole on the ither side of them"; so now, Master Jamie, I will turn *your* stocking.

Mrs. Manly (*holding up her hands*). Alas! there 's no denying that we poor mothers are a hard-used race! Bridget, get the children ready.

(*The children's soiled appearance may be managed by putting old and torn garments upon them to cover the nice ones underneath, and* BRIDGET *can easily slip them off while talking.*)

Bridget (*dressing the children*). Well, my lady, the story that I was about to tell you was the like of this. — Be quiet, Master Jamie (*shaking him;* JAMIE *makes a face at her*). — My ould father used to tell me that he met me walking very fast in the street when I was a bit of a child, and he says to me, "Well, Biddy," says he, "and what are you racing at that rate for, my girl?" — Master Jamie, be aisy, won't you? (JAMIE *shakes himself*). — "O father," says I, "and is n't it me nose is a running, and it 's I that 's obliged to keep pace with it?"

Mrs. Manly (*laughing*). As usual, Bridget, your story about your old father is of a style peculiar to yourself. (*Coming forward with the children and stooping to tie on their hats.*) And now, Lily, you are going to play in the court; remember, you must take the best care in the world of Jamie, for you are growing very old. You are four years old to-day. Don't let the carriages run over him; don't let him play in the dirt; don't let him tumble down, — don't — let me see! are there any more don'ts? Yes, one more, — don't follow the soldiers if they come. Do you hear? Now give mother a kiss, and then you and Jamie say your little verses before you go.

Children. "'My bird is dead,' said Nancy Ray," etc.

Mrs. Manly. Take them now, Bridget. They will be out of your way all the morning while you are washing, and you can accomplish a great deal.

Bridget. O yes, Misthress Manly, — I will do a dale of that same when they are fornent the house. My ould father used to say —

Mrs. Manly. Never mind your old father's story now, Bridget; to-morrow will do as well.

Bridget. And surely the time that's convanient to you, Misthress Manly, will be jist as convanient to me.

[*Exeunt* BRIDGET *and children. Curtain falls.*

SCENE II. — *Room in* MR. MANLY'S *house. Enter* DICK, *a colored servant, to set the table, during which operation he makes several mistakes.*

Dick (*grumbling*). Half past two o'clock, and de knives no clean yet, and I has to set dis yere table. I wonder what white folks would say if dey was niggers and we de white folks. An' only one bressed evenin' in de week can I git to go out and sing wid de boys. I 'll change my place, you see if I don't.

Mrs. Manly (*from without*). Dick, what *are* you doing? make haste!

Dick. Yes, ma'am, I 'se coming.

SCENE III. — MRS. MANLY *at work in another room.*

Mrs. Manly. Where *can* Mr. Manly be? O this horrid business, business all the time! I wish people could live like birds.

(*Enter* MR. MANLY. MRS. MANLY *rises.*)

Mr. Manly. Well, wife, how goes the day with you here? It was a bright morning enough, but these gathering clouds betoken a stormy, dismal night.

Mrs. Manly. Good day to you, sir. May God help the poor, and all who may be exposed, then!

Mr. Manly. Well, words won't help them at any rate, neither will they

altogether bring in dinner. Is it ready? And the children, where are they?

Mrs. Manly. They were playing awhile ago in the court with the neighbors' children; but as you always like to have a little frolic with them before dinner, and as the clouds threaten rain, I will send Bridget for them. (*Calling.*) Here, Bridget.

(*Enter* BRIDGET.)

Bridget. And it 's here that I am, ma'am.

Mrs. Manly. Bridget, go into the court and bring the children home. It is nearly dinner-time.

Bridget. Yes, ma'am, they 're dishing it up, and it 's jist now that I left the wash-tub to go for the childer; and tossed enough it is that I shall find them, I warrant ye, which all comes of their playing in the court. Nearly a week will it take me to scrub their hands and faces, and comb out their tanglesome hair.

Mr. Manly. Well, well, Bridget, bring them quickly, and tell Dick to bring up dinner at once.

Bridget. Yes, sir, he 's a fetchin' it now.

[*Exit* BRIDGET.

Mr. Manly. Well, my dear wife, with due reverence for your opinions, pray permit me to say that I find your Bridget, whom you cry up to me as perfection, the veriest bore in creation. Somehow or other, one *must* listen to what she says; and, although she talks forever, all that she does say might generally be summed up in three words, — "my ould father." But I will forgive her all her faults, if she will only hasten with the precious ones, for the hours have been very long since I saw them this morning. I declare it is worth a day's toil to have a peep at them when I come home, wife. I hope that I am not too proud of the treasures, though. When I am most tired and puzzled with business, I have but to think of Lily's bright eyes and Jamie's lisping efforts to speak, and all goes right with me again. What with the thought of them, and of you too, dear wife (*laying his hand affectionately upon her shoulder*), I do believe that I am the happiest man in creation. But the children, where are they?

(*Enter* BRIDGET, *sobbing and breathless.*)

Bridget. Ma'am, the childer 's gone!

Mrs. Manly (*quite composedly*). Well, Bridget, they cannot be far off; go and bring them. They may be at Mrs. Smith's or Mrs. Brown's; be quick, for we are waiting.

Bridget (*still sobbing*). I 've been to both, ma'am, and they say they have not been there to-day, but they saw them playing in the court this morning, and if they 're not in there, that they must have strayed out after the souldiers. I was sure that some evil would come over them to-day, Mr. Manly, your honor, for I could not slape for dhraming of them last night. My ould father used —

Mr. Manly. Hush, Bridget! This really looks serious, wife. I will go myself after the runaways.

[*Exit* MR. MANLY, *followed by* BRIDGET.

Mrs. Manly. Well, after all, children are a trouble, from the first minute they enter the world till they fly from the paternal roof to matrimony. Talk of maternal pleasures to the winds! Nobody knows — ah, nobody knows the responsibilities of a mother, until the trial is really undertaken; what patching, what piecing, what lengthening, what shortening of little garments, what anxieties, what tears, what prayers! O children, children, you will be the death of me!

(*Re-enter* MR. MANLY, BRIDGET, *and* DICK.)

Mr. Manly. Wife, the children are really nowhere to be found; quick, put on your bonnet and look for them at the east end of the town, while I will take the west, Dick the north, and Bridget the south; then should our search prove unsuccessful, and the worst come to the worst, we will send for the Town Crier, and get the neighbors' help.

[*Curtain falls.*

ACT II.

SCENE I. — *A company of soldiers come upon the stage in three squads to form a square, and are drilled by the captain. The color-bearer, who must be a singer, steps forward at the captain's command, raises the flag, and sings a song, which has a chorus for the rest of the boys, such as "Rally round the Flag, Boys." The captain has then three cheers given him, the drummers roll their drums, and the soldiers are marched off in squads. As the last man is going off,* JAMIE *and* LILY *come from the opposite side and walk across the stage, hurrahing and tossing their hats, and follow the soldiers out, and are thus lost.*

SCENE II. — *Enter* DICK *and* ETHIOPIANS. *This band must consist of four boys who can play on the bones, banjo or guitar, tambourine, etc. They are to have songs and jokes of the negro order, according to their capacity, therefore the whole scene is not written in full here. The* ETHIOPIANS *come in one by one, and* DICK *does the honors.*

Dick (*hearing a knocking*). Come in, come in, Cuff, don't be bashful.

(*They sit looking at one another. Another knock.*)

Dick. Dat 's Bob. I knows him. How d' ye do, Mr. Johnson. (*As they shake hands, there are two very loud raps.*)

Dick. Welcome, gemmen, — Mr. Scipio and Cæsar. Make yourself at

home. We will sit round to de table Mr. Manly lef so sudden. Haw, haw! Dey tink dis boy is gone after de chillun what 's lost, — but not so I says. I can't possibly go tell I have a good sing and supper. (*They all gather round the table, etc.*)

[*Curtain falls.*

TRIO AND CHORUS. — "HOME."

When wand'ring o'er the deep, The sail - or turns him home, How

CRES. DIM. CRES

When worn with care and toil The sol - dier march - es on, How

ear - nest - ly he longs For that sweet hour to come, When

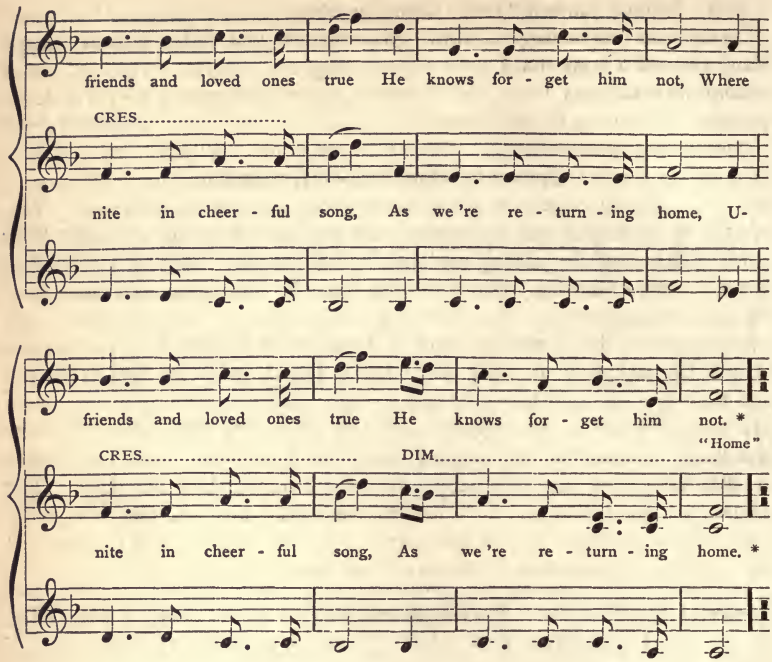
CRES.

bounds his heart with joy, If turn - ing to his home; So

he a - gain shall see The dear - est earth - ly spot, Where

CRES. DIM.

we, with spir - its light, Our la - bors be - ing done, U-



ACT III.

SCENE I. — *A retired and silent lane in the neighborhood of the wharves.* LILY, *sitting upon the ground, with* JAMIE *asleep in her lap, sings a lullaby.*

Lily. Poor Jamie. Jamie 's tired. Come, mamma.

(*Enter* SAILOR BOY, *whistling, and stumbles over them.*)

Sailor Boy. Hallo ! little people, what 's in the wind now ? I should think that it was bedtime for you both ; yes, quite time for you to turn in, for night is coming on, and the skies look mighty murky to leeward. I say, — you had better hoist sail and be gone. Hallo, young ones, where might you live ?

Lily. Hush ! Jamie 's tired.

Sailor Boy. But you must go home now, little people : don't you see how fast the rain is coming down ? Tell me where you live, and what might be your names, and I will give you a lift myself, though the captain *is* a waiting for me. Now what might be your name, I say ? (*Stooping over* LILY.)

Lily. My name is Lily.

Sailor Boy. That 's only the beginning ; what 's the end ? I should n't wonder if she did n't know what her own name is. She 's a mighty little creature anyhow to know anything. And what might be t'other one's name ? (*Stooping over* JAMIE.)

* The last part of " Sweet Home " is here introduced.

Lily. Jamie. Jamie 's tired. Come, mamma.

Sailor Boy (*despairingly*). Little girl, what is your father's name, then? Can't you tell a body that?

Lily. His name is Papa, and mamma's name is Mamma; they live down yon-der. (*Pointing in the distance.*)

Sailor Boy (*thoughtfully*). What 's to be done? Whew, how it rains! 'T is not in a sailor's nature to leave them here to perish in this lonely place; if I did, I should expect to go to Davy Jones's locker next voyage. Yes, what 's to be done? that 's a poser. At any rate they sha' n't suffer from cold. (*Takes off his jacket, and lays it over them.*) If Jamie's white face has n't a look of our baby that 's dead at home! (*Pacing up and down as if he were on shipboard.*) Yes, here 's a regular blow, a stiff nor'easter. We can't stay here, that 's certain; and, if I was to go to look for their whereabouts, the captain would think that I had deserted, and be as mad as blazes; and then again he said he would sail to-night, and he certainly will go when the blow is over; so here goes, — I won't desert the little ones. I know somebody at home that will be glad enough to have them, — my dear mother, that buried her own little baby. But that 's neither here nor there. The captain 's a good man, and he 'll help me out of this box. Come, little young ones, I 'll do my best by you, and carry you to my mother, and run and tell the captain. (*Takes them by the hand, and walks slowly out.*)

SCENE II. — WATCHMAN *walking to and fro in a street. Sings a song. Enter* TOWN CRIER *with a bell. They run against each other.*

Watchman. Past two o'clock! Past two o'clock.

Town Crier. Hallo there! Stop your clatter, and listen to a body.

Watchman. What 's the row?

Town Crier. Children lost.

Watchman. Children been lost before to-night.

Town Crier. Know you naught about these?

Watchman. Describe 'em.

Town Crier. Boy and girl; four years old and three years old; had on hat, little aprons, and so forth; strayed away to-day, it is supposed after the soldiers.

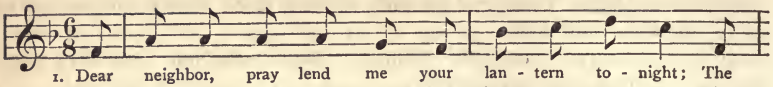
Watchman. Never seed the like. Past two o'clock! past two o'clock.

Town Crier. Well, then, it is a gone case, and they must be where some of the folks think they are, — in the water. Hark'ee, old owl, if you should hear tell of anything about the babies, Mr. Manly will reward ye, ye know. (*Going.*)

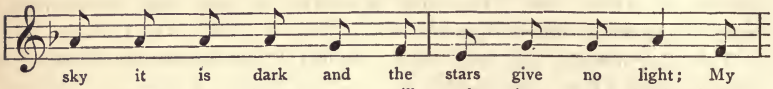
Watchman. Hold on a bit. Now I come to think on 't, Jem Slukes, him as was on guard before me here, *did* tell me that he caught a glimpse of a rather suspicious sight at dusk, — one of the sailor-boys of the Water Witch carrying two little children towards the ship; but as he knows the boy, and knows that he is a clever lad, he thought it was all right, and let him alone; but if you are on that track, my boy, the scent is lost in the water, for the Water Witch put off to sea nigh two hours ago.

Town Crier. Oho, oho! that 's something, though; perhaps a quarter of the money. [*Exit, running.*

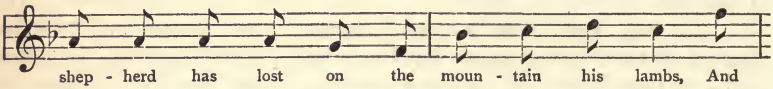
CHORUS.—LANTERN SONG.



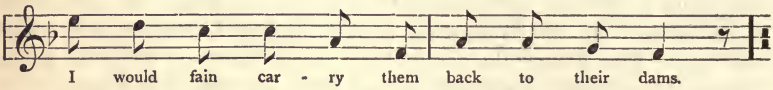
1. Dear neighbor, pray lend me your lan - tern to - night; The
2. Dear neighbor, pray lend me your lan - tern to - night; If
3. And, should you e'er wan - der, to help you I'll come, And,



sky it is dark and the stars give no light; My
the glasses are dimmed I will rub them all bright; And
like the poor lost ones, I'll bring you safe home; Then



shep - herd has lost on the moun - tain his lambs, And
if one is bro - ken, a good turn I'll do; I'll
keep them from stum - bling mid dark - ness and storm, And

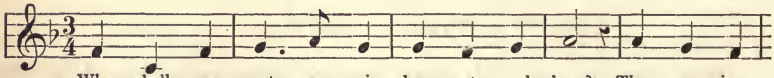


I would fain car - ry them back to their dams.
mend it, and give it back per - fect to you.
by your bright light we will bring them home warm.

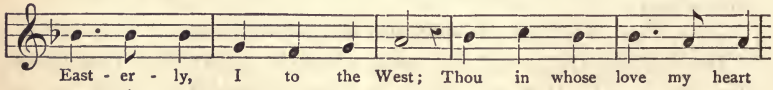
ACT IV.

SCENE I.—SAILOR BOY'S *home. Picture of a ship, large shells, &c., lying about.* SAILOR'S MOTHER, *spinning at a wheel, sitting and singing "When shall we meet again?"*

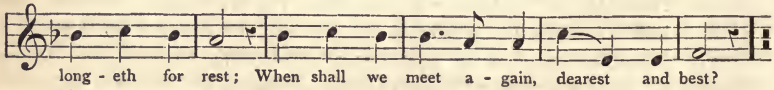
WHEN SHALL WE MEET AGAIN?



1. When shall we meet a - gain, dear - est and best? Thou go - ing
2. What will the is - sue be? Cloud shad - ows fall; All is un-



East - er - ly, I to the West; Thou in whose love my heart
cer - tain - ty; yet o - ver all, One guid - eth stead - i - ly



long - eth for rest; When shall we meet a - gain, dearest and best?
things great and small. What will the is - sue be? God guid - eth all.

Sailor's Mother. It is of no use. The first evening that Jack leaves me I have to give up to my sorrow. (*She puts the wheel aside.*) What noise is that? (*Listens.*)

(JACK *enters with the two children.*)

Sailor's Mother. Why, Jack, my boy, what has brought you back, and at this time of night? I was just thinking so sadly that I should not see you for many months, and here you are at my side again. What does it mean? and who are these dear little children? How pale and tired they look! Come here, little boy, and rest on my knee, and presently I will make up a bright fire again, and get you some supper; for I know by your looks you are hungry as well as tired. But what is your name? and what is your papa's name? and where do you live?

Lily. My name is Lily, and papa's name is Papa, and mamma's name is Mamma, and I live down yonder.

Jamie. Please, good lady, take us home. We want to sleep in our own little beds.

Sailor Boy. Make them as comfortable as you can, mother, and I will tell you all about it. I was on my way to the ship; and found these poor little ones, wet and cold and hungry, in Wharf Lane, and it would have been too cruel to have left them there alone; so I ran, as fast as my legs would carry me, down to the boat, and rowed off to the ship, and asked the captain what I should do. He said he must sail at once, while the wind and tide served, but, rather than to have the poor children suffer, he would leave me behind to take care of them, — which I did, and I have brought them to you.

Sailor's Mother. And very glad I am that you did so. And now, my little children, eat some of this nice cake I have for you.

Jamie. I like cake, but I want to go home.

Sailor's Mother. Poor little boy! Can't you amuse him by a dance, while I sing for you? (*Jack dances the sailor's hornpipe, which he whistles, and his mother sings.*) And now, my little dears, will you go to bed? I will make you a nice little bed, and, as soon as you wake, Jack and I will take you home to your papa and mamma.

SCENE II. — *A street. Enter* MISS FITZALLEN.

Miss Fitzallen. Ah, this early morning air refreshes one delightfully after the heated atmosphere of the ball-room! it is so health-giving, so invigorating!

(*Enter* MR. BONVILLE.)

Mr. Bonville. Good morning, Miss Fitzallen; what brings you abroad at this early hour? Ah! I perceive you desire to plant deeper roses in your cheeks (*pointing*) by a breezy promenade; you are politic, you are right, nothing makes conquest so easily as complexion, and *yours*, I must own —

Miss Fitzallen. A truce to your compliments, Mr. Bonville, and tell me (*archly*) is your early walk to benefit your complexion?

Mr. Bonville. Upon my honor, no. I fancy I am irresistible without such aids (*smoothing mustache*). The truth is, I am bored past expression by the monotony of existence, and came hither to escape that old-fashioned invention, sleep. Why, the cattle sleep, Adam and Eve slept, my butler sleeps! O for an original idea to help one along in the hackneyed business of living.

Good morning, Miss Fitzallen. (*Looking behind the scenes.*) There seems to be a crowd gathering, — nothing is so vulgar as a crowd. Adieu. (*Going.*)

(*Enter* TOWN CRIER.)

Town Crier. Children lost! children lost! (*He stumbles against* MR. BONVILLE, *who brushes his clothes in disgust.*)

Miss Fitzallen and *Mr. Bonville.* What children? Whose children?

Town Crier. Mr. Manly's. Children lost! children lost!

Mr. Bonville. Manly, did you say? My friend Manly? I must go at once; it will be something new, a new-fashioned sensation in life's weary round, to restore lost children to their parents!

Miss Fitzallen. And I too must hasten to dear Mrs. Manly, to see of what assistance I can be to her in her bereavement and distress.

Mr. Bonville. Allow me to accompany you.

(*They walk off arm in arm.*)

ACT V.

SCENE I. — MR. MANLY'S *house.* MRS. MANLY *in a room, distracted with grief.*

Mrs. Manly. My children, my children! has no one seen them, no one heard of them? Are their little heads, that have so often lain upon my bosom, shelterless to-night? are they shivering with cold in some lonely spot? are they hungry and tired and sad? O my children, what would I not give to have you once more within these arms! Perhaps I may never behold you again, never hear the sweet prattle of your lips or the gentle fall of your footsteps. My children! will no one bring to me my children? (*Enter* MR. MANLY.) O, I know that you have come to tell me that they are found, that they are without the door! Stand aside, and let me behold my children.

Mr. Manly (*shaking his head mournfully*). Alas, poor wife! they are not found; make up your mind for the worst. (*Aside.*) How can I tell her what we dread? (*Aloud.*) Our neighbors think that we shall see our little ones no more. We have come to the conclusion that they wandered towards the wharves, and — and —

Mrs. Manly (*frantically*). Merciful Heaven! *they are not drowned!* Only say they are not drowned; Oh! *not* that, *not that.* Oh, no, no, no!

Mr. Manly. Alas, poor wife! I fear it must be so. (MRS. MANLY *sinks down upon a chair, and, covering her face with her hands, weeps bitterly.*)

(*Enter* MISS FITZALLEN *and* MR. BONVILLE, *who shake hands with* MR. *and* MRS. MANLY *and retire with handkerchiefs to their eyes.*)

(*Enter* TOWN CRIER.)

Mrs. Manly (*hearing a noise without*). The children!

Town Crier. Alas, ma'am! alas, sir!

Mrs. Manly (*hoarsely*). Are my children drowned?

Town Crier. Worse, ma'am.

Mr. Manly (*holding the* TOWN CRIER *by the collar*). Man, tell me instantly what you know about them, or you shall repent of your tardiness. — But I

forget myself: my grief makes a madman of me. (*Gently.*) Will you tell your news, my good man?

Town Crier. 'T ain't much to tell, after all, sir. This is it. About dusk, last evening, a sailor was seen carrying them towards the Water Witch, and about twelve in the night she weighed anchor, and is now far out at sea.

Mrs. Manly (*starting up*). With my children?

Town Crier. Just so, ma'am: and, if I could be allowed to speak *my* mind upon the subject, I 'd have that young sailor hanged, drawn, and quartered, — the youthful villain! I dare say he 's got his reasons for carrying them off, but he did n't know at the same time that he 'd have to die for it by the law.

Bridget. Die for it! to be sure he will; but that 's not half, I hope. My ould father, him as lives in blessed Ireland, used to tell me a story of a boy who was twice kilt for that same thing, because, you know, Misthress Manly, he took *two* children, and once killing was too good for him.

Mr. Manly (*in an excited manner*). Bridget, hush, for Heaven's sake! Wife (*turning to* MRS. MANLY), come, cheer up; while there 's life there 's hope. I will follow the vessel to her port, and I hope yet to rescue them.

Many voices without. Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah! They 're found! they 're found! they 're found!

(*Enter* SAILOR BOY *and* MOTHER, *with children, having shells and sea-weed in their hands. The parents rush to the children to embrace them; the* TOWN CRIER *attempts to secure the* SAILOR BOY, *and struggles to hold him fast.*)

Sailor Boy. Unhand me, man! unhand me!

Town Crier. Did n't you steal the children, my boy? and did n't you mean to carry them off? and, if you did n't carry them off (*in a low voice*), did n't you mean to get the reward? I tell you what, my boy, if you 'll give me *just half* of what you get, I 'll not turn evidence against you, and *mum* (*with a knowing wink*) will be the word.

Sailor Boy (*freeing himself from his grasp*). Ay, ay, man, that 's a bargain; *just half* of what I take, you shall have.

Town Crier. All 's right, then.

Mr. Manly (*coming forward and speaking sternly*). Young lad, *you*, then, are the sailor boy of the Water Witch who wished to kidnap my poor little children. (*To the* TOWN CRIER.) Town Crier, a cord, if you please; such youthful villany it has seldom been my lot to witness. (*Commencing to bind his arms.*)

Lily (*rushing forward between them*). Don't, papa, he 's a good sailor boy.

Mrs. Manly. Let this boy or his mother tell their story, good people all. He does not look to *me* like a villain; there is something frank and open about his countenance which scarcely betokens such deep depravity.

Bridget. My ould father —

Mr. Manly. Be quiet, if you please, Bridget; and you, good woman, tell your story.

Sailor's Mother. Jack found them cold and wet in Wharf Lane, and, not knowing what to do with them, he ran first to the captain, and asked him if he would give him leave to find the children's home. So he brought them to me, and I warmed them up and put them to bed; and a friend of ours told us this morning that there was sorrow and mourning in this house, and so we brought them to you. And so good night, or rather good morning. Master Jamie and Miss Lily, I hope you will come and see old Susan and her son Jack, and get some more pretty shells. (*Going away with* JACK.)

Mr. Manly. Stop, my lad, there 's a hundred dollars' reward offered for the recovery of the children. Your mother has made a clear statement, and I believe every word that she says. Here is the money ready for you. (*Offering a purse.*)

Sailor Boy. Not a cent, sir; not a cent. My mother would cry shame upon Jack of the Water Witch, if I as much as *touched* the money.

Mrs. Manly (*advancing, and shaking hands with him*). Noble, generous boy, I knew that I was not mistaken in you. If you will not accept the money, then accept my everlasting thanks; and be assured that many a gift will reach your home from our hands, and that you need not again leave your mother.

Sailor's Mother (*courtesying*). Thanks, my lady.

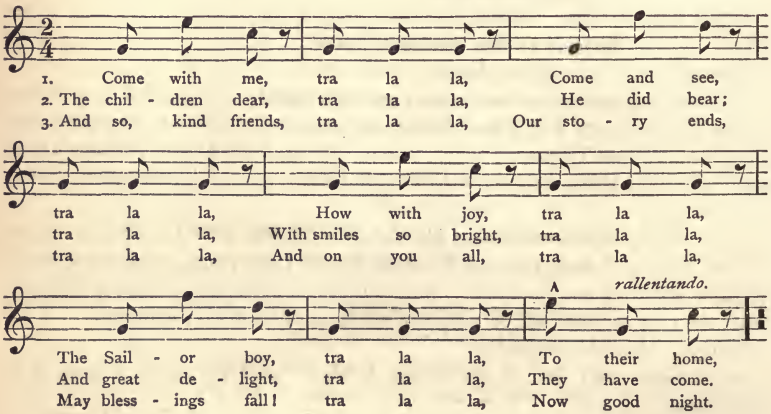
Town Crier. And my share, my lady? I *half* found them, you know.

Bridget (*shaking her fist at him*). O you desaiver you; if my ould father —

Mr. Manly. Bridget, *will* you be quiet? You shall be amply rewarded, my man, and many thanks to you all, good neighbors and friends, for your interest; be assured that we will never forget your kindness while our hearts retain the memory of this night, and *The Lost Children.*

(*Enter* CHORUS OF GIRLS, *who stand behind the actors, and all join in the farewell song,* "*Come with me.*")

FAREWELL CHORUS SONG.—"COME WITH ME."



EPILOGUE.

Friends, neighbors, ladies, gentlemen, and all,
We come obedient to your hearty call;
We come to thank you for your patience shown,
And all our stage defects and faults to own.
We know we are not Siddons, Trees, or Kembles;
(Excuse us if our voice a little trembles;)
We know we are not Mowatts, Keans, O'Neills;
Each of our corps his own demerits feels.
To please you was our aim, our genial task,
And if we have, no more we wish or ask.

Caroline Howard Jervey.

RED RIDING-HOOD.

WELL, little Red Riding-Hood,
Pleasant it was to play
In the green fields and the shady wood
Through a golden summer day.

Wrong, was it, plucking the flowers,
Watching the redbreast's flight,
All heedless of hurrying hours
And grandmamma's doleful plight?

Poor little Red Riding-Hood!
Wolves, and not babies, think;
Sturdier feet than yours have stood
Careless on ruin's brink.

Buds over the door-sill twined
Laugh in the breezeless blue;
And wise fear ruffles not the mind
Of a girl-bud young as you.

Dear little Red Riding-Hood,
Sorry enough you are!
Grandmamma? O, she is kind and good;
And you did n't stray so far!

Nevertheless, nevertheless,
In this tangled world of ours,
The end of wandering none can guess,
And a wolf may lurk among flowers.

Lucy Larcom.

Words by EDWARD WIEBÉ
of Springfield, Mass.

GERMAN AIR.

FOR 1 OR 2 VOICES.

1. Up, a - way! the call is sounding For U - to - pia's dream-land
2. Ev'ry meal you may be wishing Read - y cooked will be at

PIANO.

zone, Joy and pleasure there abound - ing, Pain and sor - row all un-
hand, Turkeys, geese, and ducks and chicken, Roasted walk a - round the

known; Joy and pleasure there abound - ing, Pain and sorrow all un-
land; Turkeys, geese, and ducks and chicken, Roasted walk around the

l. h.

known. 1st. Freely, without use of mon - ey, Ev'ry want is well sup-
2d. Freely, without use of Ev'ry want is well sup-
land. 1st. Deer and sheep and swine and ox - en, Broiled and roasted, range the
2d. Deer and sheep and swine and Broiled and roasted, range the

plied, Rivers flow with milk and hon - ey, Fountains gush on every side; Rivers
street, Each with knife and fork you coaxing, Please to help yourself and eat; Each with

flow with milk and hon - ey, with honey, Fountains gush on every side.
knife and fork you coaxing, you coaxing, Please to help yourself and eat.

3.

Cake, bread, cross-buns, crackers, — growing,
All the trees profusely yield;
Figs in all the hedges showing,
Ananas in every field;
Then you have no care of picking,
Wish, and to your mouth they come;
Is not that a land worth seeking?
Shall we not make it our home?

4.

Every road by which you travel
Every alley, lane, and street,
Paved with cream-cakes, and for gravel
Sugar bonbons, nice and sweet;
Bridges built with sticks of candy,
Spanning every creek and stream,
While beneath them, nice and handy,
Boiled and fried the fishes swim.

5.

Truly, 't is a realm enchanted,
Filled with blessings rich and rare,
But to few who seek 't is granted
To secure a dwelling there.
Without wings none ever found it,
You to get there needs must fly;
For a range of hills surround it,
Three miles wide, of — pumpkin-pie!

ENIGMA.

No. 7.

I am composed of 16 letters.

My 3, 5, 10, 1, often has my 9, 2, 11, 12, 14, 6, in it.

My 11, 7, 3, 12, 13, 14, is what my 4, 14, 9, does.

My 4, 7, 16, is given to horses.

My 14, 16, 14, is what my 10 cannot well do without.

My 8, 5, 13, 14, is beneath your foot.

My whole is a popular book written by a popular author.

XX.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 8.

WILL O.

CHARADES.

No. 9.

My friend, the loyal Isabel,
  Has wandered far and wide,
Has clambered many a mountain's height,
  And crossed the ocean's tide.
But of all scenes, she oft has said,
  That on her vision burst,
Naught had such blessedness to her,
  Or beauty, as my *first*.

For once, while she an exile was
  From her own native land,
My *next* was laid upon her frame
  With an unsparing hand.
Added to all my *second's* blight,
  Its sorrow and its pain,
Was this dread thought, she ne'er might see
  Beloved ones again.

And now our traveller felt my *whole*
  With deep, bewildering power,
And thought herself most desolate
  In that grief-stricken hour.
But, with returning vigor, quite
  Forgot was all the pain,
And soon the roving Isabel
  Was venturing forth again. A. M. W.

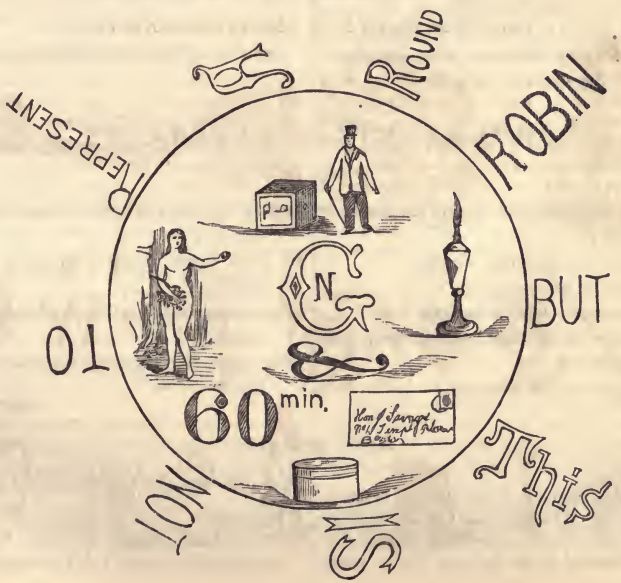
No. 10.

My *first* but insect power enjoys,
Yet takes the lead of clever boys;
My *second* spans and bounds the earth,
Can know no end, is nothing worth;
My *third* is leader of a band,
Yet lies within my hollow hand;
My *fourth* in China city fair,
You stay at home and have it there.

One fourth cut out, I 'm winged and fly;
One half cut off, a man am I;
Without my *foot*, a serpent vast;
Without my *head*, a grain at last.

My *whole* 's a toy in childhood's hand;
Without me few would leave the land;
I skim the seas from brink to brink,
Sometimes beneath the waves I sink;
While slaves by me have freedom gained,
I 'm laden, lashed with ropes, and chained;
Escaped, I 'm ruined; saved when found;
Go where I may, I 'm always bound.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 11.



DOUBLE ACROSTIC CHARADES.

No. 12.

FOUNDATION WORDS.

I PRESS the sod with noiseless feet;
My life is full of voiceless praise,
Of fleeting clouds and sunny days,
Of warbling birds and flowerets sweet.

My life is ever dark and cold,
But few bright, pleasant hours I claim;
Yet there are some who love my name,
And sigh that I must e'er grow old.

CROSS WORDS.

A plaything of the bitter wind;
The joy of every school-boy's heart,
A pleasure to allay the smart
Which punished failures leave behind.

A noted tribe of ancient Gaul,
Which dwelt beside the German Rhine,
Whose waters in the bright sunshine
With gentlest murmurs rise and fall.

I ne'er grow old; in every age
My calm, unchanging face is seen,
Ever as placid and serene
As when first named on printed page.

A veil of thin and airy gray,
A veil which Nature for us weaves;
A robe which darkness often leaves
When giving place to rosy day.

Far from my kindred forced to fly,
In stranger lands a home I seek;
No old-time friends with me to speak,
And stand beside me when I die.

I smite whate'er is base and mean,
Although 't is ancient and revered;
I seize Oppression by the beard,
And pluck from Vice the shadowy screen.

HERBERT.

No. 13.

FOUNDATION WORDS.

YE whom I sing are one and yet are two,
We give you love, obedience, honor due.

CROSS WORDS.

Thou thy grateful shade doth spread
O'er the weary pilgrim's head.

Thou with glad prophetic fire
Sangest of the new Messiah.

Search me well and read me true,
Clear the answer you shall view.

Ere to slumber you repair
Breathe me now in evening prayer.

M. C.

GEOGRAPHICAL QUESTIONS.

No. 14.

WHAT is the sharpest town in the Eastern States?
Which has the roughest roads?
Which is the most peaceful?
What lake pretends to be level land?
What town in the Middle States is an exclamation?
Which town is the greasiest?
Which town is the best to spend a Saturday in?
In what town would a criminal be unsafe?
What town is dangerous for animals with whiskers?
What town is dangerous for animals with fins?

W. S. J.

ANSWERS.

1. Way-ward.
2. Friendship often ends in love, but love in friendship never. [(Friends) (ship) of (ten) (ends *in* Love) (butt) (Love *in* friendship) N (Eve) R.]
3. A half-starved Arab bit and ate a chisel. [A (half-star) (Veda) (rabbit) and (eight H's) L.]
4. Pur-chase.
5. Brummell.
6. Sin in haste and repent at leisure. [(S inn *in* hay) (stand) (re) (pen) T A T (less) (ewer).]

Here is an article on Rebus-Making, by "Willy Wisp," which we do not like to have crowded out another month, and so make room for it in "Our Letter Box." Those of our readers who try for the prizes offered in the January number may be aided by it in the construction of rebuses.

One word to the competitors for those prizes. Do not make your rebuses too long. When we see one that would fill up half or two thirds of a page, we know that we cannot use it without leaving out much else that we wish to print; and so, however good it may otherwise be, its length may prevent its publication.

If the subject is a quotation from some well-known writer, or a familiar phrase or proverb (and one of these is generally preferable), be sure to use the exact words. The point of a rebus or enigma is often lost by a failure in this respect.

But now for "Willy Wisp."

REBUS-MAKING.

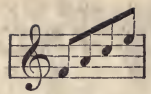
The first step towards composing a good rebus is to provide one's self with good symbols. For this purpose, take a common spelling-book, examine the words page by page to see what can be used to advantage, making a memorandum of them as they are found. Thus we observe that *taper* may be represented by tapir; *pique*, by the peak of a mountain; *capsize*, by caps and eyes; *links*, by the detached pieces of a chain, or by a lynx, etc. When a number of available symbols are collected in this manner, some of them may be linked together to form a sentence, either original or chosen, as the rebus-maker may please. Of course, the greater the number of symbols collected, the better the chances of constructing a good rebus from them.

In preparing a rebus for publication, it is better to draw the symbols in full than to merely indicate them by writing, since the author may hit upon a manner of representing an object which will render his efforts more acceptable. For instance, should you in a written rebus merely spell *isinglass* (eyes *in* glass), the editor would perhaps think that there was no way to represent *glass* plainly enough, and discard the rebus in consequence; whereas, by drawing a window-pane and a tumbler together, and placing an eye in each, you at least would add to the chances of its acceptance.

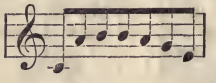
There seem to be five ways of representing words in rebuses, namely: 1, by the sound of symbols; 2, by the orthography of symbols; 3, by the use of symbols whose sounds are the same as the sounds of the alphabetical names of the spelling letters; 4, by the direct indication of letters, as in music; and, 5, by the use of letters as symbols of their alphabetical names.

If you are going, for instance, to represent *cupboard* by the (1) sound of symbols, you may draw a young bear, and next to him a bird (cub-bird), which will sufficiently well indicate the approved pronunciation of the word in question. But if you wish to represent its (2) orthography, you may draw a cup and a board (cup-board). To make your puzzle a little blinder, you may, instead of drawing a cup, spell (3) it by drawing a sea, a ewe, and a pea (sea-ewe-pea). This latter method of representation might be styled the baby-method, though the rebus-maker need not despise it, for all that. The following letters are representable in this manner: B by a bee; C by a sea; I by an eye of a person, animal, dress, needle, potato, peacock, etc.; J by a jay; L by an ell of a house or a measure; P by a pea; Q by a cue; T by some tea; and U by a ewe or yew. Sometimes more than one letter is represented by one symbol, as A-T represented by 80; I-V, by ivy; F-I-G, by effigy, etc.

Many of Our-Young-Folks readers already know that the syllables *Do*, *Re*, *Mi*, *Fa*, *Sol*, *La*, *Si*, in the natural scale, are also designated by the seven first letters of the alphabet, C, D, E, F, G, A, B. These letters may therefore be represented in rebuses by notes on the musical staff. The four spaces in the G-clef staff thus (4) spell FACE:



The longest word the writer at present thinks of that can be represented in this manner, is this: —



Perchance a longer one may be found by some longer head.

To illustrate the use of the sounds of the alphabetical names of letters in rebuses, we will suppose Ellen says to Elsie, "I am braiding, sister"; and Elsie, looking up at the other, replies (5), "I C U R, L N." In this manner, *elder-blow-tea* may be spelled in four letters, L O O T; so also may *excellency*, X L N C. The following puzzle really belongs to the rebus family: —

If the B m t, put: if the B. putting:

The letters that may be used in this manner are B for *be*, *bee*; C for *see*, *sea*; G for *gee*; I for *eye*; J for *jay*; L for *ell*; O for *owe*; P for *pea*; Q for *cue*; R for *are*; T for *tea*; U for *you*, *ewe*, *yew*; C C for *seize*, *cease*; E E for *ease*; K K for *case*; L L for *else*; T T for *tease*; U U for *use*; A A A A for *forays*; B B B B for *for bees*; E E E E E E E E for *a tease*; etc. So X may stand for *ex*; *accuse* may be represented AC–Q Q, etc., etc.

No one is expected to limit himself to any one of these five methods in making a rebus: one may employ two or more, as circumstances may require. A very common way of representing *the*, for instance, is to represent the *t* by the "baby" method (tea), and *he* by the second method, since we do not here read the sound of the pronoun *he*, but its orthography.

Which of the five methods of representation is the best it would be difficult to decide. The first seems to afford the greatest scope for invention; the second is the most accurate; while the other methods, though simple, are nevertheless all needed in their place, as assistants in blinding, or in covering up bare spaces, if for no better purpose.

Without presuming to set himself up as authority on the subject, the writer will now point out what in his opinion is lawful and allowable in rebus-making, and what, on the other hand, should be avoided.

The prepositions, or parts of words, *in*, *on*, *over*, *o'er*, *above*, *upon*, *under*, *beneath*, *below*, are easily represented by the relative position of two or more symbols. Thus, *the* drawn in a grate may stand for "the *ingrate*"; OP *in* EYE *on* S may stand for *opinions*; M *in* D by its orthography may stand for *mind*; a bee on a net may stand for *bonnet*; H *over* S, for *hovers*; D *o'er* S, for *doors*, and so on; although it should be borne in mind that the use of *letters* in illustrated rebuses is to be avoided as much as possible, except where they can be introduced in some original and ingenious manner. Perhaps some inventive brain might also represent, in a manner sufficiently plain, the prepositions *behind* and *before*.

The present tense, and present and past participles of a verb, with their subject, may be represented by some action taking, or having taken, place in the picture. Thus, S personified, with tears in its eyes, may stand for *sweeps* (S *weeps*), or for *sweeping* (S *weeping*); but it can not properly stand for *sweep* (S *weep*); and all such inaccuracies the rebus-maker should be careful to steer clear of. We want as good grammar in a rebus as in sermons or conversation. An illustration of the use of the past participle may be found in drawing a plank with A represented in holes in it, an auger standing in one at the lower end of the letter. A *bored* thus stands for *aboard*. Without the subject the present participle can very aptly be represented, and the past participle with more or less difficulty. A person swimming may stand for *swimming*; one or more rowing may stand for *rowing*, and so on; while a partridge slung up in a snare may stand for *caught*. The present tense used in this manner would be, I fear, too obscure.

An object may stand for its name simply, or for this and the indefinite article also; as a gate may represent itself, *gate*, or the precious stone, *agate* (a gate). A symbol is more generally understood, however, to stand for the name, exclusive of the article.

A boy broken into the ice for *in*, another lying flat on the ground for *down*, a horse lying in the thills for *cast*, a man without arms for *armless*, and other similar representations, are allowable in proportion as they are judiciously introduced and skilfully drawn.

The same letter sound between syllables may now and then be doubled to represent a single letter sound, as *imp-pet-us* for *impetus*, *monk-key* for *monkey*. But we should guard against excess in these things, and *cat-tail-log* for *catalogue* would doubtless be too much doubled for approval. A single letter-sound may also, in rare cases, represent a double one (in reality single), as *cur-ant* for *currant*. But *one*-S would not answer for *oneness*, where the *n* sound is actually doubled in pronunciation.

With regard to running into each other the words represented by symbols, no rule can be definitely laid down. The license of the inventor, here, must depend entirely upon his skill.

It is a common practice to make 50 stand for L, 5 for V, etc. Is this justifiable? If L stands for 50, does it follow that 50 must stand for L? We

define a horse a quadruped, but do we define a quadruped a horse?

The use of the sign minus (—) to take away a letter from a symbolized word is certainly allowable, although its frequent use should be avoided.

The aspirate *h*, when not silent, should not, in the use of a symbol, be considered so. *Hand* for *and*, *hive* for *ive*, are not sufficiently accurate.

Long *o* before *r* may sometimes stand for *o* in *or*; but long *a* for short *a*, as *hay-pen* for *happen*, and long *e* for *e* in *er*, as *ten-deer* for *tender*, can scarcely be deemed admissible.

We are at liberty to represent either the full or obscure sound of unaccented syllables.

Circumstances, however trifling, alter cases; and while a *saw* is not specific enough to stand for *tool*, a saw and plane and hammer may very well stand for the plural of that word; and while we should not use, in the phrase *a hale, able man*, the symbols *hay*, *label*, we may use *sill-label* to express *syllable*, where the *able* is a part of the word and less prominent.

In fine, the above remarks must be looked upon more as general guides than as infallible rules. What is ingenious and pleasing, if not too far-fetched, will be praised in spite of canons of criticism. *Tall curs* for *talkers*, and other such happy devices, though they violate all rules, are by no means to be frowned upon, but are to be rather gladly welcomed under the head of, not the poet's, here, but the rebus-maker's license.

And here is rebus which has two puzzling places in it. The answer may be found in next month's "Letter Box."

Gypsy inquires for some "good subjects for private tableaux"; also, "how a little girl who is apt to be late at breakfast can get herself up in the morning." Early risers, come to her aid!

Richard G. says: —

"I wish to know if you don't think it hard that the law will not permit you to throw snowballs in the street, — the best kind of sport for a boy."

Yes, if we were boys, we should no doubt think so. But, being grown up, we know of something harder, — to be hit by a chance snowball when in a very unplayful mood. And the owners of houses and stores would doubtless think it harder still to see these white missiles coming through their expensive plate-glass windows. Snowballing is a merry and healthful sport, but it requires an open field and fair play.

We have often wondered, when we have seen children sliding down steep city or village streets, covered so temptingly with snow and ice, whether they think how difficult it is for passers-by to get

out of the way of their sleds in season to escape injury, and how dangerous the sidewalks are thus made for aged persons and invalids who must pass over them.

We do not believe that many children are so selfish as willingly to amuse themselves by making other persons uncomfortable. But is not thoughtlessness one form of selfishness? Think about it, boys and girls.

There is one paper printed in Boston which every boy in the country should read. It is called "Our Dumb Animals," and is published at No. 46 Washington Street. Its motto is: —

"*We speak for those who cannot speak for themselves*";

and it purposes to call attention to the cruelties heedlessly or intentionally practised upon the creatures we call brutes, — creatures that often seem so much more human than their tormentors.

This paper is published by the "Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals." We wish there were such a society in every State in the Union, and that every man, woman, and child in each State belonged to it.

Mrs. Stowe, in her "Queer Little People," — a book all about animals (and a very delightful book it is), — tells of a little girl who rescued a half-drowned kitten from some cruel boys who were amusing themselves by prolonging its death-struggles, and resolutely held it under water until it was out of misery; and of a small boy who saved another kitten from some worrying dogs, almost at the risk of his own life. Here were a true hero and heroine. No really noble boy or girl will see a weaker creature suffer, without an effort for its relief, at whatever personal risk.

Lulu and Frank want to know how "Yard Sheep" and "Prison Bar," mentioned by some writer in a former number of "Our Young Folks," are played. Can any one tell them?

A little girl, who lives at a long distance from Boston, asks what "Cochituate" is. She "thought it was a place, but heard somebody read about it as if it were something to drink." Then she looked in the dictionary, and found it defined as "land near falls or rapids." How many Boston children can give the full history of "Cochituate"?

WHO can tell us what passage in Shakespeare this picture illustrates?

THREE IN A BED.

DRAWN BY W. H. DAVENPORT.]

[See page 146.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

An Illustrated Magazine

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

VOL. V. MARCH, 1869. No. III.

LAWRENCE Public Library, LAWRENCE, MASS.

THE STORY OF A BAD BOY.

CHAPTER VI.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS.

THE first shadow that fell upon me in my new home was caused by the return of my parents to New Orleans. Their visit was cut short by business which required my father's presence in Natchez, where he was establishing a branch of the banking-house. When they had gone, a sense of loneliness such as I had never dreamed of filled my young breast. I crept away to the stable, and, throwing my arms about Gypsy's neck, sobbed aloud. She too had come from the sunny South, and was now a stranger in a strange land. The little mare seemed to realize our situation, and gave me all the sympathy I could ask, repeatedly rubbing her soft nose over my face and lapping up my salt tears with evident relish.

When night came, I felt still more lonesome. My grandfather sat in his arm-chair the greater part of the evening, reading the "Rivermouth Barnacle," the local newspaper. There was no gas in those days, and the Captain read by the aid of a small block-tin lamp, which he held in one hand. I observed that he had a habit of dropping off into a doze every three or four minutes, and I forgot my homesickness at intervals in watching him. Two or three times, to my

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by FIELDS, OSGOOD, & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

vast amusement, he scorched the edges of the newspaper with the wick of the lamp; and at about half past eight o'clock I had the satisfaction — I am sorry to confess it was a satisfaction — of seeing the "Rivermouth Barnacle" in flames.

My grandfather leisurely extinguished the fire with his hands, and Miss Abigail, who sat near a low table, knitting by the light of an astral lamp, did not even look up. She was quite used to this catastrophe.

There was little or no conversation during the evening. In fact, I do not remember that any one spoke at all, excepting once, when the Captain remarked, in a meditative manner, that my parents "must have reached New York by this time"; at which supposition I nearly strangled myself in attempting to intercept a sob.

The monotonous "click click" of Miss Abigail's needles made me nervous after a while, and finally drove me out of the sitting-room into the kitchen, where Kitty caused me to laugh by saying Miss Abigail thought that what I needed was "a good dose of hot-drops," — a remedy she was forever ready to administer in all emergencies. If a boy broke his leg, or lost his mother, I believe Miss Abigail would have given him hot-drops.

Kitty laid herself out to be entertaining. She told me several funny Irish stories, and described some of the odd people living in the town; but, in the midst of her comicalities, the tears would involuntarily ooze out of my eyes, though I was not a lad much addicted to weeping. Then Kitty would put her arms around me, and tell me not to mind it, — that it was n't as if I had been left alone in a foreign land with no one to care for me, like a poor girl whom she had once known. I brightened up before long, and told Kitty all about the Typhoon and the old seaman, whose name I tried in vain to recall, and was obliged to fall back on plain Sailor Ben.

I was glad when ten o'clock came, the bedtime for young folks, and old folks too, at the Nutter House. Alone in the hall-chamber I had my cry out, once for all, moistening the pillow to such an extent that I was obliged to turn it over to find a dry spot to go to sleep on.

My grandfather wisely concluded to put me to school at once. If I had been permitted to go mooning about the house and stables I should have kept my discontent alive for months. The next morning, accordingly, he took me by the hand, and we set forth for the academy, which was located at the further end of the town.

The Temple School was a two-story brick building, standing in the centre of a great square piece of land, surrounded by a high picket fence. There were three or four sickly trees, but no grass, in this enclosure, which had been worn smooth and hard by the tread of multitudinous feet. I noticed here and there small holes scooped in the ground, indicating that it was the season for marbles. A better playground for base-ball could n't have been devised.

On reaching the school-house door, the Captain inquired for Mr. Grimshaw. The boy who answered our knock ushered us into a side-room, and in a few minutes — during which my eye took in forty-two caps hung on forty-two wooden pegs — Mr. Grimshaw made his appearance. He was a

slender man, with white, fragile hands, and eyes that glanced half a dozen different ways at once, — a habit probably acquired from watching the boys.

After a brief consultation, my grandfather patted me on the head and left me in charge of this gentleman, who seated himself in front of me and proceeded to sound the depth, or, more properly speaking, the shallowness, of my attainments. I suspect my historical information rather startled him. I recollect I gave him to understand that Richard III. was the last king of England.

This ordeal over, Mr. Grimshaw rose and bade me follow him. A door opened, and I stood in the blaze of forty-two pairs of upturned eyes. I was a cool hand for my age, but I lacked the boldness to face this battery without wincing. In a sort of dazed way I stumbled after Mr. Grimshaw down a narrow aisle between two rows of desks, and shyly took the seat pointed out to me.

The faint buzz that had floated over the school-room at our entrance died away, and the interrupted lessons were resumed. By degrees I recovered my coolness, and ventured to look around me. The owners of the forty-two caps were seated at small green desks like the one assigned to me. The desks were arranged in six rows, with spaces between just wide enough to prevent the boys' whispering. A blackboard set into the wall extended clear across the end of the room; on a raised platform near the door stood the master's table; and directly in front of this was a recitation-bench capable of seating fifteen or twenty pupils. A pair of globes, tattooed with dragons and winged horses, occupied a shelf between two windows, which were so high from the floor that nothing but a giraffe could have looked out of them.

Having possessed myself of these details, I scrutinized my new acquaintances with unconcealed curiosity, instinctively selecting my friends and picking out my enemies, — and in only two cases did I mistake my man.

A sallow boy with bright red hair, sitting in the fourth row, shook his fist at me furtively several times during the morning. I had a presentiment I should have trouble with that boy some day, — a presentiment subsequently realized.

On my left was a chubby little fellow with a great many freckles (this was Pepper Whitcomb), who made some mysterious motions to me. I did n't understand them, but, as they were clearly of a pacific nature, I winked my eye at him. This appeared to be satisfactory, for he then went on with his studies. At recess he gave me the core of his apple, though there were several applicants for it.

Presently a boy in a loose olive-green jacket with two rows of brass buttons held up a folded paper behind his slate, intimating that it was intended for me. The paper was passed skilfully from desk to desk until it reached my hands. On opening the scrap, I found that it contained a small piece of molasses candy in an extremely humid state. This was certainly kind. I nodded my acknowledgments and hastily slipped the delicacy into my mouth. In a second I felt my tongue grow red-hot with cayenne pepper. My face must have assumed a comical expression, for the boy in the olive-

green jacket gave an hysterical laugh, for which he was instantly punished by Mr. Grimshaw. I swallowed the fiery candy, though it brought the water to my eyes, and managed to look so unconcerned that I was the only pupil in the form who escaped questioning as to the cause of Marden's misdemeanor. C. Marden was his name.

At recess several of the scholars came to my desk and shook hands with me, Mr. Grimshaw having previously introduced me to Phil Adams, charging him to see that I got into no trouble. My new acquaintances suggested that we should adjourn to the playground. We were no sooner out of doors than the boy with the red hair thrust his way through the crowd and placed himself at my side.

"I say, youngster, if you're comin' to this school you've got to toe the mark."

I didn't see any mark to toe, and didn't understand what he meant; but I replied politely, that, if it was the custom of the school, I should be happy to toe the mark if he would point it out to me.

"I don't want any of your sarse," said the boy, scowling.

"Look here, Conway!" cried a clear voice from the other side of the playground, "you let young Bailey alone. He's a stranger here, and might be afraid of you, and thrash you. Why do you always throw yourself in the way of getting thrashed?"

I turned to the speaker, who by this time had reached the spot where we stood. Conway slunk off, favoring me with a parting scowl of defiance. I gave my hand to the boy who had befriended me,—his name was Jack Harris,—and thanked him for his good-will.

"I tell you what it is, Bailey," he said, returning my pressure good-naturedly, "you'll have to fight Conway before the quarter ends, or you'll have no rest. That fellow is always hankering after a licking, and of course you'll give him one by and by; but what's the use of hurrying up an unpleasant job? Let's have some base-ball. By the way, Bailey, you were a good kid not to let on to Grimshaw about that candy. Charley Marden would have caught it twice as heavy. He's sorry he played the joke on you, and told me to tell you so. Hallo, Blake! where are the bats?"

This was addressed to a handsome, frank-looking lad of about my own age, who was engaged just then in cutting his initials on the bark of a tree near the school-house. Blake shut up his penknife and went off to get the bats.

During the game which ensued I made the acquaintance of Charley Marden, Binny Wallace, Pepper Whitcomb, Harry Blake, and Fred Langdon. These boys, none of them more than a year or two older than I (Binny Wallace was younger), were ever after my chosen comrades. Phil Adams and Jack Harris were considerably our seniors, and, though they always treated us "kids" very kindly, they generally went with another set. Of course, before long I knew all the Temple boys more or less intimately, but the five I have named were my constant companions.

My first day at the Temple Grammar School was on the whole satisfac-

tory. I had made several warm friends and only two permanent enemies, — Conway and his echo, Seth Rodgers; for these two always went together, like a deranged stomach and a headache.

Before the end of the week I had my studies well in hand. I was a little ashamed at finding myself at the foot of the various classes, and secretly determined to deserve promotion. The school was an admirable one. I might make this part of my story more entertaining by picturing Mr. Grimshaw as a tyrant with a red nose and a large stick; but, unfortunately for the purposes of sensational narrative, Mr. Grimshaw was a quiet, kind-hearted gentleman. Though a rigid disciplinarian, he had a keen sense of justice, was a good reader of character, and the boys respected him. There were two other teachers, — a French tutor, and a writing-master, who visited the school twice a week. On Wednesdays and Saturdays we were dismissed at noon, and these half-holidays were the brightest epochs of my existence.

Daily contact with boys who had not been brought up as gently as I worked an immediate, and, in some respects, a beneficial change in my character. I had the nonsense taken out of me, as the saying is, — some of the nonsense, at least. I became more manly and self-reliant. I discovered that the world was not created exclusively on my account. In New Orleans I labored under the delusion that it was. Having neither brother nor sister to give up to at home, and being, moreover, the largest pupil at school there, my will had seldom been opposed. At Rivermouth matters were different, and I was not long in adapting myself to the altered circumstances. Of course I got many severe rubs, often unconsciously given; but I had the sense to see that I was all the better for them.

My social relations with my new schoolfellows were the pleasantest possible. There was always some exciting excursion on foot, — a ramble through the pine woods, a visit to the Devil's Pulpit, a high cliff in the neighborhood, — or a surreptitious row on the river, involving an exploration of a group of diminutive islands, upon one of which we pitched a tent and played we were the Spanish sailors who got wrecked there years ago. But the endless pine forest that skirted the town was our favorite haunt. There was a great green pond hidden somewhere in its depths, inhabited by a monstrous colony of turtles. Harry Blake, who had an eccentric passion for carving his name on everything, never let a captured turtle slip though his fingers without leaving his mark engraved on its shell. He must have lettered about two thousand from first to last. We used to call them Harry Blake's sheep. These turtles were of a discontented and migratory turn of mind, and we frequently encountered two or three of them on the cross-roads several miles from their ancestral mud. Unspeakable was our delight whenever we discovered one soberly walking off with Harry Blake's initials! I've no doubt there are, at this moment, fat ancient turtles wandering about that gummy woodland with **H. B.** neatly cut on their venerable backs.

It soon became a custom among my playmates to make our barn their rendezvous. Gypsy proved a strong attraction. Captain Nutter bought me a

little two-wheeled cart, which she drew quite nicely, after kicking out the dasher and breaking the shafts once or twice. With our lunch-baskets and fishing-tackle stowed away under the seat, we used to start off early in the afternoon for the sea-shore, where there were countless marvels in the shape of shells, mosses, and kelp. Gypsy enjoyed the sport as keenly as any of us, even going so far, one day, as to trot down the beach into the sea where we were bathing. As she took the cart with her, our provisions were not much improved. I shall never forget how squash-pie tastes after being soused in the Atlantic Ocean. Soda-crackers dipped in salt water are palatable, but not squash-pie.

There was a good deal of wet weather during those first six weeks at Rivermouth, and we set ourselves at work to find some in-door amusement for our half-holidays. If was all very well for Amadis de Gaul and Don Quixote not to mind the rain ; they had iron overcoats, and were not, from all we can learn, subject to croup and the guidance of their grandfathers. Our case was different.

"Now, boys, what shall we do?" I asked, addressing a thoughtful conclave of seven, assembled in our barn one dismal rainy afternoon.

"Let 's have a theatre," suggested Binny Wallace.

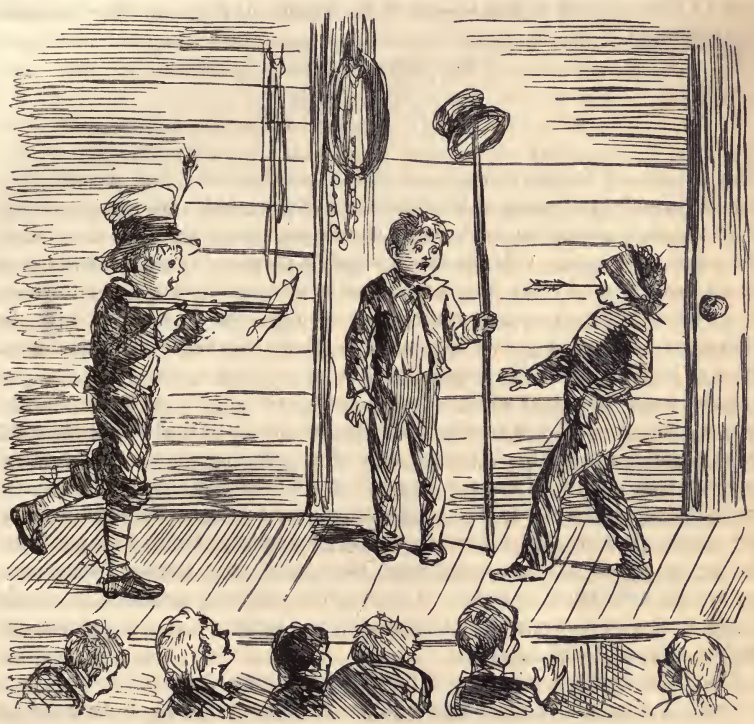
The very thing! But where? The loft of the stable was ready to burst with hay provided for Gypsy, but the long room over the carriage-house was unoccupied. The place of all places! My managerial eye saw at a glance its capabilities for a theatre. I had been to the play a great many times in New Orleans, and was wise in matters pertaining to the drama. So here, in due time, was set up some extraordinary scenery of my own painting. The curtain, I recollect, though it worked smoothly enough on other occasions, invariably hitched during the performances ; and it often required the united energies of the Prince of Denmark, the King, and the Grave-digger, with an occasional hand from "the fair Ophelia" (Pepper Whitcomb in a low-necked dress), to hoist that bit of green cambric.

The theatre, however, was a success, as far as it went. I retired from the business with no fewer than fifteen hundred pins, after deducting the headless, the pointless, and the crooked pins with which our doorkeeper frequently got "stuck." From first to last we took in a great deal of this counterfeit money. The price of admission to the "Rivermouth Theatre" was twenty pins. I played all the principal parts myself, — not that I was a finer actor than the other boys, but because I owned the establishment.

At the tenth representation, my dramatic career was brought to a close by an unfortunate circumstance. We were playing the drama of "William Tell, the Hero of Switzerland." Of course I was William Tell, in spite of Fred Langdon, who wanted to act that character himself. I would n't let him, so he withdrew from the company, taking the only bow and arrow we had. I made a cross-bow out of a piece of whalebone, and did very well without him. We had reached that exciting scene where Gessler, the Austrian tyrant, commands Tell to shoot the apple from his son's head. Pepper Whitcomb, who played all the juvenile and women parts, was my son. To guard against

mischance, a piece of pasteboard was fastened by a handkerchief over the upper portion of Whitcomb's face, while the arrow to be used was sewed up in a strip of flannel. I was a capital marksman, and the big apple, only two yards distant, turned its russet cheek fairly towards me.

I can see poor little Pepper now, as he stood without flinching, waiting for me to perform my great feat. I raised the cross-bow amid the breathless silence of the crowded audience, — consisting of seven boys and three girls, exclusive of Kitty Collins, who insisted on paying her way in with a clothes-pin. I raised the cross-bow, I repeat. Twang! went the whipcord; but, alas! instead of hitting the apple, the arrow flew right into Pepper Whitcomb's mouth, which happened to be open at the time, and destroyed my aim.



I shall never be able to banish that awful moment from my memory. Pepper's roar, expressive of astonishment, indignation, and pain, is still ringing in my ears. I looked upon him as a corpse, and, glancing not far into the dreary future, pictured myself led forth to execution in the presence of the very same spectators then assembled.

Luckily poor Pepper was not seriously hurt; but Grandfather Nutter, appearing in the midst of the confusion (attracted by the howls of young

Tell), issued an injunction against all theatricals thereafter, and the place was closed; not, however, without a farewell speech from me, in which I said that this would have been the proudest moment of my life if I had n't hit Pepper Whitcomb in the mouth. Whereupon the audience (assisted, I am glad to state, by Pepper) cried "Hear! hear!" I then attributed the accident to Pepper himself, whose mouth, being open at the instant I fired, acted upon the arrow much after the fashion of a whirlpool, and drew in the fatal shaft. I was about to explain how a comparatively small maelstrom could suck in the largest ship, when the curtain fell of its own accord, amid the shouts of the audience.

This was my last appearance on any stage. It was some time, though, before I heard the end of the William Tell business. Malicious little boys who had n't been allowed to buy tickets to my theatre used to cry out after me in the street, —

"'Who killed Cock Robin?'
'I,' said the sparrer,
'With my bow and arrer,
I killed Cock Robin!'"

The sarcasm of this verse was more than I could stand. And it made Pepper Whitcomb pretty mad to be called Cock Robin, I can tell you!

So the days glided on, with fewer clouds and more sunshine than fall to the lot of most boys. Conway was certainly a cloud. Within school-bounds he seldom ventured to be aggressive; but whenever we met about town he never failed to brush against me, or pull my cap over my eyes, or drive me distracted by inquiring after my family in New Orleans, always alluding to them as highly respectable colored people.

Jack Harris was right when he said Conway would give me no rest until I fought him. I felt it was ordained ages before our birth that we should meet on this planet and fight. With the view of not running counter to destiny, I quietly prepared myself for the impending conflict. The scene of my dramatic triumphs was turned into a gymnasium for this purpose, though I did not openly avow the fact to the boys. By persistently standing on my head, raising heavy weights, and going hand over hand up a ladder, I developed my muscle until my little body was as tough as a hickory knot and as supple as tripe. I also took occasional lessons in the noble art of self-defence, under the tuition of Phil Adams.

I brooded over the matter until the idea of fighting Conway became a part of me. I fought him in imagination during school-hours; I dreamed of fighting with him at night, when he would suddenly expand into a giant twelve feet high, and then as suddenly shrink into a pygmy so small that I could n't hit him. In this latter shape he would get into my hair, or pop into my waistcoat-pocket, treating me with as little ceremony as the Liliputians showed Captain Lemuel Gulliver, — all of which was not pleasant, to be sure. On the whole, Conway was a cloud.

And then I had a cloud at home. It was not Grandfather Nutter, nor Miss Abigail, nor Kitty Collins, though they all helped to compose it. It was a

vague, funereal, impalpable something which no amount of gymnastic training would enable me to knock over. It was Sunday. If ever I have a boy to bring up in the way he should go, I intend to make Sunday a cheerful day to him. Sunday was *not* a cheerful day at the Nutter House. You shall judge for yourself.

It is Sunday morning. I should premise by saying that the deep gloom which has settled over everything set in like a heavy fog early on Saturday evening.

At seven o'clock my grandfather comes smilelessly down stairs. He is dressed in black, and looks as if he had lost all his friends during the night. Miss Abigail, also in black, looks as if she were prepared to bury them, and not indisposed to enjoy the ceremony. Even Kitty Collins has caught the contagious gloom, as I perceive when she brings in the coffee-urn, — a solemn and sculpturesque urn at any time, but monumental now, — and sets it down in front of Miss Abigail. Miss Abigail gazes at the urn as if it held the ashes of her ancestors, instead of a generous quantity of fine old Java coffee. The meal progresses in silence.

Our parlor is by no means thrown open every day. It is open this June morning, and is pervaded by a strong smell of centre-table. The furniture of the room, and the little China ornaments on the mantel-piece, have a constrained, unfamiliar look. My grandfather sits in a mahogany chair, reading a large Bible covered with green baize. Miss Abigail occupies one end of the sofa, and has her hands crossed stiffly in her lap. I sit in the corner, crushed. Robinson Crusoe and Gil Blas are in close confinement. Baron Trenck, who managed to escape from the fortress of Glatz, can't for the life of him get out of our sitting-room closet. Even the "Rivermouth Barnacle" is suppressed until Monday. Genial converse, harmless books, smiles, lightsome hearts, all are banished. If I want to read anything, I can read Baxter's Saints' Rest. I would die first. So I sit there kicking my heels, thinking about New Orleans, and watching a morbid blue-bottle fly that attempts to commit suicide by butting his head against the window-pane. Listen! — no, yes, — it is — it is the robins singing in the garden, — the grateful, joyous robins singing away like mad, just as if it was n't Sunday. Their audacity tickles me.

My grandfather looks up, and inquires in a sepulchral voice if I am ready for Sabbath-school. It is time to go. I like the Sabbath-school; there are bright young faces *there*, at all events. When I get out into the sunshine alone, I draw a long breath; I would turn a somersault up against Neighbor Penhallow's newly painted fence if I had n't my best trousers on, so glad am I to escape from the oppressive atmosphere of the Nutter House.

Sabbath-school over, I go to meeting, joining my grandfather, who does n't appear to be any relation to me this day, and Miss Abigail, in the porch. Our minister holds out very little hope to any of us of being saved. Convinced that I am a lost creature, in common with the human family, I return home behind my guardians at a snail's pace. We have a dead cold dinner. I saw it laid out yesterday.

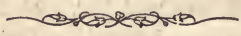
There is a long interval between this repast and the second service, and a still longer interval between the beginning and the end of that service; for the Rev. Wibird Hawkins's sermons are none of the shortest, whatever else they may be.

After meeting, my grandfather and I take a walk. We visit — appropriately enough — a neighboring graveyard. I am by this time in a condition of mind to become a willing inmate of the place. The usual evening prayer-meeting is postponed for some reason. At half past eight I go to bed.

This is the way Sunday was observed in the Nutter House, and pretty generally throughout the town, twenty years ago. People who were prosperous and natural and happy on Saturday became the most rueful of human beings in the brief space of twelve hours. I don't think there was any hypocrisy in this. It was merely the old Puritan austerity cropping out once a week. Many of these people were pure Christians every day in the seven, — excepting the seventh. Then they were decorous and solemn to the verge of moroseness. I should not like to be misunderstood on this point. Sunday is a blessed day, and therefore it should not be made a gloomy one. It is the Lord's day, and I do believe that cheerful hearts and faces are not unpleasant in His sight.

> "O day of rest! How beautiful, how fair,
> How welcome to the weary and the old!
> Day of the Lord! and truce to earthly cares!
> Day of the Lord, as all our days should be!
> Ah, why will man by his austerities
> Shut out the blessed sunshine and the light,
> And make of thee a dungeon of despair!"

T. B. Aldrich.



THREE IN A BED."

GAY little velvet coats,
One, two, three!
Any home happier
Could there be?
Topsey and Johnny
And sleepy Ned,
Purring so cosily,
Three in a bed!

Woe to the stupid mouse
Prowling about!
Old Mother Pussy
Is on the lookout.
Little cats, big cats,
All must be fed,
In the sky-parlor,
Three in a bed!

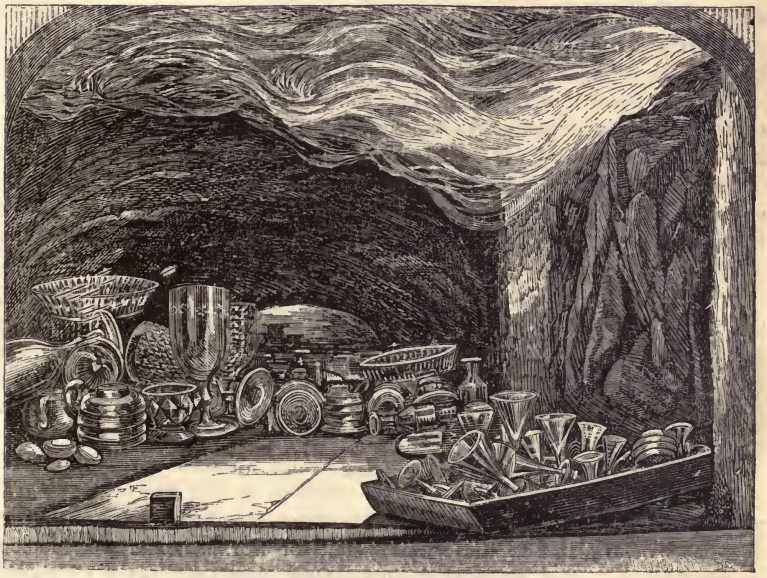
Mother 's a gypsy puss, —
Often she moves,
Thinking much travel
Her children improves.
High-minded family,
Very well bred;
No falling out, you see!
Three in a bed!

George Cooper.

GLASS CUTTING AND ORNAMENTING,

WITH OTHER CURIOUS MATTERS.

LAWRENCE looked in through the wreaths of thin, undulating flames that poured out of the mouth of the oven, or flowed away in graceful waves and curves under the long, low vault within, and saw a thickly clustered row of glass articles stretching far away towards an opening where daylight shone at the opposite end of the leer.



"Here are four leers," said the gaffer, "two on each side of this passage. From this end, where the glass goes in, to the other, where it is taken out, the distance is eighty feet. The glass is placed on pans, which are hooked together; so that, when one is drawn forward at the other end, that draws the whole string forward. When a pan is emptied at that end, it is sent back, and hooked on and filled again at this end. There is your little inkstand, beginning its journey in grand company,—fruit-dishes, and ruby and blue lamp-shades, which look pretty enough under the rolling flames. I 'll put your ruby cups near them, and leave directions at the other end with the man who will take them out; he will bring them to me."

"How long will it take them to go through?"

"About twenty-four hours. The fire is at this end of the oven. As the articles pass through, they cool very slowly, and come out almost cold at the other end. In this way we give the particles of glass time to get acquainted,

and to nestle together comfortably and contentedly before they harden. That makes them fast friends. Your cups and inkstand would be apt to break the first time you used them if they were not annealed."

"I see you send nearly everything to the leers, except the lamp-chimneys," said the Doctor.

"Yes. The thinner the glass the less liable it is to crack from exposure to heat and cold. The lamp-chimneys are of such uniform thinness throughout that we don't consider it necessary to anneal them."

"I advise you to anneal them," said the Doctor. "I believe we have cracked half a dozen in my house within a week or two, and we are getting tired of them. I am quietly reading my newspaper of an evening, when — snap! — another broken chimney."

"That's because you don't buy your chimneys of us," said the gaffer, laughing.

Walking through the passage between the leers, they entered what is called the "sloar-room," where the glass was taken from the pans and put into boxes, to be sent up to the cutting-room.

"You must go up there now," the gaffer said to Lawrence. "As it is a separate department from mine, I will just go up and introduce you to the foreman and leave you. This way; we may as well ride."

He stepped on what appeared to be a trap-door, supported by strong uprights. Lawrence and his uncle stepped on beside him. A bar was put up, and they were enclosed in a little square pen. The gaffer then pulled a lever beside one of the uprights, and the trap-door, little square pen, passengers and all, began to ascend towards an opening in the floor overhead; having reached the level of which it stopped, the bar was let down, and Lawrence and his companions stepped off in the midst of the cutting-room.

This was a long, large room, full of whirling wheels and the sound of grinding. Overhead, running the entire length of the building, was a power-shaft, which, with its many wheels and bands, set in motion a second range of wheels below, and at these a long line of workmen and workwomen were grinding various articles of glass. Over this lower range of wheels was a row of queer-looking, tunnel-shaped wooden tubs, called hoppers, set in a strong framework, and filled with water, or with sand and water, which dripped upon the wheels.

The Doctor, looking at his watch, and remembering the business which had brought him to the vicinity of the glass-house, departed with the gaffer; and Lawrence was left with the foreman of the cutting-room.

"But where do you *cut* the glass?" the boy inquired; for he had expected to see diamonds employed in the operation.

"What is commonly called *glass-cutting*," replied the foreman, — a very obliging elderly person in shirt-sleeves and white apron, — "is nothing but *grinding* in some shape. Cutting with diamonds is a very different thing; we don't do anything of that kind here.

"Regular glass-cutting," he continued, "is done by three processes. Here is the first."

He showed a man working at a wheel wet with sand and water dripping from its companion hopper. The wheel was of iron, and the sand made a sharp, rough grit upon it. To this the man held with firm hands the stem of a goblet, very much as a knife is held to a grindstone. The stem was round as it came from the hands of the blower, and he was grinding it into angles.

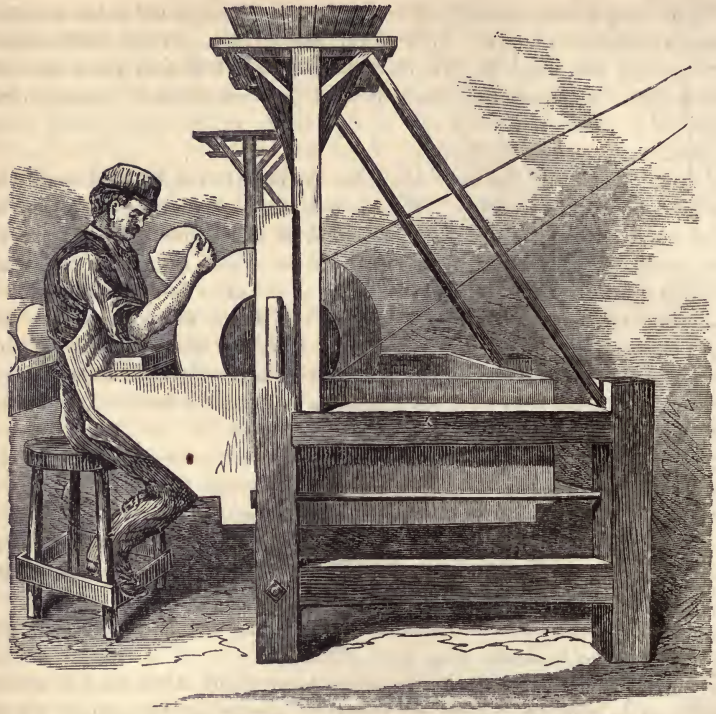
"You notice," said the foreman, "that the edge of the wheel is shaped for the kind of work it is doing. We use iron and sand first, because they cut faster than anything else. But you see how rough they leave the surface. Now see the second process. This wheel is of fine stone, and only water drips on it from the hopper. This man takes the glass as the other leaves it, and grinds off the rough surface. But it still has a dull look, as you see; and that brings us to the third process. Here the dull surface is polished on a wooden wheel, with pumice-stone and water. For the finest work, a cork wheel is used, with what we call putty, — a paste composed of lead and tin."

"Hallo!" said Lawrence, "this is what I wanted to see!" as he found a man finishing round facets that had been cut through the thin colored shell of a ruby lamp-shade into the transparent glass beneath.

The foreman was now called away, and Lawrence was left to wander about as he pleased. He watched for a long time a number of men cutting caster-bottles, wondering at the rapidity with which they turned them from angle to angle on the stones. He saw one man fitting glass stoppers to decanters, — a simple process by which they were made air-tight. The stopper, set fast in a lathe, was set whirling, and ground down roughly at first with a piece of sheet-iron in sand and water. It was then inserted in the neck of the decanter, and ground on that until it fitted. Three or four workmen were cutting stars in the bottoms of preserve dishes, while others were simply taking off the rough spot left by the ponty on the bottoms of articles that had been blown.

At one end of the room some women were at work on transparent lamp-globes, which had come up from below in a large packing-box. A globe was taken, attached to a lathe, and set whirling over a trough half filled with sand and water. In one hand the workwoman held a stiff wire brush, which she pressed upon the glass, while she applied to it sand and water, in profuse quantities, dipped up from the trough with the other hand. In this way she ground thoroughly the glass about the two ends of the globe, rendering it white and opaque, but leaving a broad belt about the centre untouched. She then stopped the lathe, took off the globe, and rinsed it, showing the polar regions, so to speak, white with frost, which extended well down into the temperate zones, while the torrid zone remained crystal clear. She told Lawrence the process was called "roughing."

He followed the globes from her hands to those of a workman sitting at a narrow-edged grindstone, on which he was ornamenting the transparent space between the ground parts. Now he was cutting buds and petals, now leaves, and now a waving stem surrounding the globe like a tipsy equator,



uniting the whole in a graceful garland of flowers. His cuts on the glass were not afterwards polished, but were left white and opaque.

Lawrence asked if he called his work engraving.

"It is a sort of coarse engraving; but we call it simply cutting," replied the man. "The real engraving is done at the upper end of the room."

Thither Lawrence went, and saw the difference; yet the engraving, too, was only a species of grinding. The engraver sat on a high stool before a swiftly whirling little copper wheel, not more than two inches in diameter. To the edge of this he touched occasionally a mixture of oil and emery, in a little shallow dish, then pressed firmly upon it the article he was engraving.

He was ornamenting the sides of goblets and wineglasses. On one he was cutting an initial letter, encircled by a delicate wreath. Lawrence asked if he had a pattern to go by.

"I make my own patterns, and carry them in my head mostly," replied the artist. "For this design, I just make four marks for the top and bottom of the letter. The wreath I do without making any marks first."

As the side he was engraving was necessarily held from him, and he could see where he was cutting only by looking *through* the glass from the other side, Lawrence wondered how he could do such fine work. The artist, seeing him interested, showed him still finer specimens. One was a fairy-like

goblet, the surface of which was surrounded and filled up by the gracefully bending sprigs and drooping flowers of the fuchsia. Another was a landscape, showing a hunter and his dog in natural attitudes, and a partridge rising on the wing before the uplifted gun; and there were many more equally beautiful.

"Is it possible you do all this with a wheel?"

"I use a variety of wheels. Each has an edge shaped for the kind of work it does. Here is the smallest." It was scarcely bigger than a pin-head. "I 'll show you a design — this is it — that required nine different wheels in the cutting."

"But you must understand drawing?"

"O yes. When I began as an apprentice, thirteen years ago, I was set to work at first on broken glass, making dots and lines, like a school-boy learning to write. Then I made them on whole glass which we were not very particular about. At the same time I gave my evenings to the study of drawing. I worked hard; but a man can't accomplish much in this world unless he does apply himself."

"Is it the copper wheel that cuts the glass?"

"No; it is the emery we put on the wheel."

"Do you work nights?"

"Not often. But sometimes, when we have orders we are in a hurry to get done, I take a little work home with me in the evening."

"How do you do it at home? Your lathes here go by steam-power, don't they?"

"Yes; but I have a foot-lathe at home I can do my work on, though it is harder. In some of the English factories glass-engravers use foot-lathes altogether. Labor is cheap there."

"With the exception of this ornamental work, what is the great difference between cut glass and common glass? I see they go to work and grind down the round stems and sides of blown goblets into just such shapes as they press other glass in."

"In the first place, blown glass is freer from waves and wrinkles; and the angles on cut glass are much sharper and cleaner than on pressed glass. Although," added the engraver, admiring the perfection of a pressed goblet, "they are getting to do some of their pressed work so well, that, with a little subsequent burnishing, it almost equals the cut. It is not so apt to crack as the cut glass is, besides being so much cheaper. You may usually know pressed glass by this little seam on each side, left by the crease in the moulds; though from some articles it is burnished off."

From the cutting-room Lawrence found his way to the lamp-room, where he saw a number of girls at work cementing the bodies and feet of lamps together, and putting on the brass collars. Farther on he found men screwing the lamp-tops on, and fitting the metallic tops of other ware, such as pepper-boxes, "mustards," and sirup-pitchers; thence he went on to the mould-room, where the patterns were made and the moulds finished after they were brought from the foundry.

He finally inquired his way to the private room of the gaffer, whom he found sitting at a work-bench, watching what looked like a strip of copper or brass doubled up in a transparent bottle half filled with water.

"What are you doing to that old hoop?" asked Lawrence.

"That old hoop," said the gaffer, "is pure gold, enough to buy you a small farm. I am eating it up."

"Eating it up?" said Lawrence, laughing. "I don't see it."

"Eating it up with that preparation of nitric acid. Do you see it work?"

Lawrence did see, to his surprise, that the liquid was beginning to bubble about it, like some brisk sort of wine, and that the old hoop was gradually sinking down into it.

"It looks," he said, "as if the gold was on fire, and sending up fine vaporous flames through the liquor. But is n't it a poor use to put gold to? especially at the present premium."

"We use gold in coloring ruby glass; that is what makes ruby glass so expensive. We use old bones, or the phosphate of lime, as I told you, to make white glass, and the oxides of iron, copper, and silver to make other colors. The yellowish tint, with shades of green and opal, which you may have seen in Bohemian glass, is produced chiefly by uranium."

"What is stained glass, such as we read of in descriptions of old cathedral windows?"

"Staining is a kind of painting on glass. The colors are a mineral composition; and they are melted into the glass, so that nothing will ever fade them or wash them out. Fancy articles of glass are often painted in the same way."

"How is this silver glass made?" asked Lawrence, taking up a door-knob from the bench. "It looks like silver, and it always keeps bright. I have seen pitchers and sugar-bowls and lamp-reflectors made of it."

"That is a new process, but quite simple. I 'll tell you how we make a reflector, for instance. The glass is blown into a large bubble, which is worked flat across the top, and saucer-shaped at the bottom. Then the blower puts his mouth to the pipe, but, instead of blowing, he sucks, and draws the top in until it almost touches the bottom. Then you have something like a broad, shallow dish with a lining. Here are half a dozen of them. The hole in the bottom part is caused by the cracking off of the pipe after it is blown. You see there is a narrow space between the bottom part and the lining. Now I 'll show you how the silvering is done."

The gaffer took a tall measuring-glass, and went into another room, where there were some jars of transparent liquid on a shelf.

"This jar," said he, "contains nitrate of silver"; and he poured a small quantity into the glass. Then he went to another jar. "This is a solution of grape sugar, — nothing more nor less"; and he poured in a still larger quantity of that. He then went to a third jar. "This is pure water"; and he filled the glass with it.

He then turned the reflectors down on a counter, and filled the space between the bottom part and the lining of each by pouring the mixed contents

of the glass in through the hole. When they were full, he took them to an oven, and placed them on a pan of hot sand.

"That is all," said he, shutting the oven. "In half an hour I come again and take them, pour out the liquid, and find that the silver in it has completely coated the inside of the glass. Pitchers and goblets are made in the same way, except that the lining, instead of being sucked in by the blower, is pushed in with a plug. After silvering, the stem and foot of the goblet are put on, and the hole in the bottom of the pitcher is closed up."

"Now I know," said Lawrence, "how those fancy glasses are made that seem to be nearly full of wine, but when you go to drink it turns out to be only a little wine, or some other colored liquid, under the lining. You can fool a fellow by making believe you are going to throw it in his face. Do you make window-glass here?"

"O no; blowing window-glass is another business entirely."

"What! is window-glass blown?"

"Certainly. What is called English crown glass is made in this way. It is first blown into a large globe, then flattened and reversed on a ponty. Where the glass breaks off from the pipe, a hole is left. That side is then made melting hot before the furnace; it is whirled so swiftly that the centrifugal force given to it enlarges the hole, gradually at first, then faster and faster, then — flap! that whole side flies open, and what was a globe is a disk, or wheel, four or five feet in diameter. It is called a table. After annealing, it is cut up into panes.

"There is another process," continued the gaffer, "by which our common window-glass is made. By the way, if ever you visit Pittsburg, in Pennsylvania, you must go into the window-glass factories there; you will find them very curious. Their furnace, in the first place, is built in the ancient style: it has no chimney, and the smoke from the bituminous coal they burn pours out in a cloud into the room. There are openings in the roof for it to escape through, and a continual draught of air from the doors carries it upward, so that it is not so bad for the workmen as one would think. Besides, they do not begin to blow until the smoke is all burnt off.

"There are five pots on each side of the furnace; and you will see five men in a row, blowing all at once, with the regularity of a file of soldiers exercising. Each gathers thirty or forty pounds of metal on his pipe, which is very long and strong. They stand on platforms, to get room to swing the glass, as they blow it. The five men begin to blow and swing all together. Each blows a great globe of glass, which is stretched out gradually by the swinging motion into a cylinder, or roller, as it is called, five feet long. Then the five rollers are swung up towards the furnace-holes, and five other soldiers spring forward with their guns, — which in this case are iron bars, that they set upright under the five blowing-pipes to support them while the rollers are being reheated in the necks of the pots. The blowers blow in the pipes with all their might, then clap their thumbs over the holes to prevent the air from rushing out again; in the mean while the end of the roller is softened, so that at last the air, forced in and expanded by the heat, bursts

it outwards. The glass is then a cylinder, open at one end. It is whirled in the heat until the edges become true, then brought away, — the five iron supports dropping to the ground with a simultaneous clang. The cylinders are laid on tables, where the imperfect spherical end about the blowing-pipe is cracked off from the rest by a stripe of melted glass drawn around it. The cylinder is then cracked from end to end on one side by means of a red-hot iron passed through it.

"In an adjoining building is what is called the flattening oven. The cylinders brought there are lifted on the end of a lever, passed in through a circular opening just large enough to admit them, and laid on flattening stones on the oven bottom, with the crack uppermost. The oven bottom is circular, and it revolves horizontally. As the glass softens, it separates at the crack, and lays itself down gently and gradually on the stone. The long cylinder is then a flat sheet, three feet wide and nearly five feet in length. There are four openings around the sides of the oven: at one the glass is put in, through another a workman sweeps the stone for it, a third workman smooths it down with a block as it comes round to him, and a fourth, at the last opening, which is close to the one at which it was put in, lifts the sheet — partly cooled by this time — upon a carriage in the oven. This he does by means of a lever furnished with sharp, broad blades at the end, which he works in under the glass. When the carriage is full, it is run through an annealing oven beyond.

"The opposite end of the annealing oven opens into the cutting-room. There the carriages are pushed along a central track, and unloaded at the stalls of the cutters. The cutter has a table before him, with measure-marks on its edges. He lifts one of the sheets, lays it on the table, and commences ruling it faster than a school-boy rules his slate. His ruler is a wooden rod five feet long, and his pencil-point is a diamond. Every stroke is a cut. Not that he cuts the glass quite apart; indeed, he seems scarcely to make a scratch. Yet that scratch has the effect of cracking the glass quite through, so that it breaks clean off at the slightest pressure. In this way the sheets are cut up into panes of the requisite size."

"I should think the diamonds would wear out," said Lawrence.

"I remember," replied the gaffer, "one workman told me that a single diamond would last him two or three years. It has fifteen or sixteen different edges, and, when one edge is worn out, he uses another. South American diamonds, such as he used, cost, he told me, from six to thirty dollars each; and, when they are worn out for his purpose, he sells them for jewels to be put into watches."

"What is plate-glass?" Lawrence asked.

"That is not blown, but cast. The pot, or cistern, containing the melted metal, is swung up by a crane over an immense polished metallic table, and tipped. The table is heated, of course; and there is a rim to keep the glass which is poured on from running over the sides. The glass is then rolled down to a uniform thickness by a heavy copper cylinder, reaching across the table, and resting on the rim, which is, of course, just as high as the plate

is to be thick. For bow-windows the plates are bent before cutting up into panes. For mirrors they are silvered in this way: — A sheet of tin-foil is spread on a table, and a thin coating of mercury is poured over it. Then the glass to be silvered — sometimes an immense plate, and it has been carefully annealed, ground, and polished, of course — is slipped on in such a way as to exclude all the air from beneath it, the table being tipped just enough to let the superfluous mercury run off. When the plate is in its place on the table, it is kept for several hours under a press of heavy weights. The mercury and tin-foil combine to form what is called the amalgam, which coats the glass and makes the mirror."

Lawrence said he had read that glass mirrors were modern, and that the ancients used polished metal instead. "The Romans for window-panes used sheets of mica. Yet glass-making," said he, "was a very ancient art."

"So ancient," said the Doctor, coming in just then, "that in Egypt glass ornaments have been discovered on mummies that were buried three thousand years ago; and on their monuments are still to be seen hieroglyphics, or picture-writings, which represent glass-blowers at work in the same way, and with the same kinds of tools, as modern glass-blowers. The inhabitants of Tyre were famous glass-makers, after them the Romans, and after them the Venetians. It was the Venetians that introduced the art to modern Europe."

"The Germans brought it to this country," said the gaffer. "A company of them started a factory at Quincy, in Massachusetts, before the Revolution, but it did n't succeed. Mr. Hewes, a Boston merchant, next tried it. His glass-blowers were nearly all Hessians, deserters from the British army. He set up his works in the woods of New Hampshire, where fuel was cheap. But it was n't till after the beginning of the present century that glass-making began to prosper in this country. It has now become a very extensive and very profitable business. New England manufactures a good share of the flint-glass which is made in America, and which I may say, without boasting, is equal to any in the world. Our window-glass is made mostly in New Jersey, New York, and Pennsylvania. It does n't pay to manufacture that except where fuel is cheap."

"Is n't it wonderful?" said Lawrence, taking up a goblet. "In that piece of glass are white sand, and red-lead, and pearlash, and saltpetre, neither of them transparent by itself, and yet here they are all transparent! It does seem a sort of magic that has made them invisible!"

"There are many wonderful things connected with glass," said the gaffer. "It will not tarnish. Only one acid has any effect upon it. It is one of the most brittle substances, and yet one of the most elastic. A hollow glass ball can be made that will rebound half the distance to your hand if you drop it on an anvil."

Lawrence said he should like such a ball as that; but when told that it was pretty sure to break at the second or third rebound, he said "Oh!" and cheerfully gave it up.

"It makes the finest sounding bells," said the Doctor, "and musical

glasses are made of it that are played by merely rubbing them with the moist fingers. It will condense moisture from the air more quickly than any of the metals."

"There is another curious thing," said the gaffer. "Drop a ball of melted glass in water, and you 'd think it would make a tremendous spluttering; but it don't at first. After it has had time to cool a little, then it sets the water to bubbling."

They had now returned to the gaffer's room, which they found so full of the fumes of the acid that Lawrence immediately began to cough.

"You see," said the gaffer, "the gold has disappeared. The acid has eaten it. Come with me now, and I 'll show you something that happened while you were in the cutting-room."

Locking the door behind him, he took his visitors once more to the cave, which they found full of smoke and steam and stifling heat. There he showed them the astonishing spectacle of what seemed a cluster of icicles, some a yard in length, hanging from the grate under the big furnace.

"One of our melting-pots burst. It was nearly full of metal, which ran down into the fire, of course. Some of it came through the grate, but the most of it rushed out through the teaze-hole in a perfect lava flood, which came near setting us on fire."

"That must have been a serious loss," said Lawrence.

"Yes. To say nothing of the pot, the glass in it was worth about a hundred and fifty dollars."

"Well," said the Doctor, "we began with the cave, and we may as well end with it." And, taking leave of the gaffer, he departed with his nephew, who, he promised, should come in a few days for the inkstand and cups.

"How wonderful it all is!" said Lawrence, as they stood on the platform, waiting for the train.

"It is truly wonderful," replied the Doctor. "When we consider the many uses to which glass is applied, its cheapness, its purity, its beauty, we find that it possesses the valuable qualities of nearly all the metals; — incorruptible as gold, clear as silver, useful as iron, what would our houses be without it? It keeps the cold out, it lets the light in. We drink out of it, and we see ourselves in it. Besides fulfilling a thousand common and domestic uses, it is made into gems that rival the brilliancy of the diamond, and into lenses which give new realms to human vision. It restores eyesight to the aged, and remedies the defective eyesight of the young. It magnifies objects invisible to the naked eye, so that they can be distinctly seen and studied; and it brings the heavens near. To it we owe our intimate acquaintance with the stars. The telescope is the father of modern astronomy, and the soul of the telescope is glass."

J. T. Trowbridge.

LITTLE ESTHER.

THE other day I saw a poor old woman in the street, and some children laughing at her and calling her names, as she trudged along with a great basket on her arm; and it reminded me of a story I had to tell "Our Young Folks." It is about a little girl, — such a one as goes to your school, perhaps, if there is a girl there who learns her lessons more quickly and recites them better than any of you, who is always ready to play at any game whenever you ask her, and who can run and laugh and shout with the best. And if she is pretty, too, — very pretty, so that you like her all the better for being good to look at, — then you know what sort of girl little Esther Green was, and why all the children were so fond of her. Any one who passed the school-house at recess, or met the children going home, would hear her name oftener than any other, — a sure sign of popularity. "O Esther, look here!" — "Do come here, Esther!" — "Esther's asked to sit with me this afternoon," — "O, now, that's real mean! you said you'd sit with me, Esther," — and so on. They did not care that her mother was almost the poorest person in the village. The fact is, no one was very rich, and if Mr. Taft lived in a white house two stories high, and Mrs. Green in a black one with but two rooms in it, it was doubtless only because people wanted more flour and meal and sugar than they did suits of clothes (for Mrs. Green was the tailoress); and that was no reason why Harry Taft should n't find Esther the first spring flowers, and go shares with her in his berrying and nutting expeditions, and take her to school on his sled through the deep snows.

One day, late in October, after school was dismissed, the children still lingered playing about the yard, and Esther had mounted the great wood-pile with Harry. She could go anywhere Harry went, for his hand was always ready to pull her over the difficult places, though he steadfastly discountenanced his sisters' attempts at climbing, — saying he could n't have a parcel of girls tagging after him. The wood-pile was nearly finished; Harry was catching the sticks that the boys threw up to him of those that lay scattered around, and Esther walked about very much at her ease, calling to the children in the yard and chattering to him.

"O, I do believe it 'll snow soon, — just look at the clouds! Then you'd have out your sled, Harry, — would n't you? and O, if it should be a real big snow-storm like last winter, we'd all bring our dinners to school and stay all day; would n't it be nice?"

Harry looked up to answer, and saw her on the very edge of the wood-pile, and still stepping back. It was too late to save her; in another moment she was lying on the ground among the loose sticks of wood. Now when a little girl has a fall, one of two things may generally be expected, — either that she will get up and laugh, or that she will get up and cry; but Esther did neither. She just lay where she had fallen, her eyes half closed, her lips slightly parted, and her face as white as an image of her made in snow would be. The children were frightened; so was the master, who hurried

out of the school-house to see what had happened; and when the doctor came and found her lying on one of the benches, and saying how dreadfully her back hurt her, he looked at her very seriously, and went out to see where she fell, and came in and looked at her again, and finally they took her home in Farmer Handy's wagon.

Then there were long days and nights when she knew nothing but pain, or else raved wildly in a burning fever. She was at school, learning her lessons, playing with the children, talking to her mother; but now and then she would put out her arms with a great start, and the cry, "O, I 'm falling, — catch me!" After that there was always a silence, as if she were really acting over again what had happened. Never since she was born had people talked about her so much as they did in the days that she lay so ill. The neighbors came in, one after another, to watch with her, or to bring her jellies and custards; and they shook their heads and said they "s'posed t' would be a dreadful loss, — an only child, and her mother thinking everything of her." Half a dozen times a day, too, there would come gentle knocks low down on the door, and when it was opened some little voice would ask, breathless, "O Mis' Green, how 's Esther?"

At last one day Esther opened her eyes after a long sleep, and began to ask all sorts of questions, — what was the matter with her? how long had she been in bed? and what was this dreadful pain? Then they told her that it was because she fell on a sharp stick of wood, and that the doctor said she must lie perfectly still, and not try to move, or else she would n't get well so fast.

Now Mrs. Green had to be at work in the kitchen sometimes, and Esther, left all to herself, used to have very queer fancies. One was that she was going to die. Lizzie Strout had a fever last year and died, and now Esther had had a fever, so she would die too. But she would n't say anything about it to mother till the time came; then she should put her arms around her neck and kiss her good by; and the tears began to come into her eyes thinking of the sadness of that parting. She would say good by to Lucy Blake, her best friend and desk-mate, and to Harry, too, of course, — he would be sorry; and she would ask Lucy to forgive anything she had ever done or said to her that was unkind. Then how would it be at school without her? Lucy would have no one to share her desk, and she would be at the head of the spelling class when Esther was n't there. And they would bring home her books and slate, — Lucy and she had carried home Lizzie's; and mother would cry as Mrs. Strout had done, and ask if they missed her at school. And she would be lying out in the graveyard with the stone at her head, marked "Esther: Only child." There was no long name to put on her gravestone: it would seem more like her than Lizzie's did like Lizzie; for somehow she never could think that "Elizabeth Parmenter, Youngest Daughter of Jonathan Strout and Mary his Wife," was the Lizzie she knew so well. She would be lying there and mother at home alone, setting only one cup and plate on the table, and missing her little girl. The tears came in a great flood then, and she had to stifle her sobs in the pillow.

When Mrs. Green came back, she wanted to know, "What 's the matter with my Esther? Is the pain very bad, dear?"

"Pretty bad," Esther said. And then mother would sit down and talk to her, or tell her stories. She had to spare a good deal of time from her work to make herself entertaining. The school-children came in, though, every day or two, some of them, and Harry quite often at first. But it must be confessed that his visits were not entirely satisfactory. Having asked Esther how she did, and having said he hoped she would be better soon, he appeared to have nothing further to add, but would stand at the foot of the bed gazing at her and twirling his cap, with the occasional variety of dropping it and picking it up again, till it seemed that the silence could only be broken by Mrs. Green coming in, dishcloth or broom in hand, to say, "How 's your mother, Harry?" Then he would answer quite briskly, "Pretty well, thank you," and in a minute, as if a bright thought had struck him, "Well, good by, Esther." And Esther wondered at his silence, and Mrs. Green called him a *mumchance;* but I think she was a little hard on him, for it must take one rather aback to go to see somebody who has long brown curls, and pink cheeks, and a tongue of the kind supposed to be hung in the middle, and find her with all her hair cut off, and her face so white you can hardly tell it from the pillow, as she lies there looking at you with great eyes, and answering by "yes" or "no," or perhaps only by a little smile, when you speak to her.

Lucy was the most frequent visitor. She used to sit on the edge of the bed and talk for an hour at a time, so that when she slipped down, saying she must go, and would come again soon, Esther's "O yes, do!" was quite fervent; but, as the pleasant spring weather came on, Lucy's visits grew few and far between, and when she did come she had a great deal to say about a certain Sarah Carroll, whom Esther did n't know or care about, whose father had come to the village lately, and set up a shop where "fashionable garments were cut and made at the lowest possible prices," as Lucy quoted from the placard in the window.

"Sarah is real nice. I wish you knew her, Esther," she said. "But she does n't study a bit, and in the class, when she 's going to miss, she looks at Harry Taft, and he tells her. I think he likes her because she has your seat, — till you want it, you know."

In all these long months that Esther lay in bed she came to forget the idea that she was going to die; for the pain grew less day by day, and the doctor's visits ceased, and now she took another fancy. She thought she was getting crooked with lying in bed.

"I *must* sit up, mother," she would say, "to get out straight. I feel all hunched up, I 've been lying here so long."

"Why, dear, I guess I would n't," her mother always said. "I don't believe you 're strong enough yet."

However, she talked so much and so often about it, that one day Mrs. Green lifted her up and put the pillows behind her.

"And now I want to see how I look. Will you bring me the glass, mother? I have n't seen myself since my hair was cut off," said Esther.

"O, I 'll tell you how you look, dear." But that would n't do at all, so

Mrs. Green took down the glass from its nail and held it before her. Esther was n't particularly pleased with her appearance.

"How funny I look!" she said. "I 've been *real sick*, — have n't I? and my shoulders *are* just the way Jane Harmon has hers in school, and Master Brown tells her not to. Why, mother!" she added, looking up quite startled; "I can't put 'em down again. O, I ought to have sat up before!"

"That has n't anything to do with it, dear," said Mrs. Green. "It 's where you fell and hurt yourself. The doctor said you 'd have to show it — some."

"Then I know what makes the pain in my back," said Esther, suddenly. "There 's a hump coming there; I told you it felt so."

Mrs. Green turned away to hang up the glass, but she came back to the bed in a minute, and, stooping to kiss her, she said: —

"You must n't think about it, my darling; nobody else will. The doctor was saying, at one time, that you would n't get over it; so you and I must be very glad things have turned out as they have."

Esther said nothing more, except presently that she wanted to lie down again; and, when she was comfortably settled, Mrs. Green went into the kitchen, shut the door, and, putting her face in her apron, cried as if her heart would break. She had done that a good many times before, thinking of the "dearest, sweetest, prettiest child that ever lived," — as she sobbed to herself, — who never again would stand up before her fair and straight and tall. Then, as she wiped her eyes, she wondered that Esther had taken it so quietly. However, when her mother lay down beside her that night, Esther seemed to have something on her mind.

"Mother," she said, "I 've been thinking about old Betty Hoppin, — how the boys used to plague her and laugh at her. And the girls, too, sometimes, — I did once myself; but when I was sorry and went after her to give her half my gingerbread, she said, so cross, 'I don't want your cake, child.'"

"Maybe she was n't cross," said Mrs. Green; "Betty had a gruff voice. Poor soul! she 's well out of this world and gone to a better, I hope."

"Well, mother, does there always have to be an old woman to go round for the cold victuals?"

"Why, no, there don't *have* to be, dear; but, if there is an old woman that can't work, she 's likely to want 'em, I suppose."

"Because I was thinking, what if I should go about with a basket, sometime, as Betty did. I shall look like her, you know, — she was all crooked. And then if the children called after me, I could say: 'Why, you must n't do so; I 'm Esther Green, who used to go to school with you; don't you remember?' O, but they 'd be grown up, too, would n't they? and *those* children would n't know me! They 'd say, 'Hallo, little old woman!'"

"Why, Esther, child, you 'll break my heart!" cried Mrs. Green; and then added gently, "you must n't talk so, I can't bear to hear you. And what makes you think of such things, dear? You won't go round with a basket while you have mother to take care of you, — will you?" So she talked and comforted her; but long after Esther had fallen quietly asleep, trusting in "mother's" ability to take care of her, Mrs. Green lay thinking that the

time might come when she would have to leave her, and praying that no one might ever be cruel to her girl, but that all might be more kind and gentle to her, just because of her sad infirmity, and for His sake who pitied the lame and the halt and the blind.

The doctor said Esther was getting better, but still she suffered a good deal at times all through the summer and autumn; and when there was no pain she was very weak, so that the next winter found her only strong enough to sit up in bed. And in the first cold days of that cold winter the wolf came to the door. Not *a* wolf, but *the* wolf; the one that goes ravening through the world, always devouring and never satisfied. He finds his prey among the poorest of the people who work with their hands for a living; and when such a one falls ill, or is disabled from any cause, he will howl and prowl about that house, almost sure of a victim there. The name of the wolf is Poverty. Now Mrs. Green had the rheumatism in one arm and hand so badly that she could n't do any odd jobs of washing and ironing that might be offered her, nor finish the piece of homespun that Mr. Carroll had agreed to buy. Nobody had asked her to make it up into jackets and trousers, or coats and pantaloons, because every one preferred to be fashionably fitted; which was rather bad for Mrs. Green, although it is delightful to think how elegant they must all have looked.

"And there 's my stockings," said Mrs. Green, one day, looking at the blue yarn and knitting-needles. "I wish I 'd begun 'em a little sooner."

"Mother, why can't I knit?" asked Esther. "I should like to, and I have sometimes, for fun, you know."

Mother had no objections, so Esther began to knit *in earnest*, and was highly delighted with her self-imposed task.

"I 'll get 'em done for you this week, mother," she promised. "And then I shall want to make some more. You 'll want two or three pairs, — won't you? I like to knit so!"

"I 'll want as many as you 'll make me," said Mrs. Green, pleased to see her so happy. "There 's plenty of yarn." But Esther found another customer: the doctor came in and saw her at work.

"What! knitting stockings!" said he. "They 're for me, I suppose. For mother? O, that 's too bad! Mother 's got enough, I know, and I 've no little girl to keep me tidy. Now won't you make me some when you 've finished that pair?"

"O yes, sir. Thank you," said Esther.

"No, it 's I that 'll thank *you*," said the doctor; "though I should n't expect to pay for them that way. You can just calculate how much yarn there was in them, Mrs. Green, and how much time it took."

"Why, Doctor, Esther would be glad to make 'em for you for nothing; she knows how good you 've been to her."

"But I should n't be glad to have her. I 've never worn anything yet that was n't paid for, Mrs. Green, and you would n't advise me to begin now,— would you?"

So it was settled that Esther should fit the doctor out with stockings; and

she was very proud of helping mother by earning some money, though she did n't know, and Mrs. Green would have been very sorry to have her know, how much it was needed. By and by people began to talk about it in the village, and some one would say: "Mis' Green's Esther's knitting stockings to sell. I should n't wonder if she was poorly off just now, what with the rheumatism and all. Perhaps I 'd better get Esther to knit some for the boys, — my hands are full enough, goodness knows."

And then there were other people who "guessed Mis' Green was n't very provident." They were the same persons, of course, who used to be "afraid Mis' Green was teaching Esther to think too much of her outside," when she walked into church behind her mother, with new ribbons on her bonnet, and looking as sweet as a pink.

However, Esther had plenty to do, and the wolf was fairly driven off that time by a little girl's knitting-needle. Mrs. Green's hands got well, and the doctor said Esther would be up before next summer, but I can't tell about that, for my story ends here. Perhaps the doctor was mistaken. Perhaps — because, even if she were up, she never could be well and strong again — the Great Physician in mercy laid his hand upon her, and they put up a little stone in the graveyard, marked "Esther: Only child." Or perhaps the thread of life, though slender, was tenacious, and it is the mother who has slept this many a year, while the village has grown into a great city, where iron fingers are making hundreds of pairs of stockings faster than Esther could knit one. And Esther, little Esther (she would always be that, you know), lonely and old and poor, creeps about with a great basket on her arm, while the children — no, the children's children of the boys and girls who went to school with her, point at her and shout after her in the streets, "Hallo, old Polly! how are all the folks?" — "Going it two-forty to-day, are n't you?" — "What you got in your basket?" — "Please give us some cold victuals!"

G. Howard.

THE WORLD WE LIVE ON.

THE PHYSICAL HISTORY OF FLORIDA.

FLORIDA is thrown out like a pier from our continent, — a breakwater, as it were, between the Atlantic Ocean and the Gulf of Mexico; and its geographical position has a direct bearing upon its structure. Indeed, it owes its existence, in part, to a great tropical current, which sweeps over from the western coast of Africa to the American shore, and pours a portion of its warm tide into the basin, lying between Central America and the United States, known as the Gulf of Mexico.

There is nothing you should study with more care, on your maps, than the ocean currents. They are far more interesting, and far more important in

their bearing on the history of the world and the condition of its inhabitants, than many of the local facts with which our geographies are filled. I would not undervalue the latter. It is well, perhaps, that you should know the names of all the counties and towns in the various States, their respective products, and the number of their inhabitants, — if you can remember them.* But, while details of this kind are learned to-day and forgotten to-morrow, there are physical facts too impressive to escape the memory when they have once been understood. Among them is the history of the Gulf Stream, of which I will say something here, because it is closely connected with that of Florida.

From the western coast of Africa an immense body of water starts on a journey northward. Heated under a tropical sun, it goes laden with benedictions, carrying a softer atmosphere and a more genial climate to the cold and sterile countries toward which it travels.

Crossing the Atlantic first in an almost westerly direction, though bearing slightly to the north, it reaches the coast of South America. There it meets the great headland of Cape St. Roque. The current breaks against this large promontory and becomes divided, a part turning southward along the Brazilian coast, while the remainder continues its course in a northwesterly direction. Arriving on the shore of Central America, it finds the broad entrance to the Gulf of Mexico open, and rushes in to fill that wide basin; then with diminished bulk pursues its path along the Southern States.

From this point it is known to us as the Gulf Stream, having received that name before the whole history of the current was understood. Indeed, from a very early period, navigators had been familiar with a broad belt of warm water in the North Atlantic Ocean. They constantly crossed it in their voyages, and they named it the Gulf Stream, supposing that, as it issued from the Gulf of Mexico, it must originate there.

But this stream, powerful though it be, cannot have undisputed possession of the road, any more than other great potentates. Leaving the Gulf of Mexico to travel up our coast, it meets a current of a very different character coming down from the north. This body of cold water has started from the arctics, as the Gulf Stream has started from the tropics. Poured out through Baffin's Bay, it hurries southward, following the line of our Atlantic States, and keeping close to the shore. Having thus got possession of the inside track, it crowds the warmer current out, until, in the neighborhood of Cape Cod, the Gulf Stream, fairly driven from the ground, turns more decidedly eastward, and finally crosses to the British coast.

* In this connection I cannot but call the attention of parents and teachers to Guyot's admirable series of geographies, which are not so well known as they should be; though Mr. Guyot's own reputation as one of the first geographers now living is their best recommendation. The plan of these geographies is as simple as it is intelligent. They teach geography in its larger sense, — not as a mere inventory of countries, towns, rivers, mountains, &c., but as a science treating of those physical laws which control the climate and general conditions of the earth's surface, determine its divisions into distinct regions, and influence the development and history of its inhabitants. Beginning with an elementary work for very young children, attractive to little folks from its abundant illustrations, clear maps, and simple text, this series is continued through a succession of volumes, gradually adapted to the use of higher schools and more mature students.

You can easily understand how powerful must be the effect of this moving mass of heated water along its whole course. Indeed, its warm breath is felt for many miles on either side. It gives the pleasant climate to Newport which makes it such a favorite resort, and, condensing in vapors and clouds on the banks of Newfoundland, it hangs over that region in an ever-renewed curtain of fog. Even on the shores of southern England and Ireland, though in the long journey thitherward it has lost much of its tropical character, it still retains genial heat enough to soften the ocean mists which keep those countries always green and fertile.

When the Pilgrim Fathers landed on Plymouth Rock, they chose a latitude in which, judging by the situation of the home they left behind, they had a right to expect a climate as warm as that of England, or even warmer, since the land lay farther south. They did not know, nor did any one, until long afterwards, that, in place of the warm current which flowed toward the British isles, a current bringing with it the very chill of the arctic ice bathed the coast of New England; nor did they know that to the north of their new home lay open plains, unbroken by any great chains of mountains, over which swept southward the pitiless blasts from polar snow-fields.

I suppose, when you boys and girls who live in our northern and eastern States hasten to school on some bitter January morning, running and sliding to keep yourselves warm, you do not stop to ask why our climate is so cold and our winter wind so strong and piercing. You are too busy stamping your feet, and blowing your fingers to keep the blood in circulation, for that; but perhaps when you reach the school-room, and are warming yourselves around the stove, you may like to hear a little physical geography which has a direct bearing on your own sensations. You may be interested to know that the high wind which almost blew you to school owed its unbroken force to the fact that America has no lofty chain of mountains to intercept the winter winds from the north.

The early settlers of New England were as ignorant of these facts as some of you may be; but they learned from hard experience, though they could not explain the cause of the phenomenon, that the same latitudes often have very different climates. Only through later investigations of physical laws we have learned that mountain chains, acting as screens against the winds, and ocean currents, bringing warm or cold water to our shores, have as much to do with climate as degrees of latitude.

Perhaps it is as well that our forefathers were not better informed; they might have turned aside from the granite rocks of New England, and have hesitated to expose their colony to the hardships and difficulties which in the end made their best strength, and developed the finest qualities of their descendants.

But to return to Florida. I have said that she owes her existence in great part to the influence of the Gulf Stream. This is true, though in an indirect sense, and only because the temperature of the warm water in which her shores are always steeping is favorable to the development of certain little animals, which, by simply growing, have built up a large portion, if not the whole, of the State of Florida, from the ocean bottom.

You are all familiar with the general outline of Florida; but, that it may be present to your minds while you read, I subjoin a small map of the peninsula, to which we may refer from time to time.

Just outside its lower extremity are a number of islands, — the easternmost almost touching the main-land, while the western lie a little farther off.

In consequence of this peculiarity in their disposition, the space left between these islands and the Florida coast, marked on the map as mud flats, is broad and open at the western outlet, but almost closed toward the east. It is important to remember the form of this broad intervening space, stretching between the keys and the main-land, because the narrower and more shallow end may easily be filled up with sand, mud, &c. If you will look at the map, you will see, by the flats at the eastern end of this once open channel, that such a process is actually going on. In fact, a current sets toward the channel, drifting into it sand, mud, and *débris* of all sorts.

I hope to show you that these flats, being gradually consolidated into dry land, will at last make a bridge between the islands and the lower extremity of Florida, uniting them solidly together, so that the former will cease to be islands and will become part of the main-land.

Indeed, we shall find that Florida herself, so far as her structure is known, is only a succession of such rows of islands as now lie outside her southern shore, united together by flats exactly like those accumulating at this moment between the present islands and the coast. These islands are called the Keys of Florida, and are distinguished from one another by a variety of

appellations, such as Sand Key, Key West, Indian Key, Long Key, and the like. They are of various sizes; some — like Key West, for instance — are large, inhabited islands, planted with fruit and flower gardens, where cocoa-nuts and other palms, orange-trees, and bananas, grow in great luxuriance, while others are mere barren rocks scarcely rising above the surface of the ocean, washed over by the waves, and wholly destitute of verdure.

Suppose now that in fancy we sail out from the keys on their seaward side, choosing a bright, calm day, when the surface of the ocean is still. The waters of that region are always remarkably clear; and under such influences of sky and atmosphere they are so transparent that the bottom may be seen at a considerable depth, distinct as a picture under glass.

Sailing southward to a distance of some four or five miles from the keys, we find ourselves in the neighborhood of a rocky wall rising from the ocean bottom. As we approach it, if we look over the side of the boat, we shall see that we are passing over a floating shrubbery, a branching growth spreading in every direction, its lighter portions swaying gently with the movement of the sea. It is not green, like land shrubbery, but has a variety of soft, bright hues, — purple, rosy, amethyst, yellow, brown, and orange. If circumstances are favorable, and the water crystal-clear, as it sometimes is, we shall have glimpses of bright-colored fishes swimming in and out amid this tangled thicket, or here and there we may discern a variety of sea-anemones, their soft feathery fringes fully expanded.

This wonderful growth over which we have imagined ourselves to be sailing is the top of a coral wall. Reaching the surface of the water at intervals, it forms little rocky islands here and there, divided from each other by open channels, through some of which vessels of considerable size may pass. This wall is in fact a repetition of the same process as that which has formed the inner row of keys, though in a more incomplete stage; it is built up by the coral animals from the sea bottom. Wherever circumstances are most favorable to their development, there they grow most rapidly. In such spots they bring the wall to the sea level sooner than in others.

This done, however, the work of the coral animals ceases, because they cannot live out of the water. But in consequence of a process of decay and decomposition, which I shall describe when we examine the structure and life of the animals themselves, such a wall — or coral reef, as it is called — is surrounded by coral sand and fragments worn away from it by the action of the sea.

Materials of this sort, mixed with sea-weed, broken shells, &c., soon gather upon the top of the reef wherever the coral growth has brought it to the sea level. By degrees a soil is collected upon such spots, raising them more and more above the surface of the water. In this way the islands have been formed which we call the Keys of Florida; and in the same way the little patches now rising highest on the summit of the Reef will enlarge gradually into more and more extensive islands, though at present many of them are scarcely visible above the water level.

Look now once more at the map, that you may impress upon your minds

the relations of these different formations, which give such a peculiar character to the southern extremity of Florida. First you have the shore of the peninsula itself, then the mud flats, outside of which lie the keys, and beyond the latter, and divided from them by a channel, — the "ship channel," as it is called, — the ocean wall of which I have spoken.

This outer wall of the Florida coast is the coral reef so dreaded by seamen because it forms a complete trap for vessels.

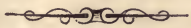
Coming to the surface, as I have said, only here and there, but stretching for a distance of some hundred and fifty miles, its long line of breakers is a terror and a snare to sailors. Neither is it easy to guard against these dangers, since, for reasons which you will understand when I have explained more fully the nature of the reef, it has been very difficult to establish light-houses upon it. There are active agencies at work in the substance of the wall, undermining it in such a manner that large portions may easily be torn off by storms. It has even happened that a light-house built upon the reef, in the hope of affording security to navigation, has been rent away with the very foundations on which it stood, and washed into the sea.

Now that, through the labors of the Coast Survey, the position of the reef and its outline, as well as its structure and growth, are better understood, such accidents are less frequent, and there is good reason to believe that the present light-houses will stand securely for many years.

In the present chapter I have described only the external appearance of those lighter branching kinds of corals which live in shallow waters and may be seen growing on the upper part of the reef. Were the whole wall, however, composed of those more delicate species known as fan corals and the like, it would have little solidity, for they offer a comparatively slight resistance to the action of the waves and storms.

In my next article I shall tell you something of the internal structure and mode of growth of corals; and in the end you will see how wonderfully the different kinds are fitted into the various parts of the reef, the more massive ones below, the lighter above, so that finally a wall is formed more solid and more indestructible than any ever built by man.

Elizabeth C. Agassiz.



THE WILLIAM HENRY LETTERS.

NINTH PACKET.

William Henry's Letter to Dorry.

DEAR DORRY, —

I 'm just as hungry as anything, now, about all the time. My grandmother says she 's so glad to see me eat again; and so am I glad to eat, myself. Things taste better than they did before. Maybe I shall come back to school again pretty soon, my father says; but my grandmother guesses

not very, because she thinks I should have a relapse if I did. A relapse is to get sick again when you 're getting well; and, if I should get sick again, O what should I do! for I want to go out-doors. If they 'd only let me go out, I 'd saw wood all day, or anything. There is n't much fun in being sick, I tell you, Dorry; but getting well, O, that 's the thing! I tell you getting well 's jolly! I have very good things sent to me about every day, and when I want to make molasses candy my grandmother says yes every time, if she is n't frying anything in the spider herself; and then I wait and whistle to my sister's canary-bird, or else look out the window. But she tells me to stand a yard back, because she says cold comes in the window-cracks: and my Uncle Jacob, he took the yardstick one day, and measured a yard, and put a chalk mark there, where my toes must come to, he said. If I hold the yardstick a foot and a half up from the floor, my sister's kitty can jump over it tip-top. My sister has made a Red-Riding-Hood cloak for her kitty, and a muff to put her fore paws in, and takes her out.

Yesterday Uncle Jacob came into the house and said he had brought a carriage to carry me over to Aunt Phebe's; and when I looked out it was n't anything but a wheelbarrow. My grandmother said I must wrap up, for 't was the first time; so she put two overcoats on me, and my father's long stockings over my shoes and stockings, and a good many comforters, and then a great shawl over my head so I need n't breathe the air; and 't was about as bad as to stay in. Uncle Jacob asked her if there was a Billy in that bundle, when he saw it. "Hallo, in there!" says he. "Hallo, out there!" says I. Then he took me up in his arms, and carried me out, and doubled me up, and put me down in the wheelbarrow, and threw the buffalo over me; but one leg got undoubled, and fell out, so I had to drag my foot most all the way. Aunt Phebe undid me, and set me close to the fire; and Lucy Maria and the rest of them brought me story-books and picture-papers; and Tommy, he kept round me all the time, making me whittle him out little boats out of a shingle, and we had some fun sailing 'em in a milk-pan. Aunt Phebe had chicken broth for

dinner, and I had a very good appetite. She let me look into all her closets and boxes, and let me open all her drawers. But I had to have a little white blanket pinned on when I went round, because she was afraid her room was n't kept so warm as my grandmother's. Soon as Uncle Jacob came in and saw that little white blanket he began to laugh. "So Aunt Phebe has got out the *signal of distress*," says he. He calls that blanket the "signal of distress," because when any of them don't feel well, or have the toothache or anything, she puts it on them. She says he shall have to wear it some time, and I guess he 'll look funny, he 's so tall, with it on. The fellers played base-ball close to Aunt Phebe's garden. I tell you I shall be glad enough to get out-doors. I tell you it is n't much fun to look out the window and see 'em play ball. But Uncle Jacob says if the ball hit me 't would knock me over now. Aunt Phebe was just as clever, and let me whittle right on the floor, and did n't care a mite. And we made corn-balls. But the best fun was finding things, when I was rummaging. I found some pictures in an old trunk that she said I might have, and I want you to give them to Bubby Short to put in the Panorama he said he was going to make. He said the price to see it would be two cents. They are true ones, for they are about Aunt Phebe's little Tommy. One day, when he was a good deal smaller feller than he is now, he went out when it had done raining one day, and the wind blew hard, and he found an old umbrella, and did just what is in the pictures. The school-teacher that boarded there, O, she could draw cows and pigs and anything; and she drew these pictures, and wrote about them underneath.

I wish you would write me a letter, and tell Benjie to, and Bubby Short.

From your affectionate friend,

WILLIAM HENRY.

P. S. What are you fellers playing now?

TOMMY ON HIS TRAVELS.

Tommy sets forth upon his travels around the house, taking with him his whip.

At the first corner he picks up an umbrella. A larger boy opens the umbrella, and shows him the way to hold it. Being an old umbrella, it shuts down again. But Tommy still keeps on in this way.

At the second corner, a gust of wind takes down the umbrella, and blows his cape over his head. He pushes on, however, whip in hand, dragging the umbrella behind him.

On turning the third corner, a hen runs between his legs, and throws him down in the mud.

He is taken inside, stripped and washed, and left sitting upon the floor in his knit shirt, waiting for clean clothes. He can reach the handle of the molasses-jug. He does reach the handle, and tips over the jug. His mother finds him eating molasses off the floor with his forefinger. Tommy looks up with a sweet smile.

William Henry's Letter to his Grandmother.

MY DEAR GRANDMOTHER, —

I 've been here three days now. I came safe all the way, but that glass vial you put that medicine into, down in the corner of the trunk, broke, and some white stockings down there, they soaked it all up; but I sha' n't have to take it now, and no matter, I guess, for I feel well, all but my legs feeling weak so I can't run hardly any. When I got here, the boys were playing ball; but they all ran to shake hands, and slapped my shoulders so they almost slapped me down, and hollered out, "How are you, Billy?" "How fares ye?" "Welcome back!" "Got well?" "Good for you, Billy!" Gus Beals — he 's the great tall one we call "Mr. Augustus" — he called out, "How are you, red-top?" And then Dorry called out to him, "How are you, hay-pole?" Dorry and Bubby Short want me to tell you to thank Aunt Phebe for their doughnuts, and you, too, for that molasses candy. The candy got soft, and the paper jammed itself all into the candy, but Bubby Short says he loves paper when it has molasses candy all over it. I gave some of the things to Benjie. Something hurt me all the way coming, in the toe of my boot; and when I got here I looked, and 't was a five-cent piece right in the toe! I know who 't was! 'T was Uncle Jacob when he made believe look to see if that boot-top was n't made of mighty poor leather. I went to spend it yesterday, down to the Two Betseys' shop. Lame Betsey called me a poor little dear, and was just going to kiss me, but I twisted my face round. I 'm too big for all that now, I guess. She looked for something to give me, and was just going to give me a stick of candy; but the other Betsey said 't was

no use to give little boys candy, for they'd only swallow it right down; so she gave me a row of pins, for she said pins were proper handy things when your buttons ripped off. Just when I was coming back from the Two Betseys' shop, I met Gapper Skyblue. He goes about selling cakes now. A good many boys were round him, in a hurry to buy first, and all you could hear was, "Here, Gapper!" "This way, Gapper!" "You know me, Gapper!" "Me, me, me!" One boy — he's a new boy — spoke up loud and said, "Mr. Skyblue, please attend to me, if you please, for I have five pennies to spend!" He came from Jersey. The fellers call him "Old Wonder Boy," because he brags and tells such big stories. But now, just as soon as he begins to tell, Dorry begins too, and always tells the biggest, — makes them up, you know. O, I tell you, Dorry gives it to him good! You'd die a laughing to hear Dorry, and so do all the fellers. W. B., — that's what we call Old Wonder Boy sometimes, — W stands for Wonder, and B stands for Boy, — he says cents are not cents; says they are pennies, for the Jersey folks call them pennies, and he guesses they know. He says he gets his double handful of pennies to spend every day down in Jersey. But Bubby Short says he knows that's a whopper, for he knows there would n't anybody's mother give them their double handful of pennies to spend every day, nor cents either, nor their father either. And then Dorry told Old Wonder Boy that he supposed it took his double handful of pennies to buy a roll of lozenges down in Jersey. Then W. B. said that our lozenges were all flour and water, but down in Jersey they were clear sugar, and just as plenty as huckleberries. Dorry said he did n't believe any huckleberries grew out there, or, if they did, they'd be nothing but red ones, for the ground was red out in Jersey. But W. B. said no matter if the ground was red, the huckleberries were just as black as Yankee huckleberries, and blacker too, and three times bigger, and ten times thicker. Said he picked twenty quarts one day.

Dorry said, "Poh, that was n't much of a pick!" Says he, "Now I 'll tell you a huckleberry story that's worth something." Then all the boys began to hit elbows, for they knew Dorry would make up some funny thing. Says he: "I went a huckleberrying once to Wakonok Swamp, and I carried a fourteen-quart tin pail, and a great covered basket, besides a good many quart and pint things. You'd better believe they hung thick in that swamp! I found a thick spot, and I slung my fourteen-quart tin pail round my waist, and picked with both hands, and ate off the bushes with my mouth all the while. I got all my things full without stirring two yards from the spot, and then I did n't know what to do. But I 'll tell you what I did. I took off my jacket, and cut my fishing-line, and tied up the bottom ends of my jacket sleeves, and picked them both full. And then I did n't know what to do next. But I 'll tell you what I did. I took off my overalls, and tied up the bottoms of their legs, and picked them so full you would n't know but there was a boy standing up in 'em!" Then the boys all clapped.

"Well," Old Wonder Boy said, "how did you get them home?"

"O, got them home easy enough," Dorry said. "First I put the overalls

over my shoulders, like a boy going pussy-back. I slung all the quart and pint things round my waist, and hung the covered basket on one arm, and took the fourteen-quart tin pail in that same hand. Then I tied my jacket to the end of my fishing-pole, and held it up straight in my other hand like — like a flag in a dead calm!"

O, you ought to've seen the boys, — how they winked at one another and puffed out their cheeks; and some of 'em rolled over and over down hill to keep from laughing! Bubby Short got behind the fence, and put his face between two bars, and called out, "S — e — double l!" But Dorry says they don't know what a "s — e — double l" is down in Jersey. But I don't believe that W. B. believes Dorry's stories; for I looked him in the face, and he had a mighty sly look when he asked Dorry how it was he got his huckleberries home.

To-day they got a talking about potatoes. Old Wonder Boy said that down in Jersey they grow so big you have to pry 'em up out of the hill, and it don't take much more than two to make a peck. Dorry told him that down in Maine you could stand on top the potato-hills and look all round the country, they were so high; and he asked W. B. how they planted 'em in Jersey, with their eyes up or down. He said he did n't know which way they did turn their eyes. Then Dorry told him the Yankees always planted potatoes eyes up, so they could see which way to grow. Said he planted a hill of potatoes in his father's garden, last summer, with their eyes all down, and waited and waited, but they did n't come up. And when he had waited a spell longer, he raked off the top of that hill of potatoes, and all he saw was some roots sticking up. And he began to dig down. And he kept digging. Followed their stems. But he never got to the potato-tops; and says he, "I never did get to those potato-tops!" O, you ought to've heard the boys!

Old Wonder Boy wanted to know where Dorry thought they'd gone to. Dorry thought to himself a minute, and looked just as sober, and then says he, just like a school-teacher, "The earth, in the middle, is afire. I think when they got deep enough to feel the warm, they guessed 't was the sun, and so kept heading that way."

Is the world afire in the middle? Dorry told me that part of his story was really true. How Uncle Jacob would laugh to sit down and hear Dorry and Old Wonder Boy tell about whales. W. B. calls 'em wales. His uncle is a ship-captain, he says, and once he saw a wale, and the wale was making for his ship, and it chased 'em. And, no matter how they steered, that wale would chase. And by and by, in a calm day, he got under the vessel and boosted her up out of water, when all the crew gave a yell, — such a horrid yell that the wale let 'em down so sudden that the waves splashed up to the tops of the masts, and they thought they were all drowned.

"O, poh!" Dorry cried out. "My uncle was a regular whaler, and went a whaling for his living. And once he was cruising about the whaling-grounds and 't was in a place where the days were so short that the nights lasted almost all day. And they got chased by a whale. And he kept chas-

ing them. Night and day. And there came up a gale of wind that lasted three days and nights; and the ship went like lightning, night and day, the whale after them. And, when the wind went down, the whale was so tuckered that he could n't swim a stroke. So he floated. Then the cap'n sang out to 'em to lower a boat. And they did. And the cap'n got in and took a couple of his men to row him. The whale was rather longer than a liberty pole. About as long as a liberty-pole and a half. He was asleep, and they steered for the tail end. A whale's head is about as big as the Two Betseys' shop, and 't is filled with clear oil, without any trying out. The cap'n landed on the whale's tail, and went along up on tiptoe, and the men rowed the boat alongside, and kept even with him; and, when he got towards her ears, he took off his shoes, and threw 'em to the men to catch. After a while he got to the tip-top of her head. Now I 'll tell you what he had in his hand. He had a great junk of cable as big round as the trunk of a tree, and not quite a yard long. In one end of it there was a point of a harpoon stuck in, and the other end of it was lighted. He told the men to stand ready. Then he took hold of the cable with both hands, and with one mighty blow he stuck that pointed end deep in the whale's head, and then gave one jump into the boat, and he cried out to the men, 'Row! Row for your lives! To the tail end! If you want to live, row!' And before that whale could turn round they were safe aboard the ship! But now I 'll tell you the best part of the whole story. They did n't have any more long dark nights after that. They kept throwing over bait to keep her chasing, and the great lamp blazed, and as fast as the oil got hot it tried out more blubber, and that whale burned as long as there was a bit of the inside of him left. Flared up, and lighted up the sea, and drew the fishes, and they drew more whales; and they got deep loaded, and might have loaded twenty more ships. And when they left they took a couple in tow, — of whales, — and knocked out their teeth for ivory, and then sold their carcasses to an empty whaler."

Dorry says some parts of this story are true. But he did n't say which parts. Said I must look in the whale book and find out.

Your affectionate grandchild,

WILLIAM HENRY.

P. S. I wish you would please to send me a silver three-cent piece or five-cent. Two squaws have got a tent a little ways off, and the boys are going to have their fortunes taken. But you have to cross the squaws' hands with silver.

W. H.

Georgianna's letter to William Henry.

MY DEAR BROTHER BILLY, —

O Billy, my pretty, darling little bird is dead! My kitty did it, and O, I don't know what I shall do, for I love my kitty if she did kill my birdie; but I don't forget about it, and I keep thinking of my birdie every time my kitty comes in the room. I was putting some seeds in the glass, and my birdie looked so cunning; and I held a lump of white sugar in my lips, and let him peck it. And while I was thinking what a dear little bird he was, I forgot he could fly out; but he could, for the door was open, and he flew to the window. I did n't think anything about kitty. It flew up to that bracket you made, and then it went away up in the corner just as high as it could, on a wooden peg that was there. I did n't know what made it flutter its wings and tremble so, but grandmother pointed her finger down to the corner, on the floor, and there was my kitty stretching out and looking up at my bird. And that was what made poor birdie tremble so. And it dropped right down. Before we could run across to catch kitty, he dropped right down into her mouth. I never thought she could get him. I did n't know what made grandmother hurry. I did n't know that kitties could charm birds, but they do. She did n't have him a minute in her teeth, and I thought it could n't be dead. But, O Billy, my dear birdie never breathed again! I warmed him in my hands, and tried to make him stir his wings, but he never breathed again. Now the tears are coming again. I thought I was n't going to cry any more. But they come themselves; when I don't know it, they come; and O, it was such a good birdie! When I came home from school I used to run to the cage, and he would sing to meet me. And I put chickweed over his cage.

Grandmother has put away that empty cage now. She 's sorry, too. Did you think a grandmother would be sorry about a little bird as that? But she 'd rather give a good deal. When she put the plates on the table, and rattled spoons, he used to sing louder and louder. And in the morning he used to wake me up, singing away so loud! Now, when I first wake up, I listen. But O, it is so still now! Then in a minute I remember all about it. Sometimes kitty jumps up on the bed, and puts her nose close down, and purrs. But I say, "No, kitty. Get down. You killed little birdie. I don't want to see you." But she don't know what I mean. She rubs her head on my face, and purrs loud, and wants me to stroke her back, and don't seem as if she had been bad. She used to be such a dear little kitty. And so she is. She 's pretty as a pigeon. Aunt Phebe says she never saw such a pretty little gray and white kitty as she is. I was going to have her drowned. But then I should cry for kitty too. Then I should think how she looked all drowned, down at the bottom, just the same way I do now how my birdie looked when it could n't stir its little wings, and its eyes could n't move. My father says that kitty did n't know any better. I hope so. I took off that pretty chain she had round her neck. But grandmother thinks I had better put it on again. Aunt Phebe's little Tommy says

"Don't kye, Dordie, I 'll *bung* dat tat. I 'll take a tick and *bung* dat tat!" He calls me Dordie. I guess I rather have kitty alive than let her be drowned, don't you? Grandmother wants you not to catch cold and be sick.

From your affectionate sister,

GEORGIANNA.

P. S. Grandmother showed me how to write this letter.

Mrs. A. M. Diaz.

WHO FIRST USED THE MARINER'S COMPASS.

WHEN I was a school-boy and studied geography, I used to wonder sometimes, as I was poring over a large map of the world, how it came to pass that such a country as Portugal had so many possessions in distant parts of the earth. It is a little kingdom, about as large as our State of Indiana, and contains only about as many people as the State of New York; and those people, travellers tell us, are not very industrious, skilful, or enterprising. And yet the old map which I used to look at seemed to be dotted all over with places marked, "Belongs to Portugal."

It is not so surprising that this small kingdom, this odd corner of Europe, this narrow, oblong slice of Spain, should have gained possession of most of those islands off the African coast, — the Azores, Madeiras, and the Cape Verdes, — because they are not very far from Portugal, and because there is no other Christian country from which they can be so conveniently reached. Most of those islands are within seven or eight hundred miles of its south-western corner. But away down the African coast, in what is called Lower Guinea, the land of ivory, gold dust, and precious gums, we find a great region of country belonging to Portugal, with a Portuguese town in it, a Portuguese governor-general, and churches conducted by Portuguese priests, in which crowds of half-naked negroes and mulattoes bow low before the cross and the image of the Virgin.

And then, on the other side of Africa, there is another extensive region, called Mozambique, which also belongs to Portugal. Here Portugal has a territory as large as the State of Virginia, from which are exported plenty of indigo and rare drugs, fine woods for furniture, elephants' tusks, the teeth of the hippopotamus, and the horns of the rhinoceros; to say nothing of common things, such as rice, sugar, spice, coffee, and coal. Here again we find a Portuguese city of considerable size, with great barracks for soldiers, with storehouses and wharves, a splendid palace for the governor-general, a cathedral, and several smaller churches and convents. In this city, which consists of palaces for the Portuguese and huts for the natives, there are a Portuguese bishop, Portuguese priests, nuns, and monks, Portuguese judges

and courts. The Portuguese have been so long established in that country that one of their towns there has had time to go to decay. It is called Melinda, and you may see there the ruins of Portuguese churches, convents, store-houses, wharves, and palaces, which were built three centuries ago.

But this is not all. If you should sail from the ruined walls and wharves of Melinda two thousand miles to the westward, across the ocean, and enter the harbor of Goa, on the coast of India, you would find a Portuguese settlement and city that would fill you with still greater astonishment. Neither the English, nor the French, nor the Dutch have ever built in that part of the world cathedrals or palaces so splendid as those with which the Portuguese have adorned this city, so far from their native land. One church there is decorated with beautiful paintings brought from Italy; and the cathedral is so exceedingly gorgeous, and so vast in extent, that it would not be thought out of place in one of the principal cities of Catholic Europe. These buildings, it is true, are going to decay; but they show what power the Portuguese must have had in India, when they could spend the revenue of an Indian province upon one convent or one church. To this day there is a Portuguese viceroy resident there, and a Portuguese archbishop; and there is also a Portuguese seminary for the education of priests.

Then there is Macao, a Portuguese city in China, where again we find amazing evidences, in the form of churches, convents, and seminaries, of the power once possessed in this part of the world by the Portuguese. Indeed, it was at this city of Macao that Camoens, the only Portuguese poet known to the rest of the world, composed the only famous poem which that country has produced. Macao was *given* by the Emperor of China to the mighty King of Portugal, in return for some assistance which the Portuguese King had rendered him in driving pirates from the Chinese seas.

Why, two hundred years ago, there was not a head in all the Eastern world that would not bow low to the Portuguese uniform; and millions of dusky human beings in Asia and Africa toiled from youth to old age to enrich that small and distant kingdom. In America, too, there is Brazil, a country containing nearly four millions of square miles, — larger than the United States, — which belonged to Portugal until a few years ago. Here the Portuguese language is still spoken, Portuguese laws and customs still prevail, and it is governed by an emperor sprung from the royal family of Portugal.

I used to wonder at these things when I had but a slight knowledge of them at school; but in later years I found out the reason. I said in my last number that the mariner's compass, very much as we have it now, was invented about the year 1300, and that I was going on to tell what was done with it after it was in the hands of navigators. Well, the reason why Portugal, a little, insignificant kingdom, held possessions so valuable and numerous in those distant parts of the world, is simply this: the Portuguese were the first to turn the compass to account in navigating the ocean.

But, after all, this does not quite explain the mystery. The compass is a delicate instrument, and one which lazy and ignorant people would be very

unlikely to take an interest in, and still more unlikely to use in exploring unknown seas. From what we know of the Portuguese of the present day, we should not suppose them to have been at any time very energetic, very enterprising, or very intelligent. Indeed, I was told only last week by a New York merchant who has lived twenty years in India and China, that many of the Portuguese in Macao, Goa, Mozambique, and Angola, are more deeply sunk in vice, ignorance, and superstition than the natives themselves. I think we may say that it never would have occurred to such men as most of the Portuguese now are to take a needle in a box on board a ship, and go forth to discover and to conquer on the other side of the globe. It is only virtuous and intelligent people who do great and heroic things. You may well ask, therefore, how it came to pass that the Portuguese, of all the nations of Europe, should have been among the first to understand, and the first to use, the compass in navigating the broad ocean.

People used to laugh at the ancient historians, because they began their histories, even of insignificant states or men, by relating the creation of the world. But, in truth, events are so linked together, or so grow out of one another, that, in trying *perfectly* to understand the most trifling occurrence, you find yourself led back from one thing to another, until you are groping in the darkness of the most distant ages. I have found it so in this instance. In order to tell you how Portugal, in the fourteenth century, came to know enough to understand the compass, and to be brave enough to use it, it is positively necessary to explain to you how there came to be such a kingdom as Portugal at all; for the very circumstance which caused Portugal to be sliced off from Spain, and made into an independent State, was the reason of its taking the lead of Europe in navigating the sea.

But don't be alarmed. I am not going to begin at the creation of man, nor even at the Deluge; nor am I going to tell a long and tedious story of the origin of Portugal. I wish merely to tell enough to enable you to understand clearly what is to follow.

And I must confess I wonder that more has not been written upon this subject of the first use of the compass by the Portuguese. I hear a great deal about Columbus and his mighty achievement in discovering America, and I do not wish to deny that Columbus was a great, resolute, and valiant hero. But he was only one of a long line of great navigators, of whom he was certainly the most fortunate, but perhaps not the greatest. And was not Columbus himself a pupil of the Portuguese? Did he not learn much of ocean navigation in Portuguese ships, under Portuguese captains, sailing to Portuguese possessions? Did he not carry on in Portugal the business of map-making and globe-making? Was he not inspired with a passion for discovery by listening to the very stories which I am going, by and by, to tell you, — stories of Portuguese adventure and discovery? Certainly he was. Do not wonder, then, at my being desirous that you should know something more about the great kings, princes, and people of a kingdom to which the world is more indebted than to any other modern nation.

If you look upon a map of Spain, in the southwestern corner of it you

will find, near the coast, a place named Xeres. On that spot in the year 711 a great battle was fought, — one of those battles which change all the future of nations. Roderick was then King of Spain, — that Don Roderick about whom Robert Southey wrote one of his long poems. And I may just mention here that the poet Southey was one of the few men of his time who knew what great benefits Portugal once conferred on mankind; and he was hoping, all his life, to get time to write a history of that country.

Well, in April of the year 717, while Don Roderick, King of Spain, was away in the north, reducing to subjection some troublesome rebels in that quarter, there was brought to him the news that a mighty host of Arabs, under one of their bravest chiefs, Tarek by name, had crossed the Straits of Gibraltar, and marched sixty miles up the coast, to the plains of Xeres, having defeated one of the King's generals on the way. Like a brave king as he was, he gathered all the nobles and fighting men of his country about him, and marched southward to drive these Mahometans from the soil which they had invaded. Three months after the landing of the Arabs, Roderick attacked them, himself commanding the centre of his army. All day long the battle raged without result. Renewed each morning, the contest was con-

tinued during eight days, and the victory was still undecided. On the ninth day the Spanish army gave way; Roderick was killed, sword in hand, by the leader of the Arab host, who from that hour was master of the Peninsula. He had but to march on and take possession. The Spaniards fled toward the Pyrenees on the northern boundary of Spain, whither the conqueror did not care to pursue them, and where their very poverty and helplessness protected them.

It took nearly eight hundred years to undo the work of those nine bloody days.

The Arabs continued their victorious march until all the fairest portions of Spain were occupied by them, and the Spaniards could call nothing their own except the rocks, and the hidden valleys and lofty peaks of the mountains which divide their country from France. Other hosts from Africa poured into the conquered country. Moorish cities were built, wherein Mahometan mosques pointed their minarets to the skies, and where, five times a day, the followers of Mahomet turned to the east and said their prayer. Spain, in fact, was doubly conquered; for the invaders who had stolen her lands and captured her cities had also driven out her priests and profaned her temples, and brought in a religion which the Christians of that day held in such abhorrence as we of the present age can hardly understand.

But the Spaniards were not destroyed. Under princes of their royal house they were reorganized; and they increased in numbers, until, from being just able to defend their mountain homes, they had become strong enough to descend into the plains, and wrest from the invader some of the territory which he had conquered. After four hundred years of almost ceaseless contest, Spain was half Moorish and half Spanish, — half Christian, half Mahometan, — each division of the people still hating the other with indescribable animosity.

You all know, I suppose, that in barbarous ages and countries nothing so sets man against his brother as a difference of religion; and to this was added, in the case of the Moors and Spaniards, a difference of race and color, as well as that natural hatred which men who stand in the relation of conquerors and conquered bear to one another. During all this long time, every patriotic Spaniard cherished in his heart one great desire, and that was to see the Moors driven away forever from the soil which he felt they polluted; while, on the other hand, every zealous Mahometan longed to see the day when every Christian church in Spain should be changed into a mosque, and the Christians should all be driven over the mountains into France.

Would you like to know why it was that this struggle between the Moors and the Spaniards lasted 781 years? I can tell you in four words: Neither party was united. The Moors were divided into many tribes and kingdoms, each under its own chief, and these tribes could be made to act together only when a great danger threatened them all, or when a powerful leader held out to them hopes of great conquests. The Spaniards, too, had their dissensions, and could seldom be brought to act as one nation. It was not until, by the marriage of Ferdinand and Isabella, nearly the whole of Christian

Spain became one kingdom, that the Christians finally triumphed, and drove the hated "infidels" back into Africa. This occurred in 1492, the year which Columbus made forever memorable by the discovery of America.

Now, at last, I come to Portugal. It was about the year 1100, seven hundred and sixty-nine years ago, when, as I have just said, Spain was half Christian and half Mahometan, that the events occurred which led to the formation of that little kingdom. As yet there had been no thought of such a division; although, perhaps, that part of Spain may have already been called *Porto-galle*, which, I believe, means the port-country; that is, the country about the mouth of the Douro, which forms the harbor of Oporto. It seems that, about 1090, Alphonso VI. the most powerful of the Christian kings of Spain, led a great army against the Moorish city and province of Toledo, fifty miles south of Madrid. He captured the city, drove the Moors out of the province, and added both to his own dominions. When he had time to reflect, he was actually frightened at his own success. The loss of such a province, he thought, would unite the Moors, and bring the whole host of them down upon his own dominions.

So he sent word to his father-in-law, the Duke of Burgundy, of the danger he had brought upon himself by winning too splendid a victory over the infidels, as the Mahometans were then called throughout Europe; and he begged the duke to send to his assistance some of the valiant knights and squires of Christian Burgundy. He sent also a similar message to Philip I, King of France. Soon there came trooping down across the southern plains of France, and winding through the passes of the Pyrenees, a band of gallant French and Burgundian knights and men-at-arms, to join in defending Alphonso against his enemies and the enemies of the common faith of Europe. They were commanded by two Burgundian princes, one of whom was the brave and noble Prince Henry, a younger brother of the Duke of Burgundy.

They remained in Spain for nearly three years, and greatly distinguished themselves in many a wild foray and desperate fight. Of such assistance were they to King Alphonso, that he not only secured his old conquests, but added others to them. One of these, an especially fine province, lay to the north of the river Douro, and now forms the most northern province of Portugal, having Oporto for its capital and seaport. This province he presented to Henry of Burgundy as a reward for the services which that noble Prince had rendered him; and, besides that, he gave him his daughter Theresa in marriage. Henry was then called the Count of Portugal, and he went to live in a town to the north of the Douro river, where the ruins of an ancient palace built by him or his sons may be seen to this day.

This was the beginning of the kingdom of Portugal, once so renowned and powerful, through which the two halves of the earth were one day to be brought to know each other.

It was no holiday sport to be a king or a nobleman in those wild times. It was no affair of mere ceremony and luxury, of gay hunting in the forest, hawking on the plain, and feasting in a grand banquet-hall when the sport

was done. A prince *then* was understood to be the principal or best man in his dominions, around whom naturally gathered the valiant, the noble, and the wise.

Kings and nobles are not very much thought of in America at present, and this is very proper; for they appear to have done nearly all the good they had to do in the world. But the time was, let me tell you, when kings and nobles were worth all they cost, and when they greatly assisted the nations in coming out of barbarism and ignorance. If kings had not been necessary to mankind, mankind would not have had kings so long.

Now, one of the ways in which kings and princes helped to civilize nations was by marrying into families better than their own, and thus bringing into a country powerful persons who had more knowledge, more sense, or better feeling than before existed in it.

And it seems to me that the reason why this little kingdom of Portugal for two centuries took the lead in exploring and subduing unknown regions is that it had a royal family which was a great deal better and wiser than the race over which it ruled. Henry of Burgundy, Count of Portugal, besides being himself a valiant and high-minded prince, was also wise enough to rear a son worthy to fill his place and able to continue his work. That son, in honor of his benefactor, he named Alphonso Henry. He it was who defeated the Moors in one of the fiercest battles ever fought in the Peninsula. Five Moorish kings, it is said, led against him an army of two hundred thousand men, while he could muster but thirteen thousand troops for the defence of his dominions. From morning until evening, upon the plains of Ourique the battle was fought; and at sunset the Moors took to flight, and their army was totally destroyed. At the close of this bloody day, Count Alphonso was proclaimed king by his victorious soldiers; and this title being ratified by the pope, as well as by his own valor and goodness, he held it to his dying day, and transmitted it to sixteen successors of his name and blood.

His wife Matilda was a woman worthy to be the mother of a royal line. It was this noble pair who set the example of bringing up the royal children of Portugal in those habits of temperance and study which caused so many of them to be distinguished for virtue and knowledge. Fortunate was it, too, for Portugal, that Alphonso I. and Matilda, his queen, had a large family of sons and daughters, who, marrying into other noble and princely families, passed on the good qualities and good habits of their parents to their own children.

Two things you who wish to understand this matter will please to bear in mind until next month. One is, that the compass was ready for navigators about the year 1300. The other is, that the Portuguese royal family, founded by Henry of Burgundy, and enriched by some of the best blood of Europe, had in it a great deal of intellect and goodness. People of intellect, you know, have plenty of curiosity. Such kings and princes as Portugal then had — Portugal with five hundred miles of sea-coast and several good harbors — could not look upon such an instrument as the compass, could not hear of it, without wishing to understand it and put it to use.

James Parton.

THE LITTLE CULPRIT.

FROM the school-house old and gray,
Under branches pink with May,
Clatter, patter, all together,
Little feet have hurried out,
Echoing, with their noise and rout,
Through the brooding spring-time weather
Poised uncertainly between
April cloud and summer sheen,
Half enamored of delay.

Only one poor little drone,
Silent, sullen, stays alone,
With his book unheeded lying
Near the useless, broken slate
In a storm of rage and hate
Flung at random on the floor.
Proud, rebellious, obstinate,
For a weary while before,
He has waited, vainly trying
To repress the tears that rise
In the angry baby eyes.

Well enough it is to play
All the golden hours away ;
Well enough, unlucky scorner
Of the school-room's common law,
Idle curve and line to draw
While the classes read and spell ;
But when work is fairly done,
To be left, the only one,
In a dark and dusty corner,
Surely is not quite as well !

Naught for note of time has he
Save a neighboring apple-tree,
That a lengthened shadow swinging
Nearer, clearer, through the hour,
Tracery of leaf and flower
Marks upon the wall so plain,
Almost seems it he can see,
On the bough the eager bee
To the shaken blossom clinging,
'Mid the breezy petal-rain.

O you naughty little elf,
Punishing your silly self,
While the sun is wellnigh setting!
Do you fancy Rob will wait
All the evening by the gate,
With his boat upon the shelf?
Let the ready tears have way;
Seek forgiveness while you may,
Lest you find yourself regretting
A repentance come too late.

Kate Putnam Osgood.

THE WHITE GIANT.

ONE afternoon, about a hundred years ago, a boy was sitting in his grandmother's kitchen, apparently doing nothing in particular, but really holding a very remarkable conversation with — whom do you think? — a white giant!

THE LITTLE CULPRIT.

FROM THE PAINTING BY LANDSEER.] [See page 183.

Now on the face of it, nothing would seem more unlikely than that a giant should be found in a plain little Scotch kitchen not more than eight feet high from the bare floor to the unplaned rafters; all the more so when a horse-shoe hung by the chimney-side, and the old lady's Bible, with her silver-bowed spectacles on the top of it, lay on the shelf. Nevertheless, there was the giant; and there, gazing intently on the place of his imprisonment, were the only two eyes in all Scotland that were able to find him out.

Indeed I must tell you that the giant in his proper state was quite invisible; but when he did appear in plain view, it was in the shape of a very old man with long white hair and beard, which seemed to encircle him like a garment, unless, indeed, they flowed down and mingled with his garment; and all — hair, beard, and robe — were whiter than snow. Therefore he is called the white giant.

And this is the way in which he made himself known to the boy.

Sitting by the fire, James had noticed that the lid of the teakettle was in a singular state of agitation. It would rise and fall, and flutter up and down in a very excited manner; and, coming as he did of a race that had believed for centuries in witches and goblins, and many supernatural creatures, the boy naturally began to suspect that some imprisoned force or other was beneath it, struggling to get free.

"Who are you?" said he, very quietly, "and what do you want, that you are so restless and excited?"

"Space, freedom, and something to do!" cried the captive giant from within.

"Softly! you have not told me yet who you are," said James.

"No matter who I am. I 'm pressed down here into nothing at all, and I am a great strong giant that wants room to work and be free.

"Well, well! there 's work enough to be done," said James. "Never was a race that wanted more done for it. But what can you do?"

"Try me and see. No one can do more. I will carry your ships, draw your carriages, and lift all your weights. I will plough your fields, sow the grain, and reap and thresh the harvests. I will hew away mountains and build roads. I will turn all the wheels in all your factories. I will weave your cloths and print your books, and carry them to the ends of the earth. In short, I will do everything that strength can do, and you shall be the brain that directs. I will be the faithful servant to fulfil all your commands."

"Here 's a singular treasure-trove to be found in an old copper teakettle!" cried James, rubbing his eyes to be sure he was not dreaming.

"Only shows the use of having your eyes open," replied his strange companion. "I am one of the forces that were created to work for you; but you have a fancy for drudgery, it seems, and prefer to dig and weave for yourselves."

"Indeed, we prefer no such thing," said James, laughing. "We are told that it is one of our great vices to require other people to work for us while we sit idle."

"That is very true when it is your brethren that you are enslaving," re-

plied the giant; "but you have not found out half the servants that were ordained to work for you since the foundation of the world, or else you would not be delving in the ditches and drudging with your hands, instead of letting your brains grow, that you may direct us. What do you mean by letting little children toil in your miserable factories, and become dwarfed in body and soul, when here am I, and a hundred other giants like myself, any one of whom could do the work of ten thousand of those babies, and never feel it, — and you give us no work to do?"

"You are a kind-hearted old genie, I am sure," said the boy; "and, if I live, *my* work shall be to introduce you to the acquaintance of men. But tell me something of your history. Where have you been, all these years, that no one has found you out?"

"Where I am now, and in similar places, though not always so tightly pressed. And indeed I have not been idle, though my appetite for work has never been half supplied. I am one of the elder children of the flood, and began my work in the world before your race appeared upon it. Before the rain began her ministry, I arose from my hidden retreats in the earth, and watered the earliest of gardens. Ever since then I have been carrying on a great system of irrigation; rising from the ocean into the sky, sailing in great fleets laden with treasure toward the mountain-sides where my bounties have been bestowed; sinking then, in a slightly altered form, into the earth, and visiting the roots of all the trees with supplies of food, — creeping up through all their veins and into their broad green leaves, whence I escape into the air again. You see I have had something to do. But all this quiet work is only half enough for me. Work is my nature; so do not be afraid of overtasking me. I cannot have too much."

"Indeed you are a grand old fellow, and I am proud of your acquaintance," cried James. "Now I seem to remember having seen you in April days, or sometimes in August or September, floating in the sky, but I never thought to become so much better acquainted with you in my grandmother's kitchen."

"James, James! what are ye doing?" cried the old lady, from her straight-backed chair. "Here ye 've done naething a' the day but tilt the cover of the kettle, like a lazy lout that ye be. Gae to your tasks noo, like a mon, and be of some use in the world."

"Ah, grandam," said James, "I have been doing a thousand days' work, sitting here by the ingleside."

"Dinna be fooling, bairn! Dinna be fooling, ye idle dreamer! Wark and ye 'll thrive; be lazy and ye 'll come to naught."

Nevertheless, James's dreams came to more use than many another man's work, because he had the faculty of thinking to a purpose; and in the many talks he held with the friendly old giant he learned one after another the secrets of his power. When lessons were over, the giant told wonderful stories to his young disciple; and perhaps I can repeat one of them in a few words: —

"In old times, there was a long-continued contest between the land and the

sea. At first the sea had been the monarch, and ruled over the whole surface of the globe. At length the land appeared, claiming a large part of his domain, and this enraged the sea, who beat wrathfully with whole armies of billows upon her shore and threatened to conquer back all that he had lost.

"Presently came the children of the land: first the little grasses, that, tenderly embracing their mother, protected her from being quite carried away by the rude invading sea; and at length the taller trees, the great pines and oaks, that added greatly to her beauty and glory.

"Then a new thought occurred to the land, and she sent out these her greater children to subdue the sea on his own domains. They rode triumphantly over the billows, and, aided by the friendly winds, plied diligently from place to place, increasing everywhere the wealth and glory of their mother. But the sea arose in his wrath, and often ingulfed these faithful children of the land, or broke their bones, and cast them up upon her lap in bitter scorn and defiance.

"Then the land resolved to take a more exquisite revenge than ever before. And she called forth a mighty spirit from the bosom of the sea himself, — a weird, white, gigantic genie who had been the eldest child of the flood. She gave him an armor of iron scales which the sea could not break, and upon him she laid her spells, and he went obediently to and fro at her bidding. Thus the land was at last triumphant, as organized brain always will be over brute natural force; and the children of men passed over land and sea in safety toward their goal of perfect knowledge.

"But part of that is prophecy," said the white giant, when he had finished the story.

"It shall be fact before many years," said James. "And you, my good giant, are the genie who shall finish the tale."

Soon swift cars were running to and fro the whole length of the kingdom, propelled by the giant's arms. Soon, too, the tasks of the little children at the factories were done by the same old worker, who could drive a million spindles at a stroke quite as easily as a child could move one; and if the children were still employed, it was only to keep the giant supplied with work enough, which indeed was no easy task.

His good-nature was equal to all the tasks which could be imposed upon him. If you have ever seen his white beard rising above the chimney of some factory on a winter morning, or puffing out of the escape-valve of some little tug, you may almost have mistaken him, in the wavy, graceful lines of his white drapery, for a sunny cloud, — which, indeed, would not be the greatest of mistakes.

Before long the great ocean-going ships had the giant established in their holds, and their ponderous wheels moved by his iron arms, so that, independently of wind or tide, they could hold their course night and day, and like swiftly moving shuttles weave the continents together with bands of neighborly good-will.

Elsie Teller.

HANNIBAL AT THE ALTAR.

THE last rays of the setting sun lingered on the towers of Carthage, and tinged with a warm flush the snowy crests of the waves that flung their gray foam to its very ramparts.

. . . . . .

Laughing maidens, bearing their pitchers from the fountains, assembled at the gates; tired camels, that all day long had borne from distant and tributary realms vestments of purple, fragrant gums, and dust of gold, released from their burdens, were feeding beneath the walls, — while from the deck of many a galley the slave's rude song floated on the evening air.

. . . . . .

In a quiet vale, secluded, yet not distant from the city, beneath the shadow of a palm, reclines a lovely woman; the low-voiced summer wind, stirring the citron groves, has lulled her to rest. The ripe grapes from a pendent vine almost touch her swelling breast. The spray of a neighboring fountain falls in minute drops, like tears of pearl, on her cheek; while a beautiful boy, tired with play, has nestled to her side, half hidden by her flowing locks. Hurried footsteps are heard in the distance, a heavy hand puts aside the branches, and Hamilcar, the chieftain of the Carthaginian armies, stands beneath the shadow of the palm; as he bends forward to look upon his slumbering wife, a ripe grape, shaken by the plume of his helmet from the cluster, falls upon the face of the sleeper, and she awakes. Bright tears of pride and joy glitter in her dark eyes, as, seated at his feet among the flowers, her white arm flung in careless happiness across his sinewy knees and throbbing in his gauntleted grasp, she gazes on the towering form and noble brow on which the stern traces of recent conflict still linger. Tempests have bronzed his cheek, desperate and bloody conflicts left their scars upon him, yet is he not less dear to her than when in joy of youth they crowned the altars of the gods with flowers, sporting among the sheaves at harvest home. She speaks: "My lord, is it disaster or business of the state that brings you here? Your eye is troubled, and these iron fingers too rudely press my flesh, as though your thoughts were dark and fraught with doubt or danger."

"I have left the camp to make good a purpose long since known to thee, — to devote with sacred rites this boy at the altar of Mars, and pledge him to eternal enmity with Rome."

"Is this the weighty business which brings thee at this unaccustomed hour, thine armor soiled with dust, thy brow with sweat, in such fierce haste to pluck this fair child from his mother's breast, and train him up to slaughter? Strange that this great empire, so full of men and arms and fleets of war, should need the arm of childhood to protect it. Stern man, thou lovest me not."

"Why question thus my love? for as this breastplate does my heart

defend, so have I cherished and protected thee, while in thy fragile beauty thou hast clung around the warrior's stubborn strength, even as that wreathing vine doth yonder citron clasp, adorning its protector. But little dost thou know, fair wife, of the affairs of nations and of camps. Beneath these shades where the cool zephyr from Trinacrian hills breathes through the spicy groves, thou hast reposed; no tear has stained thy cheek except the fountain's pearly drops that glistened there when I thy sleep disturbed.

Too well I know the Roman's iron strength: in times of truce and intervals of conflict I have seen his daily life, and marked his customs well. The water of the brook to quench his thirst, the dry leaves for his bed, and bread of simplest preparation supply his wants. Then, as the fierce she-wolf doth raven for her whelps, so goes he forth to plunder and to prey among the nations, and, for the sake of stealing that which stolen is not worth the keeping, will life and fortune set upon a cast. Show to a Roman senate some patch of sand within mid-Africa, some waste of Alpine rocks, white with eternal snows, where famished peasants watch their starving flocks and wrestle with the avalanche for life; — did Phlegethon with all his burning waves the wretched pittance guard, and fierce Eumenides beleaguer all the shore, yet would a Roman consul dare the flood, do battle with the lion for his sands, and slay the shivering goatherd for his rocks.

The Romans turn their greedy eyes toward these fair realms: they seek to lay in ashes these ancestral towers, where whatsoever piety reveres, or old affection cherishes, is garnered and bestowed. Nor will they pause till every wave of this encircling sea, crimsoned with the gore of matrons and aged men, and even of the laughing and unconscious babe, shall roll its bloody burden to the shore.

And most unequal is the conflict. The men who reared these towers and moistened with their blood these battlements are not: in their stead has come a race of petty shopkeepers and sycophants, having no generous resolve, no strength to keep what their forefathers won. The streets are thronged with youths whose dainty limbs are clad in flowing and embroidered robes, whose jewelled fingers are skilful to touch the lyre, but not to press the war-horse through ranks of thronging spear-men, to draw the Numidian arrow to the head, and dip its thirsty point in hostile blood. The rest are veterans gray with years, and most unfit for service, as the shepherd's dog, stiff with age and pampered with good living, erects his hair and shows his toothless jaws, making in vain a noble front before the gaunt and wiry wolf.

Our only hope is in the legions I have drawn from Spain, and trained in foreign wars to conflict. But my step, once lighter than the brindled tiger's on the Libyan sands, grows heavy with the weight of years and hardships. Were I to fall, armies would lack a leader, my country one who loves her better than himself, or wife, or child. But the blood that mantles in this boy's cheek is that of heroes; thy ancestors and mine were chieftains of the olden time, and when the lion shall breed sheep will I believe that any of our race and lineage can ever fail their country in her hour of need. Therefore, despite thy tears, mine own affection, and his

tender age, from off thy bosom will I take this child, and as the lion brings his whelps afield with claws half grown, and trains them on the hunters, so will I him. . . . . It is not what we choose, but what our country needs and sacred liberty requires, that we must do, though in the conflict our own heart-strings break. He shall be the enemy of Rome in soul and body, and in secret thought. . . . . He shall not feed on dainties and sleep on Tyrian purple till he becomes the object of men's sneers. The panther's shaggy hide, the forest leaves, shall be his couch, while on my corselet scales his cheek shall rest, — the soldier's iron pillow; and when with growing strength and hardihood his bones endure the harness, behind his father's buckler he shall learn to fight, and bathe his maiden sword in blood."

At the altar of Mars, surrounded by a vast throng of citizens, soldiery, and the chief estates of the realm, stands Hamilcar; his helmet down, his features concealed from the crowd. On the opposite side of the altar are his wife and her maidens; at his side the child. Placing his little fingers on the yet quivering flesh of the victim, he said, "Hannibal, son of Hamilcar, swear by this consecrated blood, and in the presence of that dread God of battles on whose altar it smokes, that you will neither love nor make peace with any of Roman blood; should fortune, friends, and weapons fail, you will still live and die the inexorable enemy of Rome."

As he paused, the clear tones of a childish voice, answering, "I swear," rose upon a stillness so deep that the low crackling of the flames that fed the altar-fires was distinctly audible.

It was broken by one wild shriek of agony, as the frantic mother fell fainting into the arms of her maidens.

The stern chieftain spake not, but, as he stooped to raise the child, a single tear, falling between the bars of his helmet upon the upturned face of the wondering boy, told of the agony within.

Elijah Kellogg.

NOTE. — The Publishers of "Our Young Folks" are obliged, by their arrangement with the author of the foregoing declamation, positively to prohibit its republication.

HOW TO DO IT.

I. TALK.

I WISH the young people who propose to read any of these papers to understand to whom they are addressed. My friend, Frederic Ingham, has a nephew, who went to New York on a visit, and while there occupied himself in buying "travel-presents" for his brothers and sisters at home. His funds ran low; and at last he found that he had still three presents to buy and only thirty-four cents with which to buy them. He made the

requisite calculation as to how much he should have for each, — looked in at Ball and Black's, and at Tiffany's, priced an amethyst necklace, which he thought Clara would like, and a set of cameos for Fanfan, and found them beyond his reach. He then tried at a nice little toy-shop there is a little below the Fifth Avenue House, on the west, where a "clever" woman and a good-natured girl keep the shop, and, having there made one or two vain endeavors to suit himself, asked the good-natured girl if she had not "got anything a fellow could buy for about eleven cents." She found him first one article, then another, and then another. Wot bought them all, and had one cent in his pocket when he came home.

In much the same way these six articles of mine have been waiting in the bottom of my inkstand and the front of my head for seven or nine years, without finding precisely the right audience or circle of readers. I explained to Mr. Fields — the amiable Sheik of the amiable tribe who prepare the "Young Folks" for the young folks — that I had the six articles all ready to write, but that they were meant for girls say from thirteen to seventeen, and boys say from fourteen to nineteen. I explained that girls and boys of this age never read the "Atlantic," O no, not by any means! And I supposed that they never read the "Young Folks," O no, not by any means! I explained that I could not preach them as sermons, because many of the children at church were too young, and a few of the grown people were too old. That I was, therefore, detailing them in conversation to such of my young friends as chose to hear. On which the Sheik was so good as to propose to provide for me, as it were, a special opportunity, which I now use. We jointly explain to the older boys and girls, who rate between the ages of thirteen and nineteen, that these essays are exclusively for them.

I had once the honor — on the day after Lee's surrender — to address the girls of the 12th Street School in New York. "Shall I call you 'girls' or 'young ladies'?" said I. "Call us girls, call us girls," was the unanimous answer. I heard it with great pleasure; for I took it as a nearly certain sign that these three hundred young people were growing up to be true women, — which is to say, ladies of the very highest tone.

"Why did I think so?" Because at the ages of fifteen, sixteen, and sevteen they took pleasure in calling things by their right names.

So far, then, I trust we understand each other, before any one begins to read these little hints of mine, drawn from forty-five years of very quiet listening to good talkers; which are, however, nothing more than hints

How to talk.

Here is a letter from my nephew Tom, a spirited, modest boy of seventeen, who is a student of the Scientific School at New Limerick. He is at home with his mother for an eight weeks' vacation; and the very first evening of his return he went round with her to the Vandermeyers', where was a little gathering of some thirty or forty people, — most of them, as he confesses, his old schoolmates, a few of them older than himself. But poor Tom was mortified, and thinks he was disgraced, because he did not have

anything to say, could not say it if he had, and, in short, because he does not talk well. He hates talking parties, he says, and never means to go to one again.

Here is also a letter from Esther W., who may speak for herself, and the two may well enough be put upon the same file, and be answered together: —

"Please listen patiently to a confession. I have what seems to me very natural, — a strong desire to be liked by those whom I meet around me in society of my own age; but, unfortunately, when with them my manners have often been unnatural and constrained, and I have found myself thinking of myself, and what others were thinking of me, instead of entering into the enjoyment of the moment as others did. I seem to have naturally very little independence, and to be very much afraid of other people, and of their opinion. And when, as you might naturally infer from the above, I often have not been successful in gaining the favor of those around me, then I have spent a great deal of time in the selfish indulgence of 'the blues,' and in philosophizing on the why and the wherefore of some persons' agreeableness and popularity and others' unpopularity."

There, is not that a good letter from a nice girl?

Will you please to see, dear Tom, and you also, dear Esther, that both of you, after the fashion of your age, are confounding the method with the thing. You see how charmingly Mrs. Pallas sits back and goes on with her crochet while Dr. Volta talks to her; and then, at the right moment, she says just the right thing, and makes him laugh, or makes him cry, or makes him defend himself, or makes him explain himself; and you think that there is a particular knack or rule for doing this so glibly, or that she has a particular genius for it which you are not born to, and therefore you both propose hermitages for yourselves because you cannot do as she does. Dear children, it would be a very stupid world if anybody in it did just as anybody else does. There is no particular method about talking or talking well. It is one of the things in life which "does itself." And the only reason why you do not talk as easily and quite as pleasantly as Mrs. Pallas is, that you are thinking of the method, and coming to me to inquire how to do that which ought to do itself perfectly, simply, and without any rules at all.

It is just as foolish girls at school think that there is some particular method of drawing with which they shall succeed, while with all other methods they have failed. "No, I can't draw in india-ink [pronounced in-jink], 'n' I can't do anything with crayons, — I hate crayons, — 'n' I can't draw pencil-drawings, 'n' I won't try any more; but if this tiresome old Mr. Apelles was not so obstinate, 'n' would only let me try the 'monochromatic drawing,' I know I could do that. 'T so easy. Julia Ann, she drew a beautiful piece in only six lessons."

My poor Pauline, if you cannot see right when you have a crayon in your hand, and will not draw what you see then, no "monochromatic system" is going to help you. But if you will put down on the paper what you see, as you see it, whether you do it with a cat's tail, as Benjamin West did it, or

with a glove turned inside out, as Mr. Hunt bids you do it, you will draw well. The method is of no use, unless the thing is there; and when you have the thing, the method will follow.

So there is no particular method for talking which will not also apply to swimming or skating, or reading or dancing, or in general to living. And if you fail in talking, it is because you have not yet applied in talking the simple master-rules of life.

For instance, the first of these rules is,

Tell the Truth.

Only last night I saw poor Bob Edmeston, who has got to pull through a deal of drift-wood before he gets into clear water, break down completely in the very beginning of his acquaintance with one of the nicest girls I know, because he would not tell the truth, or did not. I was standing right behind them, listening to Dr. Ollapod, who was explaining to me the history of the second land grant made to Gorges, and between the sentences I had a chance to hear every word poor Bob said to Laura. Mark now, Laura is a nice clever girl, who has come to make the Watsons a visit through her whole vacation at Poughkeepsie; and all the young people are delighted with her pleasant ways, and all of them would be glad to know more of her than they do. Bob really wants to know her, and he was really glad to be introduced to her. Mrs. Pollexfen presented him to her, and he asked her to dance, and they stood on the side of the cotillon behind me and in front of Dr. Ollapod. After they had taken their places, Bob said: "Jew go to the opera last week, Miss Walter?" He meant, "Did you go to the opera last week?"

"No," said Laura, "I did not."

"O, 't was charming!" said Bob. And there this effort at talk stopped, as it should have done, being founded on nothing but a lie; which is to say, not founded at all. For, in fact, Bob did not care two straws about the opera. He had never been to it but once, and then he was tired before it was over. But he pretended he cared for it. He thought that at an evening party he must talk about the opera, and the lecture season, and the assemblies, and a lot of other trash, about which in fact he cared nothing, and so knew nothing. Not caring and not knowing, he could not carry on his conversation a step. The mere fact that Miss Walter had shown that she was in real sympathy with him in an indifference to the opera threw him off the track which he never should have been on, and brought his untimely conversation to an end.

Now, as it happened, Laura's next partner brought her to the very same place, or rather she never left it, but Will Hackmatack came and claimed her dance as soon as Bob's was done. Dr. Ollapod had only got down to the appeal made to the lords sitting in equity, when I noticed Will's beginning. He spoke right out of the thing he was thinking of.

"I saw you riding this afternoon," he said.

"Yes," said Laura, "we went out by the red mills, and drove up the hill by Mr. Pond's."

"Did you?" said Will, eagerly. "Did you see the beehives?"

"Beehives? no; — are there beehives?"

"Why, yes, did not you know that Mr. Pond knows more about bees than all the world beside? At least, I believe so. He has a gold medal from Paris for his honey or for something. And his arrangements there are very curious."

"I wish I had known it," said Laura. "I kept bees last summer, and they always puzzled me. I tried to get books; but the books are all written for Switzerland, or England, or anywhere but Orange County."

"Well," said the eager Will, "I do not think Mr. Pond has written any book, but I really guess he knows a great deal about it. Why, he told me —" &c., &c., &c.

It was hard for Will to keep the run of the dance; and before it was over he had promised to ask Mr. Pond when a party of them might come up to the hill and see the establishment; and he felt as well acquainted with Laura as if he had known her a month. All this ease came from Will's not pretending an interest where he did not feel any, but opening simply where he was sure of his ground, and was really interested. More simply, Will did not tell a lie, as poor Bob had done in that remark about the opera, but told the truth.

If I were permitted to write more than thirty-five pages of this note-paper (of which this is the nineteenth), I would tell you twenty stories to the same point. And please observe that the distinction between the two systems of talk is the eternal distinction between the people whom Thackeray calls snobs and the people who are gentlemen and ladies. Gentlemen and ladies are sure of their ground. They pretend to nothing that they are not. They have no occasion to act one or another part. It is not possible for them, even in the *choice of subjects*, to tell lies.

The principle of selecting a subject which thoroughly interests you requires only one qualification. You may be very intensely interested in some affairs of your own; but in general society you have no right to talk of them, simply because they are not of equal interest to other people. Of course you may come to me for advice, or go to your master, or to your father or mother, or to any friend, and in form lay open your own troubles or your own life, and make these the subject of your talk. But in general society you have no right to do this. For the rule of life is, that men and women must not think of themselves, but of others: they must live for others, and then they will live rightly for themselves. So the second rule for talk would express itself thus: —

Do not talk about your own Affairs.

I remember how I was mortified last summer, up at the Tiptop House, though I was not in the least to blame, by a display Emma Fortinbras made of herself. There had gathered round the fire in the sitting-room quite a group of the different parties who had come up from the different houses, and we all felt warm and comfortable and social; and, to my real delight, Emma and her father and her cousin came in, — they had been belated some-

where. She is a sweet pretty little thing, really the belle of the village, if we had such things, and we are all quite proud of her in one way; but I am sorry to say that she is a little goose, and sometimes she manages to show this just when you don't want her to. Of course she shows this, as all other geese show themselves, by cackling about things that interest no one but herself. When she came into the room, Alice ran to her and kissed her, and took her to the warmest seat, and took her little cold hands to rub them, and began to ask her how it had all happened, and where they had been, and all the other questions. Now, you see, this was a very dangerous position. Poor Emma was not equal to it. The subject was given her, and so far she was not to blame. But when, from the misfortunes of the party, she rushed immediately to detail individual misfortunes of her own, resting principally on the history of a pair of boots which she had thought would be strong enough to last all through the expedition, and which she had meant to send to Sparhawk's before she left home to have their heels cut down, only she had forgotten, and now these boots were thus and thus, and so and so, and *she* had no others with her, and *she* was sure that *she* did not know what *she* should do when *she* got up in the morning, — I say, when she got as far as this, in all this thrusting upon people who wanted to sympathize a set of matters which had no connection with what interested them, excepting so far as their personal interest in her gave it, she violated the central rule of life; for she showed she was thinking of herself with more interest than she thought of others with. Now to do this is bad living, and it is bad living which will show itself in bad talking.

But I hope you see the distinction. If Mr. Agassiz comes to you on the Field day of the Essex Society, and says: "Miss Fanchon, I understand that you fell over from the steamer as you came from Portland, and had to swim half an hour before the boats reached you. Will you be kind enough to tell me how you were taught to swim, and how the chill of the water affected you, and, in short, all about your experience?" he then makes choice of the subject. He asks for all the detail. It is to gratify him that you go into the detail, and you may therefore go into it just as far as you choose. Only take care not to lug in one little detail merely because it interests you, when there is no possibility that, in itself, it can have an interest for him.

Have you never noticed how the really provoking silence of these brave men who come back from the war gives a new and particular zest to what they tell us of their adventures? We have to worm it out of them, we drag it from them by pincers, and, when we have it, the flavor is all pure. It is exactly what we want, — life highly condensed; and they could have given us indeed nothing more precious, as certainly nothing more charming. But when some Bobadil braggart volunteers to tell how *he* did this and that, how *he* silenced this battery, and how *he* rode over that field of carnage, in the first place we do not believe a tenth part of his story, and in the second place we wish he would not tell the fraction which we suppose is possibly true.

Life is given to us that we may learn how to live. That is what it is for. We are here in a great boarding-school, where we are being trained in the

use of our bodies and our minds, so that in another world we may know how to use other bodies, and minds with other faculties. Or, if you please, life is a gymnasium. Take which figure you choose. Because of this, good talk, following the principle of life, is always directed with a general desire for learning rather than teaching. No good talker is obtrusive, thrusting forward his observation on men and things. He is rather receptive, trying to get at other people's observations ; and what he says himself falls from him, as it were, by accident, he unconscious that he is saying anything that is worth while. As the late Professor Harris said, one of the last times I saw him, "There are unsounded depths in a man's nature of which he himself knows nothing till they are revealed to him by the plash and ripple of his own conversation with other men." This great principle of life, when applied in conversation, may be stated simply then in two words, —

Confess Ignorance.

You are both so young that you cannot yet conceive of the amount of treasure that will yet be poured in upon you, by all sorts of people, if you do not go about professing that you have all you want already. You know the story of the two school-girls on the Central Railroad. They were dead faint with hunger, having ridden all day without food, but, on consulting together, agreed that they did not dare to get out at any station to buy. A modest old doctor of divinity, who was coming home from a meeting of the "American Board," overheard their talk, got some sponge-cake, and pleasantly and civilly offered it to them as he might have done to his grandchildren. But poor Sybil, who was nervous and anxious, said, "No, thank you," and so Sarah thought she must say, "No, thank you," too ; and so they were nearly dead when they reached the Delavan House. Now just that same thing happens, whenever you pretend, either from pride or from shyness, that you know the thing you do not know. If you go on in that way, you will be starved before long, and the coroner's jury will bring in a verdict, "Served you right." I could have brayed a girl, whom I will call Jane Smith, last night at Mrs. Pollexfen's party, only I remembered, "Though thou bray a fool in a mortar, his foolishness will not depart from him," and that much the same may be said of fools of the other sex. I could have brayed her, I say, when I saw how she was constantly defrauding herself by cutting off that fine Major Andrew, who was talking to her, or trying to. Really, no instances give you any idea of it. From a silly boarding-school habit, I think, she kept saying "Yes," as if she would be disgraced by acknowledging ignorance. "You know," said he, "what General Taylor said to Santa Anna, when they brought him in ?" "Yes," simpered poor Jane, though in fact she did not know, and I do not suppose five people in the world do. But poor Andrew, simple as a soldier, believed her and did not tell the story, but went on alluding to it, and they got at once into helpless confusion. Still, he did not know what the matter was, and before long, when they were speaking of one of the Muhlbach novels, he said, "Did you think of the resemblance between the winding up and Redgaunt-

let?" "O yes," simpered poor Jane again, though, as it proved, and as she had to explain in two or three minutes, she had never read a word of Redgauntlet. She had merely said "Yes," and "Yes," and "Yes," not with a distinct notion of fraud, but from an impression that it helps conversation on if you forever assent to what is said. This is an utter mistake; for, as I hope you see by this time, conversation really depends on the acknowledgment of ignorance, — being indeed, the providential appointment of God for the easy removal of such ignorance.

And here I must stop, lest you both be tired. In my next paper I shall begin again, and teach you, 4. To talk to the person you are talking with, and not simper to her or him, while really you are looking all round the room, and thinking of ten other persons; 5. Never in any other way to underrate the person you talk with, but to talk your best, whatever that may be; and, 6. To be brief, — a point which I shall have to illustrate at great length.

If you like, you may confide to the letter-box your experiences on these points, as well as on the three on which we have already been engaged. But, whether you do or do not, I shall give to you the result, not only of my experiences, but of at least 5,872 years of talk — Lyell says many more — since Adam gave names to chattering monkeys.

Edward Everett Hale.

A MORNING SUNBEAM.

A NESTLING in the little crib,
A soft hand laid upon my head,
A gentle whisper in my ear, —
"Mamma, I 'm tumin' into bed!"

"O no!" I said, "'t will never do;
Now shut those little peepers tight,
And sleep and dream till morning breaks;
Then you may come, — when comes the light."

Again a nestling in the crib,
As down to rest my birdie lay;
I listened, for I thought she spoke; —
"Huddy up, Light!" I heard her say.

Then all was still. We slept again
Till dawn lit up the eastern sky;
Then sang my birdie sweet and clear,
"Now light has tum, and so has I!"

A. Q. G.

CHARADE.

No. 15.

My *first* a revolver you 'll find ;
My *second*, if placed in your way,
Might hinder your taking a part in my *third;*
And if you get hurt in the fray,
You 'll have, I am sure, but yourself to upbraid,
Should you need, in my *whole*, to be homeward conveyed.

HAUTBOY.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC CHARADES.

No. 16.

FOUNDATION WORDS.

WITHOUT my *first*, my *second* 's an empty thing,
But from us both great social evils spring.

CROSS WORDS.

In nearly all petitions I appear.
One whom our patriot soldiers did not fear.
An awful curse : recall that word so dread !
A classic youth, — alas for his poor head !
By tens of thousands I can count my slain.
The lover begs to hear me once again.

BEACON STREET.

No. 17.

FOUNDATION WORDS.

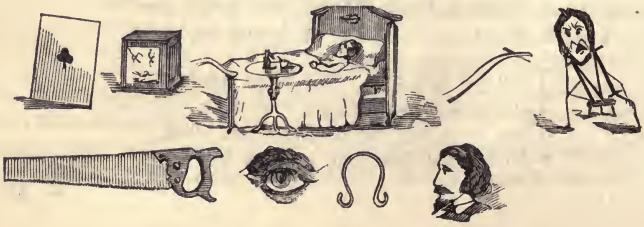
THE name of a distinguished traveller and author.

CROSS WORDS.

What we should not do.
A province of ancient Greece.
What we shall never see again.
A sea in Western Asia.
A hero of Shakespeare.
A river of Russia.

HERBERT.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 18.



ENIGMAS.

No. 19.

I am composed of 12 letters.

My 8, 12, 11, 3, is what pretty girls are apt to be.
My 5, 9, 1, is the life of vegetation.
My 2, 8, 11, 7, is not good.
My 1, 12, 11, 4, is hard to bear.
My 1, 2, 10, 4, 6, is an American coin.
My whole is one of the United States.

ALLIE H. C.

No. 20.

I am composed of 32 letters.

My 28, 19, 6, 31, 27, 13, is a county in New York.
My 8, 18, 3, 23, 32, 8, 21, 6, 24, is the capital of one of the Western States.
My 16, 27, 30, 31, 4, 27, is a lake in the State of New York.
My 30, 6, 15, 1, 4, 27, is a county in the southern part of New York.
My 11, 17, 32, 27, is a natural division of water.
My 8, 10, 14, 26, 24, is a river in Georgia.
My 13, 2, 10, 27, is a river in Africa.
My 24, 22, 26, 14, 12, is a division of Africa.
My 9, 12, 14, 7, is one of the grand divisions of the earth.
My 12, 2, 20, 2, 11, 25, is a large island in the Mediterranean Sea.
My 14, 24, 5, 10, 29, is a division of Europe.
My whole is a place of great resort.

LULU & FRANK.

No. 21.

Borne by a bird I 'm seen,
Worn by a jewelled queen,
Headless, and mouthless, and toothed like a shark.
Workmen have fashioned me,
Insects have toiled for me,
Made me of hexagons framed in the dark.

Formed of chelonian shell,
Formed of baleen as well,
Elephant's tusk or the sap of a tree;
Keeping the locks in sheen,
Hiding the hills between,—
How many little folks ever saw me?

No. 22.

POETICAL.

I am composed of 62 letters.

My 36, 6, 62, 19, 32, is an Italian poet.
My 18, 53, 32, 50, 40, 21, 9, is an English poetess.
My 38, 51, 34, 50, 24, 16, 61, 27, 4, 28, 39, is a Siamese poet.
My 52, 13, 37, 43, 55, 58, is a German poet.
My 46, 54, 14, 10, 30, 1, 25, 3, 35, is the birthplace of an English poet.
My 25, 12, 44, 2, 7, 50, 37, 46, is an American poet.
My 49, 31, 60, 50, 23, 33, 45, 9, presided over poetry.
My 4, 57, 48, 11, is a Latin poet.
My 59, 47, 3, 40, 62, 22, 28, 41, is a French poet.
My 8, 42, 17, 29, 20, 26, 56, was beloved by a poet.
My 5, 48, 37, 8, 15, 46, is a poet whose name is well known to "Our Young Folks."
My whole is a well-known couplet written by a leading poet of New England.

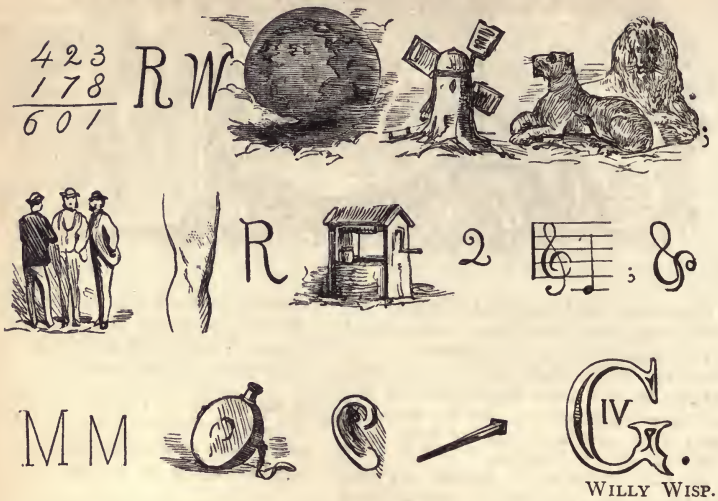
No. 23.

ZOÖLOGICAL.

I am composed of 9 letters.

My 1, 6, 7, is a quadruped with parted hoofs.
My 2, 6, 2, is a bird that feeds chiefly on insects.
My 3, 6, is a quadruped with long claws.
My 4, 8, 2, is a gnawing quadruped.
My 5, 3, 9, is the biped that makes a fire.
My 7, 8, 4, is a fish found on our coast.
My 8, 9, 2, is a stinging insect.
My 9, 3, 7, is a whole-hoofed quadruped.
My whole is a bird that inhabits Arctic regions.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 24.



WILLY WISP.

ILLUSTRATED REBUSES.—No. 25.

NAMES OF DISTINGUISHED PERSONS.

ANSWERS.

7. Nicholas Nickleby.

8. Ladies, if love should chance to break your heart, a rose in your bosom will take away the smart. [(Ladies) if (Loves) (hood) (chants) (tub) (rake) (ewer) (heart) A (rose *in* ewer) (bosom) W (hilt) A (key) (weight) (he) SM (heart).]

9. Home-sick-ness.

10. Boat.

11. This is not to represent a round-robin, but Round the Evening Lamp and Our Letter Box. [(This is not to represent a round-robin but) *round* (tea) (he) (Eve) (N *in* G) (lamp) & (hour) (letter) (box).]

12. SnoW,
UbiI,
MooN,
MisT,
ExilE,
ReformeR.

13. PalM,
AnnA,
ProbleM,
Ave MariA.

14. Keene.
Rut-land.
Concord.
Cham-plain.
O-we-go.
Oil City.
Holidaysburg,
Lynchburg.
Catskill.
Fishkill.

Our readers will be saddened to hear of the death of Mrs. Anna Maria Wells, whose beautiful child-poems have so often appeared in this Magazine. She had lived to quite an advanced age, but her last illness was brief, and her departure seemed sudden to her friends. Her residence of late years was at Roxbury, Mass. She died in the month of December.

She loved children dearly: one need only read her verses to know that. We have lost with her one of our best contributors. Several of her poems are yet to be given to the readers of "Our Young Folks"; and the following sweet and thoughtful lines of hers, which have been lying for some months in our drawer, will not be out of place here, as a remembrancer of one who surely has not lived in vain.

LET LITTLE CHILDREN COME.

To the restless couch where Jamie,
  Half waking, half slumbering, lay,
Lighting the sick-room feebly,
  Stole the first dawn of day.

"Has the morning come, dear mother?
  Then why is it not more bright?
Last night little angels came here
  And filled the whole room with light.

"Those beautiful angel children!
  Perhaps I was dreaming then.
I wish it were night and not morning,
  To dream of the angels again.

"They smiled, and they spoke so softly;
  Their voices were sweet and low;
They showed me green fields and bright rivers,
  And asked me with them to go.

"Lean over my pillow and kiss me.
  The angel children are fair.
Don't turn away from me, mother;
  Mother, are you there?

"Come closer, that I may see you,—
  Nearer,—more near, more near;
I hear them again; they are coming;
  They call to me,—do you hear?

"O beautiful ones! O voices!
  O heavenly sounds of song!
O white wings folding about me,
  Tender and swift and strong!

"Far through the golden gateway,
  Beyond and beyond I see;
I go with the angel-children;
  Mother, be glad for me."

The mother, she kissed his pale lips,
  And all through tears she smiled,
And her heart to heaven uplifting,
  "God keep thee," she said, "my child."

Happy is the child who loves a picture-book, and who has parents able and willing to gratify his taste. For picture-books are growing prettier every year,—at least it seems so to us, fresh from a tour among the bookstores, where so many exquisite gleanings yet remain from the late holiday-harvest.

And what a nice thing it is, that Christmas and blessed old Santa Claus come early in the winter, so that when the last fringed gentian has faded from the brook-side, and the last fiery maple-leaf has burnt itself out to the color of the dry grass where it fell, and the little folks can no longer have the freedom of the woods, they can ramble away into picture-land and story-land, those wide, airy regions where frost never falls. For the charm of a good picture, whether written or painted, is that it takes us out of ourselves, and leads us into a new world,—a recreation that we all feel the need of sometimes, though we may be inclosed within the very pleasantest four walls.

To begin as children prefer to begin (whether it is good for them or not is another matter), with what we like best. "The Story without an End" has

taken us entirely captive. It is more of a dream than a story, and the pictures are the blossoms of the dream. A dream-child appears in them, wandering on from page to page among real morning-glories and violets and hepaticas, between the stars of earth and the stars of heaven, and is last seen as a small, shrouded chrysalis, so light as not to bend the grass-blades where it hangs, under the smile of the blue, eternal skies.

This lovely picture-book is one of the things that *almost* make us wish ourselves children again. Not because we should have been likely to own it, had it been written or translated then, — for Santa Claus was hardly acclimated in cold New England during our childhood, and, had he been, he would have brought no book so costly as this down our humble, old-fashioned chimney, — but because the story haunts us like a memory that slips away and returns again in glimpses and flashes. It is the poem that every imaginative child's heart sings to itself, — the vision that flits before every newly opening life, seen more or less dimly by each and by all. If not fully understood, (and what grown-up child understands his own life?) it cannot fail to bring beautiful dreams; and that is much, in a world where there are so many realities which are not beautiful.

The book is a translation from the German, and is published by Scribner, Welford, & Co., New York.

Next to this, we have been interested in "Miss Lily's Voyage round the World." Here, also, the pictures tell their own tale in a very spirited manner. The story is a natural and childlike one. Miss Lily, in her mamma's absence, has great dreams of adventure, with which she inspires her little cousins, Paul and Toto. With the assistance of little Peter, a peasant child, they undertake a boat-voyage in search of Robinson Crusoe's Island, Miss Lily acting as admiral of the expedition. They pass through the perils of storm and shipwreck, and land upon an island, which, being new to them, answers their purpose as well as if it were really Juan Fernandez. It is, however, in their own river, and only a few miles from their home; and they find it not entirely desolate, but occupied by a friendly artist, who returns them in safety to their parents.

The adventures of these little French children, particularly of the baby Toto and his dear Mr. Punchinello, who was unfortunately left adrift on the unknown waters, are very amusing. They all taste the river-water and pronounce it salt; they scorn little Peter's suggestion that the giant they have discovered on the strange island is only a scarecrow in a cornfield; and they are sure that the artist under his parasol in the distance, if not a savage, is Robinson Crusoe himself. You will almost believe with them, little readers, when you follow them through the lifelike pictures which illustrate their adventures.

It is a great art, — this of making children really live on the pages of a book. The artist who does it in this case is Lorenz Frölich; and the translation is published by Roberts Brothers of Boston.

The same publishers give the children three smaller volumes, illustrated by the same artist: — "Boasting Hector," "Foolish Zoe," and "Mischievous John." In these very practical picture-books, the faults in question are made ridiculously true to life. Many a vain little girl must see herself in Foolish Zoe's portrait, unless, like some of us who are older, she is so vain as not to know that she is vain, and is only reminded of somebody else that the pictures exactly describe. Whether the very little men the other two books are written for will treat Hector and John in the same way, we are not sure. Tell us, boys, do you think you see your faults more easily than girls do theirs?

Another delightful little book is Mr. W. J. Linton's "Flower and Star," published by Fields, Osgood, & Co. It was one of the holiday gems. The illustrations and the stories both have that delicate airiness of fancy which the child-heart delights in, whether it throbs in a form three years old, or seven, or seventy. Those who are familiar with this Magazine already know something of Mr. Linton, both as a writer and as an artist.

But all the picture-books are not made in this hemisphere. We have just been looking over some splendidly-illustrated Chinese and Japanese books, which "Carleton" has brought home with him: — our readers will be glad to know that "Carleton" has returned safe and sound from his journey round the world. We doubt whether the boy-and-girl antipodes are often allowed to turn the leaves of fine rice-paper volumes like these. But children on this side of the world would certainly be interested in them. They describe the cultivation of silk, and paint the sad history of the Chinese opium-eater's life, with great vividness. In one picture, a young man who has evidently exchanged a large part of his clothing for the intoxicating poison, is brought to his mother for punishment. And very foolish and miserable he looks, with his wife holding his hands to prevent his escape, while his sister is cutting a bamboo with which his mother means to impress the severe lecture she is giving him.

We had supposed the "sensation novel" to be an unhealthy growth peculiar to the English language, but it seems that it is not unknown to the Orientals. We would not punish ourselves so severely as to read a "sensation novel," even in Japanese, — supposing we could, — but we have found it very entertaining to look through the pictures of one or two. The entire want of per-

spective, and the outlandish faces and costumes, make scenes which were intended to be tragical seem ludicrous to American eyes. But, sharing with children their fondness for bright colors, we have turned these curious pages with a child's delight. We should like to peep into a Chinese or Japanese paint-box, for certainly the brilliancy of their colors is something wonderful.

It would be impossible for us to mention half the interesting things "Carleton" has brought home; but we hope that among them he has brought some memories for the especial benefit of "Our Young Folks."

We print this little note just as it came to us, because it is a specimen of many which testify to the growing interest in our Magazine, and because it contains a question about one of our most valuable contributors.

"Dear Young Folks: —

"Papa made Jamie and me a Christmas present of "Our Young Folks" for 1869; and, as we have the January and February numbers, we want to tell you how delighted we are with our Magazine.

"I like to read Mr. Trowbridge's pieces on Glass-Making, because I have often wondered how glass was made, and I never could understand how they could use potash and sand in making it, as I have been told they did.

"Jamie thinks Tom Bailey is going to be the right sort of a boy after all, and I like to read about such a boy too. Jamie is 12 and I am 14.

"Jamie wants me to ask who Mr. Aldrich is, and if he is Tom Bailey; and where Rivermouth is. We can't find it at all, and we have looked on our map all along the coast of Massachusetts."

We thank our little friend for her kind words, and we are gratified to know that she is pleased with the stories she mentions.

When Mr. Trowbridge comes to speak of Coal-Mining and Ship-Building, we have no doubt that she and many besides will be as much interested as they have been in Glass-Making. Before preparing his papers on Coal-Mining, which are soon to appear, he visited the coal regions of Pennsylvania, and saw the miners at their work. In describing the manner of carrying on this great business, he will have much to tell about these miners, and the little "slate-pickers," and the cats and rats in the mines, and other curious and interesting things.

But about Mr. Aldrich and his story. — Well, Mr. Aldrich is widely known as a poet. Those who do not own the dainty blue-and-gold volume of his poems may yet remember the graceful sweetness of his "Babie Bell," which so delighted both children and grown-up people a few years since. He writes prose sketches, as well as poems, for the "Atlantic." "A Young Desperado," published in that Magazine for December, 1867, is probably not unknown to some of our readers. Mr. Aldrich is also the Editor of "Every Saturday."

In proposing to write a story for "Our Young Folks," he said he wanted to give the history of a real, natural boy, such as all wide-awake, hearty boys are, everywhere, and asked if he could have the liberty of doing so. He was assured that he could.

"Well," said Mr. Aldrich, "such a story as I have in mind will be an honest one, but do you think it will do to publish?" "Why not?" he was asked. "Because the boy I am thinking of is not what is called a good boy. He is full of mischief and fond of fun; and, what is worse, perhaps he will fight, if it is necessary for him to fight. On the other hand, he is generous and honest, and won't do a mean thing. And," said he, "I don't think such boys are fully appreciated."

The Editors, bearing in mind the thousands of brave, generous boys who constantly read this Magazine, — boys not impossibly faultless, but who hate meanness as thoroughly as they love fun, — replied, "It is just the story we want."

"Very well," said Mr. Aldrich, "you shall have it on this condition, that you call it 'The Story of a Bad Boy'; for I don't wish any one to read it under false impressions."

So you see, dear young folks, why Tom Bailey is called a bad boy.

We don't wonder that many of our friends have hunted over their maps in vain for Rivermouth. It would be hardly fair play on our part to tell the reader what town is really meant by Rivermouth. It may be Lynn, or Portsmouth, or Newburyport, — our correspondent "Edgar" positively declares it is Salem, — but we are not going to settle the question. Every boy or girl who knows anything about our New England coast will see at a glance that Rivermouth is a faithful picture of a real seaport town, and that must suffice for the present.

In answer to several questions, we will say that Enigmas are included under the general head of "Puzzles" in our offer of prizes. Conundrums are also desired. If anybody will send us an entirely new species of puzzle, better than all the rest, we will give its author a separate prize, larger than those already named.

We are glad to have the children try for these prizes, and we mention it particularly here, because a number of our subscribers have asked permission to do so. The offer was meant for them at first, and for anybody else who might choose to try. Here is "Enoch's" request: —

"May I try to gain a prize? Please say yes.

O, I would so like to get one! for I love books, — grown-up books, too. Papa says I read too much; but what can I do? I hurt my leg when I was so little that I can just remember it, and I have been lame ever since. But I am not so badly off as some persons, for I can walk (or hobble, papa calls it) a little bit with my cane. I have not many books, and would like ever so much to get some nice poetry to call my own. I sign my name 'Enoch,' because I liked 'Enoch Arden' so much when I read it."

There are many ways of giving variety to the Enigma, the easiest form of puzzle for a child to undertake. It can be put into rhyme, or be made to tell a story. It can be all about history, poetry, trades, games, animals, plants, — indeed, about almost anything. We consider those the best, in which the words are all on one subject. But Enigmas must not be too long. We have printed a long one this month, because it is particularly good. A single word of some length, or any proper name, is generally the best to take.

And, now that we are upon the subject, would not the boys and girls like to find out something about the history of riddles, and tell us what are the oldest ones on record? We will make all possible room for their answers in "Our Letter Box."

THE colored print which was promised to our last year's subscribers is now ready to send, and we expect that all will be supplied with it by the time this number of the Magazine is received. The pictures were so closely glued together by the heat of last summer, that it was impossible to separate them until the freezing weather came.

WE print these questions, which we find in Our Letter-Box, partly to show what a variety we receive, and partly because many of them can be best answered by our subscribers or by some of their older friends.

First, about books: —

"What nice, instructive book has been written about California?" "What is the best poem Tennyson has written?" "What good works are there on Drawing, Water-Colors, Oil-Painting, Crayons?" "What is the best Phonographic Text-Book for beginners, and by whom is it published?" "What is the best Chemistry for self-instruction? The best Geology and Mineralogy?" "Is there a Catalogue of works upon Experimental Chemistry?" "Is there a publication which includes all the gold, silver, and copper coins in the world?" "What is the best work on the Art of Illumination?" "Is there a Child's History of the German Confederation?" "What book is there containing Lives of Eminent Naturalists?" "What grammar would you recommend to a person wishing to study German without a teacher?" "What is the best Hand-Book of Etiquette?" "Is there any book that tells all about pigeons?"

And here are some miscellaneous inquiries: —

"What was the cause of the Mexican War?" "When was gold first discovered in Australia?" "Where and by whom was the first newspaper printed?" "Who invented wedding-cake?" "Is there any word to rhyme with chimney?" "Who was the first to fall at the Battle of Lexington?" "What is the proper length of a base-ball bat for a boy of thirteen years?" "What is the cost of a small printing-press, and the best place to buy one?" "Where is the best place (in New York) to buy a good violin?" "Do apples and pears grow in the southern part of California?"

But these are sufficient to make it plain that it needs more than two heads to answer Our Young Folks' questions. Not that they ask too many. Only let everybody that sends a question see if he cannot send with it an answer to some other one. Is not that fair?

WE must ask our friends to wait patiently a little longer for the promised Charades and Dialogues. They have been unavoidably delayed. But we hope soon to be able to furnish some excellent ones, from various hands well skilled in such matters.

Erratum. — On page 73, line 15, in OUR YOUNG FOLKS for February, read *Joseph's* for "Jacob's."

Answer to Rebus in Letter Box. — What saw you on Mount Washington? I saw on its summit ten men and eight women. [(Double ewe) (hat) (saw) (ewe *on* mow NT) (Washington)? (Eye) (saw *on* ITS) (sum) (mitten) (men) & A two (men).]

The answer to the Shakespeare puzzle in our last number is the last line in the Fourth Act of Macbeth: "The night (knight) is long that never finds the day (Dey)."

Here is a proverb-puzzle, in a language not foreign, nor yet generally understood in America.

"At this moment a figure was seen leaping wildly from the inside of the blazing coach."

DRAWN BY S. EYTINGE, JR.]

[See THE STORY OF A BAD BOY, page 209.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

An Illustrated Magazine

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

VOL. V. APRIL, 1869. No. IV.

THE STORY OF A BAD BOY.

CHAPTER VII.

ONE MEMORABLE NIGHT.

TWO months had elapsed since my arrival at Rivermouth, when the approach of an important celebration produced the greatest excitement among the juvenile population of the town.

There was very little hard study done in the Temple Grammar School the week preceding the Fourth of July. For my part, my heart and brain were so full of fire-crackers, Roman-candles, rockets, pin-wheels, squibs, and gunpowder in various seductive forms, that I wonder I did n't explode under Mr. Grimshaw's very nose. I could n't do a sum to save me; I could n't tell, for love or money, whether Tallahassee was the capital of Tennessee or of Florida; the present and the pluperfect tenses were inextricably mixed in my memory, and I did n't know a verb from an adjective when I met one. This was not alone my condition, but that of every boy in the school.

Mr. Grimshaw considerately made allowances for our temporary distraction, and sought to fix our interest on the lessons by connecting them directly or indirectly with the coming Event. The class in arithmetic, for instance, was requested to state how many boxes of fire-crackers, each box measuring sixteen inches square, could be stored in a room of such and such dimensions. He gave us the Declaration of Independence for

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by FIELDS, OSGOOD, & CO., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

a parsing exercise, and in geography confined his questions almost exclusively to localities rendered famous in the Revolutionary war.

"What did the people of Boston do with the tea on board the English vessels?" asked our wily instructor.

"Threw it into the river!" shrieked the boys, with an impetuosity that made Mr. Grimshaw smile in spite of himself. One luckless urchin said, "Chucked it," for which happy expression he was kept in at recess.

Notwithstanding these clever stratagems, there was not much solid work done by anybody. The trail of the serpent (an inexpensive but dangerous fire-toy) was over us all. We went round deformed by quantities of Chinese crackers artlessly concealed in our trousers-pockets; and if a boy whipped out his handkerchief without proper precaution, he was sure to let off two or three torpedoes.

Even Mr. Grimshaw was made a sort of accessory to the universal demoralization. In calling the school to order, he always rapped on the table with a heavy ruler. Under the green baize table-cloth, on the exact spot where he usually struck, a certain boy, whose name I withhold, placed a fat torpedo. The result was a loud explosion, which caused Mr. Grimshaw to look queer. Charley Marden was at the water-pail, at the time, and directed general attention to himself by strangling for several seconds and then squirting a slender thread of water over the blackboard.

Mr. Grimshaw fixed his eyes reproachfully on Charley, but said nothing. The real culprit (it was n't Charley Marden, but the boy whose name I withhold) instantly regretted his badness, and after school confessed the whole thing to Mr. Grimshaw, who heaped coals of fire upon the nameless boy's head by giving him five cents for the Fourth of July. If Mr. Grimshaw had caned this unknown youth, the punishment would not have been half so severe.

On the last day of June, the Captain received a letter from my father, enclosing five dollars "for my son Tom," which enabled that young gentleman to make regal preparations for the celebration of our national independence. A portion of this money, two dollars, I hastened to invest in fireworks; the balance I put by for contingencies. In placing the fund in my possession, the Captain imposed one condition that dampened my ardor considerably,—I was to buy no gunpowder. I might have all the snapping-crackers and torpedoes I wanted; but gunpowder was out of the question.

I thought this rather hard, for all my young friends were provided with pistols of various sizes. Pepper Whitcomb had a horse-pistol nearly as large as himself, and Jack Harris, though he to be sure was a big boy, was going to have a real old-fashioned flint-lock musket. However, I did n't mean to let this drawback destroy my happiness. I had one charge of powder stowed away in the little brass pistol which I brought from New Orleans, and was bound to make a noise in the world once, if I never did again.

It was a custom observed from time immemorial for the towns-boys to have a bonfire on the Square on the midnight before the Fourth. I did n't ask the Captain's leave to attend this ceremony, for I had a general idea

that he would n't give it. If the Captain, I reasoned, does n't forbid me, I break no orders by going. Now this was a specious line of argument, and the mishaps that befell me in consequence of adopting it were richly deserved.

On the evening of the 3d I retired to bed very early, in order to disarm suspicion. I did n't sleep a wink, waiting for eleven o'clock to come round; and I thought it never would come round, as I lay counting from time to time the slow strokes of the ponderous bell in the steeple of the Old North Church. At length the laggard hour arrived. While the clock was striking I jumped out of bed and began dressing.

My grandfather and Miss Abigail were heavy sleepers, and I might have stolen down stairs and out at the front door undetected; but such a commonplace proceeding did not suit my adventurous disposition. I fastened one end of a rope (it was a few yards cut from Kitty Collins's clothes-line) to the bedpost nearest the window, and cautiously climbed out on the wide pediment over the hall door. I had neglected to knot the rope; the result was, that, the moment I swung clear of the pediment, I descended like a flash of lightning, and warmed both my hands smartly. The rope moreover was four or five feet too short; so I got a fall that would have proved serious had I not tumbled into the middle of one of the big rose-bushes growing on either side of the steps.

I scrambled out of that without delay, and was congratulating myself on my good luck, when I saw by the light of the setting moon the form of a man leaning over the garden gate. It was one of the town watch, who had probably been observing my operations with curiosity. Seeing no chance of escape, I put a bold face on the matter and walked directly up to him.

"What on airth air you a doin'?" asked the man, grasping the collar of my jacket.

"I live here, sir, if you please," I replied, "and am going to the bonfire. I did n't want to wake up the old folks, that's all."

The man cocked his eye at me in the most amiable manner, and released his hold.

"Boys is boys," he muttered. He did n't attempt to stop me as I slipped through the gate.

Once beyond his clutches, I took to my heels and soon reached the Square, where I found forty or fifty fellows assembled, engaged in building a pyramid of tar-barrels. The palms of my hands still tingled so that I could n't join in the sport. I stood in the doorway of the Nautalis Bank, watching the workers, among whom I recognized lots of my schoolmates. They looked like a legion of imps, coming and going in the twilight, busy in raising some infernal edifice. What a Babel of voices it was, everybody directing everybody else, and everybody doing everything wrong!

When all was prepared, somebody applied a match to the sombre pile. A fiery tongue thrust itself out here and there, then suddenly the whole fabric burst into flames, blazing and crackling beautifully. This was a signal for the boys to join hands and dance around the burning barrels, which they did

shouting like mad creatures. When the fire had burnt down a little, fresh staves were brought and heaped on the pyre. In the excitement of the moment I forgot my tingling palms, and found myself in the thick of the carousal.

Before we were half ready, our combustible material was expended, and a disheartening kind of darkness settled down upon us. The boys collected together here and there in knots, consulting as to what should be done. It yet lacked four or five hours of daybreak, and none of us were in the humor to return to bed. I approached one of the groups standing near the town-pump, and discovered in the uncertain light of the dying brands the figures of Jack Harris, Phil Adams, Harry Blake, and Pepper Whitcomb, their faces streaked with perspiration and tar, and their whole appearance suggestive of New Zealand chiefs.

"Hullo! here's Tom Bailey!" shouted Pepper Whitcomb; "he'll join in!"

Of course he would. The sting had gone out of my hands, and I was ripe for anything, — none the less ripe for not knowing what was on the *tapis*. After whispering together for a moment, the boys motioned me to follow them.

We glided out from the crowd and silently wended our way through a neighboring alley, at the head of which stood a tumble-down old barn, owned by one Ezra Wingate. In former days this was the stable of the mail-coach that ran between Rivermouth and Boston. When the railroad superseded that primitive mode of travel, the lumbering vehicle was rolled into the barn, and there it stayed. The stage-driver, after prophesying the immediate downfall of the nation, died of grief and apoplexy, and the old coach followed in his wake as fast as it could by quietly dropping to pieces. The barn had the reputation of being haunted, and I think we all kept very close together when we found ourselves standing in the black shadow cast by the tall gable. Here, in a low voice, Jack Harris laid bare his plan, which was to burn the ancient stage-coach.

"The old trundle-cart is n't worth twenty-five cents," said Jack Harris, "and Ezra Wingate ought to thank us for getting the rubbish out of the way. But if any fellow here does n't want to have a hand in it, let him cut and run, and keep a quiet tongue in his head ever after."

With this he pulled out the staples that held the rusty padlock, and the big barn-door swung slowly open. The interior of the stable was pitch-dark, of course. As we made a movement to enter, a sudden scrambling, and the sound of heavy bodies leaping in all directions, caused us to start back in terror.

"Rats!" cried Phil Adams.

"Bats!" exclaimed Harry Blake.

"Cats!" suggested Jack Harris. "Who 's afraid?"

Well, the truth is, we were all afraid; and if the pole of the stage had not been lying close to the threshold, I don't believe anything on earth would have induced us to cross it. We seized hold of the pole-straps and succeed-

ed with great trouble in dragging the coach out. The two fore wheels had rusted to the axle-tree, and refused to revolve. It was the merest skeleton of a coach. The cushions had long since been removed, and the leather hangings had crumbled away from the worm-eaten frame. A load of ghosts and a span of phantom horses to drag them would have made the ghastly thing complete.

Luckily for our undertaking, the stable stood at the top of a very steep hill. With three boys to push behind, and two in front to steer, we started the old coach on its last trip with little or no difficulty. Our speed increased every moment, and, the fore wheels becoming unlocked as we arrived at the foot of the declivity, we charged upon the crowd like a regiment of cavalry, scattering the people right and left. Before reaching the bonfire, to which some one had added several bushels of shavings, Jack Harris and Phil Adams, who were steering, dropped on the ground, and allowed the vehicle to pass over them, which it did without injuring them ; but the boys who were clinging for dear life to the trunk-rack behind fell over the prostrate steersmen, and there we all lay in a heap, two or three of us quite picturesque with the nose-bleed.

The coach, with an intuitive perception of what was expected of it, plunged into the centre of the kindling shavings, and stopped. The flames sprung up and clung to the rotten woodwork, which burned like tinder. At this moment a figure was seen leaping wildly from the inside of the blazing coach. The figure made three bounds towards us, and tripped over Harry Blake. It was Pepper Whitcomb, with his hair somewhat singed, and his eyebrows completely scorched off!

Pepper had slyly ensconced himself on the back seat before we started, intending to have a neat little ride down hill, and a laugh at us afterwards. But the laugh, as it happened, was on our side, or would have been, if half a dozen watchmen had not suddenly pounced down upon us, as we lay scrambling on the ground, weak with our mirth over Pepper's misfortune. We were collared and marched off before we well knew what had happened.

The abrupt transition from the noise and light of the Square to the silent, gloomy brick room in the rear of the Meat Market seemed like the work of enchantment. We stared at each other aghast.

"Well," remarked Jack Harris, with a sickly smile, "*this* is a go!"

"No go, I should say," whimpered Harry Blake, glancing at the bare brick walls and the heavy iron-plated door.

"Never say die," muttered Phil Adams, dolefully.

The bridewell was a small, low-studded chamber built up against the rear end of the Meat Market, and approached from the Square by a narrow passage-way. A portion of the room was partitioned off into eight cells, numbered, each capable of holding two persons. The cells were full at the time, as we presently discovered by seeing several hideous faces leering out at us through the gratings of the doors.

A smoky oil-lamp in a lantern suspended from the ceiling threw a flickering light over the apartment, which contained no furniture excepting a couple

of stout wooden benches. It was a dismal place by night, and only little less dismal by day, for the tall houses surrounding "the lock-up" prevented the faintest ray of sunshine from penetrating the ventilator over the door, — a long narrow window opening inward and propped up by a piece of lath.

As we seated ourselves in a row on one of the benches, I imagine that our aspect was anything but cheerful. Adams and Harris looked very anxious, and Harry Blake, whose nose had just stopped bleeding, was mournfully carving his name, by sheer force of habit, on the prison-bench. I don't think I ever saw a more "wrecked" expression on any human countenance than Pepper Whitcomb's presented. His look of natural astonishment at finding himself incarcerated in a jail was considerably heightened by his lack of eyebrows. As for me, it was only by thinking how the late Baron Trenck would have conducted himself under similar circumstances that I was able to restrain my tears.

None of us were inclined to conversation. A deep silence, broken now and then by a startling snore from the cells, reigned throughout the chamber. By and by, Pepper Whitcomb glanced nervously towards Phil Adams and said, "Phil, do you think they will — *hang us?*"

"Hang your grandmother!" returned Adams, impatiently; "what I 'm afraid of is that they 'll keep us locked up until the Fourth is over."

"You ain't smart ef they do!" cried a voice from one of the cells. It was a deep bass voice that sent a chill through me.

"Who are you?" said Jack Harris, addressing the cells in general; for the echoing qualities of the room made it difficult to locate the voice.

"That don't matter," replied the speaker, putting his face close up to the gratings of No. 3, "but ef I was a youngster like you, free an' easy outside there, with no bracelets * on, this spot would n't hold *me* long."

"That 's so!" chimed several of the prison-birds, wagging their heads behind the iron lattices.

"Hush!" whispered Jack Harris, rising from his seat and walking on tiptoe to the door of cell No. 3. "What would you do?"

"Do? Why, I 'd pile them 'ere benches up agin that 'ere door, an' crawl out of that 'ere winder in no time. That 's my adwice."

"And wery good adwice it is, Jim," said the occupant of No. 5, approvingly.

Jack Harris seemed to be of the same opinion, for he hastily placed the benches one on the top of another under the ventilator, and, climbing up on the highest bench, peeped out into the passage-way.

"If any gent happens to have a ninepence about him," said the man in cell No. 3, "there 's a sufferin' family here as could make use of it. Smallest favors gratefully received, an' no questions axed."

This appeal touched a new silver quarter of a dollar in my trousers-pocket; I fished out the coin from a mass of fireworks, and gave it to the prisoner. He appeared to be such a good-natured fellow that I ventured to ask what he had done to get into jail.

* Handcuffs.

"Intirely innocent. I was clapped in here by a rascally nevew as wishes to enjoy my wealth afore I 'm dead."

"Your name, sir?" I inquired, with a view of reporting the outrage to my grandfather and having the injured person reinstated in society.

"Git out, you insolent young reptyle!" shouted the man, in a passion. I retreated precipitately, amid a roar of laughter from the other cells.

"Can't you keep still?" exclaimed Harris, withdrawing his head from the window.

A portly watchman usually sat on a stool outside the door day and night; but on this particular occasion, his services being required elsewhere, the bridewell had been left to guard itself.

"All clear," whispered Jack Harris, as he vanished through the aperture and dropped gently on the ground outside. We all followed him expeditiously, — Pepper Whitcomb and myself getting stuck in the window for a moment in our frantic efforts not to be last.

"Now, boys, everybody for himself!"

CHAPTER VIII.

THE ADVENTURES OF A FOURTH.

THE sun cast a broad column of quivering gold across the river at the foot of our street, just as I reached the doorstep of the Nutter House. Kitty Collins, with her dress tucked about her so that she looked as if she had on a pair of calico trousers, was washing off the sidewalk.

"Arrah, you bad boy!" cried Kitty, leaning on the mop-handle, "the Capen has jist been askin' for you. He 's gone up town, now. It 's a nate thing you done with my clothes-line, and it 's me you may thank for gettin' it out of the way before the Capen come down."

The kind creature had hauled in the rope, and my escapade had not been discovered by the family; but I knew very well that the burning of the stage-coach, and the arrest of the boys concerned in the mischief, were sure to reach my grandfather's ears sooner or later.

"Well, Thomas," said the old gentleman, an hour or so afterwards, beaming upon me benevolently across the breakfast-table, "you did n't wait to be called this morning."

"No, sir," I replied, growing very warm, "I took a little run up town to see what was going on."

I did n't say anything about the little run I took home again!

"They had quite a time on the Square last night," remarked Captain Nutter, looking up from the "Rivermouth Barnacle," which was always placed beside his coffee-cup at breakfast.

I felt that my hair was preparing to stand on end.

"Quite a time," continued my grandfather. "Some boys broke into Ezra Wingate's barn and carried off the old stage-coach. The young rascals! I do believe they 'd burn up the whole town if they had their way."

With this he resumed the paper. After a long silence he exclaimed, "Hullo!" — upon which I nearly fell off the chair.

"'Miscreants unknown,'" read my grandfather, following the paragraph with his forefinger; "'escaped from the bridewell, leaving no clew to their identity, except the letter H, cut on one of the benches.' 'Five dollars reward offered for the apprehension of the perpetrators.' Sho! I hope Wingate will catch them."

I don't see how I continued to live, for on hearing this the breath went entirely out of my body. I beat a retreat from the room as soon as I could, and flew to the stable with a misty intention of mounting Gypsy and escaping from the place. I was pondering what steps to take, when Jack Harris and Charley Marden entered the yard.

"I say," said Harris, as blithe as a lark, "has old Wingate been here?"

"Been here?" I cried. "I should hope not!"

"The whole thing 's out, you know," said Harris, pulling Gypsy's forelock over her eyes and blowing playfully into her nostrils.

"You don't mean it!" I gasped.

"Yes, I do, and we 're to pay Wingate three dollars apiece. He 'll make rather a good spec out of it."

"But how did he discover that we were the — the miscreants?" I asked, quoting mechanically from the "Rivermouth Barnacle."

"Why, he saw us take the old ark, confound him! He 's been trying to sell it any time these ten years. Now he has sold it to us. When he found that we had slipped out of the Meat Market, he went right off and wrote the advertisement offering five dollars reward; though he knew well enough who had taken the coach, for he came round to my father's house before the paper was printed to talk the matter over. Was n't the governor mad, though! But it 's all settled, I tell you. We 're to pay Wingate fifteen dollars for the old go-cart, which he wanted to sell the other day for seventy-five cents, and could n't. It 's a downright swindle. But the funny part of it is to come."

"O, there 's a funny part to it, is there?" I remarked bitterly.

"Yes. The moment Bill Conway saw the advertisement, he knew it was Harry Blake who cut that letter H on the bench; so off he rushes up to Wingate — kind of him, was n't it? — and claims the reward. 'Too late, young man,' says old Wingate, 'the culprits has been discovered.' You see Sly-boots had n't any intention of paying that five dollars."

Jack Harris's statement lifted a weight from my bosom. The article in the "Rivermouth Barnacle" had placed the affair before me in a new light. I had thoughtlessly committed a grave offence. Though the property in question was valueless, we were clearly wrong in destroying it. At the same time Mr. Wingate *had* tacitly sanctioned the act by not preventing it when he might easily have done so. He had allowed his property to be destroyed in order that he might realize a large profit.

Without waiting to hear more, I went straight to Captain Nutter, and, laying my remaining three dollars on his knee, confessed my share in the previous night's transaction.

The Captain heard me through in profound silence, pocketed the bank-notes, and walked off without speaking a word. He had punished me in his own whimsical fashion at the breakfast-table, for, at the very moment he was harrowing up my soul by reading the extracts from the "Rivermouth Barnacle," he not only knew all about the bonfire, but had paid Ezra Wingate his three dollars. Such was the duplicity of that aged impostor!

I think Captain Nutter was justified in retaining my pocket-money, as additional punishment, though the possession of it later in the day would have got me out of a difficult position, as the reader will see further on.

I returned with a light heart and a large piece of punk to my friends in the stable-yard, where we celebrated the termination of our trouble by setting off two packs of fire-crackers in an empty wine-cask. They made a prodigious racket, but failed somehow to fully express my feelings. The little brass pistol in my bedroom suddenly occurred to me. It had been loaded I don't know how many months, long before I left New Orleans, and now was the time, if ever, to fire it off. Muskets, blunderbusses, and pistols were banging away lively all over town, and the smell of gunpowder, floating on the air, set me wild to add something respectable to the universal din.

When the pistol was produced, Jack Harris examined the rusty cap and prophesied that it would not explode. "Never mind," said I, "let's try it."

I had fired the pistol once, secretly, in New Orleans, and, remembering the noise it gave birth to on that occasion, I shut both eyes tight as I pulled the trigger. The hammer clicked on the cap with a dull, dead sound. Then Harris tried it; then Charley Marden; then I took it again, and after three or four trials was on the point of giving it up as a bad job, when the obstinate thing went off with a tremendous explosion, nearly jerking my arm from the socket. The smoke cleared away, and there I stood with the stock of the pistol clutched convulsively in my hand, — the barrel, lock, trigger, and ramrod having vanished into thin air.

"Are you hurt?" cried the boys, in one breath.

"N—no," I replied, dubiously, for the concussion had bewildered me a little.

When I realized the nature of the calamity, my grief was excessive. I can't imagine what led me to do so ridiculous a thing, but I gravely buried the remains of my beloved pistol in our back garden, and erected over the mound a slate tablet to the effect that "Mr. Barker, formerly of new orleans, was Killed accidentally on the Fourth of july, 18— in the 2nd year of his Age." * Binny Wallace, arriving on the spot just after the disaster, and Charley Marden (who enjoyed the obsequies immensely), acted with me as chief mourners. I, for my part, was a very sincere one.

As I turned away in a disconsolate mood from the garden, Charley Marden remarked that he should n't be surprised if the pistol-but took root and grew into a mahogany-tree or something. He said he once planted an old musket-stock, and shortly afterwards a lot of *shoots* sprung up!

* This inscription is copied from a triangular-shaped piece of slate, still preserved in the garret of the Nutter House, together with the pistol-but itself, which was subsequently dug up for a *post-mortem* examination.

Jack Harris laughed; but neither I nor Binny Wallace saw Charley's wicked joke.

We were now joined by Pepper Whitcomb, Fred Langdon, and several other desperate characters, on their way to the Square, which was always a busy place when public festivities were going on. Feeling that I was still in disgrace with the Captain, I thought it politic to ask his consent before accompanying the boys. He gave it with some hesitation, advising me to be careful not to get in front of the firearms. Once he put his fingers mechanically into his vest-pocket and half drew forth some dollar-bills, then slowly thrust them back again as his sense of justice overcame his genial disposition. I guess it cut the old gentleman to the heart to be obliged to keep me out of my pocket-money. I know it did me. However, as I was passing through the hall, Miss Abigail, with a very severe cast of countenance, slipped a bran-new quarter into my hand. We had silver currency in those days, thank Heaven!

Great were the bustle and confusion on the Square. By the way, I don't know why they called this large open space a square, unless because it was an oval, — an oval formed by the confluence of half a dozen streets, now thronged by crowds of smartly dressed towns-people and country folks; for Rivermouth on the Fourth was the centre of attraction to the inhabitants of the neighboring villages.

On one side of the Square were twenty or thirty booths arranged in a semicircle, gay with little flags, and seductive with lemonade, ginger-beer, and seed-cakes. Here and there were tables at which could be purchased the smaller sort of fireworks, such as pin-wheels, serpents, double-headers, and punk warranted not to go out. Many of the adjacent houses made a pretty display of bunting, and across each of the streets opening on the Square was an arch of spruce and evergreen, blossoming all over with patriotic mottoes and paper roses.

It was a noisy, merry, bewildering scene as we came upon the ground. The incessant rattle of small arms, the booming of the twelve-pounder firing on the Mill Dam, and the silvery clangor of the church-bells ringing simultaneously, — not to mention an ambitious brass-band that was blowing itself to pieces on a balcony, — were enough to drive one distracted. We amused ourselves for an hour or two, darting in and out among the crowd and setting off our crackers. At one o'clock the Hon. Hezekiah Elkins mounted a platform in the middle of the Square and delivered an oration, to which his fellow-citizens did n't pay much attention, having all they could do to dodge the squibs that were set loose upon them by mischievous boys stationed on the surrounding house-tops.

Our little party, which had picked up recruits here and there, not being swayed by eloquence, withdrew to a booth on the outskirts of the crowd, where we regaled ourselves with root-beer at two cents a glass. I recollect being much struck by the placard surmounting this tent: —

ROOT BEER

SOLD HERE.

It seemed to me the perfection of pith and poetry. What could be more terse? Not a word to spare, and yet everything fully expressed. Rhyme and rhythm faultless. It was a delightful poet who made those verses. As for the beer itself, — that, I think, must have been made from the root of all evil! A single glass of it insured an uninterrupted pain for twenty-four hours. The influence of my liberality working on Charley Marden, — for it was I who paid for the beer, — he presently invited us all to take an ice-cream with him at Pettingil's saloon. Pettingil was the Delmonico of Rivermouth. He furnished ices and confectionery for aristocratic balls and parties, and did n't disdain to officiate as leader of the orchestra at the same; for Pettingil played on the violin, as Pepper Whitcomb described it, "like Old Scratch."

Pettingil's confectionery store was on the corner of Willow and High Streets. The saloon, separated from the shop by a flight of three steps leading to a door hung with faded red drapery, had about it an air of mystery and seclusion quite delightful. Four windows, also draped, faced the side-street, affording an unobstructed view of Marm Hatch's back yard, where a number of inexplicable garments on a clothes-line were always to be seen careering in the wind.

There was a lull just then in the ice-cream business, it being dinner-time, and we found the saloon unoccupied. When we had seated ourselves around the largest marble-topped table, Charley Marden in a manly voice ordered twelve sixpenny ice-creams, "strawberry and verneller mixed."

It was a magnificent sight, those twelve chilly glasses entering the room on a waiter, the red and white custard rising from each glass like a church-steeple, and the spoon-handle shooting up from the apex like a spire. I doubt if a person of the nicest palate could have distinguished, with his eyes shut, which was the vanilla and which the strawberry; but, if I could at this moment obtain a cream tasting as that did, I would give five dollars for a very small quantity.

We fell to with a will, and so evenly balanced were our capabilities that we finished our creams together, the spoons clinking in the glasses like one spoon.

"Let 's have some more!" cried Charley Marden, with the air of Aladdin ordering up a fresh hogshead of pearls and rubies. "Tom Bailey, tell Pettingil to send in another round."

Could I credit my ears? I looked at him to see if he were in earnest. He meant it. In a moment more I was leaning over the counter giving directions for a second supply. Thinking it would make no difference to such a gorgeous young sybarite as Marden, I took the liberty of ordering ninepenny creams this time.

On returning to the saloon, what was my horror at finding it empty!

There were the twelve cloudy glasses, standing in a circle on the sticky marble slab, and not a boy to be seen. A pair of hands letting go their hold on the window-sill outside explained matters. I had been made a victim.

I could n't stay and face Pettingil, whose peppery temper was well known among the boys. I had n't a cent in the world to appease him. What

should I do? I heard the clink of approaching glasses, — the ninepenny creams. I rushed to the nearest window. It was only five feet to the ground. I threw myself out as if I had been an old hat.

Landing on my feet, I fled breathlessly down High Street, through Willow, and was turning into Brierwood Place when the sound of several voices, calling to me in distress, stopped my progress.

"Look out, you fool! the mine! the mine!" yelled the warning voices.

Several men and boys were standing at the head of the street, making insane gestures to me to avoid something. But I saw no mine, only in the middle of the road in front of me was a common flour-barrel, which, as I gazed at it, suddenly rose into the air with a terrific explosion. I felt myself thrown violently off my feet. I remember nothing else, excepting that, as I went up, I caught a momentary glimpse of Ezra Wingate leering though his shop window like an avenging spirit.

For an account of what followed, I am indebted to hearsay, for I was insensible when the people picked me up and carried me home on a shutter borrowed from the proprietor of Pettingil's saloon. I was supposed to be killed, but happily (happily for me, at least) I was merely stunned. I lay in a semi-unconscious state until eight o'clock that night, when I attempted to speak. Miss Abigail, who watched by the bedside, put her ear down to my lips and was saluted with these remarkable words: —

"Root Beer
Sold Here!"

T. B. Aldrich.

THE WORLD WE LIVE ON.

WHAT ARE CORALS?

BEFORE telling you what corals are, I will tell you what they are not, because a very mistaken impression prevails about their nature. It is common to hear people speak of coral insects; and coral stocks with their innumerable little pits and partitions have been compared to a honeycomb.* This is a mistake. There is no such animal as a coral insect; and the coral stock, instead of being, like the honeycomb, a kind of house so constructed that the creature inhabiting it can pass in and out at will, consists of the solid parts of the coral animals themselves. A coral can no more separate itself from the structure of which it forms a part than a bird can fly away from its bones.

But, though the coral is no insect, it resembles very closely a kind of animal which is familiar, I have no doubt, to such of my young readers as live on the sea-shore. To those whose home is in the inland country, or in the far West, where the prairie and its distant boundary line are the substitutes for our great ocean plain and its horizon, I shall find it more difficult to explain my subject. Yet even they may know the sea-anemone, at least by name.

It is not strange that this animal should have been called after a flower, though it bears no especial resemblance to an anemone. Yet when all its feelers are spread, forming a thick wreath around the summit of the body, it may well remind one of any cup-shaped flower surrounded by a crown of finely-cut colored leaves. In the different anemones these feelers are of very various tints; in some they are pure white, in others pink, orange, purple, violet, or variegated, as the case may be. They differ in intensity of color in proportion as they are more or less open.

I wish with all my heart that, instead of talking to you about them, I could take you to a grotto I know very well, on East Point, at Nahant. It is a little difficult of approach, only visible at low tide; and, to reach it, you must clamber over steep, slippery rocks, covered with sea-weed.

This grotto is a nook in the rocks, some five or six feet long, and perhaps about three feet in height, and open from end to end. In order to have a good view of the interior, you must stoop down in front of the opening, and then, if the sun is shining through, you will see a wonderful display of color. The walls and roof are closely studded with sea-anemones, and when they are all expanded the grotto seems lined with a close mosaic work of every hue. At first sight, you may think this living inlaid work on wall and ceiling as motionless as the inanimate rock on which it rests. Watch it for a little while. You will find that these soft, many-colored wreaths of feelers stir: they contract and expand at the will of the animal, are sensitive to

* Even so learned an authority as Sir John Herschel, in his "Familiar Lectures on Scientific Subjects," speaks of the work done by the "coral insects." See Sec. 1, p. 12.

influences from without, feel the warmth of the sunshine and the coolness of the fresh wave as it breaks over them, are conscious of the approach of danger or of anything floating in the water which may serve them as food. When all the conditions are genial to them, and they feel animated and active, they stretch their bodies to their full height, expand all their feelers, and seem to enjoy their life.

Figure 1.

In Figure 1 you have the picture of a sea-anemone when he looks his best. The centre of the space lying amid the wreath of feelers represents the mouth. Through that the animal receives its food, and drops it into a kind of sac which hangs in the middle of the body and into which the mouth opens. That sac has a hole in the bottom, through which the food then passes into the main body and circulates all through it, nourishing every part. This sac is called the digestive sac, and serves as a stomach.

In Figure 2 you have the same animal closed, — with all his feelers drawn in and snugly packed away. In the latter condition he is a very ugly fellow, a dingy lump of jelly-like substance; but with his feelers expanded, and his body erect, he is, on the contrary, a very beautiful object, and well deserves his name.

Figure 2.

The internal structure of this animal is very curious. He is divided from top to bottom by partitions, and, if you were to cut him across, you would find that these partitions extend from the centre of the body outward, like the spokes of a wheel. Imagine a wheel, instead of being a simple circle, to be a round box open at the top and standing on the lower end, the spokes dividing it just as they now do, except that they would also extend from the top to the bottom of the box. Such a figure gives you a rough idea of the internal structure of a sea-anemone, only that in the centre of the wheel, instead of what we call the hub, you must put an open-mouthed bag, hanging between the spokes or partitions.

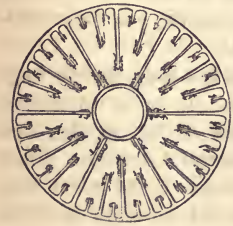


Figure 3.

Figure 3 represents a cut across the body of a sea-anemone. The circular space in the centre represents the opening of the bag which is the digestive sac or stomach; the spokes represent the partitions which run from the summit to the base of the animal, and from his outer surface inward.

Figure 4 represents a cut through the body of the same animal, as seen

Figure 1. Sea-anemone, open.
" 2. Sea-anemone, closed.
Figure 3. Transverse cut of Sea-anemone.

from top to bottom; the lines continued from the feelers downward represent the partitions. In Figure 3 you see the thickness of the partitions, the width of the spaces between them, and the opening of the digestive sac; in Figure 4 you see the length of the partitions and of the spaces between them, with the digestive sac hanging within. If you examine Figure 4 carefully, you will see that all parts of the body communicate, so that any food taken in at the mouth may circulate in every direction throughout the interior. The partitions do not start exactly from the middle of the body; they leave, on the contrary, a free space in the centre. In this space the sac hangs to a certain distance, as you see. Below the sac the space is quite unoccupied, and the hole in the digestive sac opens into it. Thus all food taken into the mouth after being digested is dropped through the bottom of the sac into the lower part of the body. Thence it passes, not only in and out between the partitions, but up into the feelers also; for the feelers are hollow, and are, indeed, merely continuations of the spaces divided off by the partitions.

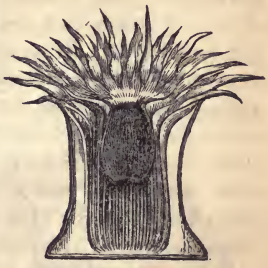


Figure 4.

In Figure 3 you see only a few partitions, and when the animal is young their number is very limited. But as he grows older they increase indefinitely, so that they cannot be counted. You may judge how numerous they are, if you remember that every feeler or tentacle composing the thick wreath on the top of the body is hollow, and opens into one of the spaces lying between two partitions.

I have been so minute in describing the sea-anemone because very few if any of you can have seen a living coral, and I could think of no other animal, closely resembling the coral, with which some of my readers at least were likely to be familiar. I would advise those who live near the sea-shore, and can easily obtain specimens, to keep one or more sea-anemones alive during the summer, and watch them. Do not think that for this object it is necessary to have an elaborate aquarium: a glass bowl, of about the size of an ordinary salad-dish, is all you need. A jar with a flat bottom is, however, better than a bowl with sloping sides. You can easily separate a sea-anemone from the rock by passing a knife under him. Be careful not to cut into the substance of the animal; you can force the knife along the surface of the rock between it and the anemone without injuring the latter in the least. Then fill your glass jar with fresh sea-water, put a piece of rough stone in the bottom, and place your anemone upon it. Add a few bits of floating sea-weed, and you have all you need to keep your specimen alive for a number of days or even for weeks, if you change the water often enough. You can watch him as he contracts and expands his feelers. You can feed him with bits of oysters or mussels or common cockles, and see how he catches his food between his feelers, carries it to his mouth, and gradually absorbs it.

Figure 4. View of the internal structure of a Sea-anemone, seen from base to summit.

There are a great many animals made upon the same plan as the sea-anemone, — most of them inhabiting the sea or living along the coast. They differ very much from one another in external appearance. Some of them you would hardly distinguish from sea-weeds; such is the little branch taken from a colony of sertularians represented in Figure 5.* These animals establish themselves on the broad blades of some of our common sea-weeds, where they grow and multiply with great rapidity. They are often found on those huge, ugly sea-weeds known as "the Devil's apron-strings." Their color is usually a pale yellow, though sometimes they are pure white; and when first taken from the water a fragment from such a colony has a glittering look, such as a white frost leaves on a spray of grass.

This seeming branch, which looks so like a twig broken from some delicate plant, is made up of hundreds of living beings, who lead a common life, and whose bodies open into each other. Tiny as they are, they all have their digestive sacs in the centre of the body, and their wreath of feelers above.

Figure 6 shows you a little piece, highly magnified, from the branch represented in Figure 5, These colonies have such a complicated existence that it would not be easy to make you understand all their parts without long and tiresome explanations. But if you will look at Figure 5 with me for a moment, I will say one word about it. Do you see that on the left-hand side is a cup-shaped bud (naturalists call them buds because they look like buds on a stem), and that it is filled with little round balls? Those are eggs; that bud will burst, the eggs will escape into the water, and will, in due time, develop into animals. On the right-hand side of the stem is another of the members of this little community, with all its feelers spread, while between the two, that is, between the one which holds the eggs and the one with its feelers extended, is the central animal into which both the others open. The last two, the central one, and the one with feelers, will never produce any eggs, because that work does not belong to them.

It is a curious thing that in these communities the work of life is distributed among the different members. In some of them this division of work is carried very far; certain individuals lay the eggs, others seem to be chiefly mouths and stomachs, and they receive and digest the food, and circulate it among the rest; others catch the food and pass it on to the open-mouthed individuals. All have their special work, and no one interferes with his neighbor.

There are many such communities living about our sea-shore, differing somewhat in the little beings which compose them, but all agreeing in their general structure. I think it would interest those of you who like to watch animals to keep one or two such branches with your sea-anemone. Or it would be still better to have a fragment in a separate glass bowl; a white glass finger-bowl would be just the thing. It is easier to keep your specimens apart. If you combine them all in one aquarium, unless you understand perfectly how to arrange it, the water soon becomes thick, and then, in order to change it, you must move all your animals. We are apt to be too elab-

* Colony of *Dynamena pumila;* natural size.

Fig. 5.

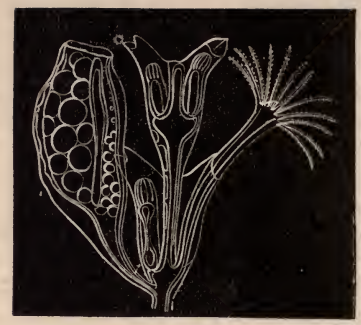


Fig. 6.

Fig. 12.

Fig. 10.

Fig. 11.

Figure 5. Branch from a colony of Sertularians, natural size.
" 6. Fragment of the same colony, magnified.
" 10. Astrangia stock.
" 11. Portion of an Astrangia stock, magnified.
" 12. Single animal from an Astrangia stock, highly magnified.

orate in our arrangements for studies of this kind. A table in a window, with a few glass jars upon it, gives you all you need for a summer's observation. If you can add a small microscope to your establishment, and have some friend to teach you how to use it, it will be of great service. Without that, you cannot examine the different members of your community of sertularians, though you may be able to distinguish them from each other with the naked eye.

Next among the animals which are allied to the sea-anemones by their structure are the jelly-fishes. They are not fishes, and do not resemble them in the least, but are so called because they consist of a jelly-like substance and live in the sea. They are semicircular or hemispherical in shape, their body forming a gelatinous transparent disk, from the margin of which hang more or less numerous feelers. Sometimes these feelers grow so thickly that they resemble a delicate fringe all around the edge of the body. In other kinds they are not numerous, but they exist in all. In Figure 7 you have a picture of a jelly-fish which is very common in Massachusetts Bay. We have a great variety of jelly-fishes living about our coast; they differ greatly in size and general appearance. In some, the disk never grows to be larger than a thimble or a walnut; in others, it measures two or three feet across, and the feelers hanging from it are many yards in length. When bathing or swimming, it is sometimes dangerous to be caught in these long feelers; they have a stinging quality like nettles, and if entangled in them you may become so benumbed as to be unable to extricate yourself.

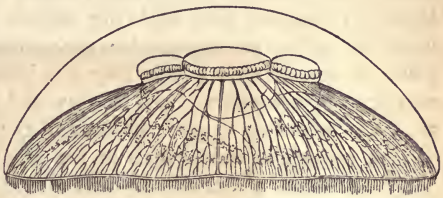


Figure 7.

Curious to relate, these jelly-fishes, even the larger among them, are the offspring of small creatures similar to those which compose the communities we have been talking about. Do you remember the eggs with which one of the animals in Figure 5 is filled? Those eggs will not grow into beings like those from which they were born. They will develop into jelly-fishes, — the jelly-fishes in their turn will lay eggs, and those eggs will grow into communities like the one which produced the jelly-fishes.

Next comes a group of animals allied to all those described above, though so unlike in appearance that I dare say you will find it difficult to believe the statement. Some of them have the outline of a star; and perhaps you may know them as the so-called star-fishes.* We have a picture of one in Figure 8. Others are round, and from their shape are called sea-eggs. They are known also by the name of sea-urchins. Such an animal is represented in Figure 9.

* They are not fishes any more than the jelly-fishes; but both received the name when their nature was not understood and all beings living in the sea were called alike.

Figure 7. Jelly-Fish, — Aurelia.

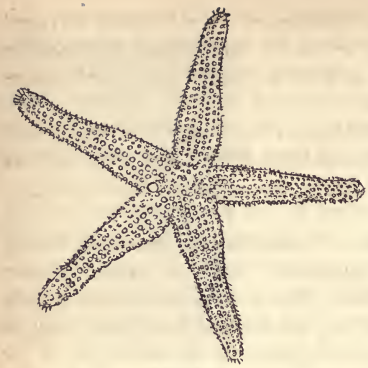


Figure 8.

You see from these few specimens how greatly these animals differ in aspect. But, however various their external appearance may be, they all agree in this; namely, that the different parts of the body spread or radiate from the centre outward, and for this reason all animals constructed in this way are called Radiates. One of these days some of my readers may be naturalists; at all events, I hope that many of them will care to know something of nature and of the animals by which they are surrounded. On this account, and because it will make the study much easier, I want them to remember, that, while the animals living upon the earth are innumerable, the patterns, or plans of structure on which they are built, are very few. Quadrupeds, birds, reptiles, and fishes are made according to one pattern, and the body of man himself is constructed in the same way. They all have a backbone, built of separate pieces called vertebræ, and for this reason naturalists call them Vertebrates. They all have a bony arch above and another below that backbone, enclosing cavities which contain certain organs.

Figure 9.

If you compare these animals for yourselves, you will find that the resemblance is carried out in all the different parts, — that, for instance, the front fin of a fish, the front paw of a reptile, the wing of a bird, the fore limb of a quadruped, and the arm of a man, are built up of similar parts. These parts are differently put together, — they are shorter or longer, narrower or wider, and joined to each other in different ways, so as to be solid and immovable in some animals, jointed and flexible in others, — but they correspond nevertheless, their general relations to each other being the same.

There is another plan for all insects, lobsters, crabs, shrimps, and worms. The number of these animals can hardly be estimated, — of insects alone, we know about a hundred and fifty thousand kinds, and these kinds are represented by myriads of individuals. Yet all these animals, from the insect to the worm, are made in the same way. Their bodies consist of a number of rings movable upon one another. They may be, like the worms, destitute of limbs, or they may have a number of legs and feelers like the lobsters and crabs, or they may have wings and legs like the insects. They may be as ugly as an earth-worm, or as beautiful and as gay in color as the brightest butterfly, but in one and all the whole body is built on the same pattern.

Figure 8. Star-fish. Figure 9. Sea-urchin.

The differences are produced, as in the Vertebrates, by a different arrangement of similar parts. All these animals are called Articulates, because the rings of which they are composed are articulated or jointed upon one another in such a way as to render them movable.

You must not be misled by names. We talk of the wing of an insect and the wing of a bird, because they are both used for flight. But they are not the same organs. The wing of a bird is much more like the arm of a man than like the wing of an insect.

There is another pattern for all shells, — I mean for the creatures which, on account of their hard envelope, we call shells, — such as oysters, clams, mussels, snails, nautili, conchs, and the like. There are many animals in this group which have no shelly covering, but they are formed in the same way as the soft bodies of those animals which build a shell over themselves.

Finally, there remains still another pattern, — the one I described when speaking of the sea-anemone. Upon this all star-fishes, sea-urchins, jelly-fishes, sea-anemones, and, lastly, corals, are constructed. Thus you see the corals do not belong with insects, but with a very different group of animals called Radiates.

This brings us back to our coral stock. As I must often use the word, I will explain exactly what I mean by stock in this sense.

A coral stock is a community of animals living together in a solid mass, — hundreds, thousands, millions, crowded together in a common life. The hard parts of their bodies make the whole mass as firm as rock, and, in the fragments of coral stock preserved in our museums or cabinets, we see only the hard parts ; but when the creatures are living the surface of the community is soft and feathery, — each little animal, where it opens on the outside of the stock, being furnished, like the sea-anemone, with delicate feelers around the mouth.

On our coast we have but one species of coral. It is found about the shores of Long Island, and on the islands of Martha's Vineyard Sound ; and though it is not one of the reef-building corals, and therefore not the same as those which compose the reef of Florida, I add its picture here, because I wish, whenever I can, to talk of things which some of you at least may have opportunities of seeing in nature.

Figure 10 shows you a community of Astrangia, as this coral is called. Each of the little circles on the surface marks a single animal. In some of them the feelers are drawn in, and then you see only the partitions dividing the interior of the animal, and radiating from the centre of each circle toward its outward edge. In others the feelers are extended, and in real life, being of very soft and flexible texture, they give a downy look to the surface of the stock. Figure 11 shows you several of the same animals magnified. The one placed uppermost in the group exhibits the summit of the body, where the mouth is placed. You see the feelers extended, and the partitions radiating from the central opening outward. The right-hand animal is drawn in profile, so that the partitions are seen running lengthwise from the base to the summit of the body. The feelers are almost hidden. The left-hand

figure is nearly the same, except that the feelers have completely disappeared. Just below is another, which turns the summit of its body directly toward you, so that you look into the mouth; and, as the feelers are all drawn in, the radiation of the partitions is shown with remarkable distinctness.

In Figure 12 you have a single animal from an Astrangia stock, magnified, with all its tentacles spread.

If I have made my explanations clear, and if you have understood the different parts shown in the figures, I think you will see that corals and sea-anemones have the same kind of structure. But there is one point in which they differ essentially, and in that difference lies the secret of the important part played by corals in the physical history of the world. It requires, however, a good deal of explanation, and my lesson in Natural History has been long enough for to-day.

In the next chapter I will take this point up again in connection with the reef-building corals, and their relation to the growth and structure of Florida.

Elizabeth C. Agassiz.

WHAT WILL BECOME OF ME?

THE buds grew green upon the boughs, the grass upon the hills,
And violets began to bud by all the brimming rills;
And a little brown sparrow came over the sea,
And another came flying his mate to be;
And they wooed and they wed, and they built a nest,
In the place which they thought was the pleasantest.
"Though any spot 's a pleasant one that 's shared with you," said he.
"And any place where you may dwell is good enough for me,"
Said she, —
"Is good enough for me."

But when the nest was fairly built, the violets fully blown,
A wandering cuckoo chanced that way, and spied the nest alone;
And she said to herself, "In the sunny spring,
To brood over a nest is a weary thing";
So she went on her journey to steal and beg,
But behind in the nest left a foundling egg.
And when the sparrow-wife came back, the egg, whose could it be?
"It is not mine," she said, "and yet it must belong to me;
'T is here,
And must belong to me."

So, full of patient mother-love, beneath her downy breast,
As fondly, gently as her own, the speckled egg she pressed,
Through the days with their marvellous unseen sights,
And the damp and the chill of the spring-time nights,
Until two little sparrows had burst the shell,
And the cuckoo had wakened to life as well.
His breast was bare, his wings were weak, his thoughts were only three :
" What do I want ? What can I have ? What will become of me ?
Cuckoo !
What will become of me ? "

He opened wide his bill, and cried, and called for food all day,
And from his foster-brothers' beaks he snatched their share away.
" Were there one, only one, to be warmed and fed,
And if *I* were that one," to himself he said,
" Then the doting old birds would have nothing to do
But to wait and to tend upon me ! Cuckoo !
In such a close and narrow nest there is no room for three.
What do I want ? What can I have ? What will become of me ?
Cuckoo !
What will become of me ? "

He stretched his neck above the nest, he peered each way about,
If none could see, then none could say who pushed the nestlings out ;
But the cuckoo was left in the nest alone,
And the share of his brothers was all his own,
And the sparrows were feeding him all day long,
And his feathers grew dark, and his wings grew strong,
And wearisome became the nest. " A stupid place ! " said he.
" What do I want ? What can I have ? What will become of me ?
Cuckoo !
What will become of me ? "

The old birds called him to the bough, and taught him how to fly,
He spread his wings, and left them both without a last good-by ;
And beyond the green meadow-lands wet with dew,
And the wood and the river, he passed from view.
And amid what scenes he may flit to-day,
Or his wings may rest, there is none to say ;
But whereso'er that selfish heart, its thoughts are only three :
" What do I want ? What can I have ? What will become of me ?
Cuckoo !
What will become of me ? "

Marian Douglas.

WRECKS AND WRECKERS.

"TELL us, papa," exclaimed Willie Blake, rushing, followed by his sister, into his father's library, — "tell us, papa, are n't wreckers cruel people who murder and rob poor shipwrecked passengers who are washed ashore near where they live? Are n't they, papa?"

"Where in the world did you get that idea?" asked his father.

"I was reading a story full of large pictures, and one of them showed a sailor lying on the sea-shore, and a great, ugly, rough man was about to kill him with a long knife. And the story said the sailor was a great lord in disguise, and that the wicked man was a smuggler and wrecker."

"Ah, I see!" said his father. "You have been reading a forbidden book. From a novel, which did not profess to tell the truth, you have received a very wrong impression. I have often told you how careful you ought to be, not only as to what you learn, but from whom you learn. Books are often written by very ignorant persons. Now the one you read was written by a very ignorant person indeed, for he did not know the difference between a wrecker and a smuggler, and he has made you think them the same. If you had been older, and able to judge of what you ought to read, that mistake would have proved to you that the rest of the book was not worth reading. Smugglers and wreckers are really just as unlike in character and occupation as can be, — as different, in fact, as thieves and policemen."

"O papa!" exclaimed both the children, and even their mother looked up from her sewing in some surprise.

"Yes," continued Mr. Blake, "just as different. In some countries wreckers are really regular policemen. In England they are employed to watch the coast just as our policemen watch the streets. They are uniformed as policemen are, and are called 'Coast-Guards.' They are old sailors, and their uniform is very like a sailor's. They wear a loose jacket like a sailor's, and a sailor's hat with the word 'Coast-Guard' printed on the band, just as you sometimes see the name of his ship printed on the sailor's hat-band. They carry a cutlass and a pair of pistols; these are for use against smugglers. They also have a spy-glass to watch the ships at sea, and their principal duty in the day is to walk their beat on the sands or cliffs, and keep a sharp lookout to sea. We have no regular organized coast-guards in this country, the volunteer wreckers doing duty in that way. The government has at all times under pay a large force of special marine police, called revenue officers, to watch the smugglers; and they often detect and capture them in their attempts to take out or bring in goods which have not paid government duty; that is, a fee or tax which is levied to support the government. Wreckers, on the contrary, are licensed by the government to save life and property, and they have courts established to settle their claims. The government officers do not watch for them as they do for smugglers, but on the other hand the government helps them by building

houses and furnishing them with boats and ropes to save life, firewood to build fires for the purpose of lighting vessels in a storm, and medicines for the sick and half-drowned people whom they rescue. Then the wreckers are paid to spy upon the smugglers, and many of the rascals are detected through the aid of honest wreckers. Besides, smugglers and wreckers do not live on the same coasts. It is necessary to the wrecker's success in business that he should live on a dangerous coast, where wrecks are frequent. You see he lives by others' misfortunes, and he must be where the worst wrecks take place. The smuggler lives on a part of the coast where there are no dangerous shoals and sands and rocks, and where great winds which might wreck his boat and cargo do not usually prevail; he must have a good as well as a quiet and secluded place to land in, for he has to run his cargo of smuggled goods ashore at night. Now I hope you understand that smugglers and wreckers are very different people, and that Willie's story-telling friend was telling a huge story when he said that one man was both a smuggler and a wrecker."

"Then are smugglers all wicked men?" asked Willie.

"Exactly," said his papa; "they are all thieves."

"And are the wreckers all good men?" asked Minnie.

"No, no, Minnie, not so fast. It does not follow, because their business is recognized and licensed, and is a good and proper and honorable one, that all wreckers are good men. Many of them are bad men, but there are bad men in all ranks of life. There was the professor in the college who murdered his physician, don't you remember? And don't you recollect about the preacher who whipped his own child to death because he would n't say his prayers? They were bad men; but we must not say, therefore, that all professors and preachers are bad men. So, also, there are some bad wreckers, and as most of the people who follow that hard and dangerous life are rough, uneducated folks, I am afraid very many of them are wicked. But it does not follow that they are all so. The idea I wish to impress on you is, that the calling of the wreckers is respectable, and that the wrecking system of the country is wise and humane, whereas smuggling is in every respect disreputable and dishonest. But you will understand the character of wreckers better when I tell you where and how they live."

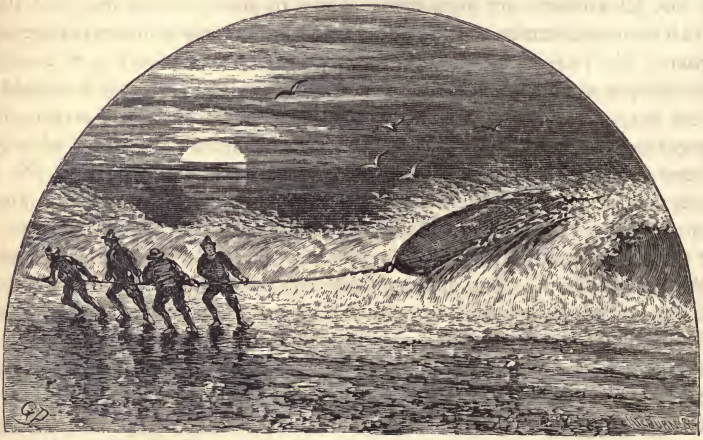
The children again expressed their interest and eagerness by more cries of "O, do, papa! please do!" and were now to all appearances deeply interested in the subject. Their father soon resumed his story.

"There are said to be about four thousand wreckers in the United States; the most of them live along the Atlantic coast, from Maine to the Florida reefs. They and their families will number twenty-five thousand souls, all of whom make their bread by saving property from wrecked vessels. How they do this I now propose to tell you; and I can do it better with the pictures I have here than by mere words. Now here is a picture of wreckers saving life; that is, of course, the first thing they have to do when a wreck occurs.* The ship, you see, has gone ashore on the sand near the light-house,

* See full-page illustration. The reference to the page is erroneous.

and the wreckers are preparing to give assistance to the passengers. Some of these have already been washed from the vessel, and have been thrown half alive on the beach by the great waves. Some of the wreckers are taking care of them, while others are catching a man whom a wave is washing ashore. A life-boat is ready manned to be launched as soon as the rope which a man is bringing can be attached to one end of the life-car, — the great boat-like object on the wagon with broad wheels, that will not sink in the soft, moist sand. When this is ready, the men will pull for the ship, and the rope will be taken on board. Then the life-car will be pulled through the water to the ship, while those on shore will hold on to a rope attached to *their* end of it. Then as many of the passengers as the life-car will hold will be put into it, and it will be closed up so that no water can get inside, and the wreckers on shore will haul it through the billows and release the poor passengers. Here is a picture of the life-car being hauled ashore, and also one showing the interior of it. It is air and water tight, but there is little danger that the inmates will smother or drown, as the boats contain air enough to last twenty-five minutes, and they are seldom in the water more than five minutes at a time."

Interior of Life-car.



Hauling the Life-car ashore.

"What is the difference between a life-boat and a life-car, papa?" asked Willie, who had noticed the open boat in the picture.

"A life-car is closed," answered his father, "while the life-boat is open. The car is a modern invention, but the life-boat is now nearly a hundred years old. The life-boat now in use is very nearly perfect, and can hardly be sunk. It is self-righting; that is, if turned over in the water, it won't stay bottom up, but will immediately turn up all right again. Instances have

been known in which sailors in a life-boat, seeing a great wave coming which was sure to upset them, have stowed themselves away under the sides or thwarts of the boat, and have come up again with the boat, having turned a summersault, and that almost without wetting their clothes!"

"O papa, papa!" cried the children, looking as if they did not know whether to believe him or not.

"You don't believe that, do you? Yet it is all true, and the Esquimaux Indians who live on the coast of Greenland practise the feat of turning summersaults in their boats as our necromancers do other juggling feats. It is very simple, and is on the principle of the diving-bell, in which, as you know, men go down to the bottom of the ocean without getting wet. The men in the life-boats are not always so fortunate as to cling to the boat, and are often thrown into the water. They do not sink, however, for most of the crews of life-boats wear cork-jackets, which save them from sinking, and, being good swimmers, they generally soon regain the boat. When the rescued passengers are taken ashore, they are removed to the nearest house. The government has established, at various points all along the coast, houses for the shelter of wrecked passengers. Here are kept medicines, firewood, and clothing, as I have before told you. But wreckers generally carry injured persons to their own houses, where their wives and children can nurse them. Their reason for doing this is, that often persons who recover give the wreckers who have taken care of them handsome rewards."

"How much money does a wrecker get for saving a life, papa?" asked Minnie.

"Nothing at all, unless the person saved chooses to give him something. There is no reward held out or paid for the rescue of life, but a wrecker cannot get his pay from the court for saving property, until he proves by good testimony that he helped to save life before he tried to save property."

"But what do you mean by a court, papa? Have the wreckers courts of their own to divide the property which they save among themselves?"

"O no. You must not suppose that a wrecker is entitled to whatever he saves from a wreck. The plunder which he gets out of a wrecked ship does not belong to him, nor to the owner of the ship, nor to the men who hired the ship to carry it across the ocean. If I should send a hundred bales of cotton to Liverpool in the ship Scotia, and she should be wrecked, the cotton which the wreckers might get out of her would no longer belong to me, nor to the ship, nor to the wreckers who saved it, but to the insurance-company who insured its safe transit to Liverpool. They would pay me the whole amount of the insurance on the cotton, and then sell the damaged cotton for all they could get for it. But the wrecker would have to be paid for saving it, and the amount which would be allowed him would depend on the amount of labor and danger incurred. The United States courts would have to decide the amount, which would be called 'Salvage.' These courts are authorized to license wreckers and wrecking vessels, and before doing so the judges have to satisfy themselves that the person asking for a license is of good character, and that his vessel is sea-worthy; that is, a good strong

one. If a wrecker embezzles any wrecked goods, or runs a vessel aground while acting as a pilot, or hires others to do it, his license may be taken away from him."

"But, papa, is looking after wrecks all that the wreckers do?"

"O no. Most of them are fishermen besides. Their homes are always near the beach, and they can watch for wrecks and fish at the same time. At Key West, Florida, where there are a great many wreckers, they catch fish for the Cuban markets, and almost wholly supply the city of Havana with fresh fish. There are many other things which they do at odd times. One of these I think you would never guess. They write for the newspapers."

"Write for the newspapers?"

"Or, rather, they tell others what to write. Many years ago, one of the large newspapers of the country offered to pay pilots, wreckers, and others a handsome sum for every wreck which they reported; and to this day, although the telegraph is the usual reporter, the wreckers occasionally go to the newspaper offices to give the news of a wreck. And now I believe I have told you all I know about the wreckers."

"But not about wrecks, papa!" said Willie. "*I* should not suppose that enough wrecks happened to support so many people."

"I believe I said that there were about twenty-five thousand persons dependent on the wreckers in the United States, — did n't I?"

"Yes, sir; that 's what you said."

"I have no doubt that there are five or six times as many in the world, and that all of them get a good living by wrecking. Of course many wrecks must therefore happen. Now how many American vessels do you suppose are wrecked every year?"

The children made various guesses, but, as they had never studied the subject, their guesses were wide of the mark; it was only time lost, so they at length gave up. Their mother, who was also interested in the story, made a slight calculation and answered, "Not more than twenty, *I* should say."

"Then you would be very wide of the mark, and if you stated that for a fact you would give these young folks a very false idea. More than that number occur every month.

"Your mother can perhaps recall twenty which occurred in one year, but they were the memorable and remarkable ones in which much property and many lives were lost. Minnie might count on her fingers, little as they are, the great wrecks which we hear fully related in the daily papers, appalling whole communities with the horrors which accompany them; but many more than these really occur. It is estimated that there are about four hundred wrecks and partial wrecks of American ships every year. Now how many do you think happen in the whole world? You need not guess, for I could not tell you if you were right or wrong, as I do not know myself; but I have seen it stated that twenty-three hundred wrecks occurred in 1867 on the English coast alone; and that the average loss there is about twenty-eight hundred a year. That is eight a day, or one every three hours in the day. But these are only a few among the vessels wrecked in all seas and

oceans; for in 1866 the wrecks and partial wrecks amounted to 11,711, and in 1867 to 12,513 vessels."

The children did not know what to say to this surprising statement, so they said nothing. Finding them silent, their father continued: —

"In the kingdom of Great Britain, there is an officer whose duty it is to keep an account of all the wrecks happening on the coast of that country. Now the kingdom of Great Britain, grand as its name sounds, is only about twice as large as the little State of Florida; and its coast is only three times as long. Yet every year there are about twenty-eight hundred ships lost on the shores of that country. About one thousand men and women and poor helpless children lose their lives; and if we had all the money which is lost by these wrecks, we should have nearly twenty millions of dollars to spend every year.

"You would be puzzled," continued their father, after the astonishment of the children had subsided, "if you could see one of the maps which the English officer makes out every year, showing the wrecks which have occurred. He calls it the 'Wreck-chart,' and the law requires him to publish a new one every year; and what do you suppose it is for? It is a guide-book for the pilots and captains of vessels, and for the wreckers and coast-guards and life-boatmen. On this map a little black dot is put down for every wreck, showing precisely on what part of the coast each of the lost vessels came ashore; and a red one to show the location of every life-boat station. You may believe that, when two thousand of these red and black dots are put down on the map, it has a funny look. Now how does that map guide and instruct the pilots and wreckers and others? The black dots point out the most dangerous parts of the coast, — for, of course, it is most dangerous where most vessels are lost, — and, looking at the map, the pilot and captain know what parts to avoid. It also tells the wreckers and life-boatmen and coast-guard that these dangerous points are where they ought to gather in the greatest numbers to save life and property. That is the use of the English 'Wreck-chart.' We do not have any in this country, though we are very much in need of one every year."

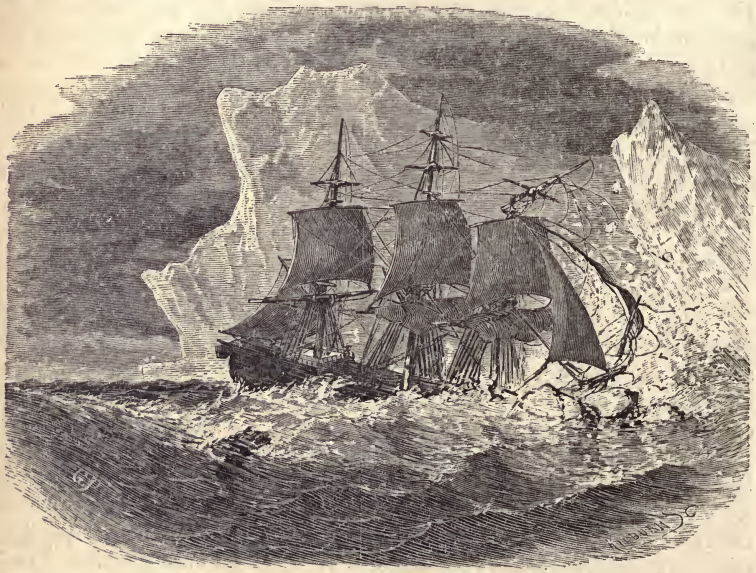
"But, papa," asked Minnie, "what causes all these wrecks?"

"Why, the wind, Minnie, of course," spoke up Willie, who, like many another elder brother, had a bad habit of displaying to his younger sister the superior knowledge which he possessed. "Why, the wind and storms," — he continued, and, seeing his father smiling, Willie tried to think of other causes, and added, "and great rocks in the ocean, — and such things as that!"

"I am afraid, Willie," said his father, "that you want to be a teacher before you have finished going to school. The natural causes of shipwrecks are very many more than those you have named. Besides dangerous and unlighted coasts, shifting sands, sudden squalls and storms, there is the lightning, which destroys many good ships, or rather it did until Benjamin Franklin taught us how to control and direct it, and Sir Henry Snow invented his lightning conductor for ships. You would not understand this instrument if I should describe it, but it is said, that, since it has been introduced

into the British navy, not a single vessel has been lost by lightning. Then for the destruction of vessels there are the hurricanes and earthquakes which so often occur in the torrid zone, and the great icebergs of the frigid zone. In one day of the year 1857, fifty-eight vessels were destroyed in one little harbor in the West Indies, by one of these hurricanes; and in the same year a great United States ship-of-war named the Monongahela was lifted out of the sea by a wave thirty feet high, and carried nearly over the town of St. Croix. The ship at one time was directly over the market-house! Then the wave receded, and the ship was carried back over the market-house and the town, nearly to the sea, and landed high and dry on a coral reef. Later still, as you may remember, the great iron-clad ship Wateree, the first iron war-vessel built by our government, was carried, by a wave which followed the great earthquake in Peru, half a mile inland and completely wrecked. During the year 1867, more than sixty other vessels were crushed to pieces by the ice in the White Sea. The great icebergs crushed the ships as if they were egg-shells, and the ice was packed around them to the depth of twenty feet, until nothing was to be seen but the masts.

"The icebergs which the sailors call the 'Phantoms of the Sea,' and which float down from the Arctic into the Atlantic Ocean, used to cause a great many wrecks, but mariners have learned how to 'understand their ways' and know how to avoid them."



"How, papa, how?"

"I will tell you, but you must listen attentively, for it is not easy to understand. First of all, what do you say is the longest river in the world?"

"The Mississippi," answered Willie and Minnie in a breath.

"And which is the widest?"

"The Amazon."

"Well, you must know that there is a great river in the ocean which is longer than the Mississippi, and wider than the Amazon, and deeper and swifter than all other rivers. It is fifty miles wide! It is a great ocean current, and is called the Gulf Stream. It rises in the Gulf of Mexico, and runs along our Atlantic coast, until it gets about as far north as Boston. Then it turns and runs east until it nearly reaches the European shore, when it branches, one stream running northward to the northern seas, and the other southward towards the Mediterranean. This stream is much warmer than the rest of the ocean. The icebergs which come from the Polar Sea in summer move southward until they get into this current, when they flow east and rapidly melt away. As the sailors know the course of the Gulf Stream, and the season for the appearance of the icebergs, they are careful to keep a sharp lookout and thus avoid them. Still accidents do sometimes occur, and ships sometimes strike these icebergs and sink instantly.

"So you see that God in his wisdom, which we cannot always understand, but which we nevertheless know is always for the best, permits his agents to destroy many good vessels and valuable lives; but would it astonish you if I were to tell you that most shipwrecks are brought about by man's ignorance and wickedness?"

This did astonish the young folks very much, and they asked their father if it was really a fact. Mrs. Blake thought she knew what her husband meant, and she said to the children, "Papa means that rum does it, — that drunkenness is the cause of the evil."

"Not exactly. Drunkenness and avarice are the chief causes of wrecks, but avarice causes more wrecks than storms or hurricanes, or earthquakes or icebergs, or ignorance or rum. Do you know what this ignorance is that causes so much trouble?"

"No, papa, — but do tell us," pleaded Willie.

"There are very many ignorant seamen who are trusted to navigate vessels; many of them know little of the use of the compass, the simplest of all nautical instruments. The variation of the needle of the compass from the true point, in consequence of the magnetism of iron or steel which may be in the vessel to strengthen it, or as cargo, has caused the loss of many large vessels. There was once a large East India merchant-ship named the "Reliance," lost in consequence of the presence near the compass-box of a large iron tank. The captain did not know how it influenced the needle, and thus the ship was run on the rocks and lost. Many seamen believe that when iron is covered by wood, or even by tarpaulins, it loses its magnetic power; but this, you know, is a great mistake."

"What do they do, papa, on the great iron-clad war-ships for compasses?" asked Willie.

"Before every voyage, the iron-clads are 'swung,' and the compasses adjusted and compared with others. They thus find out how much the

needle varies, and in their calculations at sea make allowance for the difference. A singular fact has lately been discovered with regard to iron-clad ships; and it is this. If built in such a way that the bow lies to the north and the stern to the south, an iron-clad ship itself becomes so highly magnetic that it is nearly a magnetic needle on a large scale, and if put afloat in a perfectly calm sea, it will turn its bow to the north without any other power than that of the magnetism of the poles. Now what do you think causes this? You will never guess, so I might as well tell you that the magnetism is given to the iron by the hammering of the men in putting on the iron plates. If you take that common iron poker with which you stir the fire, and will put it on an anvil so that one end points to the north, and hammer it for half an hour, it will become so highly magnetic that it will not only attract other bits of steel and iron, but if you balance it on some sharp-pointed article it will turn and point to the north, just like the needle of a compass. It is ignorance of these things and of others just as simple that causes the loss of many vessels; but more are lost from avarice. Do you know what avarice is?"

"Love of money," cried Willie and Minnie, in a breath.

"Avarice is the *immoderate* love of money, — the love of money for its own sake. You may love to make money, and if you wisely use it for good, that love is no more an evil than loving to do good in any other way; but when you love to get it and keep it, and get more and keep that, too, and do no good with it, that is avarice, and it is a very grievous sin in the eyes of God. And now I will tell you how avarice causes many wrecks.

"The system of insurance affords many chances to make the wrecking of a vessel a source of profit. It often leads the captain of a vessel to convert a slight damage to his ship into a total loss; for if he wrecks the ship totally the owner gets all the insurance money, but if the ship is only partially wrecked, and gets afloat again, the owner has to pay part of the cost of repairs. Then ships coming from a long voyage, with cargoes of merchandise which are not likely to repay the owner if put in the market, are wrecked and the insurance is claimed. Then pilots are often hired to run ships ashore, and light-house keepers are bribed not to keep their lights burning, so that ships may run aground unawares."

"But who hires them, papa?" asked Minnie.

"Generally the rascally wreckers."

"But I thought they were good people?"

"Not all of them. Don't you remember I said there were many wicked ones among them. They live by saving property from wrecks; naturally they are anxious to have wrecks occur, and so the avariciousness of some of the most wicked ones leads them to conspire to wreck vessels and endanger life by bribing the pilots or the light-house keepers.

"It is a terrible life which the sailors lead, — full of excitement and danger, — and you should always remember them when you lie down at night, and never forget to pray, 'God save our men at sea.'"

Major Traverse.

GARDENING FOR GIRLS.

CHAPTER I.

THE family of Mr. Gray were city born and bred. They had lived between high brick walls all their lives, and had never known the happiness and freedom of a country life. Perhaps Mrs. Gray had never desired to live in the country; for she had always imagined it a very dull way of living, and as she was rather a gay little lady, who loved to visit and have company, she was quite well contented in her city home.

But that was not altogether the case with her husband, who, when the toils of business were over, often longed for a little home in the open country, where he might rest, and refresh himself with pure air and liberty from city rules. So his favorite promise to the children was, that when his ship came in he would take them all to live in a cottage in some lovely place, where there would be flowers and fruits, and all sorts of enjoyments such as children can best appreciate.

Mrs. Gray always smiled at these stories, and supposed it would be many years before that long-expected ship would arrive. But as the prospect pleased the children, she thought it but fair to let them enjoy it for the present, whether it was ever to be realized or not.

The family consisted of four girls and one boy, all under thirteen years of age. There was Maggie, the eldest, who would be thirteen on her next birthday; then Willie, a bright boy of eleven, who loved play quite as well as study; Susie, nearly nine, and Bessie, seven, — besides little Daisy, who was still called the baby, although she was really past four years old. It was a happy family, although the children had very different dispositions and tempers. Maggie was quite a little woman in her notions, and was really a great help to her mother in many ways; and Willie was so accustomed to his sisters' society that he always took part in their sports, and had learned to be as gentle as a girl, never displaying any rude behavior, or teasing them with pranks, as boys often do. Then Susie and Bessie kept the baby-house together, and spent the greater part of their time in dressing and undressing two greatly beloved dolls, whose toilets were exceedingly elaborate, and needed constant remodelling.

This left little Daisy to be her mother's companion; and so, whatever Mrs. Gray undertook to do, Daisy must of course do it too. If her mother was sewing, the little girl would sew, although it was sometimes very troublesome, for her needle kept coming unthreaded perpetually, and her rags managed to get sewed up into very strange shapes before she was ready; and then mother had to hunt up a fresh one.

In the summer-time, the children had each a little patch they called a garden; for the little yard behind their dwelling was laid out into flower-beds; and, as there were so many gardeners in the family, of course it was

well cultivated. As for Daisy's garden, it did not show quite as many flowers as her mother's, because she could not always wait for the seeds to come up, and every day she would dig up a few to see if they had sprouted. Indeed, under such treatment, I do not believe there would have been anything in it if her mother and Maggie had not transplanted a few of their own superfluous flowers into the bare patch, when she was out of sight. She only supposed that her seeds had come up very fast in the night, and never suspected the truth of the matter.

Now these little city gardens did not measure more than three square yards each, and it was only by planting the flowers very close together that they could find room for the variety they wanted. Willie had his garden as well as his sisters, but besides that, he was the carpenter who made all the little trellises and frames upon which were trained the vines and taller plants. These were placed at the back of the beds, and the low, creeping ones occupied the front spaces. There were purple and variegated petunias, spread out all over these little frames, and covered with blossoms during the whole season. Then Drummond phlox, with beautiful purple and crimson flowers, portulacas, mignonette, and verbenas, which, with white candy-tuft and sweet alyssum, made up a very showy garden.

Every day the children spent an hour in cultivating these little beds; for they had been told, that, by keeping the ground mellow and loose about the roots, the plants would do better, as the moisture would more easily penetrate the soil; so they used their little hoes and rakes with great advantage, and soon grew to be very expert gardeners.

Their father, who saw how pleasantly they were occupied with this work, and how well they had succeeded in everything they had attempted to cultivate, became every day more desirous of removing to a place where there would be room for them to exercise these wholesome fancies. He watched the newspapers in the hope of seeing a place advertised whose description suited in every respect; but he had thus far looked in vain. Some were too large, — real farms, which he knew would be more than a man in other business could manage; others were too far distant from the city; and many which suited quite well in these respects were too high-priced for him to purchase. So he had almost begun to despair of finding one, when a friend told him of a small place of some three acres, with a neat, newly built cottage, which came just within the limits of his means. He said nothing about it at home until he had been to see it, and had completed the purchase, and then he mentioned his venture to Mrs. Gray. She was rather surprised, and perhaps not very well pleased at the news; but as she observed the delight of the children, who saw only the cheerful and flowery part of the picture, she gradually became satisfied, especially as Mr. Gray had promised that if, after a year's trial, they were not well pleased, they should return to the city.

The new place was about two miles from town, and could be reached very readily by the horse cars, which passed the door many times a day. The house was a plain wooden cottage, painted brown, and sanded, to look as much as possible like stone. There was a pretty piazza, with rustic supports

LAUNCHING THE LIFE-BOAT.

DRAWN BY GRANVILLE PERKINS.]

[See page 218.

of rough tree-trunks with the bark on; but, as it was entirely new, there was as yet nothing like grass or shrubbery to adorn the outside. All around were the remains of rubbish left from building, and there were few trees near the house to cast a cool shade when hot weather should come again. Many would have been quite discouraged at the first sight of so bare-looking a place; but Mrs. Gray knew just what it needed, and she could already fancy the piazza covered with vines, and a beautiful lawn stretching away towards the gate, with a winding walk up to the door, and plenty of ornamental trees in groups around the house. All this could be arranged and begun at once, and every year would make it more and more beautiful.

It was now early autumn, but they were not to take possession of the new place until spring. It was however decided to lay out the grounds, and plant the trees at once, so as to gain a season. An acre of ground was appropriated to the lawn, which was levelled and sown thickly with grass seed. Then a variety of trees were set out, — three times as many, too, as were really wanted, so as to allow for those which would die. They were quite large trees, — willows, ash, cedars, balm of Gilead, arbor-vitæ, locust, and maples of different kinds, — but as they were careful to take them with a good ball of earth fast to the lowest roots, and then to lop off from each tree a portion of the top limbs to correspond with the amount of roots it had lost, the greater part of the trees survived the winter. When spring came, the most of them budded, and were soon covered with leaves, whilst the dead ones were quickly removed.

At the old home, the children were busy all winter with their plans and prospects. The choicest flower-seeds and verbenas had been saved for planting in the new gardens, and about the first of February Willie contrived a box with sash lid, in which the phlox, mignonette, candytuft, zinnias, and other annuals were sown, it being desirable to have them up early, so that they might be ready for transplanting into the large beds, where there would be ample room for all they could produce.

Mrs. Gray had always been such a lover of house-plants, that her sitting-room windows were generally full of flowers in winter-time. She had ivy-vines in pots, which climbed quite around the windows, and one of those delicate Fayal vines, with fine glossy leaves, and blossoms of the most exquisite perfume. Then there were seedling plants of the *Maurandia Barclayana*, with leaves like the ivy, and bearing a profusion of dark purple flowers. She knew that they would need all the vines they could obtain, to form a bower around the cottage, and these delicate runners, she thought, would fill up the interstices between those of a coarser description, after her winter's enjoyment of them was over. As time passed on, she grew quite impatient to begin the work of transforming the new place into the little Eden that she had pictured it.

Well, the first of April came at last, — very slowly, it seemed to the children, — and in a few days they were all moved, though by no means in order.

"Now, mother, show us where our gardens are to be!" exclaimed the children, as soon as they arrived in company with the last of the furniture.

"Not just now, children. Let us settle matters in the house, before we talk about the garden."

"O, but I want to see mine so much!" said Susie to Bessie, as they looked out at the window upon what seemed to them an immense field.

"All in good time, children," said the mother, who was indeed very tired with the moving, and still had a great deal to do before everything could be nicely arranged. "We shall have more snow-storms yet."

"More snow, mother!" exclaimed Willie. "Why, I thought we were to begin our planting at once."

"Certainly. You can plant peas and potatoes, and set out currant-bushes, blackberries, and the like," she said, smiling at his horror of more snow, — "but of course not flowers."

"But won't snow hurt the peas and potatoes?" he asked.

"O no, the peas are hardy, and even if they are up several inches a snow-storm won't hurt them."

"Then why not try the flowers?" urged Susie, again. "Are not some of them hardy too? You know, mother, how long our verbenas and petunias kept on blooming in the fall, after there were a great many frosts."

"Ah, that was different; they are quite hardy in the autumn; and then the cold weather comes on gradually: but remember that in the spring the young shoots and seedlings are very tender, and need protection from the frost; so there is nothing to be gained by being in too great a hurry."

"How soon may we plant our seeds then?" inquired Maggie. "Do you think next week will do?"

"Not before the middle of April, little ones," replied the mother; "but, if the weather is good, I will show you your gardens to-morrow, and you can begin to get them ready."

With this gratifying promise, the children were amply satisfied, and thought and talked of little else than their gardens until bedtime.

There were many things to be done inside the house, in which Maggie Gray was able to assist her mother; and Willie, who was very handy with his tools, made good use of his holidays. There were so many little things wanting, — pegs in the presses, a shelf in the pantry, and another in the kitchen, besides fixing window-shades and stoves, which he seemed to understand about quite as well as a hired man would have done.

"All that we save in hiring, Willie, you shall have to buy plants with," said his mother. So Willie worked on with fresh spirit, and before many days most of the in-door jobs were done.

In the mean time Mrs. Gray had kept her promise, and shown to each one of the girls a fine large bed cut out of the green lawn, into which they were to sow and transplant whatever they might choose, whilst the beds around the door, where the much-desired vines were to be placed, were reserved for the mother herself to manage. As for Mr. Gray and Willie, the fruit and vegetables were to be their peculiar charge. The early morning hours, before city business began, and the evenings, after their early tea, would afford considerable time for work, and they had laid plans for a wonderful amount of

fruit and table vegetables, which would be much better, they knew, than any that could be bought in the city markets. So already, even in anticipation, they had begun to taste the benefits of their country home.

CHAPTER II.

AMONG other matters that had been attended to during the previous autumn, was the planting of some currant-bushes and a strawberry bed, which were now in promising order, and already began to show signs of blossoming. Of course these did not need any attention now, but a ploughman was employed to go over the rest of the plantation. Even between the lines of fruit-trees, the ground was turned up ready for planting, and a few rows of the large blackberry and raspberry bushes were to be put in at once; these would not produce fruit this season, but would be ready for next year.

As both Mr. Gray and Willie were altogether new at the business, they had to hire a few days' help in these first operations; but when the plants were once in the ground, and peas and potatoes also planted, they were resolved to do all the rest themselves. Willie took his first lesson in setting out a bed of onions, and his mother begged for a few parsley plants, with a little thyme, summer savory, and sage, which are so nice for seasoning dinner in the winter. All these were done in good time, leaving a little room yet for a few tomato-plants, and a row or two of pop-corn, which all the children knew how to pop, and still better how to eat.

The acre and a half which had been appropriated to these purposes was to be known as "the farm," while the girls' flower-beds would be "the garden." So, also, these busy workers would be hereafter classified as *farmers* and *gardeners*.

But, while the farmers have been so busy with their portion of the plantation, pray do not think that our young gardeners have been idle. No; the beds have all been dug and raked smoothly over, and many of the flower-seeds have been sown, with sticks put in to mark the places. That was a very necessary precaution indeed, as the busy little hands, with their rakes and hoes and trowels, would have made sad havoc with the poor seeds before they had time to show themselves above ground.

In Daisy's bed, her mother had sown pepper-grass seed in a curious style, and, by dint of close watching, it did not get disturbed. Upon the smooth ground were marked the letters of the word "DAISY," forming little furrows into which the fine seeds were thickly strewed, and then smoothed over. One day, to the little girl's great joy and astonishment, she beheld the green letters standing out in bold relief upon the dark ground. She was delighted beyond her powers of expression, and for some time it was a mystery she could not explain.

"How did it happen?" she kept asking them all; but all were as mysterious as the occasion demanded. At last, however, Willie revealed the secret, and Daisy's wonder was relieved, although she ceased not to feel proud of her name growing every day greener and taller.

Ten days after the flower-seeds had been planted in the garden-beds, they began to peep up above the surface, and some of them even had the little empty shells of the gray seeds sticking to the pale leaves. It did seem so wonderful to these young students of nature to see that these flower-plants, which every day grew stronger and more vigorous, could actually come forth out of those thin and tiny seeds. Then another curious thing was that they never made a mistake, and came up something else; but a bean always produced a bean again, and not a lady-slipper. That was because God had ordered it, and kept it so ever since the creation of the world.

One of the greatest difficulties they had was to distinguish the new varieties of weeds from flowers. There had been a grand crop of rank nettles and pig-weed growing on the place for several years, and of course their seeds had been sown before the flowers. No wonder that these strange plants came up in great numbers all over the little gardens; they sometimes looked so much like the flowers that these inexperienced florists could not distinguish between the true and the false. There was nothing to be done, then, but to let them all grow together for a while, until the plants were large enough to be plainly seen.

About the 10th of May, all danger of frost seemed past, and they set out their house-plants. The seedlings in the box that Willie made had grown to be several inches high. The phlox was already beginning to blossom, as well as the mignonette and a few scarlet geraniums which they had raised from cuttings. There were also some showy verbenas, all ready and in bloom, as well as several roses brought from their city garden. So there was no lack of flowers for a beginning; in a few weeks they would make a very gorgeous display.

Mrs. Gray was occupied chiefly with her vines. At every post of the piazza some hardy climbers were planted, which would not, it is true, make much shade or ornament the first season, but by another would completely cover the rustic pillars with a thick curtain of leaves. At one post she placed a large root of wistaria, an evergreen honeysuckle, and a clematis; at another, a climbing rose, and a wild creeper; and at the others glacenas, coral honeysuckles, other roses, and trumpet-creepers. These were to be the permanent ornaments, to last for years to come; but Mrs. Gray wanted to have the bare posts covered at once, so, in addition to the above, she put in scarlet and hyacinth beans, — at least half a dozen to each post. Then a few tubers of the Mexican vine were crowded in, and a plant or two of the luxuriant Australian ivy; thus there would be an abundance of rapidly growing vines, which would soon make a close bower about the doors and windows.

At the side of the house were planted grape-vines three feet high, which were to be trained upon frames against the building itself; and at the back of the establishment, where the kitchen was situated, and a rough lattice had been placed to conceal the domestic arrangements, a quantity of vigorous young creepers had been brought by Willie from the neighboring woods, and set out during a season of wet weather. They hardly seemed to show that they were moved, but went on growing as fast as ever, and by the first of July had covered the lattice almost entirely. That was because they had brought so large a number; for Mrs. Gray had wisely remarked, "If we have too many, it will be easy enough to root out a few of them." As it proved, however, there was not one too many; for a very close covering was more desirable than a scanty one, and certainly nothing could have been more beautiful than the appearance of these vines, which exhibited so many shades of green. The older leaves were dark and glossy, while the ends of the shoots were of a lighter and more delicate tint, and as they waved with the breeze the effect was truly elegant.

But I have only told you the pleasant part about getting these wild creepers, and now I will relate what befell poor Willie, — something that taught him a severe lesson, which he declared he should never forget. In going among the thickets of tangled vines in search of the young creepers, there were several varieties to be found; some had their leaves in fives, and others in threes. He thought it best to secure a few of each variety, especially as the reddish shoots of the three-leaved plants appeared to have fine, promising runners, and he knew that these were exactly what his mother desired. He therefore took up some very strong roots, and placed them in the basket with the others. But just as he was starting off on his homeward journey, a barefooted country boy came running along by the roadside and peeped into his basket with what Willie considered to be a good deal of impudence.

"Ha, ha! — pizen wines!" he exclaimed. "I wonder what you be goin' to do with 'em? Pity yer hands and face bime by."

Willie heard what he said, but did not quite understand at first; but the boy kept on: "I say, boy, ye'd better throw 'em out o' yer basket, or ye'll be sorry enough to-morrow."

"What do you know about my business?" asked Willie, with as much dignity as he could muster.

"Well, I know them 's pizen wines, and I s'pect you 're pizened a'ready, — that 's all."

Now Willie, with all his city education, had never once heard of poison vines, and began to look into his basket with doubt.

"They are creepers," he said to the boy, who still looked into the basket, and pointed very cautiously to the reddish, three-leaved vines.

"Yes, these be creepers," said the urchin, touching the five-fingered leaves, "but them 's rank pizen. Ye 'd better throw 'em out as soon as ye kin."

Willie felt rather uncomfortable about it, and yet hesitated to take the boy's advice. Just then there came along a sturdy farmer, to whom Willie immediately appealed.

"Pray, sir," he said, "will you tell me what these vines are?" at the same time holding up his basket to view.

"Well, I can tell you," said the man, "the sooner you get rid of 'em the better; they 're rale pizen wines, and I reckon your hands 'll be in a purty state afore long."

In an instant, out went the contents of the basket upon the ground, and Willie almost fancied that his hands tingled a little already.

"Them 's creepers," said the man, separating the five fingers from the others with the end of his spade; "take them along, but always mind to keep clear of the *three* fingers; them 's al'ays pizen."

Willie gathered up the creepers, and replaced them in his basket, leaving the dreadful poison vines lying by the roadside; but all the way home his mind was in a state of considerable uneasiness about what had happened. However, he became so busy in planting the creepers, and then in arranging some other things on the farm, that for the time he almost forgot about it, and when it did occur to him again he could not perceive any appearance of damage to his hands; so finally he came to the conclusion that there was no harm done after all, and that maybe the two country fellows had been trying to deceive him, because they thought he was green in such matters.

He had not told of this adventure at home, for he did not choose to expose his ignorance, even to his mother, although he very much doubted whether she herself had ever heard of poison vines. But on awaking, a few mornings after that, he was conscious of a very peculiar feeling about the hands and between the fingers, — a burning, pricking sensation, which recalled very unpleasantly the affair of the vines. He tried to cool them in a basin of water, but all to no purpose; they grew worse instead of better.

"O dear!" he exclaimed, "if I had only known about the poison vines before I went out there; but who 'd have dreamed of such a thing as that?"

Willie bore the pain as long as he could, and then his mother was informed of all that had happened, and indeed before night his poor hands had begun to swell and ache very much, while considerable inflammation appeared about the face and eyes. By another day he was quite feverish, and obliged to keep in bed, and at last they sent for a doctor, who pronounced it a seri-

ous case of poisoning. Then his hands puffed up in white blisters, and his eyes were nearly closed with the swelling. So poor Willie paid dearly for his experience, as it was more than a week before the disease was removed and the blisters had all healed.

"You 'll know poison vines next time," said the doctor; "but there are several other poisonous plants in the woods, which I will show you some day, to put you on your guard against future mistakes."

Willie remembered the good doctor's promise, and some time afterwards they went together to see the swamp sumach and poison oak, both of which grew abundantly in the same woods. It was well he had done so, for when the sumach began to put forth its curious clusters of blossoms, Willie would surely have gathered some for his mother. Later yet, the leaves became so gorgeous in their brilliant autumn colors that it seemed hard not to be able to press a few sprays for the winter bouquet of grasses which always graced Mrs. Gray's parlor mantel.

There is no knowledge so valuable, or so likely to remain with us for life, as that which is learned by experience, and so it was with regard to the poison. Willie was a far wiser boy for these practical lessons than when he left the city, and would be cautious enough in the future.

Author of "Six Hundred Dollars a Year."

THE VIOLETS.

ON a bright Sunday morning little Mary went out into the garden. She wore her new spring dress; she was almost afraid the dew would spoil it. A great noisy bee, out making honey on a Sunday, — or perhaps it was only a blue-bottle fly, — came buzzing round her head, and frightened her a little; but still she picked a bunch of violets for her friend, the oldish lady, who sits behind her in church.

She had given the lady, Mrs. Lane, a few geranium-leaves once before, and she had thanked her and looked pleased; and violets are even sweeter and fresher than geranium-leaves.

Little Mary lives with her papa and mamma, where the grass is green, and the flowers are sweet, and the trees full of birds. She is a happy little girl, and life is all before her.

But the oldish lady lives alone. Her hair is gray and faded, and the bright dreams of her youth are faded too.

She has not much money, so she lives in one room of an old-fashioned house, in a narrow street.

She does not so much mind being alone, but she remembers the dear friends who made life seem so bright, and she wonders now that she never used to think she might lose them. She knew we must all die; but that her

friends could really leave her, and that she could live without them, — she never believed it till they were gone.

And now she lives alone; but the sun shines into her room, and she has there a picture of a lovely lady, with soft eyes. That is her mother. She is in heaven.

As she walked to church that bright Sunday morning, she looked up at the sky, and it was clear and blue. The sun shone warm. The soft wind brought the perfume of flowers from the hills, and the sound of the chimes from the distance.

And the little church was dressed with flowers, and the kind pastor was there, with cheering, helpful words for his people.

The lady's heart was full of thankfulness, though still she thought of the dear friends whose absence had changed the world for her.

Then the little girl came with the bouquet of violets, and leaned over the back of the pew, and gave them to the oldish lady, with a kind smile; and the kindness, or the perfume of the violets, or something else, made the tears come into the lady's eyes, so that she had to wipe first one, and then the other, behind her prayer-book, and her voice trembled so, she could hardly sing the hymn.

When the service was over, she took the little bouquet home, and it brightened her lonely room, and warmed her heart, like the presence of an angel.

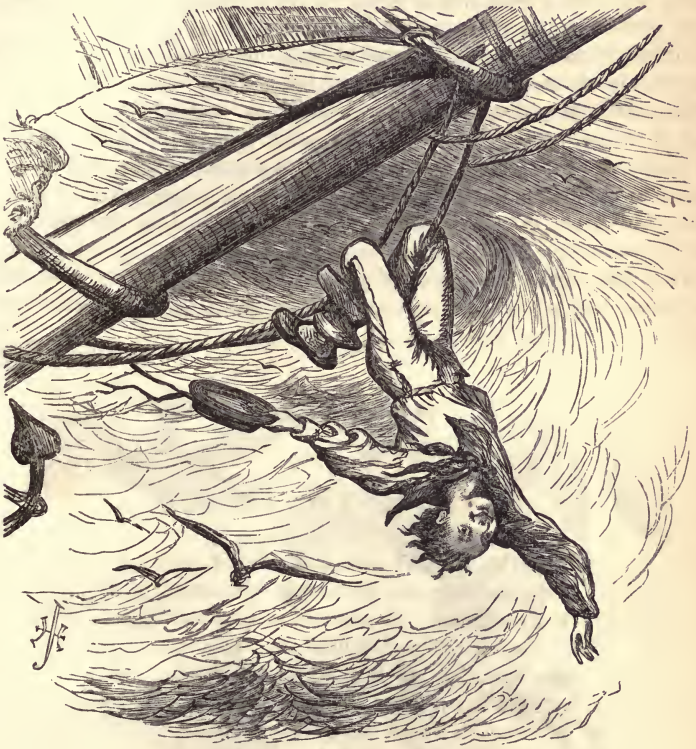
Annie Moore.

TOM TWIST.

TOM TWIST was a wonderful fellow,
No boy was so nimble and strong;
He could turn ten somersets backward,
And stand on his head all day long.
No wrestling, or leaping, or running,
This tough little urchin could tire;
His muscles were all gutta-percha,
And his sinews bundles of wire.

Tom Twist liked the life of a sailor,
So off, with a hop and a skip,
He went to a Nantucket captain,
Who took him on board of his ship.
The vessel was crowded with seamen,
Young, old, stout and slim, short and tall,
But in climbing, swinging, and jumping,
Tom Twist was ahead of them all.

He could scamper all through the rigging,
  As spry and as still as a cat,
While as for a leap from the maintop
  To deck, he thought nothing of that ;
He danced at the end of the yard-arm,
  Slept sound in the bend of a sail,
And hung by his legs from the bowsprit,
  When the wind was blowing a gale.



The vessel went down in a tempest,
  A thousand fathoms or more ;
But Tom Twist dived under the breakers,
  And, swimming five miles, got ashore.
The shore was a cannibal island,
  The natives were hungry enough ;
But they felt of Tommy all over,
  And found him entirely too tough.

So they put him into a boy-coop, —
  Just to fatten him up, you see, —
But Tommy crept out, very slyly,
  And climbed to the top of a tree.
The tree was the nest of a condor,
  A bird with prodigious big wings,
Who lived upon boa-constrictors
  And other digestible things.

The condor flew home in the evening,
  And there lay friend Tommy so snug,
She thought she had pounced on a very
  Remarkable species of bug ;
She soon woke him up with her pecking,
  But Tommy gave one of his springs,
And leaped on the back of the condor,
  Between her long neck and her wings.

The condor tried plunging and pitching,
  But Tommy held on with firm hand,
Then off, with a scream, flew the condor,
  O'er forest and ocean and land.

By and by she got tired of her burden,
  And flying quite close to the ground,
Tom untwisted his legs from the creature,
  And quickly slipped off with a bound.

He landed all right, and feet foremost,
  A little confused by his fall,
And then ascertained he had lighted
  On top of the great Chinese Wall.
He walked to the city of Pekin,
  Where he made the Chinamen grin;
He turned ten somersets backward,
  And they made him a Mandarin.

Then Tom had to play the Celestial
  And to dangle a long pigtail;
And he dined on puppies and kittens,
  Till his spirits began to fail.
He sighed for his native country,
  And he longed for its ham and eggs;
And in turning somersets backward
  His pigtail would catch in his legs.

He sailed for his dear home and harbor.
  The house of his mother he knew;
He climbed up the lightning-rod quickly,
  And came down the chimney-flue.
His mother in slumber lay dreaming
  That she never would see him more,
When she opened her eyes, and Tommy
  Stood there on the bedroom floor!

Her nightcap flew off in amazement,
  Her hair stood on end with surprise.
"What kind of a ghost or a spirit
  Is this that I see with my eyes?"
"I am your most dutiful Tommy."
  "I will not believe it," she said,
"Till you turn ten somersets backward,
  And stand half an hour on your head."

"That thing I will do, dearest mother."
  At once, with a skip and a hop,
He turned the ten somersets backward,
  But then was unable to stop!

The tenth took him out of the window,
  His mother jumped from her bed,
To see his twentieth somerset
  Take him over the kitchen shed ;

Thence, across the patch of potatoes
  And beyond the church on the hill ;
She saw him, tumbling and turning,
  Turning and tumbling still, —
Till Tommy's body diminished
  In size to the head of a pin,
Spinning away in the distance,
  Where it still continues to spin !

William Allen Butler.

THE WILLIAM HENRY LETTERS.

TENTH PACKET.

William Henry to his Sister.

MY DEAR LITTLE SISTER, —

I 'm sorry your little birdie 's dead! He was a nice singing birdie! But I would n't cry. Maybe you 'll have another one some time, if you 're a good little girl. Maybe father 'll go to Boston and buy you one, or maybe Cousin Joe will send one home to you, in a vessel, or maybe I 'll catch one, or maybe a man will come along with birds to sell, or maybe Aunt Phebe's bird will lay an egg and hatch one out. I would n't feel bad about it. It is n't any use to feel bad about it. Maybe, if he had n't been killed, he 'd 'a' died. Dorry says, "Tell her, 'Don't you cry,' and I 'll give her something, catch her a rabbit or a squirrel!" Says he 'll tease his sister for her white mice. Says he 'll tease her with the tears in his eyes, — or else her Banties.

How do you like your teacher? Do you learn any lessons at school? You must try to get up above all the other ones. We 've got two new teachers this year. One is clever, and we like that one, but the other one is n't very. We call the good one Wedding Cake, and we call the other one Brown Bread. Did grandmother tell you about the Fortune Tellers? We went to-day and she told mine true. She said my father was a very kind man, and said I was quick to get mad, and said I had just got something I 'd wanted a long time (watch, you know), and said I should have something else that I wanted, but did n't say when. I wonder how she knew I wanted a gun. I thought perhaps somebody told her, and laid it to Old Wonder Boy, for we two had been talking about guns. But he flared up just like a flash of powder. "There. Now you need n't blame that on to me!" says he. "You fellers always do blame everything on to me!" Sometimes when somebody touches him he hollers out, "Leave me loose! Leave me loose!" Dorry says that 's the way fellers talk down in Jersey. The Fortune Teller told W. B. that he came from a long way off, and that he wanted to be a soldier, but he 'd better give up that, for he would n't dare to go to war, without he went behind to sell pies. All of us laughed to hear that, for Old Wonder Boy is quick to get scared. But he is always straightening himself up, and looking big, and talking about his native land, and what he would do for his native land, and how he would fight for his native land, and how he would die for his native land. He says that why she told him that kind of a fortune was because he gave her pennies and not silver money. His uncle that goes cap'n of a vessel has sent him a letter, and in the letter it said that he had a sailor aboard his ship that used to come to this school.

I was going to tell you a funny story about W. B.'s getting scared, but Dorry

he keeps teasing me to go somewhere. I made these joggly letters when he tickled my ears with his paint-brush. Has your pullet begun to lay yet? I hope my rooster won't be killed. Tell them not to. Benjie says he had a grand great rooster. It was white and had green and purple tail feathers, O, very long tail feathers, and stood 'most as high as a barrel of flour, with great yellow legs, and had a beautiful crow, and could drive away every other one that showed his head, and he set his eyes by that rooster, but when he got home they had killed him for broth, and when he asked 'em where his rooster was they brought out the wish-bone and two tail feathers, and that was all there was left of him. I would n't have poor little kittie drowned way down in the deep water 'cause to drown a kittie could n't make a birdie alive again. Have your flowers bloomed out yet? You must be a good little girl, and try to please your grandmother all you can.

From your affectionate brother,

WILLIAM HENRY.

P. S. Now Dorry 's run to head off a loose horse, and I 'll tell you about Old Wonder Boy's getting scared. It was one night when — Now there comes Dorry back again! But next time I will.

W. H.

William Henry to his Sister, about Old Wonder Boy's Fright.

MY DEAR SISTER, —

I will put that little story I am going to tell you right at the beginning, before Dorry and Bubby Short get back. I mean about W. B.'s getting scared. But don't you be scared, for after all 't was — no, I mean after all 't was n't — but wait and you 'll know by and by, when I tell you. 'T was one night when Dorry and I and some more fellers were a sitting here together, and we all of us heard some thick boots coming a hurrying up the stairs, and the door came a banging open, and W. B. pitched in, just as pale as a sheet, and could n't but just breathe. And he tried to speak, but could n't, only one word at once, and catching his breath between, just so, — "Shut — the — door! — Do! — Do! — shut — the door!" Then we shut up the door, and Bubby Short stood his back up against it because 't would n't quite latch, and now I will tell you what it was that scared him. Not at the first of it, but I shall tell it just the same way we found it out.

Says he, "I was making a box, and when I got it done 't was dark, but I went to carry the carpenter's tools back to him, because I promised to. And going along," says he, "I thought I heard a funny noise behind me, but I did n't think very much about it, but I heard it again, and I looked over my shoulder, and I saw something white behind me, a chasing me. I went faster, and then that went faster. Then I went slower and then that went slower. And then I got scared and ran as fast as I could, and looked over

my shoulder and 't was keeping up. But it did n't run with feet, nor with legs, for then I should n't 'a' been scared. But it came — O, I don't know how it came, without anything to go on."

Dorry asked him, "How did it look?"

"O, — white. All over white," says W. B.

"How big was it?" Bubby Short asked him.

"O, — I don't know," says W. B. "First it looked about as big as a pigeon, but every time I looked round it seemed to grow bigger and bigger."

"Maybe 't was a pigeon," says Dorry. "Did it have any wings?"

"Not a wing," says W. B.

"Maybe 't was a white cat," says Mr. Augustus.

"O, poh, cat!" says W. B.

"Or a poodle dog," says Benjie.

"Nonsense, poodle dog!" says W. B.

"Or a rabbit," says Bubby Short.

"O, go 'way with your rabbit!" says W. B. "Did n't I tell you it had n't any feet or legs to go with?"

"Then how could it go?" Mr. Augustus asked him.

"That 's the very thing," said W. B.

"Snakes do," says Bubby Short.

"But a snake would n't look white," says Benjie.

"Without 't was scared," says Dorry.

I said I guessed I knew. Like enough 't was a ghost of something.

"Of what?" then they all asked me.

I said like enough of a robin or some kind of bird.

"That he 'd stolen the eggs of," says Dorry.

"O yes!" says Old Wonder Boy. "It 's easy enough to laugh, in the light here, but I guess you 'd 'a' been scared, seeing something chasing you in the dark, and going up and down, and going tick, tick, tick, every time it touched ground, and sometimes it touched my side too."

"For goodness gracious!" says Dorry. "Can't you tell what it seemed most like?"

"I tell you it did n't seem most like anything. It did n't run, nor walk, nor fly, nor creep, nor glide along. And when I got to the Great Elm-Tree, I cut round that tree, and ran this way, and that did too."

"Where is it now?" Dorry asked him.

"O, don't!" says W. B. "Don't open the door. 'T is out there."

"Come, fellers," Dorry said, "let 's go find it!"

Benjie said, "Let 's take something to hit it with!" And he took an umbrella, and I took the bootjack, and Bubby Short took the towel horse, and Mr. Augustus took a hair-brush, and Dorry took his boot with arm run down in it, and first we opened the door a crack and did n't go out, but peeped out, but did n't see anything there. Then we went out a little ways, and then we did n't see anything. And pretty soon, going along towards the stairs, Bubby Short stepped on something. "What 's that?" says he. And he jumped, and we all flung our things at it. "Hold the light!" Dorry cried out.

Then W. B. brought out the light, and there was n't anything there but a carpenter's reel, with a chalk line wound up on it, and they picked it up and began to wind up, and when they came to the end of it — where do you s'pose the other end was? In W. B.'s pocket! and his ball and some more things held it fast there, and that chalk-line reel was what went bobbing up and down behind Old Wonder Boy every step he took, — bob, bob, bobbing up and down, for there was a hitch in the line and it could n't unwind any more, and the line under the door was why 't would n't latch, and O, but you ought to 've heard the fellers how they roared! and Bubby Short rolled over on the floor, and Dorry he tumbled heels over head on all the beds, and we all shouted and hurrahed so the other fellers came running to see what was up, and then the teachers came to see who was flinging things round so up here, and to see what was the matter, but there could n't anybody tell what the matter was for laughing, and W. B. he looked so sheepish! O, if 't was n't gay! How do you like this story? That part where it touched his side was when that reel caught on something and so jerked the string some. Now I must study my lesson.

Your affectionate brother,

WILLIAM HENRY.

P. S. When you send a box don't send very many clothes in it, but send goodies. I tell you things taste good when a feller 's away from his folks. Dorry's father had a picture taken of Dorry's little dog and sent it to him, and it looks just as natural as some boys. Tell Aunt Phebe's little Tommy he may sail my boat once. 'T is put away up garret in that corner where I keep things, side of that great long-handled thing, grandmother's warming-pan. I mean that little sloop boat I had when I 's a little feller.

W. H.

Mrs. A. M. Diaz.

HOW TO DO IT.

II. TALK.

MAY I presume that all my young friends between this and Sceattle have read paper Number One? First class in geography, where is Sceattle? Right. Go up. Have you all read, and inwardly considered, the three rules, "Tell the truth"; "Talk not of yourself"; and "Confess ignorance"? Have you all practised them, in moonlight sleigh-ride by the Red River of the North, — in moonlight stroll on the beach by St. Augustine, — in evening party at Pottsville, — and at the parish sociable in Northfield? Then you are sure of the benefits which will crown your lives if you obey these three precepts; and you will, with unfaltering step, move quickly over the kettle-de-benders of this broken essay, and from the thistle, danger, will pluck the three more flowers which I have promised. I am to teach you, fourth, —

To talk to the person who is talking to you.

This rule is constantly violated by fools and snobs. Now you might as well turn your head away when you shoot at a bird, or look over your shoulder when you have opened a new book, — instead of looking at the bird, or looking at the book, — as lapse into any of the habits of a man who pretends to talk to one person while he is listening to another, or watching another, or wondering about another. If you really want to hear what Jo. Gresham is saying to Alice Faulconbridge, when they are standing next you in the dance, say so to Will Withers, who is trying to talk with you. You can say pleasantly, "Mr. Withers, I want very much to overhear what Mr. Gresham is saying, and if you will keep still a minute, I think I can." Then Will Withers will know what to do. You will not be preoccupied, and perhaps you may be able to hear something you were not meant to know.

At this you are disgusted. You throw down the magazine, and say you will not read any more. You cannot think why this hateful man supposes that you would do anything so mean.

Then why do you let Will Withers suppose so? All he can tell is what you show him. If you will listen while he speaks, so as to answer intelligently, and will then speak to him as if there were no other persons in the room, he will know fast enough that you are talking to him. But if you just say "yes," and "no," and "indeed," and "certainly," in that flabby, languid way in which some boys and girls I know pretend to talk sometimes, he will think that you are engaged in thinking of somebody else, or something else, — unless, indeed, he supposes that you are not thinking of anything, and that you hardly know what thinking is.

It is just as bad, when you are talking to another girl, or another girl's mother, if you take to watching her hair, or the way she trimmed her frock, or anything else about her, instead of watching what she is saying as if that

were really what you and she are talking for. I could name to you young women who seem to go into society for the purpose of studying the milliner's business. It is a very good business, and a very proper business to study in the right place. I know some very good girls who would be much improved, and whose husbands would be a great deal happier, if they would study it to more purpose than they do. But do not study it while you are talking. No, — not if the Empress Eugénie herself should be talking to you. Suppose, when General Dix has presented you and mamma, the Empress should see you in the crowd, afterwards, and should send that stiff-looking old gentleman in a court dress across the room, to ask you to come and talk to her, and should say to you, "Mademoiselle, est-ce que les jeunes demoiselles en Amérique se promènent à cheval sans cavalier?" Do you look her frankly in the face while she speaks, and when she stops, do you answer her as you would answer Leslie Goldthwaite if you were coming home from berrying. Don't you count those pearls that the Empress has tied round her head, nor think how you can make a necktie like hers out of that old bit of ribbon that you bought in Syracuse. Tell her, in as good French or as good English as you can muster, what she asks; and if, after you have answered her lead, she plays again, do you play again; and if she plays again, do you play again, — till one or other of you takes the trick. But do you think of nothing else, while the talk goes on, but the subject she has started, and of her; do not think of yourself, but address yourself to the single business of meeting her inquiry as well as you can. Then, if it becomes proper for you to ask her a question, you may. But remember that conversation is what you are there for, — not the study of millinery, or fashion, or jewelry, or politics.

Why, I have known men who, while they were smirking, and smiling, and telling other lies to their partners, were keeping the calendar of the whole room, — knew who was dancing with whom, and who was looking at pictures, and that Brown had sent up to the lady of the house to tell her that supper was served, and that she was just looking for her husband that he might offer Mrs. Grant his arm and take her down stairs. But do you think their partners liked to be treated so? Do you think their partners were worms, who liked to be trampled upon? Do you think they were pachydermatous coleoptera of the dor tribe, who had just fallen from red-oak trees, and did not know that they were trampled upon? You are wholly mistaken. Those partners were of flesh and blood, like you, — of the same blood with you, cousins-german of yours on the Anglo-Saxon side, — and they felt just as badly as you would feel if anybody talked to you while he was thinking of the other side of the room.

And I know a man who is, it is true, one of the most noble and unselfish of men, but who had made troops of friends long before people had found that out. Long before he had made his present fame, he had found these troops of friends. When he was a green, uncouth, unlicked cub of a boy, like you, Stephen, he had made them. And do you ask how? He had made them by listening with all his might. Whoever sailed down on him at an evening party and engaged him — though it were the most weary of odd

old ladies — was sure, while they were together, of her victim. He would look her right in the eye, would take in her every shrug and half-whisper, would enter into all her joys, and terrors, and hopes, would help her by his sympathy to find out what the trouble was, and, when it was his turn to answer, he would answer like her own son. Do you wonder that all the old ladies loved him? And it was no special court to old ladies. He talked so to school-boys, and to shy people who had just poked their heads out of their shells, and to all the awkward people, and to all the gay and easy people. And so he compelled them, by his magnetism, to talk so to him. That was the way he made his first friends, — and that was the way, I think, that he deserved them.

Did you notice how badly I violated this rule when Dr. Ollapod talked to me of the Gorges land grants, at Mrs. Pollexfen's? I got very badly punished, and I deserved what I got, for I had behaved very ill. I ought not to have known what Edmeston said, or what Will Hackmatack said. I ought to have been listening, and learning about the Lords sitting in Equity. Only the next day Dr. Ollapod left town without calling on me, he was so much displeased. And when, the next week, I was lecturing in Naguadavick, and the mayor of the town asked me a very simple question about the titles in the third range, I knew nothing about it and was disgraced. So much for being rude, and not attending to the man who was talking to me.

Now do not tell me that you cannot attend to stupid people, or long-winded people, or vulgar people. You can attend to anybody, if you will remember who he is. How do you suppose that Horace Felltham attends to these old ladies, and these shy boys? Why, he remembers that they are all of the blood-royal. To speak very seriously, he remembers whose children they are, — who is their Father. And that is worth remembering. It is not of much consequence, when you think of that, who made their clothes, or what sort of grammar they speak in. This rule of talk, indeed, leads to our next rule, which, as I said of the others, is as essential in conversation as it is in war, in business, in criticism, or in any other affairs of men. It is based on the principle of rightly honoring all men. For talk, it may be stated thus: —

Never underrate your Interlocutor.

In the conceit of early life, talking to a man of thrice my age, and of immense experience, I said, a little too flippantly, "Was it not the King of Wurtemberg whose people declined a constitution when he had offered it to them?"

"Yes," said my friend, "the King told me the story himself."

Observe what a rebuke this would have been to me, had I presumed to tell him the fact which he knew ten times as accurately as I. I was just saved from sinking into the earth by having couched my statement in the form of a question. The truth is, that we are all dealing with angels unawares, and we had best make up our minds to that, early in our interviews. One of the first of preachers once laid down the law of preaching thus: "Preach as if you were preaching to archangels." This means, "Say the very

best thing you know, and never condescend to your audience." And I once heard Mr. William Hunt, who is one of the first of artists, say to a class of teachers, "I shall not try to adapt myself to your various lines of teaching. I will tell you the best things I know, and you may make the adaptations." If you will boldly try the experiment of entering, with anybody you have to talk with, on the thing which at the moment interests you most, you will find out that other people's hearts are much like your heart, other people's experiences much like yours, and even, my dear Justin, that some other people know as much as you know. In short, never talk down to people; but talk to them from your best thought and your best feeling, without trying for it on the one hand, but without rejecting it on the other.

You will be amazed, every time you try this experiment, to find how often the man or the woman whom you first happen to speak to is the very person who can tell you just what you want to know. My friend Haliburton, who is a working minister in a large town, says that when he comes from a house where everything is in a tangle, and all wrong, he knows no way of righting things but by telling the whole story, without the names, in the next house he happens to call at in his afternoon walk. He says that if the Windermeres are all in tears because little Polly lost their grandmother's miniature when she was out picking blueberries, and if he tells of their loss at the Ashteroths' where he calls next, it will be sure that the daughter of the gardener of the Ashteroths will have found the picture of the Windermeres. Remember what I have taught you, — that conversation is the providential arrangement for the relief of ignorance. Only, as in all medicine, the patient must admit that he is ill, or he can never be cured. It is only in "Patronage," — which I am so sorry you boys and girls will not read, — and in other poorer novels, that the leech cures, at a distance, patients who say they need no physician. Find out your ignorance, first; admit it frankly, second; be ready to recognize with true honor the next man you meet, third; and then, presto! — although it were needed that the floor of the parlor should open, and a little black-bearded Merlin be shot up like Jack in a box, as you saw in Humpty-Dumpty, — the right person, who knows the right thing, will appear, and your ignorance will be solved.

What happened to me last week when I was trying to find the History of Yankee Doodle? Did it come to me without my asking? Not a bit of it. Nothing that was true came without my asking. Without my asking, there came that stuff you saw in the newspapers, which said Yankee Doodle was a Spanish air. That was not true. This was the way I found out what was true. I confessed my ignorance; and, as Lewis at Bellombre said of that ill-mannered Power, I had a great deal to confess. What I knew was, that in "American Anecdotes" an anonymous writer said a friend of his had seen the air among some Roundhead songs in the collection of a friend of his at Cheltenham, and that this air was the basis of Yankee Doodle. What was more, there was the old air printed. But then that story was good for nothing till you could prove it. A Methodist minister came to Jeremiah Mason, and said, "I have seen an angel from heaven who told me that your

client was innocent." "Yes," said Mr. Mason, "and did he tell you how to prove it?" Unfortunately, in the dear old "American Anecdotes," there was not the name of any person, from one cover to the other, who would be responsible for one syllable of its charming stories. So there I was! And I went through library after library looking for that Roundhead song, and I could not find it. But when the time came that it was necessary I should know, I confessed ignorance. Well, after that, the first man I spoke to said, "No, I don't know anything about it. It is not in my line. But our old friend Watson knew something about it, or said he did." "Who is Watson?" said I. "O, he 's dead ten years ago. But there 's a letter by him in the Historical Proceedings, which tells what he knew." So, indeed, there was a letter by Watson. Oddly enough it left out all that was of direct importance; but it left in this statement, that he, an authentic person, wrote the dear old "American Anecdote" story. That was something. So then I gratefully confessed ignorance again, and again, and again. And I have many friends, so that there were many brave men, and many fair women, who were extending the various tentacula of their feeling processes into the different realms of the known and the unknown, to find that lost scrap of a Roundhead song for me. And so, at last, it was a girl — as old, say, as the youngest who will struggle as far as this page, in the Cleveland High School — who said, "Why, there is something about it in that funny English book, 'Gleanings for the Curious,' I found in the Boston Library." And sure enough, in an article perfectly worthless in itself, there were the two words which named the printed collection of music which the other people had forgotten to name. These three books were each useless alone; but, when brought together, they established a fact. It took three people in talk to bring the three books together. And if I had been such a fool that I could not confess ignorance, or such another fool as to have distrusted the people I met with, I should never have had the pleasure of my discovery.

Now I must not go into any more such stories as this, because you will say I am violating the sixth great rule of talk, which is

BE SHORT.

And, besides, you must know that "they say" (whoever *they* may be) that "young folks" like you skip such explanations, and hurry on to the stories. I do not believe a word of that, but I obey.

I know one Saint. We will call her Agatha. I used to think she could be painted for Mary Mother, her face is so passionless and pure and good. I used to want to make her wrap a blue cloth round her head, as if she were in a picture I have a print of, and then, if we could only find the painter who was as pure and good as she, she should be painted as Mary Mother. Well, this sweet Saint has done lovely things in life, and will do more, till she dies. And the people she deals with do many more than she. For her truth and gentleness and loveliness pass into them, and inspire them, and then, with the light and life they gain from her, they can do what, with her light and life, she cannot do. For she herself, like all of us, has her

limitations. And I suppose the one reason why, with such serenity and energy and long-suffering and unselfishness as hers, she does not succeed better in her own person is that she does not know how to "be short." We cannot all be or do all things. First boy in Latin, you may translate that sentence back into Latin, and see how much better it sounds there than in English. Then send your version to the letter-box.

For instance, it may be Agatha's duty to come and tell me that — what shall we have it? — say that dinner is ready. Now really the best way but one to say that is, "Dinner is ready, sir." The best way is, "Dinner, sir"; for this age, observe, loves to omit the verb. Let it. But really if St. Agatha, of whom I speak, — the second of that name, and of the Protestant, not the Roman Canon, — had this to say, she would say: "I am so glad to see you! I do not want to take your time, I am sure, you have so many things to do, and you are so good to everybody, but I knew you would let me tell you this. I was coming up stairs, and I saw your cook, Florence, you know. I always knew her; she used to live at Mrs. Cradock's before she started on her journey; and her sister lived with that friend of mine that I visited the summer Willie was so sick with the mumps, and she was so kind to him. She was a beautiful woman; her husband would be away all the day, and, when he came home, she would have a piece of mince-pie for him, and his slippers warmed and in front of the fire for him; and, when he was in Cayenne, he died, and they brought his body home in a ship Frederic Marsters was the captain of. It was there that I met Florence's sister, — not so pretty as Florence, but I think a nice girl. She is married now and lives at Ashland, and has two nice children, a boy and a girl. They are all coming to see us at Thanksgiving. I was so glad to see that Florence was with you, and I did not know it when I came in, and, when I met her in the entry, I was very much surprised, and she saw I was coming in here, and she said, 'Please, will you tell him that dinner is ready?'"

Now it is not simply, you see, that, while an announcement of that nature goes on, the mutton grows cold, your wife grows tired, the children grow cross, and that the subjugation of the world in general is set back, so far as you are all concerned, a perceptible space of time on The Great Dial. But the tale itself has a wearing and wearying perplexity about it. At the end you doubt if it is your dinner that is ready, or Fred Marsters's, or Florence's, or nobody's. Whether there is any real dinner, you doubt. For want of a vigorous nominative case, firmly governing the verb, whether that verb is seen or not, or because this firm nominative is masked and disguised behind clouds of drapery and other rubbish, the best of stories, thus told, loses all life, interest, and power.

Leave out then, resolutely. First omit "Speaking of hides," or "That reminds me of," or "What you say suggests," or "You make me think of," or any such introductions. Of course you remember what you are saying. You could not say it if you did not remember it. It is to be hoped, too, that you are thinking of what you are saying. If you are not, you will not help

the matter by saying you are, no matter if the conversation do have firm and sharp edges. Conversation is not an essay. It has a right to many large letters, and many new paragraphs. That is what makes it so much more interesting than long, close paragraphs like this, which the printers hate as much as I do, and which they call "*solid matter*," as if to indicate that, in proportion, such paragraphs are apt to lack the light, ethereal spirit of all life.

Second, in conversation, you need not give authorities, if it be only clear that you are not pretending originality. Do not say, as dear Pemberton used to, "I have a book at home, which I bought at the sale of Byles's books, in which there is an account of Parry's first voyage, and an explanation of the red snow, which shows that the red snow is," &c., &c., &c. Instead of this say, "Red snow is," &c., &c., &c. Nobody will think you are producing this as a discovery of your own. When the authority is asked for, there will be a fit time for you to tell.

Third, never explain, unless for extreme necessity, who people are. Let them come in as they do at the play, when you have no play-bill. If what you say is otherwise intelligible, the hearers will find out, *if it is necessary*, as perhaps it may not be. Go back, if you please, to my account of Agatha, and see how much sooner we should all have come to dinner if she had not tried to explain about all these people. The truth is, you cannot explain about them. You are led in farther and farther. Frank wants to say, "George went to the Stereopticon yesterday." Instead of that he says, "A fellow at our school named George, a brother of Tom Tileston who goes to the Dwight, and is in Miss Somerby's room, — not the Miss Somerby that has the class in the Sunday school, — she 's at the Brimmer School, — but her sister," — and already poor Frank is far from George, and far from the Stereopticon, and, as I observe, is wandering farther and farther. He began with George, but, George having suggested Tom and Miss Somerby, by the same law of thought each of them would have suggested two others. Poor Frank, who was quite master of his one theme, George, finds unawares that he is dealing with two, gets flurried, but plunges on, only to find, in his remembering, that these two have doubled into four, and then, conscious that in an instant they will be eight, and, which is worse, eight themes or subjects on which he is not prepared to speak at all, probably wishes he had never begun. It is certain that every one else wishes it, whether he does or not. You need not explain. People of sense understand something.

Do you remember the illustration of repartee in Miss Edgeworth? It is this: —

Mr. Pope, who was crooked and cross, was talking with a young officer. The officer said he thought that in a certain sentence an interrogation-mark was needed.

"Do you know what an interrogation-mark is?" snarled out the crooked, cross little man.

"It is a crooked little thing that asks questions," said the young man.

And he shut up Mr. Pope for that day.

But you can see that he would not have shut up Mr. Pope at all if he had had to introduce his answer and explain it from point to point. If he had said, "Do you really suppose I do not know? Why, really, as long ago as when I was at the Charter House School, old William Watrous, who was master there then, — he had been at the school himself, when he and Ezekiel Cheever were boys, — told me that a point of interrogation was a little crooked thing that asks questions."

The repartee would have lost a good deal of its force, if this unknown young officer had not learned, 1. not to introduce his remarks; 2. not to give authorities; and 3. not to explain who people are. These are, perhaps, enough instances in detail, though they do not in the least describe all the dangers that surround you. Speaking more generally, avoid parentheses as you would poison; and more generally yet, as I said at first, BE SHORT.

These six rules must suffice for the present. Observe, I am only speaking of methods. I take it for granted that you are not spiteful, hateful, or wicked otherwise. I do not tell you, therefore, never to talk scandal, because I hope you do not need to learn that. I do not tell you never to be sly, or mean, in talk. If you need to be told that, you are beyond such training as we can give here. Study well, and practise daily these six rules, and then you will be prepared for our next instructions, — which require attention to these rules, as all Life does, — when we shall consider

HOW TO WRITE.

Edward Everett Hale.

AT QUEEN MAUDE'S BANQUET.

SHE wears no crown
Save her own flossy curls, —
Rosiest, plumpest
Of pet baby-girls;
Blue-eyed and dimpled
And dignified she,
Pouring out for us
Invisible tea, —
Little Queen Maude.

Tiniest teacup
And saucer and spoon: —
Baby, your banquet
Has ended too soon.
Fancy's full cupboard
Unlocks to your hand;
We, your true subjects
Await your command,
Little Queen Maude.

Throned on the floor,
We must stoop to your state:
If a queen 's little,
Can courtiers be great?
Now kiss us, dismiss us,
Red lips rosy-sweet,
For yonder 's a poet
Chained fast to your feet,
Little Queen Maude.

Lucy Larcom.

THE EXCITEMENT AT KETTLEVILLE.

CHARACTERS.

BODKINS, *late in the employ of Messrs. Flimsy and Gauze,*
DITTO, *a Young Man about Town, famous in private theatricals,*
TINCTURE, *a Man with a Diploma,*
MOPER, *a Disappointed Candidate,*
PONDER, *a Man who thinks before he speaks,*
TOMMY, *a Youthful Bill-sticker,*
MISS HAVERWAY, *a Popular Young Lecturer.*

(*Enter* BODKINS *and* DITTO, *right, and* TINCTURE, MOPER, *and* PONDER, *one after the other, from the opposite side.*)

Bodkins. Well met, gentlemen, well met! We are all of one way of thinking, I presume, in regard to the business of to-night?

Ditto. I hope, gentlemen, that Kettleville will do her duty, and her whole duty, on this occasion.

Tincture. We must put a stop to this woman's rights movement, or it will put a stop to us. Action, heroic action, as we doctors say, is the only remedy. Now 's the time.

Moper. How will you do it? That 's the question. It can't be done.

Bodkins. Brother Moper, you are always looking on the dark side of things. Why can't it be done?

Moper. Because the women carry too many guns for us.

Bodkins. Guns? Guns? Does this little Miss Haverway carry a gun?

Moper. She does n't carry anything else. That little morocco roll, or cylinder, in which she pretends to carry her lecture, is an air-gun, — a deadly weapon.

Bodkins. Possible? But that 's a matter for the police to look into. Ha, ha! We are not to be intimidated, gentlemen, — eh? We are true Americans. No cowards among us, — eh? The blood of seventy-six does not, — does not —

Ditto. Stagnate in our veins.

Bodkins. Thank you, sir. Does not stagnate in our veins. Surely not in mine, — not in mine!

Ponder. May I be allowed to ask a question?

All. Certainly.

Ponder. What are we here for?

Bodkins. We are here, Mr. Ponder, to protest against allowing the town hall to be used to-night by one Miss Haverway for her lecture on woman's rights. I appeal to every young man in the land, ought it not to make our blood — our blood —

Ditto. Boil with indignation.

Bodkins. Thank you, sir. Boil with indignation, to see these attempts, on the part of certain audacious women, to oppress us, and take the bread out of our mouths, just as we are entering on our several careers?

Ditto. Gentlemen, what could be more — more — more — Excuse this burst of feeling. There *are* chords — Well, sir, go on.

Bodkins. Consider my own case, gentlemen. I had a snug situation in the store of Messrs. Flimsy and Gauze, the great dealers in muslins, laces, and such. An easy berth. All I had to do was to stand behind a counter and show the lady customers the newest styles of collars. All at once I am told that my services are not wanted. And, gentlemen, as if to add insult to injury, I am advised that the spade and the plough expect me, — me, with my delicate *physique.* Gentlemen, why, why were my services no longer required?

Ditto. Yes, why, gentlemen, — why, — why? If, gentlemen, one single reminiscence of Lexington and Bunker Hill lingers in your minds, — if — if — Excuse me. I was carried away by my feelings. Go on, Mr. Bodkins.

Bodkins. My dismissal was accompanied with the information that a young lady — a young lady (*sarcastically*) — had been selected to take my place.

Tincture and *Moper.* Shame! Shame! Too bad! Too bad!

Ditto. Atrocious! Yes, abominable!

Moper. I tell you we are all going to the *bad* just as fast as we can go. The world is n't the world it used to be.

Ditto. Gentlemen, there was a time when the whole business of making and trimming bonnets, and of making female dresses, was in the hands of men. Any reader of Shakespeare must be aware of this. That time must be revived. The case of my friend Bodkins calls for redress, — re-dress, gentlemen.

Tincture. Hear *me*, sir, and you will admit that *my* case still more eloquently cries — cries —

Ditto. Aloud for vengeance.

Tincture. Ay, that 's it. I was, as you may be aware, bred a physician. My father, agent for the sale of Plantation Bitters, gave me a diploma. It hangs framed over my mantel-piece. You may see it, any of you, without charge. No sooner had I settled down in the flourishing village of Onward, no sooner had I begun to physic and bleed the enterprising inhabitants, than a young woman calling herself a doctress — ha, ha! a doctress — made her appearance.

Ditto. Shame! Shame! Humbug, thy name is — woman!

Bodkins. There it is again! Woman! Always woman!

Moper. I tell you it 's no use. We 've got to come to it. We may as well be resigned, and put our noses peaceably down to the grindstone.

Ditto. Never! Never! No, by Saint Bride of Bothwell, no! False Douglas, thou hast lied.

Moper. You 'll see, sir, — you 'll see. Gentlemen, I can relate a still more exasperating case. The humble individual who addresses you studied for

the ministry. I was a candidate to fill the pulpit in that same village of Onward. I had the reputation of being the most depressing preacher ever heard in those parts.

Ditto. Not poppy, nor mandragora, nor all the drowsy sirups of the East — Go on, sir, I was only musing aloud.

Moper. Everything looked encouraging. On one occasion, after I had preached, not a man, woman, or child of the congregation was seen to smile for a week. Everything, I say, looked encouraging, when, all at once —

Ditto. When all at once there appeared a woman!

Moper. You are right, sir; there appeared a woman. Will you believe it? The infatuated people of Onward have settled her over their first religious society. A woman!

Ditto. A female woman! Be ready, gods, with all your thunderbolts! Dash her in pieces! Must we endure all this?

Bodkins. Why, sir, in a degenerate city of degenerate New England, the city of Worcester —

Ditto. Three groans for Worcester!

Bodkins. They have actually elected women to serve on the school-committee.

Ditto. Enough! Enough! I have supped full of horrors.

Moper. O, that 's nothing to what we shall have to swallow.

Ditto. Thus bad begins, but worse remains behind.

Bodkins. I had a brother —

Ditto. *I* had a brother once, — a gentle boy.

Bodkins. Mine went into a printing-office to learn to set type. He had n't been there a week when a girl was admitted; and now — now — just because she can set type twice as fast as any of the men, she is allowed equal wages.

Ditto. There it is again! The irrepressible woman! Why did n't they tear down the printing-office? Equal wages indeed!

Bodkins. Well, my brother, who is a brave little fellow, did the best thing he could: he helped snow-ball the girl, and succeeded in hitting her on the head with a piece of ice.

Ditto. He shall have a pension. Served her right. Equal wages indeed!

Tincture. And yet there are men — fiends, rather, in human shape, libels on their sex — who pretend to see no reason why women should n't be doctors, ministers, lawyers, architects, builders, merchants, manufacturers, — in short, whatever they please, or chance to have a faculty for.

Bodkins. See how they are crowding us men out of the paths of literature and art! Look at Mrs. Stowe! She is paid more for a single page than my friend Vivid, author of "The Beauty of Broadway," gets for a whole volume.

Tincture. Look at Rosa Bonheur, painter of beasts!

Ditto. Let 's all go and have her take our likenesses.

Tincture. See her rolling in wealth, while my friend Daub, with a family to support, sees his splendid productions, so rich in all the colors of the rainbow, unsold in the auction-rooms!

Moper. What are we going to do about it? That 's the question.

Ditto. Awake, arise, or be forever fallen.

Bodkins. And they are talking now of giving women the suffrage, — letting them vote.

Ditto. When that time comes, find me on Torno's cliff or Pambamarca's side.

Ponder. May I be permitted to ask a question?

Bodkins. Certainly. We all go for free speech; that is, for free masculine speech.

Ponder. Aren't we all in favor of the principle of *no taxation without representation?* Answer me that.

All. Certainly. No doubt of it. Of course we are.

Ponder. Well, then, if women are taxed, ought they not —

Ditto. Gag him. Stop him. He has said enough.

Ponder. I say if women are taxed, ought they not —

Bodkins. Silence! We've had enough of that sort of talk.

Ditto. He's a woman's rights man. I thought as much. How like a fawning publican he looks!

Tincture. Kettleville is no place for you, sir.

Ditto. No, sir. Mount a velocipede and strike a bee-line for Worcester. That's your safe plan. Hence, horrible shadow! Unreal mockery, hence!

Ponder. Gentlemen, strike but hear. You'd admit, I suppose, that women must live. What, then, would you have them do?

Bodkins. Do? Why, tend the children, and wash clothes.

Tincture. I don't know about that. I don't like to see our primary schools kept by young women, whilst there are so many deserving young men out of employment.

Ditto. That's the talk. And as for washing clothes, how many good, honest fellows are hard pushed, through the absurd custom of giving these jobs of washing and ironing to women!

Ponder. But, gentlemen, be reasonable. Women must live, — must have some means of support, — must —

Ditto. Tr-r-r-raitor to thy sex! Don't we come first? Are they not our born thralls? Are not we their natural lords and masters? Wretch, whom no sense of wrongs can rouse to vengeance!

Ponder. Really, Mr. Ditto, I am not accustomed to be treated in this most extraordinary, most vituperative, most ungentlemanly —

Bodkins. Peace, gentlemen! Let everything be harmonious, I beg you, on this occasion. We have met informally to consider the means of preventing the spread in Kettleville of these wild, heretical notions concerning women's rights, now so prevalent. Miss Haverway shall not lecture in Kettleville. Are we all agreed upon that?

Ditto. Are we all agreed?

(*Enter* TOMMY, *a bill-poster.* TINCTURE *takes one of the bills.* TOMMY *prepares to paste up another.*)

Tincture. Ha! What have we here? A poster! An announcement of the lecture. (*Reads.*) "The celebrated Miss Haverway, lecturer on woman's rights —" (*To* TOMMY) Youth, forbear!

Tommy. I 'm not a youth, and I 'll not forbear. Touch me, and I 'll daub you with paste.

Bodkins. Boy, stop that, or you 'll rue the day. We shall tear down that bill.

Tincture. Save your paste, youth, and vanish.

(TOMMY *threatens them with his brush; they retreat.*)

Ditto. Punch him, jam him, down with him! He 's nothing but an orphan, and there 's no one to help him.

Moper. I think I may safely hit him with my cane.

(*As he draws near to strike, enter* MISS HAVERWAY *with a cylindrical roll for papers in her hand.* MOPER, BODKINS, *and* TINCTURE, *show great alarm as she points it at them.*)

Miss H. What 's all this? Tommy, what 's the matter?

Tommy. These fellows talk of pitching into me. I should like to see them do it, that 's all.

Miss H. So would I.

Tommy. They threaten to tear down your poster.

Miss H. Do they? We 'll see.

Tommy. I 'll paste 'em all up against the wall, if you say so, Miss.

Miss H. Leave them to me, Tommy, and proceed with your work.

(*Exit* TOMMY, *singing* "*O, I wish I was in Dixie.*")

Bodkins. (*Aside.*) I don't quite like the looks of things.

Miss H. (*Approaching* BODKINS.) Well, sir, have you any objection to my bill? Have you any objection to *me*, sir?

Bodkins. My dear lady —

Miss H. Don't dear *me*, sir; and don't *lady* me, sir. Call me plain woman.

(BODKINS, TINCTURE, *and* MOPER *watch the roll in her hands, and manifest alarm when she points it at them.*)

Bodkins. Well, then, plain woman, I — I — I — that is, *we* — my friends here — Moper, Tincture, and the rest — not being quite able to see this matter of woman's rights in the light that you — your ladyship — I mean you plain woman — see it in —

Miss H. (*Explosively.*) And why not, sir? Why not, I should like to know?

(BODKINS *gets behind* TINCTURE. MISS HAVERWAY *paces the stage in an excited manner.*)

Tincture. We only thought, madam, there would be no harm in ventilating — that is, discussing — the points at issue, and so —

Miss H. (*Stopping suddenly before him.*) Points? Points? (*Pointing*

the roll at him.) Tell me the truth. What have you been plotting? No evasion!

(BODKINS *and* TINCTURE *get behind* MOPER.)

Tincture. (*Thrusting* MOPER *forward.*) This gentleman, madam, will explain.

Moper. If you'll have the goodness, madam, just to lower the point of your air-gun —

(*She thrusts the roll at* MOPER, *and he retreats behind* BODKINS *and* TINCTURE.)

Miss H. (*To* DITTO.) Well, sir, — and you?

Ditto. (*Laughing.*) I, Miss Haverway? In me behold your very humble servant. These gentlemen, conservative citizens of Kettleville, all except my friend Ponder here, I regret to say, have been making rare fools of themselves. They met for the preposterous purpose of devising some way of preventing you from lecturing this evening. To learn their plans, and, at the same time, to have some fun on my own account, I pretended to be one of the conspirators, and it is only now that I throw off the mask, and declare to them and to you that the booby who lifts a voice or a hand to prevent your lecturing as you propose will have to measure arms in set pugilistic encounter with your true knight to command, Mr. Frederick Ditto.

Miss H. Who says the days of chivalry are gone? Sir, I thank you.

Ditto. I have but one demand to make of these gentlemen, and that is, that they all attend your lecture. Mr. Ponder will come, I know.

Ponder. That was my intention from the first.

Miss H. (*To* BODKINS.) You will come, sir? (*As he hesitates, she lifts her roll.*)

Bodkins. Really — O yes, I'll come. Shall be most happy. (*Examining her collar.*) Real point lace, I declare!

Miss H. (*To* TINCTURE) And you, sir?

Tincture. Unless my patients —

Miss H. No excuse, sir.

Tincture. I will come. (*Aside.*) I wish I could prescribe for her just once.

Miss H. (*To* MOPER.) You will follow their example, sir, of course.

Moper. Excuse me, but — (*seeing her roll levelled at him*) — I will not fail, madam, to be present.

Miss H. I thought so.

Ditto. Allow me to escort you, Miss Haverway, to your hotel. Mr. Ponder, will you join us? (PONDER *bows assent.*)

(*As the three go off right,* MISS H. *turns, and goes toward the others with the roll extended, when* BODKINS, TINCTURE, *and* MOPER *go off abruptly left. Exeunt Omnes.*)

Epes Sargent.

FLORAL PUZZLES.

No. 26.

1. A familiar feminine name, and the miser's idol.
2. A confection, and a bunch of feathers.
3. A cry, and a vowel.
4. Half a musical instrument and a tree.
5. A prickly shrub and a Rhenish wine.
6. A hero's cry.
7. A title in Tartary, a vowel, and a measure.
8. An early bird, and part of a mountain.
9. Its master's pet.
10. An Eastern head-dress.
11. Three fifths of work, a vessel for hot water, and two thirds of a bee's song.
12. A great city, and a ruling passion.

M. B. G.

ENIGMAS.

No. 27.

I am composed of 9 letters.

My 1, 8, 3, is used in a hospital.
My 2, 7, 5, is used in a hospital.
My 6, 4, 9, 3, is used in a hospital.
My whole is the name of a dance.

HAUTBOY.

No. 28.

I am composed of 58 letters.

My 14, 3, 33, 40, 23, 48, 16, 12, is where our oldest ancestor lived before he met with
My 10, 29, 6, 56, 46, 7, 27, 1, 24, 4, under the guise of
My 25, 50, 31, 20, 4.
My 11, 45, 52, 58, 29, 33, is suggestive of a fall.
My 2, 34, 54, 37, 23, 48, 55, 28, is suggestive of "Gloomy Dis."
My 42, 32, 22, 9, 19, was a favorite exclamation of the Psalmist.
My 13, 44, 8, 57, 15, 18, 26, 5, is a rhetorical fault.
My 23, 36, 43, 39, 41, 33, 29, 51, is a distinguished U. S. N. officer.
My 47, 30, 38, 17, is a handle.
My 49, 21, 35, 53, is more than a little.
My whole is a patriotic sentiment frequently repeated during the late war.

H. G. L.

RIDDLE.

No. 29.

I ROLL in the rivers, I rush with the years;
I have part in your sorrows, your cares, and your fears;
I sweep through the whirlwind, in thunder resound;
I linger in air; I am fixed in the ground.
The end of all laughter, the centre of mirth,
I hold my firm place in the midst of the earth.
I mingle with mourning; I echo in praise;
The whisper of terror my presence betrays.
I mutter where hatred and wrath are convened;
And the loss of me changes a friend to a fiend.

CHARADE.

No. 30.

OF all the curious creatures
That ever are chosen to pet,
Most mischievous, most provoking,
My *first* is the oddest yet.
He will tear up your choicest laces,
And drown your best Sunday shoes,
Put pepper and salt in your coffee,
And anything else he may choose.

Down from the ferny mountain,
'Mong the mosses cool and green,
Under the long birch-branches,
My shy little *second* is seen.
No bird can make sweeter music,
Robin, or bluebird, or wren,
As down o'er the yellow pebbles,
It dances into the glen.

My *whole*, — did you know there were fairies? —
She does such wonderful things,
That it must be she sees with their bright eyes,
And flies with their green-gold wings.
She has only to smile to the valleys,
And they blossom in fairest flowers;
And 't is hard to tell which is sweeter,
Her sunshine or soft warm showers.

L. G. M.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 31.

ANSWERS.

15. Wheel-bar-row.

16. BehalF, RebeL, AnathemA, NarcissuS, DrinK, YeS.

17. BoasT, ArcadiA, YesterdaY, AraL, RomeO, DniepeR.

18. A still tongue makes a wise head. [(Ace) (tea) (ill) (tongue) (M *ache*) (saw) (eyes) (head).]

19. Pennsylvania.

20. Niagara Falls, Niagara County, New York.

21. Comb.

22. "For, of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these, 'It might have been.'"

23. Ptarmigan.

24. Some are worth millions; many are well to do; and thousands can't e'en earn a living. [(Sum) R W (earth) (mill) (lions); (men) (knee) R (well) two (do); & (thousands) (canteen) (ear) (nail) (I V *in* G).]

25. Akers. [Achers.]
Saxe. [S (axe).]
T. Hughes. [T. h (u U yew).]
Lowell. [Lo (well).]

April! the word brings a strain of bird-music in its very sound, although the days are gray and wintry yet. Those of you, dear readers, who live outside the city, where there are pleasant woods and orchards, long ago heard the song-sparrow's delicious trill, poured out of the vanishing snow-drifts. Dear little fellow! he is a persevering prophet, announcing to frozen ears the coming of anemones, violets, and columbines, and all the delicate troops of spring flowers that weave their fairy rings in the warm sunshine, over the green, velvety meadows.

Don't you know the song-sparrow, little boy or girl? You may not be able to distinguish him by sight from the other tiny brown sparrows, but you must have listened to him often. That was his note you heard on your way to school this morning, — that broke upon the air suddenly, so strong and clear and sweet, reminding you of one strain in a canary's song. But a song-sparrow in his freedom is far more cheery to hear than a canary in his cage.

Out in the country the bluebirds are singing, too. "The sea-blue bird of March," as Tennyson calls him, — shall we hear his low, gentle warble in the elms on Boston Common, by and by? He is a neighborly songster, so we shall be looking and listening for him soon, gladder to hear his music for the thought that he is singing the same tune to our young folks almost everywhere.

How social and cheerful the world feels after the birds begin to sing and the flowers to open! For birds and flowers are excellent companions, only next best to human friends. And if you live among friends who love all sweet and simple things in nature as you do, children, you are rich, though under the lowliest roof.

Would n't we like to go violet-hunting with you, little folks, some of these bright Saturday afternoons? What a scramble we would have for the earliest violet! Whose blue eyes or black eyes or gray eyes or hazel eyes would see it first? Ours will not this year, we are only too certain. But tell us about it, Blue Eyes and Hazel Eyes, if you go without us. To hear from you of the pussy-willows in bloom, and the houstonias and white mouse-ear tufts and early saxifrage sprinkling the mossy rocks with perfumed snow, will be almost as good as seeing them ourselves.

And here is a gem of a poem about April. If you little ones cannot quite understand it, some of the older children among you will like it, we are sure.

APRIL'S FREAK.

When April still was young,
  And full of her tricks and wiles, —
Often frowning and sad,
  Again all grace and smiles, —
One day to herself she said,
"I will feign that I am dead.

"The Sun and the Wind will mourn,
  For they love me well, I know:
I will hear what they say of me
  In my drapery of snow."
So silently, in the night,
She clothed herself in white.

The Sun rose up in the morn
  And looked from east to west;
And April lay still and white.
  Then he called the wind from his rest.
"Sigh and lament," he said;
"Sweet April, the child, is dead!

"She that was always fair,
  Behold how white she lies!
Cover the golden hair,
  Close down the beaming eyes;
One last time let us kiss thee;
Sweet April, we shall miss thee!"

The Sun touched his lips to her cheek,
  And the color returned in a glow;
The Wind laid his hand on her hair,
  And it glistened under the snow,
As, laughing aloud in her glee,
Sweet April shook herself free.

From long familiarity with the inside of a school-room, we know that it is hard to find a text-book in English literature suitable for beginners. Some are carefully prepared, some are very useful to the mature student; but few that we know of are calculated to awaken and enchain the interest of the young.

A good library is, after all, better than any text-book. And such a volume is chiefly valuable as an introduction to standard authors. Not every one who attempts it, however, can introduce either books or persons well.

In "Home Pictures of English Poets, for Fireside and School-room," this is gracefully accomplished. The reader is introduced to fifteen leading poets, from Chaucer to Burns, inclusive, and is made to feel at home with them, through the vivacity and tact of the writer. She lets us shake hands with childlike old Chaucer, sit down and chat with gruff, kind-hearted Doctor Johnson and his queer friends, stand beside gentle, pensive Cowper while he plays with his tame hares, and get acquainted with the writings and ways of them all.

There are specimens of their verse, unusually well chosen, characteristic anecdotes, and the comments of such critics as Hazlitt, Thackeray, Lowell, Whipple, and Henry Reed.

The young student will find few story-books more interesting. We cannot help wishing that the writer would go on with her work and give us some sketches of the great poets of the present century. The book is published by D. Appleton & Co., of New York.

"E. W." may find the answer to her letter in a sermon by Rev. E. E. Hale, of Boston, which we will send to her if she desires it. We do not know her address. She will find there many kind and thoughtful suggestions; and so may others who are of a too self-conscious and self-analyzing turn. One of "E. W.'s" difficulties is a painful feeling of not being agreeable to others. Mr. Hale says: "The art of pleasing is one in which most women are of nature interested; and in which all women should be interested, and all men. True Christian society will never be established on the true basis of Christian love till all women and all men study with consecrated zeal the true method of giving pleasure to others. . . . .

"But it is not only with reference to the great duty of pleasing others, but in reference to every duty and every experience, that this habit of self-torture needs to be controlled. . . . .

"It is not thanks we are after, it is not entertainment, it is not variety, it is not fame; simply, it is life. And we gain that, not by fumbling in the ground, not by asking questions and scrutinizing the answers, but only by using the life we have."

As soon as "E." nobly takes the duty next her hand, all these little things — her own unconsciousness, her own ease, her own simplicity — will be added to her, — be added without effort, or even desire, of her own.

Our offer for the Prize Puzzles closes with the publication of the present number. It will take some time to look over and compare them, but we hope to be able to announce the successful competitors in May. If possible, we shall also print some of the successful puzzles in the May number.

We have now another offer to make to our subscribers, this time only to those who are under fifteen years of age. We propose to give three prizes of twenty dollars each to any three boys or girls, under that age, who will send us the three best original compositions, in the form of a Story, Prose Sketch, or Dialogue, as the writers may choose. When finished, each must cover about one page of the Letter Box; at the longest, not more than two pages. They must be sent so as to reach us by the first day of October. The successful compositions will afterward be printed in the Letter Box.

Each paper must be written *on one side of the sheet only*, must be signed with the writer's own name, age, and post-office address, in full, and labelled on the outside "Prize Story," or "Prize Sketch," or "Prize Dialogue."

The different papers will of course be compared as to spelling, punctuation, grammar, and correct construction, and these matters will have weight in the final decision. But naturalness of style, and knowledge of the subject chosen, are what we deem especially desirable. Plenty of grown-up people write upon subjects they know almost nothing about, — that is why the world of books is so full of rubbish. It is better not to begin so, if one wishes to write what it will be worth while for others to read.

We make this offer, not because we are by any means in want of material for the Letter Box, but because we are sure it will be a good thing for the boys and girls themselves.

School compositions are usually too ambitious. Children try to write in the language of books, which is about the same thing as trying to write in a foreign tongue. If you live among tolerably refined and cultivated people, the language you hear every day is the best for you to write in. When you *think* book-words, it will be time enough to use them.

As to subjects, take something with which you feel perfectly at home. "Going a Berrying," "Picking up Shells," "What I saw in the Woods," "A Skating Adventure," "Out in the Street," "The Flowers Bessie and I love best," "Why Tom and I can't agree," — something of this sort will do very well. Certainly it will be likely to turn out much better than an attempt at a

romantic story or bookish essay. Use your eyes first, and then your pen.

And pray do not *roll* your manuscripts, but *fold* them. If our correspondents knew the trials we have with rolled-up manuscripts, and into what unamiable moods we are put by the curling, flying sheets, they would send their articles in a different shape. As it is, we are in danger of liking *flat* contributions best.

SAMSON's Riddle, and the one put to Œdipus by the Sphinx, are the only two yet mentioned by our correspondents as being the most ancient on record. Since the date of neither of these is exactly known, it is impossible to say which is the older. But as far back in the ages as men have lived, guessing riddles must have been a common amusement, for they have always been written all over the earth and sky and sea. Perhaps the most perplexing enigmas have never found their way into books.

A SUBSCRIBER informs us of a mistake in the proverb-puzzle in the last Letter Box, the answer to which is,

"Many hands make light work."

He says, "The letter 'I' should have been made by extending the little instead of the fore finger; and in the 'O' the tips of the fingers should have been made to meet." We are not familiar with deaf-mute signs, and gladly make these corrections.

WILLY WISP's article on "Rebus-Making" has called out another, from a Western correspondent. It will be seen that *Hitty Maginn's* rules are rather harder than *Willy Wisp's*, but these strictures need not discourage our young rebus-makers, since their aim is only to show that there is a *very best* way for this, as for all kinds of work.

MR. EDITOR: —

I have read with much interest the letter of your correspondent *Willy Wisp* on the subject of rebuses; and, differing from him in many particulars, I am induced to make two suggestions.

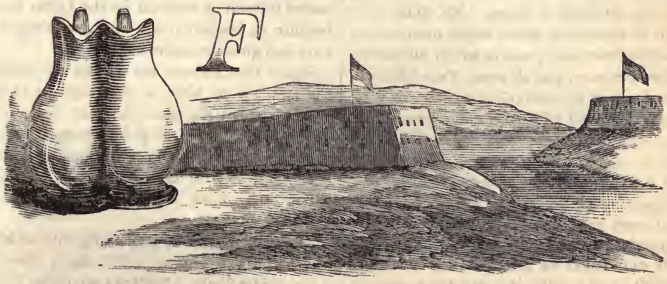
1. A perfect rebus must be so constructed that its solution is accomplished simply by the enunciation of the objects represented, whose names must be identical *in sound* with the words it is sought to express.

2. Its wit and ingenuity, as well as its value as a puzzle, depend upon the incongruity between the symbol and the word or words it represents.

My first rule discards at once all "baby methods," as they are very properly designated. It rejects all spelling, the use of the *minus* sign, and, strictly carried out, the use of letters except as pictorial characters: that is, as representing the name and not the sound of the letter.

The only latitude admissible is in this single respect, that we make use of letters indifferently to express either their sound or their names: for example, the following may be employed in a rebus either for the voice of an amphibious animal or a popular game: —

It should, however, be strictly adhered to, that, when a letter is used to express its sound, the letter itself should be employed instead of some invention identical with it in name. The first symbol in the Letter Box rebus for February can only be read, "Double you-hat"; not "What," as intended. The only case I now think of in which such a symbol could be employed would be, if I were to say to *Willy Wisp*, If you hope to succeed in making a first-rate rebus, you must re-



A letter must express either its name or its sound in all cases. The use, for example, of the letter "T," followed by a man, for the definite article, is entirely illegitimate. Admitting that the male of the human species represents the pronoun "he," which it does not, the combination I speak of resolves itself only into "T-he," — a word which may possibly be found in Cherokee, but not, to my knowledge, in English.

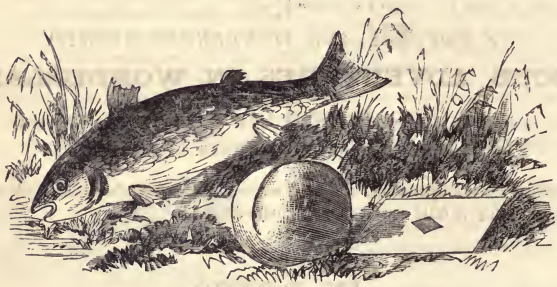
In case it is necessary to make use of a syllable

or word for which no pictorial symbol can be found, it is better to write it out boldly than to adopt some of the methods employed by rebus-writers.

Figures, if employed, must express their names simply. The final symbols in the rebus above mentioned read plainly enough, "Acumen," since the figure may as well represent "Q" as "2,"—the letter as the numeral; but to make the symbols express "eight women" is impossible.

My second rule leads the maker of a rebus, when he has two symbols which equally express the sound, to employ the one most remote in meaning from the word he desires to represent. You might represent the word "children" by a group of boys and girls; but if you can delineate a poor little *wren* out in a storm, and apparently *chilled* to the marrow, it will be better. If you want the word "cataract," you can draw one; but the incongruity of representing it by a cat erect on its hind legs is so striking that it almost makes the symbol allowable in spite of the discrepancy in sound.

It adds greatly to the beauty of a rebus if you so select your symbols that they can be arranged in a single group, to make one picture; this is difficult, but is on that account the more worth striving for. Here is one. It looks as if a fishing-party were not far off, but represents the name of an American statesman, from which it does not vary perceptibly in sound.



Not to write too much, I close with another rebus, the answer to which will be given next month. It is the reply sent by a gentleman in North Carolina to a friend who invited him to a Thanksgiving dinner. If any bright-eyed reader objects to its bad English, or thinks it contains a trifling inaccuracy, he must remember where it originated.

HITTY MAGINN.

LILIES OF THE VALLEY.

DRAWN BY MISS JESSIE CURTIS.]

[See page 288.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

An Illustrated Magazine

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

VOL. V. MAY, 1869. No. V.

THE STORY OF A BAD BOY.

CHAPTER IX.

I BECOME AN R. M. C.

IN the course of ten days I recovered sufficiently from my injuries to attend school, where, for a little while, I was looked upon as a hero, on account of having been blown up. What don't we make a hero of? The distraction which prevailed in the classes the week preceding the Fourth had subsided, and nothing remained to indicate the recent festivities, excepting a noticeable want of eyebrows on the part of Pepper Whitcomb and myself.

In August we had two weeks' vacation. It was about this time that I became a member of the Rivermouth Centipedes, a secret society composed of twelve of the Temple Grammar School boys. This was an honor to which I had long aspired, but, being a new boy, I was not admitted to the fraternity until my character had fully developed itself.

It was a very select society, the object of which I never fathomed, though I was an active member of the body during the remainder of my residence at Rivermouth, and at one time held the onerous position of F. C., — First Centipede. Each of the elect wore a copper cent (some occult association being established between a cent apiece and a centipede!) suspended by a string round his neck. The medals were worn next the skin, and it was while bathing one day at Grave Point, with Jack Harris and Fred Langdon, that

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by FIELDS, OSGOOD, & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

I had my curiosity roused to the highest pitch by a sight of these singular emblems. As soon as I ascertained the existence of a boys' club, of course I was ready to die to join it. And eventually I was allowed to join.

The initiation ceremony took place in Fred Langdon's barn, where I was submitted to a series of trials not calculated to soothe the nerves of a timorous boy. Before being led to the Grotto of Enchantment, — such was the modest title given to the loft over my friend's wood-house, — my hands were securely pinioned, and my eyes covered with a thick silk handkerchief. At the head of the stairs, I was told in an unrecognizable, husky voice, that it was not yet too late to retreat if I felt myself physically too weak to undergo the necessary tortures. I replied that I was not too weak, in a tone which I intended to be resolute, but which, in spite of me, seemed to come from the pit of my stomach.

"It is well!" said the husky voice.

I did not feel so sure about that; but, having made up my mind to be a Centipede, a Centipede I was bound to be. Other boys had passed through the ordeal and lived, why should not I?

A prolonged silence followed this preliminary examination, and I was wondering what would come next, when a pistol fired off close by my ear deafened me for a moment. The unknown voice then directed me to take ten steps forward and stop at the word halt. I took ten steps, and halted.

"Stricken mortal," said a second husky voice, more husky, if possible, than the first, "if you had advanced another inch, you would have disappeared down an abyss three thousand feet deep!"

I naturally shrunk back at this friendly piece of information. A prick from some two-pronged instrument, evidently a pitchfork, gently checked my retreat. I was then conducted to the brink of several other precipices, and ordered to step over many dangerous chasms, where the result would have been instant death if I had committed the least mistake. I have neglected to say that my movements were accompanied by dismal groans from various parts of the grotto.

Finally, I was led up a steep plank to what appeared to me an incalculable height. Here I stood breathless while the by-laws were read aloud. A more extraordinary code of laws never came from the brain of man. The penalties attached to the abject being who should reveal any of the secrets of the society were enough to make the blood run cold. A second pistol-shot was heard, the something I stood on sunk with a crash beneath my feet, and I fell two miles, as nearly as I could compute it. At the same instant the handkerchief was whisked from my eyes, and I found myself standing in an empty hogshead surrounded by twelve masked figures fantastically dressed. One of the conspirators was really appalling with a tin saucepan on his head, and a tiger-skin sleigh-robe thrown over his shoulders. I scarcely need say that there were no vestiges to be seen of the fearful gulfs over which I had passed so cautiously. My ascent had been to the top of the hogshead, and my descent to the bottom thereof. Holding one another by the hand, and chanting a low dirge, the Mystic Twelve revolved about

me. This concluded the ceremony. With a merry shout the boys threw off their masks, and I was declared a regularly installed member of the R. M. C.

I afterwards had a good deal of sport out of the club, for these initiations, as you may imagine, were sometimes very comical spectacles, especially when the aspirant for centipedal honors happened to be of a timid disposition. If he showed the slightest terror, he was certain to be tricked unmercifully. One of our subsequent devices — a humble invention of my own — was to request the candidate to put out his tongue, whereupon the First Centipede would say, in a low tone, as if not intended for the ear of the victim, "Diabolus, fetch me the red-hot iron!" The expedition with which that tongue would disappear was simply ridiculous.

Our meetings were held in various barns, at no stated periods, but as circumstances suggested. Any member had a right to call a meeting. Each boy who failed to report himself was fined one cent. Whenever a member had reasons for thinking that another member would be unable to attend, he called a meeting. For instance, immediately on learning the death of Harry Blake's great-grandfather, I issued a call. By these simple and ingenious measures we kept our treasury in a flourishing condition, sometimes having on hand as much as a dollar and a quarter.

I have said that the society had no especial object. It is true, there was a tacit understanding among us that the Centipedes were to stand by one another on all occasions, though I don't remember that they did; but further than this we had no purpose, unless it was to accomplish as a body the same

amount of mischief which we were sure to do as individuals. To mystify the staid and slow-going Rivermouthians was our frequent pleasure. Several of our pranks won us such a reputation among the townsfolk, that we were credited with having a large finger in whatever went amiss in the place.

One morning about a week after my admission into the secret order, the quiet citizens awoke to find that the sign-boards of all the principal streets had changed places during the night. People who went trustfully to sleep in Currant Square opened their eyes in Honeysuckle Terrace. Jones's Avenue at the north end had suddenly become Walnut Street, and Peanut Street was nowhere to be found. Confusion reigned. The town authorities took the matter in hand without delay, and six of the Temple Grammar School boys were summoned to appear before Justice Clapham.

Having tearfully disclaimed to my grandfather all knowledge of the transaction, I disappeared from the family circle, and was not apprehended until late in the afternoon, when the Captain dragged me ignominiously from the hay-mow and conducted me, more dead than alive, to the office of Justice Clapham. Here I encountered five other pallid culprits, who had been fished out of divers coal-bins, garrets, and chicken-coops, to answer the demands of the outraged laws. (Charley Marden had hidden himself in a pile of gravel behind his father's house, and looked like a recently exhumed mummy.)

There was not a particle of evidence against us; and, indeed, we were wholly innocent of the offence. The trick, as was afterwards proved, had been played by a party of soldiers stationed at the fort in the harbor. We were indebted for our arrest to Master Conway, who had slyly dropped a hint, within the hearing of Selectman Mudge, to the effect that "young Bailey and his five cronies could tell something about them signs." When he was called upon to make good his assertion, he was considerably more terrified than the Centipedes, though *they* were ready to sink into their shoes.

At our next meeting, it was unanimously resolved that Conway's animosity should not be quietly submitted to. He had sought to inform against us in the stage-coach business; he had volunteered to carry Pettingil's "little bill" for twenty-four ice-creams to Charley Marden's father; and now he had caused us to be arraigned before Justice Clapham on a charge equally groundless and painful. After much noisy discussion a plan of retaliation was agreed upon.

There was a certain slim, mild apothecary in the town, by the name of Meeks. It was generally given out that Mr. Meeks had a vague desire to get married, but, being a shy and timorous youth, lacked the moral courage to do so. It was also well known that the Widow Conway had not buried her heart with the late lamented. As to her shyness, that was not so clear. Indeed, her attentions to Mr. Meeks, whose mother she might have been, were of a nature not to be misunderstood, and were not misunderstood by any one but Mr. Meeks himself.

The widow carried on a dress-making establishment at her residence on the corner opposite Meeks's drug-store, and kept a wary eye on all the young ladies from Miss Dorothy Gibb's Female Institute who patronized the

shop for soda-water, acid-drops, and slate-pencils. In the afternoon the widow was usually seen seated, smartly dressed, at her window up stairs, casting destructive glances across the street, — the artificial roses in her cap and her whole languishing manner saying as plainly as a label on a prescription, "To be Taken Immediately!" But Mr. Meeks did n't take.

The lady's fondness, and the gentleman's blindness, were topics ably handled at every sewing-circle in the town. It was through these two luckless individuals that we proposed to strike a deadly blow at the common enemy. To kill less than three birds with one stone, did not suit our sanguinary purpose. We disliked the widow not so much for her sentimentality as for being the mother of Bill Conway; we disliked Mr. Meeks, not because he was insipid, like his own sirups, but because the widow loved him; Bill Conway we hated for himself.

Late one dark Saturday night in September, we carried our plan into effect. On the following morning, as the orderly citizens wended their way to church past the widow's abode, their sober faces relaxed at beholding over her front door the well-known gilt Mortar and Pestle which usually stood on the top of a pole on the opposite corner; while the passers on that side of the street were equally amused and scandalized at seeing a placard bearing the following announcement tacked to the druggist's window-shutters: —

Wanted, a Sempstress!

The naughty cleverness of the joke (which I should be sorry to defend) was recognized at once. It spread like wildfire over the town, and, though the mortar and the placard were speedily removed, our triumph was complete. The whole community was on the broad grin, and our participation in the affair seemingly unsuspected. It was those wicked soldiers at the Fort!

CHAPTER X.

I FIGHT CONWAY.

THERE was one person, however, who cherished a strong suspicion that the Centipedes had had a hand in the business; and that person was Conway. His red hair seemed to change to a livelier red, and his sallow cheeks to a deeper sallow, as we glanced at him stealthily over the tops of our slates the next day in school. He knew we were watching him, and made sundry mouths and scowled in the most threatening way over his sums.

Conway had an accomplishment peculiarly his own, — that of throwing his thumbs out of joint at will. Sometimes while absorbed in study, or on becoming nervous at recitation, he performed the feat unconsciously. Throughout this entire morning, his thumbs were observed to be in a chronic state of dislocation, indicating great mental agitation on the part

of the owner. We fully expected an outbreak from him at recess; but the intermission passed off tranquilly, somewhat to our disappointment.

At the close of the afternoon session, it happened that Binny Wallace and myself, having got swamped in our Latin exercise, were detained in school for the purpose of refreshing our memories with a page of Mr. Andrews's perplexingly irregular verbs. Binny Wallace, finishing his task first, was dismissed. I followed shortly after, and, on stepping into the play-ground, saw my little friend plastered, as it were, up against the fence, and Conway standing in front of him ready to deliver a blow on the upturned, unprotected face, whose gentleness would have stayed any arm but a coward's.

Seth Rodgers, with both hands in his pockets, was leaning against the pump lazily enjoying the sport; but on seeing me sweep across the yard, whirling my strap of books in the air like a sling, he called out lustily, "Lay low, Conway! here 's young Bailey!"

Conway turned just in time to catch on his shoulder the blow intended for his head. He reached forward one of his long arms — he had arms like a windmill, that boy — and, grasping me by the hair, tore out quite a respectable handful. The tears flew to my eyes, but they were not tears of pain; they were merely the involuntary tribute which nature paid to the departed tresses.

In a second my little jacket lay on the ground, and I stood on guard, resting lightly on my right leg and keeping my eye fixed steadily on Conway's, — in all of which I was faithfully following the instructions of Phil Adams, whose father subscribed to a sporting journal.

Conway also threw himself into a defensive attitude, and there we were, glaring at each other, motionless, neither of us disposed to risk an attack, but both on the alert to resist one. There is no telling how long we might have remained in that absurd position, had we not been interrupted.

It was a custom with the larger pupils to return to the play-ground after school, and play base-ball until sundown. The town authorities had prohibited ball-playing on the Square, and, there being no other available place, the boys fell back perforce on the school-yard. Just at this crisis, a dozen or so of the Templars entered the gate, and, seeing at a glance the belligerent status of Conway and myself, dropped bat and ball, and rushed to the spot where we stood.

"Is it a fight?" asked Phil Adams, who saw by our freshness that we had not yet got to work.

"Yes, it 's a fight," I answered, "unless Conway will ask Wallace's pardon, promise never to hector me in future, — and put back my hair!"

This last condition was rather a staggerer.

"I sha' n't do nothing of the sort," said Conway, sulkily.

"Then the thing must go on," said Adams, with dignity. "Rodgers, as I understand it, is your second, Conway? Bailey, come here. What 's the row about?"

"He was thrashing Binny Wallace."

"No, I was n't," interrupted Conway; "but I was going to, because he knows who put Meeks's mortar over our door. And I know well enough who did it; it was that sneaking little mulatter!" — pointing at me.

"O, by George!" I cried, reddening at the insult.

"Cool is the word," said Adams, as he bound a handkerchief round my head, and carefully tucked away the long straggling locks that offered a tempting advantage to the enemy. "Who ever heard of a fellow with such a head of hair going into action!" muttered Phil, twitching the handkerchief to ascertain if it were securely tied. He then loosened my gallowses (braces), and buckled them tightly above my hips. "Now, then, bantam, never say die!"

Conway regarded these business-like preparations with evident misgiving, for he called Rodgers to his side, and had himself arrayed in a similar manner, though his hair was cropped so close that you could n't have taken hold of it with a pair of tweezers.

"Is your man ready?" asked Phil Adams, addressing Rodgers.

"Ready!"

"Keep your back to the gate, Tom," whispered Phil in my ear, "and you 'll have the sun in his eyes."

Behold us once more face to face, like David and the Philistine. Look at us as long as you may; for this is all you shall see of the combat. According to my thinking, the hospital teaches a better lesson than the battlefield. I will tell you about my black eye, and my swollen lip, if you will; but not a word of the fight.

You 'll get no description of it from me, simply because I think it would prove very poor reading, and not because I consider my revolt against Conway's tyranny unjustifiable.

I had borne Conway's persecutions for many months with lamb-like patience. I might have shielded myself by appealing to Mr. Grimshaw; but no boy in the Temple Grammar School could do that without losing caste. Whether this was just or not, does n't matter a pin, since it was so, — a traditionary law of the place. The personal inconvenience I suffered from my tormentor was nothing to the pain he inflicted on me indirectly by his persistent cruelty to little Binny Wallace. I should have lacked the spirit of a hen if I had not resented it finally. I am glad that I faced Conway, and asked no favors, and got rid of him forever. I am glad that Phil Adams taught me to box, and I say to all youngsters: Learn to box, to ride, to pull an oar, and to swim. The occasion may come round, when a decent proficiency in one or the rest of these accomplishments will be of service to you.

In one of the best books * ever written for boys are these words: —

"Learn to box, then, as you learn to play cricket and football. Not one of you will be the worse, but very much the better, for learning to box well. Should you never have to use it in earnest, there 's no exercise in the world so good for the temper, and for the muscles of the back and legs.

* "Tom Brown's School Days at Rugby."

"As for fighting, keep out of it, if you can, by all means. When the time comes, if ever it should, that you have to say 'Yes' or 'No' to a challenge to fight, say 'No' if you can, — only take care you make it plain to yourself why you say 'No.' It's a proof of the highest courage, if done from true Christian motives. It's quite right and justifiable, if done from a simple aversion to physical pain and danger. But don't say 'No' because you fear a licking and say or think it's because you fear God, for that's neither Christian nor honest. And if you do fight, fight it out; and don't give in while you can stand and see."

And don't give in when you can't! say I. For I could stand very little, and see not at all (having pummelled the school-pump for the last twenty seconds), when Conway retired from the field. As Phil Adams stepped up to shake hands with me, he received a telling blow in the stomach; for all the fight was not out of me yet, and I mistook him for a new adversary.

Convinced of my error, I accepted his congratulations, with those of the other boys, blandly and blindly. I remember that Binny Wallace wanted to give me his silver pencil-case. The gentle soul had stood throughout the contest with his face turned to the fence, suffering untold agony.

A good wash at the pump, and a cold key applied to my eye, refreshed me amazingly. Escorted by two or three of the schoolfellows, I walked home through the pleasant autumn twilight, battered but triumphant. As I went along, my cap cocked on one side to keep the chilly air from my eye, I felt that I was not only following my nose, but following it so closely, that I was in some danger of treading on it. I seemed to have nose enough for the whole party. My left cheek, also, was puffed out like a dumpling. I couldn't help saying to myself, "If *this* is victory, how about that other fellow?"

"Tom," said Harry Blake, hesitating.

"Well?"

"Did you see Mr. Grimshaw looking out of the recitation-room window just as we left the yard?"

"No; was he, though?"

"I am sure of it."

"Then he must have seen all the row."

"Should n't wonder."

"No, he did n't," broke in Adams, "or he would have stopped it short metre; but I guess he saw you pitching into the pump, — which you did uncommonly strong, — and of course he smelt mischief directly."

"Well, it can't be helped now," I reflected.

"— As the monkey said when he fell out of the cocoanut-tree," added Charley Marden, trying to make me laugh.

It was early candle-light when we reached the house. Miss Abigail, opening the front door, started back at my hilarious appearance. I tried to smile upon her sweetly, but the smile, rippling over my swollen cheek, and dying away like a spent wave on my nose, produced an expression of which Miss Abigail declared she had never seen the like excepting on the face of a Chinese idol.

She hustled me unceremoniously into the presence of my grandfather in the sitting-room. Captain Nutter, as the recognized professional warrior of our family, could not consistently take me to task for fighting Conway; nor was he disposed to do so; for the Captain was well aware of the long-continued provocation I had endured.

"Ah, you rascal!" cried the old gentleman, after hearing my story, "just like me when I was young, — always in one kind of trouble or another. I believe it runs in the family."

"I think," said Miss Abigail, without the faintest expression on her countenance, "that a table-spoonful of hot-dro—"

The Captain interrupted Miss Abigail peremptorily, directing her to make a shade out of card-board and black silk, to tie over my eye. Miss Abigail must have been possessed with the idea that I had taken up pugilism as a profession, for she turned out no fewer than six of these blinders.

"They'll be handy to have in the house," says Miss Abigail, grimly.

Of course, so great a breach of discipline was not to be passed over by Mr. Grimshaw. He had, as we suspected, witnessed the closing scene of the fight from the school-room window, and the next morning, after prayers, I was not wholly unprepared when Master Conway and myself were called up to the desk for examination. Conway, with a piece of court-plaster in the shape of a Maltese cross on his right cheek, and I with the silk patch over my left eye, caused a general titter through the room.

"Silence!" said Mr. Grimshaw, sharply.

As the reader is already familiar with the leading points in the case of Bailey *versus* Conway, I shall not report the trial further than to say that Adams, Marden, and several other pupils testified to the fact that Conway had imposed on me ever since my first day at the Temple School. Their evidence also went to show that Conway was a quarrelsome character generally. Bad for Conway. Seth Rodgers, on the part of his friend, proved that I had struck the first blow. That was bad for me.

"If you please, sir," said Binny Wallace, holding up his hand for permission to speak, "Bailey didn't fight on his own account; he fought on my account, and, if you please, sir, I am the boy to be blamed, for I was the cause of the trouble."

This drew out the story of Conway's harsh treatment of the smaller boys. As Binny related the wrongs of his playfellows, saying very little of his own grievances, I noticed that Mr. Grimshaw's hand, unknown to himself perhaps, rested lightly from time to time on Wallace's sunny hair. The examination finished, Mr. Grimshaw leaned on the desk thoughtfully for a moment, and then said: —

"Every boy in this school knows that it is against the rules to fight. If one boy maltreats another, within school-bounds, or within school-hours, that is a matter for me to settle. The case should be laid before me. I disapprove of tale-bearing, I never encourage it in the slightest degree; but when one pupil systematically persecutes a schoolmate, it is the duty of some head-boy to inform me. No pupil has a right to take the law into his own hands.

If there is any fighting to be done, I am the proper person to do it. I disapprove of boys' fighting; it is unnecessary and unchristian. In the present instance, I consider every large boy in this school at fault; but as the offence is one of omission, rather than commission, my punishment must rest only on the two boys convicted of misdemeanor. Conway loses his recess for a month, and Bailey has a page added to his Latin lessons for the next four recitations. I now request Bailey and Conway to shake hands in the presence of the school, and acknowledge their regret at what has occurred."

Conway and I approached each other slowly and cautiously, as if we were bent upon another hostile collision. We clasped hands in the tamest manner imaginable, and Conway mumbled, "I 'm sorry I fought with you."

"I think you are," I replied, dryly, "and I 'm sorry I had to thrash you."

"You can go to your seats," said Mr. Grimshaw, turning his face aside to hide a smile. I am sure my apology was a very good one.

I never had any more trouble with Conway. He and his shadow, Seth Rodgers, gave me a wide berth for many months. Nor was Binny Wallace subjected to further molestation. Miss Abigail's sanitary stores, including a bottle of opodeldoc, were never called into requisition. The six black silk patches, with their elastic strings, are still dangling from a beam in the garret of the Nutter House, waiting for me to get into fresh difficulties.

T. B. Aldrich.

THE WILLIAM HENRY LETTERS.

ELEVENTH PACKET.

Georgianna's Letter to William Henry.

MY DEAR BROTHER BILLY, —

Kitty is n't drowned. I 've got ever so many new dolls. My grandmother went to town, not the same day my kitty did that, but the next day, and she brought me home a new doll, and that same day she went there my father went to Boston, and he brought me home a very big one, — no, not very, but quite big, — and Aunt Phebe went a visiting to somebody's house that very day and she brought me home a doll, and while she was gone away Hannah Jane dressed over one of Matilda's old ones new, and none of the folks knew that the others were going to give me a doll, and then Uncle J. said that if it was the family custom to give Georgianna a doll, he would give Georgianna a doll, and he went to the field and catched the colt, and tackled him up into the riding wagon on purpose, and then he started off to town, and when he rode up to our back door there was a great dolly, the biggest one

I had, and she was sitting down on the seat, just like a live one. And she had a waterfall, and she had things to take off and put on. Then Uncle J. asked me what I should do with my old dollies that were 'most worn out. And I said I didn't know what I should. And then Uncle J. said that he would take the lot, for twenty-five cents a head, to put up in his strawberry-bed, for scarecrows, and he asked me if I would sell, and I said I would. And he put the little ones on little poles and the big ones on tall poles, with their arms stretched out, and the one with a long veil looked the funniest, and so did the one dressed up like a sailor boy, but one arm was broke off of him, and a good many of their noses were too. The one that had on old woman's clothes Uncle J. put a pipe in her mouth. And the one that had a pink gauze dress, but 't is all faded out now, and a long train, but the train was torn very much, that one has got a great bunch of flowers — paper — pinned on to her, and another in her hand, and the puppy he barks at 'em like everything. My pullet lays, little ones, you know. I hope she won't do like Lucy Maria's Leghorn hen. That one flies into the bedroom window every morning, and lays eggs on the bedroom bed. For maybe 't would come in before I got up. My class has begun to learn geography, and my father has bought me a new geography. But I guess I sha' n't like to learn it very much if the backside is hard as the foreside is. Uncle J. says no need to worry your mind any about that old fowl, for he 's so tough he could n't be killed. I wish you would tell me how long he could live if it was n't killed at all, for Uncle J. says they grow tougher every year, and if you let one live too long, he can't die. But I guess he 's funning, do you? Our hens scratched and scratched up some of my flowers, and so did the rain wash some up that night it came down so hard, but one pretty one bloomed out this morning, but it has budded back again now. Aunt Phebe says she sends her love to you, tied up with this pretty piece of blue ribbon. She says, if you want to, you can take the ribbon and wear it for a neck bow. Grandmother says how do you know but that sailor that went to your school in Old Wonder Boy's uncle's vessel is that big boy, that bad one that ran away, you called Tom Cush?

Father laughs to hear about Old Wonder Boy, and he says a bragger ought to be laughed at, and bragging is a bad thing. But he don't want you to pick out all the bad things about a boy to send home in your letters; says next time you must send home a good thing about him, because he thinks every boy you see has some good things as well as some bad things.

A dear little baby has moved in the house next to our house. It lets me hold her, and its mother lets me drag her out. It 's got little bits of toes, and it 's got a little bit of a nose, and it says "Da da! da da! da da!" And when I was dragging her out, the wheel went over a poor little butterfly, but I guess it was dead before. O, its wings were just as soft! and 't was a yellow one. And I buried it up in the ground close to where I buried up my little birdie, side of the spring.

Your affectionate sister,

GEORGIANNA.

A Letter from Tom Cush to Dorry.

DEAR FRIEND, —

I have not seen you for a great while. I hope you are in good health. Does William Henry go to school there now? And does Benjie go, and little Bubby Short? I hope they are in good health. Do the Two Betseys keep shop there now? Is Gapper Skyblue alive now? I am in very good health. I go to sea now. That 's where I went when I went away from school. I suppose all the boys hate me, don't they? But I don't blame them any for hating me. I should think they would all of them hate me. For I did n't act very well when I went to that school. Our captain knows about that school, for he is uncle to a boy that has begun to go. He 's sent a letter to him. I wish that boy would write a letter to him, because he might tell about the ones I know.

I 've been making up my mind about telling you something. I 've been thinking about it, and thinking about it. I don't like to tell things very well. But I am going to tell this to you. It is n't anything to tell. I mean it is n't like news, or anything happening to anybody. But it is something about when I was sick. For I had a fit of sickness. I don't mean afterwards, when I was so very sick, but at the first beginning of it.

The captain he took some books out of his chest and said I might have them to read if I wanted to. And I read about a man in one of them, and the king wanted him to do something that the man thought was n't right to do; but the man said he would not do what was wrong. And for that he was sent to row in a very large boat among all kinds of bad men, thieves and murderers and the worst kind. They had to row every minute, and were chained to their oars, and above their waists they had no clothes on. They had overseers with long whips. The officers stayed on deck over the rowers' heads, and when they wanted the vessel to go faster, the overseers made their long whip-lashes cut into the men's backs till they were all raw and bleeding. Nights the chains were not taken off, and they slept all piled up on each other. Sometimes when the officers were in a hurry, or when there were soldiers aboard, going to fight the enemy's vessels, then the men would n't have even a minute to eat, and were almost starved to death, and got so weak they would fall over, but then they were whipped again. And when they got to the enemy's ships, they had to sit and have cannons fired in among them. Then the dead ones were picked up and thrown into the water. And the king told the man that if he wanted to be free, and have plenty to eat and a nice house, and good clothes to wear, all he had to do was to promise to do that wrong thing. But the man said no. For to be chained there would only hurt his body. But to do wrong would hurt his soul.

And I read about some people that lived many hundred years ago and the emperor of that country wanted these people to say that their religion was wrong and his religion was the right one. But they said, "No. We believe ours is true, and we cannot lie." Then the emperor took away all their property, and pierced them with red-hot irons, and threw some into a place where

they kept wild beasts. But they still kept saying, "We cannot lie, we must speak what we believe." And one was a boy only fifteen years old. And the emperor thought he was so young they could scare him very easy. And he said to him, "Now say you believe the way I want you to, or I will have you shut up in a dark dungeon." But the boy said, "I will not say what is false." And he was shut up in a dark dungeon, underground. And one day the emperor said to him, "Say you believe the way I want you to, or I will have you stretched upon a rack." But the boy said, "I will not speak falsely." And he was stretched upon a rack till his bones were almost pulled apart. Then the emperor asked, "Now will you believe that my religion is right?" But the boy could not say so. And the emperor said, "Then you 'll be burned alive!" The boy said, "I can suffer the burning, but I cannot lie." Then he was brought out and the wood was piled up round him, and set on fire, and the boy was burned up with the wood. And while he was burning up, he thanked God for having strength enough to suffer and not lie.

Dorry, I want to tell you how much I 've been thinking about that man and that boy ever since. And I want to ask you to do something. I 've been thinking about how mean I was, and what I did there so as not to get punished. And I want you to go see my mother and tell her that I 'm *ashamed.* Don't make any promises to my mother, but only just tell her, "*Tom's ashamed.*" That 's all. I don't want to make promises. But I know myself just what I mean to do. But I sha' n't talk about that any.

Give my regards to all inquiring friends.

Your affectionate friend,

TOM.

P. S. Can't you tell things about me to William Henry, and the others, for it is very hard to me to write a letter? Write soon. T.

William Henry's Letter to his Grandmother.

MY DEAR GRANDMOTHER, —

I suppose my father has got home again by this time. I like to have my father come to see me. The boys all say my father is a tip-top one. I guess they like to have a man treat them with so many peanuts and good seedcakes. I got back here to-day from Dorry's cousin's party. My father let me go. I wish my sister could have seen that party. Tell her when I get there I will tell her all about the little girls, and tell her how cunning the little ones, as small as she, looked dancing, and about the good things we had. O, I never saw such good things before! I did n't know there were such kinds of good things in the world.

Did my father tell you all about that letter that Tom Cush wrote to Dorry? Ask him to. Dorry sent that letter right to Tom Cush's mother. And when Dorry and I were walking along together the next morning after the party, she was sitting at her window, and as soon as she saw us she said,

"Won't you come in, boys? Do come in!" And looked so glad! And laughed, and about half cried, after we went in, and it was that same room where we went before. But it did n't seem so lonesome now, not half. It looked about as sunshiny as our kitchen does, and they had flower-vases. I wish I could get some of those pretty seeds for my sister, for she has n't got any of that kind of flowers.

She seemed just as glad to see us! And shook hands and looked so smiling, and so did Tom's father when he came into the room. He had a belt in his hand that Tom used to wear when he used to belong to that Base-ball Club. And when we saw that, Dorry said, "Why! has Tom got back?" Tom's mother said, "O no." But his father said, "O yes! Tom 's got back. He has n't got back to our house, but he 's got back. He has n't got back to town, but he 's got back. He has n't got back to his own country, but he 's got back. For I call that getting back," says he, "when a boy gets back to the right way of feeling."

Then Tom's mother took that belt and hung it up where it used to be before, for it had been taken down and put away, because they did n't want to have it make them think of Tom so much.

She said when Tom got back in earnest, back to the house, that we two, Dorry and I, must come there and make a visit, and I hope we shall, for they 've got a pond at the bottom of their garden, and Tom's father owns a boat, and you must n't think I should tip over, for I sha' n't, and no matter if I should, I can swim to shore easy.

Your affectionate grandchild,

WILLIAM HENRY.

P. S. Bubby Short did n't mean to, but he sat down on my speckled straw hat, and we could n't get it out even again, and I did n't want him to, but he would go to buy me a new one, and I went with him, but the man did n't have any, for he said the man that made speckled straw hats was dead and his shop was burnt down, and we found a brown straw hat, but I would n't let Bubby Short pay any of his money, only eight cents, because I did n't have quite enough. Don't shopkeepers have the most money of all kinds of men? Would n't you be a shopkeeper when I grow up? It seems just as easy! If you was me would you swap off your white-handled jack-knife your father bought you for a four-blader? My sister said to send some of W. B.'s good things. He wrote a very good composition about heads, the teacher said, and I am going to send it, for that will be sending one of his good things. It 's got in it about two dozen

kinds of heads besides our own heads. W. B. is willing for me to copy it off. And Bubby Short wrote a very cunning little one, and if you want to, you may read it. The teacher told us a good deal about heads.

W. H.

W. B.'s Composition.

HEADS.

HEADS are of different shapes and different sizes. They are full of notions. Large heads do not always hold the most. Some persons can tell just what a man is by the shape of his head. High heads are the best kind. Very knowing people are called long-headed. A fellow that won't stop for anything or anybody is called hot-headed. If he is n't quite so bright, they call him soft-headed; if he won't be coaxed nor turned, they call him pig-headed. Animals have very small heads. The heads of fools slant back. When your head is cut off you are beheaded. Our heads are all covered with hair, except baldheads. There are other kinds of heads besides our heads.

First, there are Barrel-heads. Second, there are Pin-heads. Third, Heads of sermons, — sometimes a minister used to have fifteen heads to one sermon. Fourth, Headwind. Fifth, Head of cattle, — when a farmer reckons up his cows and oxen he calls them so many head of cattle. Sixth, Drumheads, — drumheads are made of sheepskin. Seventh, Heads or tails, — when you toss up pennies. Eighth, Doubleheaders, — when you let off rockets. Ninth, Come to a head — like a boil or a rebellion. Tenth, Cabbageheads, — dunces are called cabbageheads, and good enough for them. Eleventh, At Loggerheads, — when you don't agree. Twelfth, Heads of chapters. Thirteenth, Head him off, — when you want to stop a horse, or a boy. Fourteenth, Head of the family. Fifteenth, A Blunderhead. Sixteenth, The Masthead, — where they send sailors to punish them. Seventeenth, get up to the head, — when you spell the word right. Eighteenth, The Head of a stream, — where it begins. Nineteenth, Down by the head, — when a vessel is deep loaded at the bows. Twentieth, a Figurehead carved on a vessel. Twenty-first, The Cathead, and that 's the end of a stick of timber that a ship's anchor hangs by. Twenty-second, A Headland, or cape. Twenty-third, A Head of tobacco. Twenty-fourth, A Bulkhead, which is a partition in a ship. Twenty-fifth, Go ahead, — but first be sure you are right.

Bubby Short's Composition.

ON MORNING.

IT is very pleasant to get up in the morning and walk in the green fields, and hear the birds sing. The morning is the earliest part of the day. The sun rises in the morning. It is very good for our health to get up early. It is very pleasant to see the sun rise in the morning. In the morning the flowers bloom out and smell very good. If it thunders in the morning, or there 's a rainbow, 't will be rainy weather. Fish bite best in the morning, when you go a fishing. I like to sleep in the morning.

Mrs. A. M. Diaz.

LILIES OF THE VALLEY.

THE lilies were fair, by the garden-wall;
They blossomed for beauty; — and was that all?
Etta checked her steps in the path; said she,
"I will carry a few for my friend to see."
And she only stayed at my door to say,
"Here are lilies that blossomed for you to-day."

I took the gift with a glad delight, —
So sweet, so perfect, so pure and white.
How modestly drooping their eyelids fell,
Like a bride's, when she waits for the marriage-bell!
How fair they were, in the chalice tall!
They blossomed for beauty; — and was that all?

Our Annie came in with a tale of woe,
From a wretched home in the lanes below.
Little Mary, the pride of a poor man's breast,
Had folded her hands in eternal rest.
Her robes were coarse, and the room was bare,
And nothing of beauty or light was there.

Then I took from the vase my lilies dear,
And gave them the dew of a silent tear;
And parting the fingers, pale and thin,
Annie laid the lilies their clasp within.
And the father and mother will think of her so,
Whenever the flowers in the spring-time grow.

The lilies were fair by the garden-wall;
They blossomed for beauty. That was not all;
For the Father his rain and his sunshine gave,
And they opened for Mary to wear in her grave,
And Etta did more of His will than she knew,
When she said "Here are lilies that blossomed for you."

Mary B. C. Slade.

LAWRENCE'S JOURNEY.

"WHAT are you thinking, Lawrence?" said the Doctor, as the family were seated one evening round the library fire.

October had come, the nights were growing cold, and a bright glow from the grate gave a warm and cheerful aspect to the room. The Doctor had been reading the evening paper. Mrs. Dean was knitting a white worsted tippet, — so very white and soft, that anybody would have known it was intended for Lawrence's little cousin Ethel, — for where was there another little throat or chin it would become so well? Ethel was rocking pussy to sleep in her doll's cradle, — only pussy was n't very sleepy, and the sight of the white tippet was a constant temptation to her playful paws.

As for Lawrence, he was gazing abstractedly at the fire, —scarcely moving, except when, every minute or two, he took a lump of coal from the hod, and dropped it carefully into the grate, and never once speaking, for I don't know how long, until his uncle startled him with his sudden question.

"Oh! I? I was thinking how curious it is. I mean the fire. And the coal that makes the fire, — where it comes from, and how we happen to be burning it here. Ever since we saw the great furnaces at the glass-works, I can't keep it out of my head."

"No!" cried little Ethel; "he won't even look at my kitty, — and she is so interesting in her nightcap and nightgown! Only see how quiet she is! There! rock-a-by, baby, upon the tree-top! When the wind blows, the cradle will — Dear me, kitty!" she exclaimed; for there was just then an exciting movement of the white tippet, and away went kitty, nightcap, nightgown, and all, to have a snatch at it.

There was a good laugh at the funny appearance pussy made, dressed up so, with the nightcap-strings tied under her whiskers, and her paws in sleeves. And Mrs. Dean said, "You see, Ethel, cats will be cats, and boys will be boys. You must n't blame them because they won't do always just as you would like to have them. Lawrence is a good deal more interested in coal, just now, than he is in cats with nightcaps."

"For a while it was all glass," said Ethel, putting pussy back into the

cradle. "There was n't a glass thing in the house that he did n't talk about, and tell us how it was made."

"Yes, and did n't you like to have me?" said Lawrence. "You made me tell you over and over again how your little ruby cup was made."

"Yes, indeed; for that is very pretty, with my initials engraved on it, and the little flower-wreath around them to match yours. But coal, — ugly black coal! — I don't see what there is interesting in that!"

"Lawrence does, and I am very glad of it," said the Doctor. "How would you like to see where the coal comes from, — eh, Lawrence?"

"That 's what I 've been wishing for!" exclaimed the boy. "If I could only go into a coal mine!"

The good Doctor smiled. "Well, now, I 'll tell you what I have been thinking. Some gentlemen of my acquaintance talk of purchasing coal lands in Pennsylvania; and they have their eye on some near Scranton, in Luzerne County, — which you will find, when you turn to your map, about the centre of the northeastern quarter of the State. They have asked me to go out and look at this property for them, and I think of starting next week. Would you like to go with me?"

Lawrence fairly leaped out of his chair with delight. "Would I? O uncle!"

"There she goes again!" said Ethel, with a rueful face, holding pussy's nightgown in her hand, having pulled it off in a vain attempt to detain the runaway. "Why could n't you keep still, coz, when she was just getting so quiet?"

"Why, I 'm going to Pennsylvania!" cried Lawrence, — as if that were excuse enough for the wildest conduct.

"Yes, but you need n't dance up and down that way, if you are! Now she won't go to sleep to-night!"

"Neither will Lawrence, I 'm afraid," said his aunt. "He should n't have been told of anything so exciting until morning."

The Doctor laughed, and said, "I knew he would have to lie awake one night, thinking of it, and that may as well be to-night."

Lawrence seemed to be of the same opinion. He went to bed as usual; but he did n't want to sleep. He lay awake, thinking of the promised journey, and of coal mines and miners, for an hour or two. He was so excited, that when he fell asleep at last he dreamed that he was a locomotive in nightcap and nightgown, and that, taking fright at the sound of a gun, he ran off the track, and smashed up a long passenger train. Then it seemed to him that the noise he had taken for a gun was in fact the explosion of his own boiler; then, that he was the engineer, and that he was knocked very high by repeated explosions, which would n't let him come down out of the freezing weather. He awoke, in the midst of his trouble, to find that he had thrown off the bed-clothes, that he was shivering with the cold, and that a window-blind was slamming.

The days seemed very long to the boy, until at last the time came for bidding his aunt and cousin good by, and starting with his uncle on their journey.

They took the steamboat train for New York; and Lawrence, after sleeping soundly "as a top," as he said, "on that pantry-shelf," — meaning the berth in the state-room, — awoke the next morning in the great city.

He had a few hours to look about him, while his uncle transacted some business; then they crossed the river in a ferry-boat, (how keenly the boy enjoyed all that!) and, taking a train on the other side, rattled away, across New Jersey, and far up into Pennsylvania, reaching Scranton the same evening.

It was, of course, a delightful journey to the boy, and he was almost sorry when it came to an end. Yet the end was the most interesting part of it. The train went winding in among the mountains that enclose the Lackawanna Valley; they were covered with wild forests, still bright with the glorious tints of October, and, through a deep ravine that divided them, a beautiful stream — rightly named "Roaring Brook" — came rushing down. On the other side from this, — that is, on the right, — Little Roaring Brook came leaping from the rocks in white cascades, and, disappearing for a moment under the railroad bridge, fell into the larger stream below. Then Lawrence had exciting glimpses of steaming colliery buildings, with their black mounds — almost mountains — of waste coal and slate from the mines, pushing out into the narrow valley. Then the train passed within sight of immense iron mills and blast furnaces, flashing and flaming in the early twilight; then it came to a stop; and an omnibus whirled them away to a hotel in the city.

It was too late to see much of Scranton that night; but Lawrence consoled himself with anticipations of pleasure in going about with his uncle the next morning. He was, however, destined to be disappointed.

A tall gentleman, in gray overcoat and gray whiskers, whom he left talking with his uncle in the reading-room, was still at the hotel the next morning. After breakfast, a buggy came to the door of the hotel, — for himself and his uncle, Lawrence supposed; but no, it was for the tall gentleman; and the Doctor was going to ride with him.

"I 've an engagement with this man," said the Doctor, taking his nephew aside; "and I see his buggy has seats for only two. But you won't mind being left alone for a few hours."

"O, certainly not," said Lawrence, with as cheerful a face as he could assume, though with a swelling heart. And his uncle rode away.

He watched the buggy as it disappeared up the long street; then a strange feeling of desolation came over him. The town was full of things worth seeing, but how could he, an utter stranger, hope to find them out? If he could only have gone in the buggy!

It was not his way, however, to spend much time in lamenting things that could not be helped. The morning was fine. The sunlight was beautiful on the mountains. "There 's no use feeling bad," thought he. "I 'm lucky to be here, any way. I can see the river and the city, if nothing else."

So he went out, in good spirits, and spent the forenoon very happily. Yet he was n't quite satisfied with himself when he returned to the hotel at

dinner-time. He had seen and enjoyed many things, but not what he most wished to see, — the interior of a coal mine. He had stood in silent wonder before more than one great colliery building, and heard the thundering crash of the coal dumped into the breakers; he had even looked into one, and seen the loaded cars from the deep mines whirled up swiftly, by the powerful engines, out of the black pit, and whirled back again empty, with terrible rapidity, and he had asked himself if he would ever have the courage to go down in one of them. He thought he would, if any one familiar with the mines would go with him; but everybody he saw appeared too busy to give a lad like him the least attention. "I must make acquaintances," thought he; and he determined to begin at the dinner-table, — his uncle not having returned.

At dinner, however, he was quite disheartened by what he saw. Sixteen young men sat at the same table with himself, and scarcely sixteen words were spoken by all of them during the solemn ceremony of eating. They were all good-looking, and had clean dickies, and white foreheads, and appeared so intelligent, and so much at their ease, that their unsocial behavior quite astonished him. Indeed, it overcame him so, that he would no more have ventured to break the awful silence by speaking loud than if he had been sitting in his uncle's church-pew during sermon-time.

While he was wondering what they could all be thinking about, another young man entered, — a very young man, I may say, for his age could scarcely have exceeded that of Lawrence himself, although his surprisingly cool and self-possessed manners made him appear much older. He had a pleasant face, a jaunty short jacket, and large side-pockets. In these he carried his hands, and, in one of them, the end of a cane, which stuck up behind him at about the angle of a plough-handle. He looked around with a knowing expression, and finally, seeming, after mature thought on the subject, to have selected Lawrence as a table-companion, went and sat down opposite him.

"Here, Muff!" said he; and Lawrence noticed that he was followed by a very small dog, in a very large fleece of white curls, that made him look as if Nature had at first designed him for a dog, but had afterwards changed her mind, and finished him up as a sheep.

The young man took the cane from his pocket, held it up directly over the animal's upturned nose, and dropped it. Click! — the animal's jaws flew open like a trap, and caught it.

"Turn three times!" said the young man.

The animal immediately got up on his hind legs, with his head thrown back, balancing the stick, and began to revolve, like a capstan with a lever thrust through it.

"Go!" said the young man; and the dog, dropping down on all fours, still holding the cane, retired with it to the door of the dining-room, where he laid it down under the hat-table, and put his paws on it, and kept vigilant guard over it, against all comers. The tall head-waiter made one or two attempts to turn him out, but got growled and snapped at so smartly that he finally let him remain.

Everybody appeared to be amused by this trifling incident, especially some children at a table near by, who could not laugh enough to see the tall waiter retreat from such a tangled little ball of wool. Even the solemn young men relaxed their grave countenances, and from that moment became sociable.

Meanwhile, the dog's youthful master, not appearing in the least aware that either he or his pet had done anything extraordinary, glanced over the bill of fare, with the air of a person making judicious selections. Then he gave his order, calling the young lady who waited on him "Sis," and talking to her very much as if he had been an old friend of her father's, and held her on his knee when she was little. Then, resting his arms on the table, he looked across it at Lawrence, and gave a short nod.

Lawrence gave a short nod in return.

"Fine day," said the young fellow.

"Beautiful," replied Lawrence, adding, "That 's a splendid pup of yours," — though he knew that *splendid* was n't just the word.

"He 'll do," said the young fellow, with a glance at the door. "'No dogs allowed in the dining-hall,' says the chap in the white apron, as I came in. 'Is that the rule of this hotel?' says I. 'Yes, sir,' says he. 'And a very good rule it is,' says I; 'but it don't say anything about sheep'; and, while we were talking, Muff and I walked in. I 'd like to see the place where Muff and I can't go! — Thank you, sis," to the young lady bringing his dinner. — "Acquainted in Scranton?"

Lawrence said no, — he arrived in town only the evening before with his uncle.

"Indeed! I came with *my* uncle, Mr. Fitz Adam, the celebrated mining engineer. You 've heard of him, of course?"

Lawrence was forced to own that he had not heard of the celebrated Mr. Fitz Adam. Thereupon the young fellow laid down his knife and fork, and looked at him over his plate with mild astonishment, making Lawrence painfully aware how much he had lowered himself in his (the young fellow's) esteem by that confession.

"May I ask where you came from, sir?" he said, — as if that must be a curious country, indeed, where the inhabitants had never heard of his uncle.

Lawrence hardly knew at first what to make of this impertinence, but wisely concluded to make a joke of it.

"I am from Massachusetts," said he, with a droll smile just puckering the corners of his mouth. "And my uncle is the distinguished Doctor Dean. You have heard of him, of course?"

The young fellow laughed, and nodded at Lawrence approvingly; and Lawrence felt that this reply had raised him again in the young gentleman's esteem. "We are even on that. — Butter, if you please, sis. Thank you, sis. And see here, sis! — can't you get me a piping-hot sweet potato? I 'll remember you in my will, if you 'll be so kind as to oblige me." Then, turning again to Lawrence: "We 're bound to speak well of our uncles, I see, though mine served me a remarkably shabby trick this morning."

"How so?"

"He left me asleep in my bed, and, as near as I can find out, went off to ride with another gentleman."

"Exactly what my uncle did by me!" said Lawrence, "only I was n't asleep in bed. Is your uncle a tall man in gray overcoat and gray whiskers?"

"The very same! You don't say he and your uncle — well! this is a coincidence! Your hand on it!" And the young fellow stretched his arm across the table. "My name," said he, "is Mr. Clarence Fitz Adam."

"Mine is Lawrence Livingstone." And from that moment they were friends.

"I wish you had been with me this morning," said Mr. Clarence, wiping his elbow, — for he had dipped it into the gravy when he shook hands. "I have seen Scranton outside, inside, and" — he pointed downward, mysteriously — "underside."

"Not in the coal mines?" said Lawrence, with a pang of envy. "I wanted to go down in a shaft, but did n't know how the thing was to be done."

"You ain't bashful, I hope? You 'll find bashfulness don't pay, if you are going through the world," said Mr. Clarence, with an air of old experience. "The world 's a big shop. 'No admittance,' says the chap at the door. 'O, excuse me!' you say, and back out. But what do I say? 'No admittance? Certainly, that 's all right, — an excellent regulation; but, if you please, sir,' — then I go on and ask questions, and the first thing he knows, he is showing me round. Come, I 'll get my pup fed, then we 'll take a stroll together."

Lawrence was well pleased, for he was certain Mr. Clarence must be a capital fellow to go about with.

They walked down the street arm in arm, and crossed the river on the railroad bridge.

"This is the famous Lackawanna, as I suppose you have learned," said Mr. Clarence, pointing downwards at the hurrying water. "It is the stream that gives its name to all this coal region about Scranton. This side of the river," he continued, when they had crossed, "is Hyde Park. It is the fifth ward of the city. Let 's climb the bank above the railroad, and get a view. These," said he, turning, when they had reached a favorable point, — "these plain-looking little houses right before us here are miners' houses."

"I don't see but that they look very much like the houses of any other class of laborers," said Lawrence; "and I had imagined, somehow, they must be different, — little, low, black, dismal, mysterious huts, to correspond with the miners' dismal occupation, you know."

"They may be so in some countries. But in this favored land of liberty," said Mr. Clarence, smiling at his own eloquence, "the miners are so well paid, that they can afford to live very comfortably, as you see."

"Well," he went on, pointing with his cane, "there are the banks of the Lackawanna, and the railroad bridge we came over. We are here on the

west bank; and there is the main part of the city on the east or left bank. This is all Scranton, — a fine, large city, as you see. But it has all been built up within a few years. A few years ago, this country was all a wilderness. Do you know what has made the difference? Coal, anthracite coal," Mr. Clarence continued, answering his own question. "Coal built those fine brick blocks, those churches, hotels, stores. Coal built those big blast furnaces and iron mills. Coal built the railroads you and I came in on yesterday. Coal has done all this, and more," — adding, by way of climax, "it has brought me the pleasure of your acquaintance."

"This is a funny-looking brick church, up on the hill behind us," said Lawrence, "with the end cracked open, and the sides held up with props."

"Yes. And just beyond it you 'll see a house tipped up on one end, great pits in the earth, and other irregularities. Can you guess how they came about? Coal is to blame here too. There are mines all under where we stand. They extend like so many streets beneath the streets of the town, — two or three hundred feet below, of course. In place of houses and blocks down there, as you 'll see, for we are going into a mine presently,

they have what they call pillars, — pillars of coal, — which they leave to support the country above, when they are undermining it. That is a very important consideration, where a city stands. But it seems they did n't leave quite support enough under this part; for one day the ground began to shake and tremble; and it shook and trembled, every little while, all that day and night, and all the next day, and the great pillars down there groaned and complained; and now and then the coal would fly off from them, as if it was angry, and the props — for they put wooden props under the roof, besides — broke like pipe-stems; and finally, the next night, the crash came. The pillars had finally given way, and the country had settled. It looks now as if a young earthquake had kicked it."

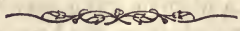
"Who pays the damages under such circumstances?"

"I believe that question has n't been decided yet. The owner of the land sells house-lots, reserving the right to mine the coal under them. He sells the right to the coal companies. Coal companies take out too much coal, — crash, — down go the house-lots, with the houses on them. Who is to blame? You see, it is a delicate legal point," added Mr. Clarence, in his fine way. "And now, what do you say to going down and taking a look at that underground country?"

"I should be delighted to!" said Lawrence.

"Well, come along. I 've been here before, you see. Come, Muff!" And Mr. Clarence led the way, swinging his cane.

J. T. Trowbridge.



CARL.

"HEU — EU!" said the wind. "Here I am again!" And he gave little Carl Richter's window a shake so that the panes rattled till they almost fell in pieces, and then he flew off, — like the wild fellow he was.

Carl started up in bed and opened his eyes wide. "That 's the old northeast!" said he, and began to listen. It was dark, as if it were the middle of the night, and Carl could not see anything in the room; only a patch of gray in the blackness showed where the window was. But he could hear a curious noise, or rather a good many different noises, that made him open his eyes wider than ever, only there was nobody there to see how big and round they got to be. First, there was the wind, that seemed trying to get in at all the doors and windows of the house, blowing and whistling, as if it were so cold, — so cold, — and wanted to get into Carl's own warm little bed and be tucked up snug. Then there were the pine-trees sobbing and sighing to themselves, and Carl knew that far up the mountain, and for miles and miles away, all the pines were moaning and bending, just like those at his father's door. Then — and it was to this that Carl was listening so

eagerly — there was a sort of muffled roar, that grew louder and louder, and suddenly a report almost like that of a cannon, and after that a horrid, choking sound, as if some terribly big creature were trying to draw a deep breath, and then the roar again. I know more than one little boy, no younger than Carl was, who would have scampered under the bed-clothes, and perhaps called for his mother to come, on hearing that dreadful noise. I know one little boy who would have thought that a bear was in the room, or under the bed, and I am pretty sure that he would have screamed, and that his mother would have had to sit by him and hold his hand till he fell asleep again. But Carl did none of these things, and was n't in the least frightened. He had heard the same noise often enough before, and knew perfectly well what it meant. "That 's the old Northeast!" said he again, "and blustering more than ever." But he did not say it in English as I have written it down, for Carl was a little German boy, and used to troll out the funniest long sentences, that would sound to your ears as if he were saying nothing but ugh! ugh! ugh! And to hear little Sophie, who was only three years old, try to sputter out some ugly word, — that would have made you laugh indeed. Carl knew enough of English to talk to the people who came to see his father, for they lived in America, where it is not everybody who can understand German. That seemed very strange to Carl. But always at home Carl spoke in German, — to his father and mother, and to Sophie and Johann, and to the cow and the robins, and to the dear old dog, whom he always called "Thou," and whom he loved better than anything else that he had in the world.

Carl had come to America when he was a very little baby, — far too little to know anything of the land where he was born, or even the passage in the great ship; so his only associations were with the rocky nook where he now lived, and the little house around which the wind whistled that wild autumn morning. It was on the coast, with a great bare mountain rising up behind it, and the merry sea in front, — the sea over which Carl had been carried, a little, unconscious baby, in his mother's arms. Often and often when he had been listening to his mother's stories of the country where he was born, and which she loved so well, Carl would go out and sit on the rocks and rest his little brown cheek on his hand, and look across the silver sea as it flashed and danced in the sunlight. "When I am a man, I will go back to the fatherland," he would say to himself. But he loved the new home too; there was the mountain to climb, and the rocks to play among, and his mother had planted a little patch of German daisies in the garden, that bloomed and smelled as sweet as they ever could have done anywhere. Then there were the beach and the sea, and Carl already owned a little boat, which he could row all alone; he could even take Johann with him sometimes, when the sea was quiet, and the little boy would promise to sit still. Carl had never been to school, for the nearest house was two miles off; but his mother had taught him to read and to write, and he could swim, and row, and drive the horse, and milk the cow, and he was learning to sail a boat, — yes, and sometimes he could tell when a storm was coming. He was the

oldest of the children; then there were Johann, and Sophie, and the new baby, who was so very little that he had n't any name at all. They were all great sturdy children, with blue eyes and yellow hair, and fair, merry faces; only Carl was not fair, but as brown as a little Indian, with the sun and wind. And now you know what it was that Carl heard as he sat up in bed and listened. It was the sound of the waves that were beating on the rocks of Spouting Point.

Carl put his hand cautiously over to the side of the bed where Johann was, to see if he was awake. But Johann was certainly sound asleep; he had been playing hard all the day before, and slept as quietly as if the gentlest summer breeze were blowing. Then Carl got out of bed softly, so as not to wake him, and pattered along with his little bare feet to the window. It was still dark, but the east was beginning to grow gray, and down on the point he could see a white line of foam shooting up and fading away in the darkness again. He stayed there, kneeling down at the window, watching the white gleam that was a hundred times finer than any fountain, till he began to feel cold. By this time it was a good deal lighter, and Carl could distinguish the rocks quite plainly. "I will get up and go to see the breakers," he said; "it is nearly time for the morning-red." So he dressed himself quietly and quickly, always careful not to disturb Johann, and crept down stairs with his shoes in his hand. When he passed the door of the room where his mother was sleeping, he stopped a moment, and put his hand on the latch. Then he thought, "No, I will not wake her; I shall be back before she wakes," and was creeping away again. But the mother was waking, and heard; or was it only the mother's love which never sleeps, and which *felt* the little footsteps so dear to her? However that may be, Carl heard the mother's voice calling to him.

"Where art thou going, child?" said she, when he had come into the room, and was standing beside her bed, and she saw that he was dressed in what he called his "weather-clothes."

"Dost thou not hear the wind, Mütterchen?" said Carl, kissing her. "I am going to the point, to see the wind toss the waves about. That will be fine to-day!"

"Carl, Carl, why canst thou not sleep soundly in thy bed?" said his mother, smiling. "Thou art a true storm-chicken. Do not go among the rocks, lest thou stumble. And do not stay long, or I shall think something has befallen thee."

"No, only a little," said Carl. "It is near the daybreak already. How is the little brother?"

"He sleeps," said his mother, "sweet as a little angel. Do not go near the rocks; remember, Carl."

"No, Mütterchen," said Carl, kissing her again, and went out, and softly shut the door. Down stairs before the hearth lay the dog Bezo. He was awake, too, and when Carl put his little round head into the house-room, he rapped on the floor with his tail. That was his way of saying good morning.

"Come, Bezo, and shake the sleep out of thine eyes," cried Carl. "Dost

thou not hear Northeast? How the old fellow rages! Let us come out and mock him, Bezo!"

But Bezo seemed to like the warm room better. He got up and stretched himself and yawned, licked the hand of his little master, and laid himself down again.

"Thou good-for-nothing!" said Carl. "Thou wouldst sit all day long, and roast like a potato among the ashes, if I did not drag thee out. Come!" he cried, and seized one of Bezo's paws, and pulled him away from the warm hearth. Then he tied his hat on tight, and opened the outer door.

Whew! That was a blast! At the very instant that Carl opened the door, came a furious gust that tipped his hat down over his eyes, and blew Bezo's hair all the wrong way up his back. But Carl planted his sturdy little legs very far apart on the ground, and the wind didn't succeed in knocking him over, though it made him stagger and clinch his hands hard. The pine-trees bent and rattled, and louder than ever Carl could hear the slap of the surf, and the roar of the coming waves. He pulled his hat on once more, and called to Bezo to keep up the dog's spirits, but found he had not much breath to spare. "That's funny," said he to himself, "that when there is so much wind, I should have so little breath!" Then he started to run down to the beach as fast as the wind would let him. It blew in his face, and tried to trip him up at every step, and once it nearly stole his hat, but Carl's little brown fist clutched the brim just in time. Bezo kept along by his side, and so, panting and rosy, Carl stood, at last, just beyond high-water mark on the sand-strip. Down amid the sea-weed at his feet he saw Johann's little boat, which their mother had rigged so carefully, and which Johann had been playing with the day before. Carl took it up and put it on some rocks where it was safer, and fastened it down so that it might not be blown away. "Poor Johann must not lose his boat till he can have a real one," said Carl to himself, "like mine."

Well, it was fine! The waves seemed tumbling over one another in their haste to get to the land, and to swallow up the little boy who stood there so coolly just beyond their reach. But, after all, the breakwater and the pier made it comparatively calm where Carl was; it was out on the rocks that he was looking, and there the spray was tossing and whirling, and great green walls of water rose every moment. Carl enjoyed it. He knew the rough old rocks would hold their own against the angry water, and he clapped his hands and shouted every time a wave bigger than the rest fell and shivered itself into foam against them. But all of a sudden something caught his eye which was not the foam, — something out beyond on the sea. Could he have seen clearly? Carl put his hand on Bezo's head, and stared; his heart almost stopped beating for a moment. Another wave rose up, hurled itself against the crags, and then Carl saw the ship with its masts all broken, and a fragment of sail showing, come driving straight onwards. It was not a fishing-schooner, such as he saw every day passing, Carl knew at a glance, but a much larger vessel, evidently out of her course and helpless, drifting at the mercy of the merciless wind and sea. Poor little Carl stood looking on

in horror for a moment, and clutched Bezo's hair so tightly that he whined. But Carl did n't hear him; he was thinking of nothing but the ship, nearer and nearer every moment. He knew that there were men on board who were trying to guide her motions, and he knew, too, what the men on board did not, — of the terrible sunken ledge on which she would strike, unless some quick hand were there to grasp the rudder; unless — Carl thought of the dear land over the sea, and perhaps on board there were some who came from thence, — countrymen, friends. The ledge seemed to Carl's excited fancy to come to meet the fated ship; he knew so well where the cruel rocks were waiting for their prey.

"I cannot bear it!" cried he. "Come, Bezo!" and he started out on the pier, cautiously yet swiftly. There was his little See-mädchen fast to her moorings, and the oars lashed to a pile. Carl cast one glimpse at the breakers, and listened to that savage roar again, and gulped down something like a great sob. "I have been out in as rough a time with the father," said he, and knelt down, and began to untie the boat. Bezo stood by him, puzzled and whining. Little Carl's cheek was pale for all the sunburn, but he only said to himself, "I must show them the ledge," over and over again, as if to keep down that curious rising in his throat; "there is nobody else."

Suddenly came a dull sound that was not all the breaking of water, and Carl gave a cry and started to his feet, with one arm round the post to steady himself. It had come so soon. There was the vessel driven upon the ledge, and the breakers pounding, pounding, pounding. And back rang an answering cry to Carl's, — the cry of men in sudden and utter despair, — and that drove every thought but one out of Carl's generous, big heart. He stood up as tall as he could, and made a trumpet of his hand, and shouted in English, "See! this boat comes!" forgetting that the wind drove his poor little voice back, and choked it, and utterly silenced it. Then he turned, and gave one last look at the cottage. It was dark and still; behind it a great black mass rose that was the mountain; he knew that in a little while it would be red-capped, for the day was near. "The father must be here soon," he muttered to himself, "and I have been out in as rough a time."

Then he knelt down, and said the little prayer that he said every night at his mother's knee, and then in another moment the See-mädchen was on the top of a wave with every muscle in Carl's arms in play, and Bezo crouched at his feet. He knew the boat would live in almost any sea, "and I can swim, and so can Bezo," he thought. Bezo sat watching him, never stirring; his intelligent eyes never moved from Carl's face. The tide was going out; that helped him. O that the ship might not go to pieces before he could reach her! The little See-mädchen could only hold three, — but Carl never thought of that; he pulled stoutly on. Now a light came in the cottage, at the window of his mother's room. Carl thought of little Sophie, with her yellow hair, and her eyes like the blue forget-me-nots. And then a mighty wave came, and swept the poor little boat away like a feather. Carl saw the rocks looming, — put out a slender oar to stave off —

When I went to see Carl's mother last summer, she took me out, crying, to the little grave. It is near the house, and they have planted the sweet German daisies upon it; and when I saw it they were all in bloom, and the tender grass spread its velvet over the mound. And while I stood there, she told me how Bezo had dragged Carl's poor little body up on the beach, wounded and bleeding himself, but having lived long enough to save his master, he thought, and how, as the first sunlight made the mountain-top red, Carl's father found them there, both dead.

Johann stood by his mother's side, and took her hand and kissed it. "Yes, I have thee left, my Johann," said she, "and we have not lost our Carl forever."

I stooped and picked one of the daisies which grew so fresh over the dead child, and I thought of the gallant little heart that had nourished the flower I held, and of the young life that was as sweet and fair, and of the love and tenderness of the Heaven that is over us all.

Lily Nelson.

CANDY-MAKING.

I.

IT was the evening of New Year's Day, and Minnie and Mysie, seated upon a sofa, with a great box of bon-bons, the gift of Signor Magnifico, between them, seriously devoted themselves to its consideration.

"What a pity we cannot devour sweetmeats forever!" remarked Minnie, at last, laying down a charming rose-colored heart with a profound sigh.

Mysie did not answer; in fact, her mouth was too full to admit of speech, and Minnie, after dreamily regarding the *bonbonnière* for a few moments, continued: "It is all very well to laugh at George the Third for asking how the apple got inside the dumpling, but I should really like to inquire how the drop of cream gets inside a chocolate Duchesse, or the liquid into a wine or brandy drop."

"I can inform you how it gets out," replied Mysie, savagely rubbing away at a spot upon her pet blue silk dress, caused by incautiously biting a Duchesse in two instead of putting it into her mouth entire.

"How it gets out of blue silk? You can tell me that to-morrow, if you please; but meantime how *does* it get into the Duchesse?" persisted Minnie, who was in an inquiring mood.

A peal at the door-bell, and the appearance of Signor Magnifico's tall figure in the drawing-room, prevented the wise reply Mysie doubtless would have made; and Minnie, instead of speculating upon the gift, proceeded to thank the giver after her own pretty fashion.

"They are all delicious, especially the chocolates Duchesse," said she, in conclusion, with a sly smile at Mysie, who muttered something about "A delusion and a snare."

"But, Signor Magnifico, how does the cream get inside the chocolate?" continued Minnie raising her large eyes imploringly to Magnifico's puzzled face.

"I am sure I don't know. I 'll send and ask the fellow that makes them, if you like," said he, after a moment's consideration.

"Do, please. How charmingly you always suggest the road out of a dilemma!" said Minnie, gratefully.

"But I can suggest a still better one," interposed Mysie. "Take us to see 'the fellow,' as you call him, at his work. I have not the least idea of how candies are made."

Whether Magnifico was delighted with this suggestion or not, he professed to be so, and an expedition to the candy factory was arranged for the following day, which obligingly turned up one of the brightest and bluest of the year.

Punctually at the appointed hour appeared Magnifico, and a short drive brought the party to the famous saloon of fountains and flowers, singing-birds, and great green toads; not to mention cakes, ice-creams, and other delights of our first fifteen years. Having provided his two merry charges

with all the dainties they would accept, Signor Magnifico left them for a few moments, and returned in company with a young gentleman, whom he announced as the best available authority upon the question in point, and obligingly willing to put his experience at the service of the young ladies, who gratefully accepted it.

"I do not know so much of the details as I might," modestly began Mr. Son, "but I will introduce my foreman to you. He is a real enthusiast in his art, and I think you will find him thoroughly posted."

So saying, Mr. Son led the way down a broad flight of steps and through a clean stone passage to a large subterraneous room fitted with several marble tables, a long wooden bench, and one or two brick furnaces. The good-natured-looking foreman, with his two assistants, was busy in opening some barrels of sugar just rolled in, but, summoned by Mr. Son, wiped his hands upon his white apron, and came smilingly forward.

"Good morning, Devine, what are you about to-day down here?" began Mr. Son.

"Well, sir, I thought of making some kisses and conversations, fish, elephants, and fancies. They tell me the stock is getting low up stairs," said the artist in candies, glancing at one of the furnaces, over which bubbled a great copper kettle of sirup.

"That will do very well," replied Mr. Son. "These ladies and gentleman want to see something of the process of candy-making, and I should like to have you show them whatever you can about it, and explain the rest."

"Yes sir, I 'll do all that with pleasure, but the prettiest part of candy-making is the crystallized work, and that I have nothing to do with, you know."

"Yes, we must go up stairs to see that; but you have a good deal to tell about down here," said Mr. Son, comfortingly; and then, turning to his guests, he politely invited them to ask what questions they chose, and to help themselves to information or to candies, at their own discretion. Mysie, thus let loose upon the unfortunate foreman, at once began plying him with questions after her usual remorseless fashion, while Minnie and Magnifico talked alternate candy and South America with Mr. Son.

"What kind of sugar do you principally use?" began Mysie.

"The purest refined, such as you see here," said the artist, with a look toward the just opened barrels. "And our sugar *is* sugar, instead of terra alba, such as some people that I could name, and won't, use in the proportion of seven tenths terra alba to three tenths sugar."

"What is terra alba?" asked Mysie, aghast.

"The words are Italian, and mean white earth, and the stuff is a good deal like plaster-of-Paris," explained Devine. "In the first place, it was brought in by foreign ships as ballast, and thrown into the docks to get rid of it. This same mean scamp thought it would be good for adulterating sugar, and begged a few loads to try; and now it is largely sold to confectioners at three or four cents a pound, while sugar is seventeen cents. That is to say, I am told so, for not an ounce of terra alba has ever gone into *my* candies."

"Of course not," assented Mysie, hastily. "And is all the sugar alike for the different sorts of candy?"

"By no means. This white you see here is East Boston crushed, and is the best for my purposes, because it is the sweetest; but for crystallized work, they must have Stuart's New York crushed, and then powder it. The East Boston won't make the sparkling surface that the Stuart does. Then again, the icing for cakes and all sorts of ornamental frosting must be made from powdered sugar, or it cannot be worked as they want to have it. But these three sorts are all of the same grade and price, all first-class sugars."

"Yes, and now how do you begin the candy?" asked Mysie, her mind at rest upon the sugar question.

"Like this," replied the artist, taking off the cover of the great copper kettle, and showing it half full of a thick, transparent sirup boiling at great speed.

"That is nothing but sugar and water so far, and it has boiled for about twenty minutes," said he. "Let us see if it is ready for candy yet. John, the basin."

The basin, half filled with cold water, was presented, and the smiling artist, dipping his hand into it for a moment, in the next thrust it into the bubbling caldron, scooped up some of the sirup, and plunged his hand again into the basin.

"Oh! Did n't it scald you?" exclaimed Mysie.

"Not in the least, although it easily might, if I were careless," said the foreman, complacently drawing a piece of clear barley-candy from the basin of water, and presenting it to Mysie.

"You will see it is not yet quite brittle; it needs about two minutes more. John, are the marble slabs well buttered?"

"Yes, sir, all ready," replied the attentive John, bringing forward two large saucepans and setting them upon the edge of the furnace.

"There!" exclaimed the artist, who had hastily made another dive into the kettle and then into the basin. "Another minute would ruin it," — and, seizing the copper, he poured a portion of its contents into each of the two saucepans, and then emptied the remainder upon the two buttered marble slabs, where it lay in great golden transparent masses of about the consistency of raw pound-cake.

"Won't it run off?" asked Miselle, as she noticed the gradual spread of the lake nearest to her.

"No. If it threatened to, I should lay down one of these iron rods to stop it; but it 's seldom I have to use them. Now I think we will make lemon candy of this lump, and checkerberry of the other, — those will be pretty colors to go together; then one saucepan shall be cinnamon, and the other clove, or half clove and half rose, if you think it would be better."

"Yes, let us have it rose, by all means," replied Mysie, gravely; and while Minnie and Magnifico drew near to look, the artist, taking from a shelf one of a number of vials with tubes in their mouths, pulled open with his fingers one of the lumps of candy and poured some drops of the essence into it. Then he closed the sides of the hole over it, and made another, remarking: "A little of this goes a great way. Those few drops will flavor the whole lump, and I shut it up inside to keep it from evaporating. That is the lemon, and I am going to make clear candy of that, because somehow lemon flavor always seems to belong to clear candies. The checkerberry, now, shall be both clear and pulled; or, if you say so, we will divide the lump, and have clear checkerberry, and pulled peppermint."

"I think that would be best. Peppermint suggests pulled candy, if pulled means the opaque sort, like cream candy," replied Mysie, with an air of deliberation.

"Yes, that 's it, and in a minute I will show you how it gets so," replied the artist, seizing a broadsword handed him by the patient John, and dividing the unflavored lump of candy, now become quite stiff and firm, into two equal parts. One of these he flavored with checkerberry and the other with peppermint essence, and then began, partly with his own fingers, partly by aid of the broadsword, to turn and work the latter lump, much as a cook works her lump of pie-paste, before rolling it out.

"Is n't it still hot?" asked Mysie, putting one finger upon the candy, and withdrawing it burnt.

"O yes, the inside of it is boiling now, and only an experienced hand can safely meddle with it. The boys who come here to work generally get a

lesson, in the first day, that they remember. They see me handling the candy, and so they take hold — once."

"It is like lava," remarked Magnifico. "I have seen masses of that, almost cold upon the outside, when, an inch below the surface, there was heat enough to take the skin off your hand."

"This is cool enough for pulling, now," said the artist, gathering up the lump of peppermint candy in his hands, and suddenly throwing it over a great hook set in a stone post beside the table. Then, before it had time to cling or drop, he pulled it toward him in a great shining band, threw it again over the hook, pulled it out again, and so on, with quick, unceasing motion, while the candy, from a mere lump of gold-colored, bubbly sirup, became pure white, opaque, and fibrous, like a skein of glittering silk threads. The artist was now too busy to speak, and Mr. Son put in a few words of explanation.

"All but clear candies are pulled in this way, the coloring and flavoring being added first. Cream candy, usually flavored with vanilla, is pulled into the long bars in which it is sold, and then laid away for two or three weeks to ripen. That is the way it gets the soft, mellow consistency so much valued, although dealers generally prefer to buy it while brittle and hard, as that is a proof of its being new. Stick candy, after pulling, is either rolled under the hand upon the marble, or put through a machine which shapes the sticks. This lot, however —"

"There," interrupted the artist, unhooking his skein of silk from the post, doubling it up, and tossing it into the hands of an assistant. "Keep that warm until I am ready for it."

"See the footlights and the prompter's box," exclaimed Minnie, as the boy, hastening to the table at the other side of the room, laid the lump of candy close before a row of gas jets burning just above the surface of the table, and surrounded on three sides by a tin cover or hood. Leaving the assistant to turn and toast the skein of peppermint candy before these footlights, Mysie returned to watch the artist, who had already poured out and flavored his cinnamon candy, and was now pulling it, while another assistant divided the contents of the second saucepan, and flavored one half with clove, and the other with rose.

The artist was now fully absorbed in his work, and tossed and pulled his glittering skeins without an attempt at speech. Mr. Son played the part of chorus. "If the candy gets cool before it is pulled, it all has to be melted over, and when he is making three or four kinds at once, like this, he has to give his whole attention to it, and move pretty quickly too," said he.

But now the peppermint, the cinnamon, the clove, and the rose were pulled, and the lemon, the checkerberry, and the barley, or unflavored candy, were left clear, and the last process began. The various masses were laid side by side before the gas-lights, one assistant devoting himself to keeping them warm and pliable, while another drew from under the bench and screwed upon the table a small hand-machine, consisting of two rollers with figures upon their surfaces, revolving upon each other, and a crank by which to turn them.

"This is the kiss-machine," said the artist, pausing, knife in hand, before his lumps of candy. "What shall I make them of?"

"The rose-color," replied Minnie, promptly; and the artist sliced off a bit of the pink dough about as large as his fist.

"Do add something to give it a little flavor," suggested Mysie; and, with a subdued twinkle in his merry black eyes, the artist cut a piece of the white dough, and, taking both together in his hands, pulled them out in two layers, then folded and pulled them out again, thus giving four alternate stripes of pink and white. Then, while the lad steadily turned the crank of the kiss-machine, the artist placed his lump of dough between the rollers, and it came through upon the other side, a sheet of striped pink and white balls, nearly cut apart, and ready to break at a touch.

"So much for the kisses; now we will have some elephants," said the artist. "What color shall they be?"

"Yellow, to look like nature," said Mysie.

"No, white, like the elephant the great Mogul used to ride," suggested Minnie.

"The whitest of elephants are yellowish like their own ivory," said Magnifico, maliciously complicating the matter.

"Then please make them yellow and white," said Minnie, turning to the artist, who, at the word, snipped off a lump of the clear barley candy, and another of the dead-white clove candy, pulled them out, doubled them up, and with the help of the boy ran the mixture through the elephant machine, producing a sheet of curiously mottled and striped yellow and white creatures, whom any one might know by their trunks to be meant for elephants.

"Now the fish-machine. What color shall we have the fishes?" asked the artist, a good deal in a hurry now, for his candies were growing brittle.

"O, the fish must be clear yellow, with a little pink about their mouths, like the perch we used to catch at Sharon last summer," said Minnie.

"Lemon three fourths, checkerberry one fourth," briefly replied the artist, cutting off a big and a little piece of dough from the two lumps he had named, and laying the checkerberry along one side of the lemon.

"Quick, boy! Put them through lively," added he, thrusting the candy between the rollers.

John turned, and Minnie eagerly inspected the sheet of fishes as they came creaking and groaning through the machine.

"O, but half of them are lying the wrong way, and have got the pink on their tails, instead of their mouths!" said she, in disappointment.

"Sunrise and sunset," suggested Magnifico, while the artist ruefully replied: "Machines cannot use much discretion. If it was only a toy now, the pink-tailed fish might have their heads painted; but, as they are meant to eat, we cannot meddle with paint safely."

Mrs. Jane G. Austin.

CANARY ISLANDS AND CANARY BIRDS.

MANY of the readers of this Magazine, I suppose, when they hear anything about the Canary Islands, think of the pretty birds which bear the same name. I used to myself, being fond of a canary, and always liking to have one in the house to fill it with cheerful melody. There was a time, too, when I used to wonder whether the birds gave their name to the islands, or the islands to the birds. Neither is true. The word Canary (from the Latin *Canaria*) signifies *doggy*, and that name was given them because on one of the islands, when it was visited in the days of the Romans, a great number of large dogs were found, some of which were carried away, and given to one of the African kings. This breed of dogs has long ago disappeared, and only skeletons of them are occasionally found.

But there are plenty of canary birds in all the Canary Islands, as well as in the other groups off the African coast. Not yellow ones, such as we have in America, but of an olive-green color, dappled with black, or yellow, or both. About three hundred and twenty years ago, a small vessel from Leghorn came to these islands, and carried away as many of the little green singing birds as it could well accommodate, — the captain thinking, no doubt, that the people of Italy would be willing to pay a good price for such sweet musicians. But on his way up the Mediterranean the ship was blown ashore upon the Island of Elba, where it went to pieces, and many of the birds escaped to the land. They found Elba a pleasant abode, reared large families there, and thus the canary was introduced into Europe.

By careful breeding, their color has been changed from olive green to light yellow, although I am told that, among a nest full of young birds, there will often now be found one almost as green as its forefathers. In these later days, the green birds have come into fashion again in Europe, and some of the bird-dealers take as much pains to breed green canaries as they once did to get rid of the green. An English gentleman told me, the other day, that a very nice green canary, of a certain shape, will sometimes sell for fifty pounds in London, which is equal to more than three hundred of our dollars. For my part, I am well satisfied with a three-dollar yellow one.

It is not, however, of canary birds that I *now* think, when I read or hear of the Canary Islands. I think how fortunate it was that those four groups — the Canaries, the Cape Verdes, the Madeiras, and the Azores — were upheaved from the bottom of the Atlantic, just where they were, off the coast of Africa, to encourage the brave sailors of Portugal in their attempts to discover unknown lands and explore the unknown sea. Just look at them, as they lie upon the map. See how conveniently the Azores are situated, almost on a line with Lisbon and Philadelphia. What a nice halting-place they were for the bold navigators who first made their way to America! Being eight hundred miles from the coast of Portugal, Columbus was nearly one third of the way across when he had lost sight of the island farthest west;

and without that assistance and encouragement another century, or many centuries, might have passed before America had been discovered.

Then look at the Canaries. They were even still more useful to the earliest navigators, who did not dare to sail far out into the broad ocean, but generally crept cautiously down the African coast, happy and proud if they could go a little farther south than any one had gone before. From the African coast to the nearest of the Canary Islands, is only fifty-seven miles; so that a captain who was within ten miles of the continent could often see one of them, and had only to sail a little farther to come in sight of the wonderful Peak of Teneriffe, towering aloft more than two miles above the level of the sea. What an encouragement to the gallant men who first ventured so far from home, it must have been, to discover a group of islands containing land enough to make two States as large as our Delaware, and lying so close to Africa that they could be reached without losing sight of that continent! Look at the Madeiras, too, — two large and fertile islands, three hundred and eighty miles from Africa, and six hundred and sixty miles from Portugal, — just far enough from both to make their discovery at once possible and glorious to the first explorers of the ocean!

It is a curious thing that we know just how those islands came there. I read the other day an advertisement of one of those impudent idlers who live by deceiving ignorant people, which declared that earthquakes are more violent now than they were formerly, and that therefore we might expect very soon to see the destruction of the world. I would like to take the author of that advertisement, and set him to climbing the Peak of Teneriffe, and hold his hand for a short time in one of the hot springs of the Azores, and insert his nose in a crevice, from which the fumes of sulphur continually rise, and then ask him what sort of an earthquake it must have been that could heave up from the bottom of the sea such groups of islands as these, and whether we have any of that kind now.

You have only to take a walk over any of those islands to see that they are the offspring of the earth's internal fires. In the boiling fountains of the Azores, you can cook an egg in two minutes, and the ground about them is all covered with sulphur, like frost. On some of the Canaries you find scarcely anything except craters, fissures, and vast fields of lava. And something still more wonderful is to be said of this part of the ocean. It is here that new islands now and then emerge from the bosom of the deep. One writer describes an earthquake there, which lasted eight days and nights, at the end of which the pent-up fires burst from the surface of the ocean, and rose as high as the clouds, while great quantities of stones and earth were thrown out. At last, a great mass of rocks was suddenly upheaved, which increased till it covered several miles, and, after being shaken by another earthquake, settled down into a solid island.

We have another account, given by the captain of an English vessel, who says that in December, 1720, near the Azores, he saw fire suddenly break out of the sea. The ashes, he adds, fell on the deck of his ship like hail and snow, the fire roared like thunder, and a great quantity of lava and half-

cooked fish floated on the sea. There are men still alive who have witnessed a similar marvel near the same place, of which we have an account from the captain of an English man-of-war, who witnessed it from the deck of his ship. An island, he records, was thrown up from the sea, and remained for some days above the surface, but it gradually sunk until it was only a reef fifteen fathoms deep. There can be no doubt that all these four groups of islands were raised during stupendous convulsions of nature, thousands of years ago. What are such earthquakes as we now have in Peru and San Francisco compared with mighty upheavals like these?

There, on the bosom of the Atlantic, those islands lay, scarcely known to civilized man for thousands of years, until at length the invention of the compass enabled the bold sailors of Portugal to find them. The ancients, I know, from the days of Homer, had some kind of knowledge or tradition that there were delicious islands — Isles of the Blest, as they were sometimes called, or the Fortunate Islands, as others styled them — somewhere off the coast of Africa in the Atlantic Ocean; and the Romans certainly knew something about the Canaries, through the nations and tribes of Africa which they had conquered. But, for any use that civilized men made of them, they might as well have remained unknown for thirteen hundred years and more after the birth of Christ. Nevertheless, there they lay smiling under the fertilizing sun, all ready to lure on adventurous men to explore the unknown regions of the world.

Portugal, of all the Christian powers of Europe, is nearest to those islands, — Portugal, with its five hundred miles of sea-coast, its excellent harbors, and that southwestern promontory, pointing its mariners the way they were to go.

I told you, in a former number, that the Portuguese navigators were the first to turn the compass to account, and that the reason was, that Portugal was blessed at this time with a royal family more intelligent, perhaps, and therefore more inquisitive and curious, than any other royal family in Europe. This month, I must be a little more particular, and tell you something about the King who founded the naval power of Portugal.

The Portuguese style him King Diniz, the Husbandman; but we generally call him, King Denis, which is our mode of spelling the name of the Saint on whose day he was born, and from whom he was named. To this day, the Portuguese speak of him very much as the English do of their good King Alfred. It was his father, Alphonso III., who conquered from the Moors that most southern province of Portugal, which juts out into the ocean, and, as I have just said, points towards the Madeira Islands. This Alphonso, like his son Denis, was one of those kings who liked better to fertilize a country than to lay it waste, and who built more villages than they destroyed.

A pretty little story is told of Prince Denis, when he was only six years of age. After his father had swept the southern province of Portugal clear of the Mahometans, the King of Spain claimed it as his, and demanded of the Portuguese monarch that he should only hold it and govern it, not

possess it as his own. He also required that the King of Portugal should pay him the usual act of homage as the rightful sovereign of the province. The story runs, that Alphonso sent his little son Denis, with an escort of lords, knights, and squires, as an ambassador to the King of Spain, to protest against this claim; and that the boy was present in the King of Spain's council-chamber while the matter was debated. Several Spanish lords spoke warmly against the pretensions of the King of Portugal, and maintained that the province belonged to the Spanish crown, and must not be given up to a king who was already too powerful. In the midst of the stormy discussion, the little Prince burst into tears. All hearts were softened by the grief of the boy, and the King gave to his tears what he would have denied to his father's demands. And so the boy returned in triumph to his father's court, to continue his studies.

Alphonso, who had resided many years in France in his youth, and acquired there a sense of the value of learning, invited excellent tutors from that country for his son, by whom the boy was well instructed in all the kinds of knowledge then valued. He learned Latin, and such science as was then pursued, and wrote a great deal of poetry, much of which has been recently discovered in the Pope's library at Rome.

His father dying when he was not quite eighteen years of age, Denis became King, and he soon began those useful labors which caused his subjects to name him the Husbandman of his Kingdom. He cleared Portugal of robbers, and made it safe in every part for travellers. He lessened the power and wealth of some nobles, who were inclined to forget that they were not kings. He built fifty castles, — the police-stations of those times, — and he built many towns and villages. He founded the first university that Portugal ever had, which exists to this day; and when he had gathered in it a great number of learned men, to instruct the youth of his kingdom, he removed his court from Lisbon, and went to live at the university town, only because he loved to converse with scholars and poets. I cannot tell you a tenth part of the good things which this good King did for his country; but I must give you some idea of what he did for ships and sailors.

Along some parts of the Portuguese coast, there were sandy plains with a thin covering of soil, just sufficient to nourish the grass which grew upon them. Upon these grassy plains King Denis did what the government of the United States ought to do upon our western prairies: he caused them to be *planted with trees*, — especially with a kind of pine most excellent for ship-building. In due time, those barren downs were covered with precious forests; so that when, a hundred and fifty years after, Portugal was sending out fleets for discovery every year, her ship-builders found in those forests a bountiful supply of the best timber. Yes, the very ships in which the heroic Da Gama rounded the Cape of Good Hope were built of timber cut from the forests which Denis the Husbandman had planted nearly two hundred years before. He promoted also the coasting trade of Portugal, which was mostly carried on in galleys rowed by men, although sails were occasionally used.

Some day, when you are older, you will no doubt read the poetry of Camoens, the poet of Portugal; and, if you do, you will come upon what he says of King Denis and the coasting galleys: —

> "And now brave Denis reigns, whose noble fire
> Bespoke the genuine lineage of his sire.
> Now heavenly Peace wide waved her olive-bough,
> Each vale displayed the labors of the plough,
> And smiled with joy; the rocks on either shore
> Resound the dashing of the merchant-oar.
> Wise laws are formed, an constitutions weighed,
> And the deep-rooted base of empire laid."

Another thing this good King did for the navy of his country and for the peace of Europe. You must know that during the whole period of nearly eight hundred years, in which the Moors possessed a great part of Spain, Moorish soldiers and emigrants were continually coming from Africa into the Spanish peninsula, across the Straits of Gibraltar. It was during the reign of Denis that the Portuguese tried to prevent this by keeping a fleet of galleys and other armed vessels always cruising about in the Straits, and especially when the Moors were thought to be preparing to invade some Christian province. But this was a heavy charge upon so small a kingdom as Portugal, and I read, in an old Portuguese history, that the Pope once granted King Denis a tenth of the church revenues of his kingdom, for three years in succession, to aid him in defraying the expense. At that time, Spain and Portugal were a kind of outpost to Europe, defending all the Christian countries from the inroads of the infidels, who would have certainly overrun the southern provinces of France, and desolated many of the fairest regions of Europe, if the valiant Christian soldiers of Spain and Portugal had not stopped them. It was quite natural, therefore, that the Pope, who felt himself to be the father of Christendom, should have come to the aid of the King of Portugal in this most costly kind of defence. As in fighting the Moors on the land Portugal had become a powerful kingdom, so it was by chasing and fighting the Moors upon the sea that her navy was increased and disciplined.

Years rolled on. When the compass was completed, about the year 1300, King Denis, aged forty years, was in the midst of his useful reign. In 1317, when the chief admiral of the Portuguese fleet died, we find the King making a wise choice of his successor. At that time, the sailors of Venice and Genoa were the most famous in Europe, although they confined their voyages to inland seas. King Denis now engaged a skilful and experienced Genoese as the chief admiral of his fleet, and bound him to procure twenty good Genoese captains to command his galleys. A few years after, in 1325, King Denis died, and Alphonso the Fourth, his son, reigned in his stead.

The new King was neither so good nor so great as his father; but, upon the whole, he performed his duties well for that age. It was in his reign that the first expedition of which any account has come down to us went forth from Portugal upon the ocean. That the Canary Islands had been visited before, we know from the fact that the historian of this expedition calls

them the *Rediscovered.* It is probable that the first use to which the compass was put, after its completion at Naples, was to guide Portuguese sailors to the Canaries; but I do not believe that Europeans had ever landed upon them, or explored them, before the year 1341, the date of the expedition just mentioned.

On the 1st of July of that year, three small vessels, well manned and armed, set sail from Lisbon, and stood boldly out into the broad ocean. They took with them horses, and some of those engines which were once used for battering down castle walls; for these islands were known to be inhabited, and the intention of these adventurers appears to have been to conquer and hold them. The Canaries, as I have said above, are eight hundred miles from Portugal. A favorable breeze wafted the vessels swiftly on their way, and on the fifth day they came in sight of one of the large islands of the Canary group. It looked to them, as they sailed by, a barren, stony place; but they saw plenty of goats and other animals, and some naked men and women.

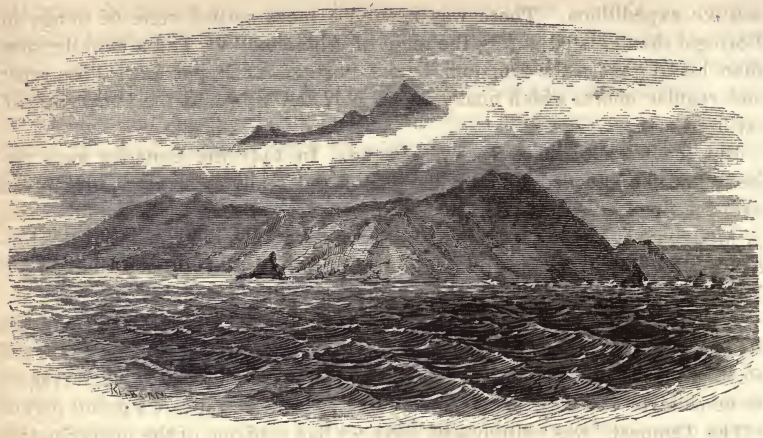
On this island they landed at length, and laid in a very good cargo of goat-skins, also of the fat and skin of the seals which floundered in great numbers along the shore. They sailed away to an island still larger, where a great number of people, all nearly naked, came to the shore to look at them and their ships. Some of these islanders, who appeared to be chiefs, were clothed in goat-skins, stained yellow and red, and rather neatly sewed together with the intestines of animals. One of them seemed to be a king, for the rest of

the people showed him great respect, and obeyed his commands. As the islanders made signs for the strangers to come on shore, boats were manned, and were rowed cautiously toward the land. When the boats had come within hearing distance, the natives spoke to them in a pleasant, friendly manner; but, as no one in the boats understood their language, the sailors were afraid to land, and lay upon their oars at some distance from the beach. Some of the natives then swam off to the boats, and four of them were taken on board, carried off to the ships, and retained.

The ships continued their course round the island, and came to a part of the shore on which they saw small houses, fig-trees, palm-trees, and gardens with vegetables growing in them. Here twenty-five of the sailors found courage to go on shore. A band of natives, thirty in number, fled at their approach. The buildings were found to be very small, but well made of square stones, and were roofed over with large and handsome pieces of wood. The doors of some of the houses were closed, and these the sailors broke open, but found nothing in them except stores of food, such as dried figs in baskets, a fine quality of wheat, and some barley. The houses were perfectly clean inside. The adventurers soon came upon a building which they considered to be a temple, because it contained nothing but a stone statue of a man with a ball in his hand, and wearing an apron of palm-leaves. In those days, of course, the heathen had no rights which Christians considered themselves bound to respect; and consequently these Christian sailors considered this idol a fair prize, and carried it off. There seemed to be plenty of people on the island, and there were many fields and gardens that were well cared for. They saw the natives eat wheat and barley raw, as the birds do, but some of them pounded it into coarse flour, and ate it moistened with water.

Leaving this large island, and observing several others in sight, they sailed towards one of them, upon which, as they passed it, they could see nothing but a great forest of tall, straight pine-trees, shooting up, as the old chronicler says, to the skies. They sailed to another island, upon which they found streams of good water and plenty of trees. On this island the pigeons were so ignorant of man and his savage ways, that they could be knocked down with sticks. Not daring to venture far into the country, they soon returned on board their ships, and, sailing on, came in sight of the huge, mountainous island of Teneriffe, with its peculiar and lofty peak piercing the clouds. They did not dare to land, because they fancied they saw, on the summit of a tall mountain, an immense white fortress, which was afterwards found to be nothing but a white-crowned peak.

They continued for some days longer to sail pleasantly about among these islands, the sea being smooth, the breezes gentle, and the anchorage safe, until they had discovered thirteen, five of which they said were inhabited. Thirteen proved to be the correct number of the Canaries; but it was afterwards discovered that seven of them were inhabited. The chronicler of the expedition says that the people at the different islands could not understand one another's language, although the islands are only a few miles



apart, and that the people had no way of getting from one island to another, except by swimming.

The four men whom the adventurers carried away from the first island they took with them to Lisbon. They were young men, with beards yet ungrown, and handsome faces. Though of a very dark complexion, they were not negroes, but resembled the tribes living on the shore of Africa, opposite to the Canaries. They had long hair, which veiled their bodies to the waist, and they wore nothing in the way of clothing except a girdle of cord, from which hung a narrow apron made of the fibres of reed. Although there were on board these Portuguese ships men of five different nations, the captives understood the language of none of them; but they showed much intelligence in conversing by signs. They sang very sweetly, says the historian of the expedition, and danced almost as well as Frenchmen. They partook freely of whatever was given them to eat, — bread, figs, wheat, barley, cheese, meat, — but when wine was offered them they would not touch it. They appeared to be kind and just to one another; for if one of them received anything nice to eat, he would not taste it until he had divided it equally with his companions.

The ships returned safely to Lisbon, in November, after an absence from home of four months and a half, bringing a good cargo of goat-skins, seal-skins, seal oil, and valuable dye-woods. When these things were sold, however, the owners of the vessels found that they had barely cleared the expenses of their voyage. This fact, so disagreeable and discouraging to men who encounter strange perils in pursuit of gain, together with the impression they had received, that the islands were thickly peopled and strongly fortified, prevented the Portuguese from following up their discovery. Many a year was yet to elapse before white men settled upon the Canary Islands, or made any use of their discovery.

In those times, remember, wars were frequent, and the intervals of peace were short. The treasury of kings was continually drained dry by expensive

warlike expeditions. There was needed a more settled state of things in Portugal than existed during the reign of Alphonso IV., and a mightier arm than his to govern the kingdom, before Portugal could put forth those great and regular efforts which finally added half the world to the knowledge of civilized man.

But the work of discovery was begun. In 1341 the Canaries were visited; and the knowledge that such islands did really exist gradually spread over Europe. There is good reason to believe, too, that the beautiful island of Madeira was discovered about the same time; and we *know* that the Madeiras were plainly put down upon a map of the world that was made in 1351. But never mind the Madeiras now; we shall come to them by and by.

An island is always a pleasant thing to think of. These islands in the Atlantic seem to have been much in the thoughts of the people of Spain and Portugal for a long time after their discovery. Nothing was too extravagant to be believed about them. It is very likely that Shakespeare's grand play of "The Tempest" was written after the poet had read one of the many Spanish tales of enchanted islands which were written during the time when the Portuguese and Spaniards were discovering new islands every year. Those of you who have read "Don Quixote" cannot have forgotten how much fun there is in the second part of that delightful work about Sancho Panza's getting to be governor of an island.

I would like to be able to tell what became of the four men that were stolen from the Canaries. It is most probable that they were sold as slaves, and spent all the rest of their lives in servitude. If so, they were only the first of many thousands of their countrymen who were stolen and enslaved in the same way. It is horrible to think of, but it is true, that it was the profits of the slave-trade which paid the expense of most of the first voyages of discovery; and still more horrible is it to know that the best men and women then living saw nothing wrong in pulling poor blacks out of the sea into a boat, carrying them away to a strange land, and selling them into slavery for life. If any one had objected to this way of making money, a Christian of that age might have replied, "Are they not heathen? If we baptize them and save their souls, is it of any great consequence what becomes of their bodies?"

People sincerely thought in this way, in the year 1341, and for centuries after; and the Portuguese appear to have taken a good deal of trouble to teach their slaves what they thought they ought to know before baptism.

James Parton.

GARDENING FOR GIRLS.

CHAPTER III.

ABOUT the same time that the girls began to set out their flowers, Willie and his father planted their tomatoes. They had bought a dozen or two fine plants from a neighbor, at a cost of a few cents each. They chose a time when the ground was rather wet, from a recent rain, so the plants needed only to be kept covered awhile during the daytime, then they went on growing as before. A few rows of string-beans, and hills of cucumbers, with the pop-corn, filled up all the space that was left; and really, when all was done that has been described, the little cottage and its surroundings looked very pleasant.

Before the summer was over, the vines had made a charming bower, and, as the family passed a great deal of their time on the piazza, these green, shady curtains added much to their comfort. The trees were as yet too small for the birds to build in, but Willie and his father had fitted up a few boxes like little houses, and tacked them up against the cottage, and under the broad eaves. So one day little Daisy saw a wren begin to carry some small sticks and straws into one of the boxes, and presently another came with a few more, until it was evident that a pair of little birds had concluded to go to housekeeping there. Daisy knew enough to be very still, and not frighten the timid little things, and they persevered until the nest was finished, and Mr. and Mrs. Wren were really established in their new house.

By and by they heard a wonderful chattering inside, and lo and behold! there was a family of young birds, which kept both father and mother busy, carrying worms and flies to feed them. All that was good news for the gardeners; for before long there were signs of the caterpillars and rose-bugs, which all their care and vigilance seemed unable to destroy. Whenever they saw the birds hopping about amongst their flowers, they were sure that they were doing good to them; and it would certainly have been a very interesting thing to know precisely how many worms and bugs a single pair of birds could destroy in a season. Some learned person, I believe, places the number at several millions. These wrens were treated with great consideration, and when their young birds were ready to fly, Daisy felt almost like crying, because she feared they might never return to the house again. But they had enjoyed themselves so well, that they soon came back, and built a new nest, first throwing out all the old sticks and straws, and making as thorough a house-cleaning as Mrs. Gray herself would have done under similar circumstances.

The grass on the lawn had grown so well, that by the middle of June it needed cutting, and, as the cow would require some winter provender, Mr. Gray determined to make hay. Now Maggie had often read about hay-making, and begged very hard to be allowed to assist in this delightful rustic employment. So, as soon as the grass was cut, the children all turned out with

rakes, and began to toss it about in every direction, until they stopped from very weariness. As for Susie and Bessie, they even brought down their dolls to see the fun; and after throwing the hay, until quite tired out with the unusual exercise, they lay down upon a pile of hay to enjoy the society of the said dolls.

Just as Bessie turned her head to talk to dolly, she caught a glimpse of something moving in the grass, under one of the willow-trees, and, looking again, she spied a nest of young squirrels in a little hole in the ground. They were just about the size of young rats, and nearly of the same color, too; but their eyes were very bright and black, and they tried to cuddle down again into the hole, as if they wished to be out of sight. Bessie fairly screamed with delight, and called Susie to see the wonderful little creatures, although at the evident risk of frightening the poor things out of their wits.

"What are they?" the children exclaimed, in wonder; for they had never seen live squirrels, and the one they had looked at in pictures was generally represented sitting in an upright position, with a thick, bushy tail at its back, while its fore paws held a nut.

"Yonder comes Pat," cried Susie; "I guess he can tell"; and they both screamed, "Pat, Pat!" until the boy stopped, and hallooed to know what was wanted.

"O, just come here, and see what we have found!" they cried again. "Do come, Pat, — there 's a good fellow."

Now Pat was the hired boy, who attended to the cow, and did many jobs about the place. He had only that morning cut the grass. He was pretty good-natured, and so came to see what all this wonderment was about.

"What are they, Pat?" asked Susie; "we think maybe they are field-mice, such as we have read about, only they must be too large."

"No field-mice, I can tell you," said Pat; "they be gray squirrels, and I wonder where the old one 's gone?" With these words, he took one of them into his hands, and smoothed it as if it had been a kitten.

The children were astonished. "Won't they bite?" they asked.

"Bite!" exclaimed the Irish boy. "No, indade, they have n't learned to do that yet. It 's quare where the mother of 'em 's gone."

"Maybe she 's frightened away," suggested Susie.

"Or suppose she 's dead," said Bessie; "then what will become of the poor little things?"

A sudden idea came into Pat's mind, for he took up one of the rakes, and began to turn over the hay, as if in search of her.

"Sure enough," he exclaimed, as he stooped down to pick up something; "here 's the poor thing itsel'; I must ha' kilt her wi' the scythe this mornin'."

The children's hearts were full when they saw the dead squirrel; and, as they knew the young ones must have been a long while without food, Susie ran up to the house at once, to tell the news, and bring a little milk for them. When she returned, she brought also her mother, Maggie, and Daisy, to view the orphaned family.

"What beauties!" said Maggie, taking one of them into her lap, and stroking its soft back. "Let us keep them."

"Can we tame them, Pat?" inquired Susie; who was still rather afraid of them.

"To be sure ye can," he said; "just as well as kittens. Only feed 'em, and stroke 'em that way, and when they get a little older they 'll run afther ye, and slape wi' yees, if ye like."

"O, that 'll be jolly!" cried Daisy, clapping her hands. "Mother, can I have one for myself?"

"Perhaps so," answered Mrs. Gray; "but remember, they are very young, and perhaps they will die."

In the mean time, Maggie had induced one of them to lap a little of the milk, and presently the other two began to do the same, much to the joy of the children, who looked on with great interest.

"Well, Pat," said Mrs. Gray, "you must put some hay in the bottom of a box, for them to lie upon, and we will bring them up to the kitchen."

"O, that will be grand!" cried Daisy, scarcely able to keep still. "Do it right away, Pat, for fear they 'll die."

Thus urged, Pat went to the barn in search of something that would answer, and soon returned with an empty starch-box, nice and clean, in which they placed some of the new hay. The three squirrels were then laid in the

DOCTOR TROTTY.

box, and they curled up into a corner, and tried to bury their heads under the hay. Then Pat closed the lid over them, and carried the box, quite carefully, up to the kitchen, the children all following after. The squirrels were placed where no harm would be likely to reach them, and more milk was brought to tempt their appetites. Having once learned how to lap it up, they satisfied their hunger, and then cuddled up again, and went to sleep.

Daisy could not exactly venture to touch them as yet, they moved so quickly, and looked so sharply at her, out of their bright eyes, as soon as they awoke; but she took her place by the side of the box, more deeply engrossed than she had ever been in any of her previous pets. Susie and Bessie, too, were equally interested; and as there were three squirrels, each claimed one for her own.

When Mr. Gray and Willie came home from town, the incident of the day was related with great feeling by the three little sisters who were to act as foster-mothers to the unfortunate squirrels. The tears came into Daisy's blue eyes as she described the finding of the poor dead creature slain so unintentionally by the scythe.

"Poor little thing!" said Mr. Gray; "she no doubt supposed that she was entirely safe amongst the long grass, or she would have chosen another place to make her nest."

"Poor thing!" echoed Daisy, still wiping away a tear. "Pat ought to have looked where he was going, and then he need n't have killed her."

"But then, Daisy," said Willie, "if he had not killed her, we should n't have found the young ones."

"Why not? Should n't we have seen them all very plainly as soon as the grass was cut? — and it would have been so pretty to see the old one taking care of them!"

"Ha, ha!" laughed Willie. "Why, Daisy, she 'd have taken them all away quickly, I can tell you, when she found the long grass was gone."

"Where could she take them?"

"O, to a hole in the ground, or to some knot-hole in a tree."

"But how would she take such little things? — they could n't run, you know."

"Why, Daisy," he said, "don't you remember how the old cat, at the other house, used to carry her kittens in her mouth?"

"O yes. Do squirrels do that way, too? How sorry I am she died! it would have been such a pretty sight!"

"So it would; but perhaps, if we live here long enough, we may see more of them. I guess they 're quite plenty about here."

"But stay, Willie," said Mr. Gray, who had been listening to the conversation; "I rather think it is a mistake about the way in which the squirrels carry their young from place to place. They belong to a totally different species of animal from the cat. They are among those known as *rodent* or *gnawing* animal, and the shape of their mouths, and the arrangement of their teeth, are very different from those of the carnivorous, or flesh-eating class. I have read that, in the case of some species of squirrels, the mother

has a peculiar method of conveying her little one; she lays it upon its back, and bends over it so closely that the young one can grasp her about the neck with its fore paws, and then, seizing it by the hind legs, she climbs a tree, or carries it into a hole."

"O, how queer that must look!" cried Bessie, very much interested.

The squirrels were a source of great pleasure, and they very soon became exceedingly tame. The children lost all fear of them, and the little creatures would follow them about the house and grounds, and run up on their shoulders without any invitation. After a while, when their teeth had grown, they would take a nut into their paws, and sitting upon their haunches, with their bushy tails erect behind them, would crack the shells and eat the kernels as dexterously as their ancestors had always done before them.

Our little gardeners learned many things besides how to take care of flowers. As the summer went on, many insects appeared, which preyed upon different sorts of plants. The caterpillars seemed to be endless, both in numbers and variety, and made sad havoc among the vines and other plants. Little green worms ate the rose-leaves, until they looked like brown lace, and several of the bushes seemed to be dying, because their leaves had been entirely destroyed.

Now the leaves are to a plant what the lungs are to an animal, and of course, if they are gone, it cannot well exist, much less flourish and bloom; so our young gardeners were obliged to keep a sharp lookout to destroy these insects before they had made too much havoc. Strong soap-suds was of great use in keeping them off, and, as they only made themselves troublesome during the early part of summer, the roses recovered their good looks with a new growth of leaves. Then there were the rose-bugs, which preyed on the blossoms themselves, but which the wrens devoured in large numbers. In the cucumber-patch was found a kind of ugly, stupid bug, which would have destroyed the young plants entirely by eating off the main stems before they had grown to be two inches high. But these were banished by the timely use of some plaster-of-Paris powder, which one of the neighbors told Willie to sprinkle over them. If any of the pests escaped, or made their appearance later in the season, they were likely to be seized by those very useful assistants in a garden, the toads.

Now perhaps there is no creature more generally despised than these very toads, which are so abundant in our gardens. And yet these ugly creatures live upon the caterpillars, snails, bugs, and even small snakes, which do so much towards spoiling the gardens.

Another thing they learned was to spare the spiders, which made their curious webs with so much care among the branches of trees and bushes. True, they sometimes spread them in places so inconvenient and conspicuous that they could not be allowed to stay. And when the webs became very shabby, and were filled with the remains of insects that had been caught there, the children made a practice of brushing them down quite clean; but in the morning the same industrious spiders would have new webs spread out, sparkling in the sunlight with thousands of tiny dew-drops.

All these matters were new to the children, who had never dreamed that spiders could be made useful or entertaining. They liked to watch the fierce-looking fellows, decoying the silly flies into their webs, and then wrapping them around with fine silken threads, until the poor creatures could not move a leg or wing, but were altogether at the mercy of their captors.

Then there were the ants; how industriously they toiled, raising numerous little hills upon the smooth paths! No doubt they were busy in storing a supply of food for the winter, when they would have to live in their hidden houses, deep in the ground. But it was truly wonderful that these tiny creatures could do so much work, and carry such loads as they did.

"You remember what King Solomon said, children," remarked Mr. Gray, as they were examining these ant-hills: "'Go to the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways, and be wise.' Surely he must have studied and admired her management, and I think he could not have chosen a more fitting example of industry."

"No, indeed," said Maggie; "but I wonder if they don't get very tired?"

"Perhaps so, sometimes; yet they seem to be always busy, and never discouraged. If we tread on their hills, and stop up their holes, they will work all night to restore them. You see that the ant keeps three of the Bible commandments: first, not to weary in well-doing, — second, to provide for her own household, — third, not to be slothful in business. We may learn a very useful lesson, if we choose, from these insignificant little ants."

After that, Daisy was more careful about treading on the curious ant-hills, and would pass much of her leisure time in watching the operations of the workers.

CHAPTER IV.

During the spring weather, and until the middle of June, the weather was very favorable for out-door work. There was an occasional rainy day, which did a great deal of good to the flowers, and also to the newly planted trees, raspberries, blackberries, and currants. As for the strawberry-bed, it was quite full of fruit, and the children were counting upon the fun of gathering and eating this, the first product of their garden. Before they were ripe, however, the weather had grown very hot, and our gardeners could not work out of doors after ten o'clock in the morning, even under their broad-brimmed hats.

But this, you know, was just the kind of weather to suit the strawberries. The sun, the great sweetener, was giving flavor and richness to the full-grown berries; if it had not shone brightly upon them for a week or two just then, the strawberries would have been very sour and pale. When the children heard this, they became reconciled to the heat, and, as soon as the fruit had really ripened, the four girls and Willie together made light work of the picking. Although this was the first season for the bed, it

produced a nice dishful every day for two weeks, besides a few quarts for preserving. Next year, the yield would be doubled, and they would have some for their friends in the city too.

Willie, as the farmer, felt very proud of his plantation. An acre and a half was as much to him as one hundred and fifty would have been to some others. He rose early in the morning, and worked steadily with his hoe among the rows of corn, potatoes, onions, cucumbers, and tomatoes; so that by breakfast-time he had a fine appetite. His face had grown brown, and he was stouter and stronger already than when they left the city. For the present, school was set aside, in order that he might recruit a little, and try what country air and country work would do for the pale, slender city lad, who so often complained of headache and weariness. Nowadays nothing was heard of the old troubles, and though he did really work pretty hard, yet in a little while the fatigue had passed away, and he was ready to begin again as vigorously as ever. The girls still called on him whenever there was anything unusual to be done in the way of contriving frames and trellises, and he was too much interested in the appearance of the place to refuse them his assistance.

The arrangement of the flower-beds was according to Mrs. Gray's taste. There were large oval beds, four in number, cut out of the green, grassy lawn, and over each of them one of the little girls exercised supreme control. Whenever the edges needed cutting smooth, where the grass seemed disposed to encroach, Pat was called in with his sharp spade, and soon took off the ragged edges, and made it look like new again; but the planting and weeding and training of the flowers were done by the gardeners themselves. Perhaps Daisy's garden was in better order than any, because every one gave some extra help to the little girl, who could hardly be expected to do as much actual work as her older sisters. When there was a superfluous plant to be disposed of, it was sure to be transferred to her garden, where it flourished famously during the whole season.

In the centre of all these beds had been planted the seeds of certain annual vines, — delicate little climbers, which needed some framework for their support. In one were cypress vines; in another, the purple and white maurandias; in a third, the graceful Alleghany vines; and in the fourth, thunbergias, with their curious buff and black blossoms. By this plan, a great variety was insured, and as they grew, clambering up the frames that Willie had constructed of barrel-hoops, fastened to a central pole, with twine leading up on the outside to form a pyramid, they were very pretty. Every one who came to the place admired this way of arranging them, and it was a daily employment to train the new runners so as to cover up the spaces. But, lest the reader should think that no mishaps ever occurred among our young gardeners, I must relate what happened one night just as these vines were about half-way up the frames.

There had been a long dry season, which threatened to do great harm to the crops, and the grass was beginning to look quite brown and shabby. The neighbors all around were watching the sky every evening, in hopes of

seeing a cloud that might bring the much-needed rain. But they looked in vain for a long time; the sun rose hot and red every morning, and set with very brilliant colors below the clear western horizon.

At length, however, after long waiting there came a heavy shower, accompanied with very high wind and sharp lightning, which continued until night had fairly set in. The children, who had seen laborious service during the dry weather, in filling and carrying their watering-pots many times from the pump to the flower-beds, rejoiced greatly, and enjoyed the sound of the raindrops as they pattered upon the tin roof of the piazza.

"Won't it make everything grow!" exclaimed one to another.

"The roses needed it," said Maggie, who had been grieving over the ravages of the caterpillars.

"And my asters," said Bessie, — "how they have suffered!"

"I think my Drummond phlox will be glad of it," added Susie, who had indeed a beautiful variety in her bed.

"Yes," said Mrs. Gray, "they will all be the better for it, and Daisy's pretty cypress vines will look more charming than ever to-morrow morning."

So they were all glad of the shower, and Willie calculated how much it would help the crops of corn and tomatoes, until bedtime came; and, as the children looked out of their chamber windows, they saw that the storm was over, and the quiet stars were shining again as calmly as ever. The parched earth was busy drinking in refreshment for all her thirsty plants.

Next morning the gardeners were out betimes, but dismay was pictured upon every countenance, as they beheld the effects of the wind. There lay the much-prized frames, with the tender vines clinging to them, flat upon the ground, and several of the plants were entirely uprooted.

The younger children cried aloud, and it was with difficulty that Maggie herself could refrain from tears. The sight was truly disheartening. When their father and mother came out, they found them in real affliction, but began to console them with the assurance that the damage was not past remedy. Upon this they dried their eyes, and ate their breakfast, although Daisy still sobbed a little whenever she thought of it.

Now there is nothing like having an early start in the morning, especially in farm and garden work, and early rising had been the rule ever since the family left the city. So the morning meal was over, and all hands out in the garden, on this occasion, by a little past seven o'clock. The boys raised the prostrate frames, and made them more secure than ever, by driving longer and stronger poles into the ground as central supports. As soon as one was finished, they proceeded to another, until all but Daisy's were in order again. This one was damaged more seriously than the others, for the hoops, that were at best rather weak, had been broken in the fall, and refused to resume a circular shape.

"I know what to do," exclaimed Willie, suddenly throwing down his tools, and starting towards the barn. In one corner of that useful building was stored a promiscuous collection of rubbish. Out of this he took an old, cast-off hoop-skirt, and, cutting off the top portion and belt, he tied strong

twines at intervals along the upper tier of wire. Then carrying it to the garden, he proceeded to the business of erecting an elegant frame for the cypresses.

"Well, I never!" cried Maggie, as she saw him coming with this unheard-of substitute. "What can you be thinking of, Willie?"

"Of making the prettiest frame you ever saw," was the answer; "and winking at Daisy, who stood in uncertain mood, with the tears very near her eyes, he began to cut loose the long strings around which the vines had already twined themselves, to the distance of half a yard from the ground. After cutting them away from the old hoops, he set a strong, tall post for the centre, and it was then an easy thing to hang the new hoops around, securing them in proper style to the top. When this was done, the numerous strings and vines together were tied up over the frame, and in an hour or two the cypress vines were looking as if nothing had happened, only that the shape of the new frame was rather more graceful than the old had been. A little labor with the rake soon removed all traces of footmarks upon the ground. Willie received great praise for his ingenuity and originality, and Mrs. Gray resolved that hereafter old hoops should be considered valuable articles, instead of being consigned to the rubbish-heap.

"Next year," she said, "we will make our frames altogether in this way." So Willie's patent frames became at once very popular.

The presence of so many vines of various kinds afforded them quite an interesting subject of study. Not only were their leaves and blossoms very different, but their methods of climbing. The grapes could be trained upon coarse frames of bars, and would cling to the wood-work by means of long, tough green tendrils, which reached out until they could clasp the support, and then curled up and shortened themselves, so as to draw the branches close to the frame, and hold them securely there. Then the ivies and creepers were furnished at every joint with curious little claws, which could thrust themselves into the hardest wood or stone, and hold on as tightly as if nailed there. The honeysuckles were partly twiners, although only the young shoots seemed to avail themselves of the aid of strings; but the clematis held on to its supports, whether they were strings or some neighboring vine, merely by its leaf-stems, which, as soon as they had found something to clasp, curled around, and secured a position, while the main vine shot farther upwards, to do the same thing again at the next opportunity. The delicate Alleghany vines, and the maurandias, climb like the clematis; but beans, thunbergia, cypress, convolvulus, and many others, can only be trained by means of strings, around which they will wind themselves tightly, always, however, twining the same way, — that is, each vine adheres to its own peculiar direction; and if any one should attempt to twist it the other way, it would steadily refuse to go.

Mrs. Gray's piazza was a nice shady place, and the scarlet and hyacinth beans were in full bloom about the edges of the roof, and over the doorways, by the middle of June. The purple blossoms were very fragrant, but did not present so showy an appearance as the scarlet clusters, which

contrasted brilliantly with the lovely green foliage. Then the sweet clematis came into bloom in August, and the fringe-like Mexican vine in September, furnishing a succession of sweet odors until frost. Before winter came, the tubers of the latter would be dug up and deposited, like potatoes, in the cellar, as they would be killed if left in the ground.

Mrs. Gray was well satisfied with the progress they had made in the ornamentation of their home ; and, indeed, no one who looked at it from the road could have imagined it to be but a year old. Next season there would be some further improvements, however, which she felt would add very much to the beauty and also to the value of the place. Her husband saw plainly that she had not the slightest wish on her own account to return to the city, although his promise still held good. The children, too, were so happy in the country, and so free from restraint, that, for their sake alone, she would have been unwilling to leave the home which they were modelling according to their own ideas of beauty and fitness, and which they felt sure would in time become quite a little paradise.

Author of "Six Hundred Dollars a Year."

DR. TROTTY.

"I DON'T think I like the looks of it," said Trotty, very distinctly.

He meant the baby. It was Aunt Matthews's baby. Aunt Matthews, and Cousin Ginevra, and the baby's nurse, and the baby's trunks, and the baby's carriage, and the baby's crib, *and* the baby, were making a visit at Trotty's house.

They had just gone into the spare chamber to take off their things, and Trotty had hopped up stairs on one foot after them, with an interested air. It struck him that people were making a great fuss over that pink bundle in that freckled woman's lap, — kissing it, and squeezing it, and feeling of its fingers, and chucking it under the chin ; saying how it had grown ! and how much it looked like papa ! and what a little dear it was ! and *see* it laughing at you ! He wondered whether, if he were a pink bundle in a freckled woman's lap, they would pay so much attention to him.

"I 'm four years old, and I 'm going to be five, bime by," he said, feeling that he had been neglected long enough. But nobody listened.

"I 'm four years old. I 've got a tip-cart, and some rubber boots," he continued, severely. "I have free griddle-cakes for breakfast, and I eat my supper down stairs."

But nobody heard that, either. However painful it may be to inflict a gentle reproof upon one's inferiors, it is undoubtedly sometimes a necessity. Trotty, with quiet dignity, crept up behind Aunt Matthews, and jerked her by the waterfall.

"O!" said everybody talking at once, "do let Trotty see the baby. I don't believe he ever saw a baby near enough to touch it in his life."

So they made room for Trotty beside the freckled woman, and he examined the pink bundle with attention. It was a very pink bundle. Its flannel cloak was pink; its crocheted sack was pink; its little knit shoes were pink; its ribbons were pink; its hands were pink; and its face was very pink. It had two great black eyes, a funny little flat nose, no hair to speak of, and no teeth, whether you spoke of them or not. It stared at Trotty for a minute doubtfully; then scowled a little, scowled a little more, scowled very much, wrinkled, writhed, twisted, grew red, grew purple, opened its mouth wide, and screamed at him, then doubled its fists close, and punched him in the face.

"You frighten her, the blessed little dear!" said Aunt Matthews.

"I don't wonder," said Lill; "you've been to the sirup-pitcher, and the quince-jar, and the sugar-bowl, and the apple-barrel, since you washed your face last, to say nothing of the red crayon mark on your neck, and the black one on your nose. You've been at my paint-box, too, I know from the gamboge streak on your forehead, and the pea-green on that front curl."

"No," repeated Trotty, with decision, as he was marched off to the wash-bowl, "I don't like the looks of it, and if God can't find a better-looking baby than that for me, when I'm a man, he need n't throw me down any!"

But by and by the baby had had a nap, and felt better, and Trotty had been washed, and looked better. So they cultivated each other's acquaintance a little further. He sat on a cricket, and looked at the baby, and the baby sat on the floor, and looked at him.

"She makes faces at me," he said, after some thought. "She puts her shoes in her mouth. She eats up all her fingers. I guess they made her of injun-rubber; I pinched her a little to see. She squealed. But then she'll just fit into the tip-cart, and when she cries, why don't they fill her mouth all up with sawdust? It'll go in just as easy! You le' me get some and try."

In the course of a day or two, they were the best of friends. He did take her to ride in the tip-cart, and he did fill her mouth with sawdust, and it did go in "just as easy," though it was another matter to get it out. Nobody has ever dared to inquire how fully he experimented on that baby. It is known that he managed to share all his raw apples and hot cookies with her at luncheon-time; that she cried two nights with colic, in consequence of his feeding her with pickled grapes; that he tied her feet together with a tippet, and made a little face with pen and ink upon every one of her ten finger-nails; that when she was undressed at night she rattled and rolled with cold pennies and marbles, that he had dropped down her neck; and that once, when the nurse was looking the other way, he contrived to lift her into the bath-tub, and turn the faucet on her.

But still no serious harm had happened to the child. Trotty had promised never to give her pickles again; he was very gentle, and did not tease

her, or make her cry, so the grown people, with a little watching, let them play together when they would, and so that Saturday afternoon came when they took the drive to Pomp's Pond.

They all went, — Aunt Matthews, and Ginevra, and Lill, and Lill's mother, and Max. Grandmother was making calls. Trotty delicately hinted that he would like to go to ride too; but there was no room for Trotty. His mother gave him a kiss, and Max gave him a penny, (as if kisses and pennies could make up, O you stupid grown-up men and women! for a ride in mamma's lap, on the front seat, away five miles through the sweet pine woods, and by the dimpled water!) and they drove merrily off and left him.

Trotty stood still for a minute, and looked after them with a crimson flush all over his little face. But he did not cry, — no, little boys, he did not cry one bit, and I think that was better than half a dozen rides. *You* don't think so? No, I know it; but it is true for all that.

Trotty turned round, and went slowly up stairs. Biddy was in the kitchen, and the baby and Kathleen — that was the freckled woman's pleasant name, and she was a pleasant-looking freckled woman, too — were in the nursery. Trotty came in, dragging his toes on the carpet in a melancholy manner, sat down in the corner on top of Jerusalem, and, for about five minutes, refused to be comforted. Then the baby crept up and pulled his longest curl, — it was precisely in the middle behind, and she could just reach it, — and pulled his fingers, and pulled his shoe-strings, and gurgled at him, and giggled at him, and crowed at him, and coughed at him, — and in five minutes more he was shoving her under the bed, in a rather tight-fitting mending-basket, as vigorously and as happily as if he had never heard of Pomp's Pond in his life.

By and by the grocer's boy drove into the back yard. Kathleen was sitting by the window, looking out.

"Trotty," said she, laying down her work, "I 've got a dress of me own that wants ironin' for the Sunday. You be a good boy, now, and don't let nothing happen to the baby, till I come back."

So Kathleen took a pretty light calico of hers from the closet, threw it jauntily over one arm, tied a blue ribbon around her waterfall, and went down stairs singing.

Presently Trotty was tired of shoving the baby under the bed.

"O, I tell you," said he, "le' 's play Dr. Trotty. You stay in mending-basket till I get ready, and ven you be a winfidel, and I 'll come to see you."

The baby, not being very well able to offer a contrary opinion, stayed in the mending-basket, and Trotty went away to make a doctor of himself. Up garret in the first place. He knew something about a long dressing-gown, folded away carefully in the blue trunk; he had watched his mother through the crack of the door, when she put the camphor in it at house-cleaning time. It had been his father's, that soft merino dressing-gown, but Trotty saw in that no reason why he should not play Dr. Trotty in it. Of course his

pretty dead papa would let him! In fact, Trotty had a vague idea that he must have died before it was worn out on purpose that his little boy might have it that bright spring afternoon. So he pulled it out of the blue trunk (catching it on the lock, and tearing it in three separate and very large places), and crept into it. It dragged a half-yard on the dusty floor behind, and it took him the rest of the afternoon to find his arms; but he managed to make his way down stairs, a step at a time, and into the medicine-closet.

Ugh! that medicine-closet! What ghosts of croup, and measles, and green apples, and mince-pie, and "'lixy Pro," stalked through its dark shelves! Trotty looked about with great eyes. He thought what fun it would be to take all those bottles away in a bushel-basket that he knew of, and jump up and down on them with his leather boots. He laid the brilliant idea aside, however, for future use, and climbed up on the drawers, to take down the homœopathic box that stood on the lower shelf. It was a neat little well-worn homœopathic box, with a great many bits of bottles in it. Most of these were empty, but two of them held a white powder, and one of them some dark yellow liquid. Trotty took the box to the great silver pitcher on the dining-room sideboard, and filled the empty bottles with water, and corked them tightly.

He put on Max's rubber boots after that; they came nearly up to his neck. Then he put on Max's tall hat, and that came just about to the tops of the boots. Then he put his box under his arm, and started for the nursery. He stopped a moment, and looked at that box. He wondered, with some interest, precisely what his mother was going to say when she came home.

He forgot all about that, though, when he came to go up the stairs. Such a time as he had climbing those stairs! First he trod on the dressing-gown with one foot, and fell flat, and bumped his nose; then he trod on it with the other foot, and fell down and bumped his nose again; then he trod on it with both feet, and tripped up, and sat down hard. Then Max's hat slipped down to his neck, — O, how dark it was inside that hat! — and he pushed it up, and it slipped down again, and he jerked it up, and it jerked down; then the long sleeves of the dressing-gown folded up on the outside so that he lost his fingers altogether, and while he was trying to find them, down went the hat again; then he dropped the medicine-box, and tipped out all the bottles, and when he stooped to pick them up, down came the hat; then he tried to climb up on "all fours," and his rubber boots fell off behind and flopped from stair to stair. He sat down in despair to watch them hopping down, when darkness fell, and there was that hat.

However, he managed, with a patience worthy of a better cause, to gain the nursery door at last. The baby, in her mending-basket, lay with her face all puckered into a red knot, crying.

"Good afternoon, mum," said Dr. Trotty. "I 'm sorry to find you so sick, mum. You should say, 'How do you do, Dr. Trotty?' and let me see your tongue."

This, by the way, was a most unnecessary remark, for one could see, not only the baby's tongue, but three quarters of the way down the baby's

screaming throat. Trotty lifted her out of the basket, and gravely put one of Lill's dolls' pewter spoons into her mouth. He had n't the shadow of an idea what for, you know; but he had seen Dr. Bryonia use a spoon when Max had the diphtheria, and he supposed that it was the proper thing to do. The baby did n't like the taste of the spoon, and sputtered and wriggled and screamed harder than ever.

"Your tongue is quite serious, mum," said Dr. Trotty, — "quite serious. And your pulps," — he pinched her right elbow several times, — "your pulps, mum, is *horrid!* You 'll have to be a good boy, and take this medicine, — I mean girl, — and not kick the tumbler over, like I did the day after I got at the sardine-box, — and so you 'll get well, you see, and have some candy."

He filled the pewter spoon from the bottles of water, and gave the baby a dose. This was very easy, you see, because her mouth was open so wide, that all he had to do was to put the spoon in and tip it over; she was crying so hard, that she must either swallow it, or choke. Trotty found the process quite entertaining.

By and by he did not care about feeding her with a spoon any more; she had stopped crying, and the fun was gone.

"I s'pose you 'll have to take a whole bottleful this time," he said, hopefully. "You might die, if you did n't, 'n' when I tip it bottom up'ards, it comes out just as cunning! — you see, now!"

Just as he put his hand into the box to take out one of the bottles of water, that hat went down to his shoulders. In the dark he emptied the bottle down the baby's throat. In the dark he heard her gasp and cry out. When he pushed up the hat — O the poor baby! the poor baby! — it was not the bottle of water that he had given her, but the bottle — nearly empty now — of yellow medicine. Across the yellow bottle a yellow label was pasted, and on it in distinct, black letters was a word which Trotty could not read, — Aconite.

Kathleen was just telling the grocer's boy what a saucy fellow he was, when the kitchen door opened slowly, and a very white little face peeped in, under a great hat.

"You 'd better come up to the baby," it said, faintly; "she 's squealin' and kickin' all in a heap on the floor. We were playing Dr. Trotty, and — "

"O my good gracious!" Kathleen ran up stairs, three steps at a time, and her face was as white as the baby's little doctor's when she came to where the baby lay.

The carryall drove into the yard just as the grocer's boy was driving out. Kathleen's sobs came down through the open window, and the baby's gasping scream. Aunt Matthews was up stairs in less time than it takes to say so. Kathleen was wringing her helpless hands. Trotty, extinguished by his hat, sat behind the bed, and the baby, in convulsions, was writhing on the floor. The cry ran through the house: "Poisoned! Poisoned! Oh! the baby 's poisoned!"

Then there was the sound of Max galloping for Dr. Bryonia, — of Dr.

Bryonia galloping back, — of quick orders, and sobs, and cries, and steps running to and fro. By and by, silence, and Dr. Bryonia coming slowly down stairs, and driving slowly away.

They hunted all over the house for poor little Dr. Trotty. His mother found at last, in a corner, a queer little figure, all hat and boots, sitting with its face to the wall.

"Trotty," said she.

He made no answer.

"Trotty, the baby — "

Trotty tumbled into her lap, hat, and boots, and all, and buried his face under her arm.

"O, I did n't mean to kill her, I did n't *mean* to kill her! O mamma, mamma, mamma! I was only going to be Dr. Trotty, and ve homeopoptic box got tipped about, and ve old hat fell down, and ven sumfin was 'e matter to her all to once, and — "

"Why, Trotty, hush! the baby is n't dead. There, don't cry so! Dr. Bryonia has given her some medicine, and he thinks God won't let her die now. Come! put both your hands in mother's, and we 'll kneel right down here and thank Him."

E. Stuart Phelps.

CINDERELLA.

CINDERELLA! Cinderella!
How the heart of childhood rings
To that legend, quaint and olden,
Her sweet history that sings!

Meek and innocent young creature,
Moving on her duteous way, —
Gently, cheerly, at her labor,
Singing like the birds in May.

Victim to those heartless sisters, —
Dearer to our hearts for that, —
She who, overtasked, neglected,
In the chimney-corner sat.

Service mean and thankless, ever
Uncomplainingly she bore;
Mattered not the outward clothing
That so pure a spirit wore.

For humility and goodness
  Did her inward soul possess ;
And they clothed her form with beauty
  Hidden not by poorest dress.

Each in her luxurious chamber,
  Where the walls with mirrors shone,
Every night the sinful sisters
  Slept on curtained beds of down.

But their souls, disturbed by envy,
  Vain desires, and selfish cares,
Knew no virtuous aspirations, —
  No bright-visioned sleep was theirs.

To her poor, ill-furnished garret,
  Nightly, Cinderella crept ;
There, upon her lowly pallet,
  In her innocence she slept.

And around her bed uncurtained
  Fell a drapery from above,
Flung by guardian angels round her, —
  Atmosphere of peace and love !

When the royal invitations
  Summoned to the pageant ball,
And none came to Cinderella,
  Fairest maiden of them all,

And the Godmother, perceiving
  Sadness in her downward glance,
Proffered fairy aid unto her,
  So to share the mazy dance,

How, through tears and blushes smiling,
  Yielding to the Fairy's mood,
Startled by those incantations,
  Pleased, yet all amazed, she stood !

While in magic folds about her
  Robes of priceless splendor flowed,
And among her wavy tresses
  Wreathéd pearls and jewels glowed.

Nor deceptive these adornments ;
  For the fair and bright outside
Typed the inward truth and beauty
  Envy sought so long to hide.

How she laughed to see converted
  Into steeds those vermin small,
And the green and lazy lizards
  Into footmen slim and tall !

How confidingly she entered
  That frail coach of pumpkin made,

With the whiskered, long-tailed coachman,
  All in livery arrayed !

Then, arriving at the palace,
  With what joy her bright eyes glance, —
Of her beauty all unconscious,
  Caring only for the dance !

Like a bird her young heart fluttering,
  'Gainst its prison wildly beat ;
She, amid the mazy measures,
  Lightly led with flying feet.

Harp and viol swelled unfaltering, —
  Still she danced, and wearied not,
Still pursued the sweet enticement,
  And *the fleeting hours forgot !*

Like a knell the tongue of midnight
  Smote upon her startled ear ;
Then she fled, pursuit eluding,
  Swift as flies the frighted deer.

All a dream she might have deemed it,
  Vanished when the night was o'er, —
But that, safely, one glass slipper
  Yet on slender foot she wore.

Came at last the hour of trial,
  When the eager sisters vied
Which should wear the tiny slipper
  So to test the chosen bride.

Marvelled they when Cinderella,
  Blushing, smiling, took the shoe,
Slipped it on, and from her bosom
  Its companion gently drew.

Cinderella ! Every nursery
  With the charming story rings ;
In it lies a lesson finer
  Than the mere delight it brings ;

Showing how all work is noble,
  If it be but nobly done,
And all high position worthless,
  Not by truth and goodness won.

Mrs. A. M. Wells.

SIXTY-TWO LITTLE TADPOLES.

LOOK at this mass of white jelly, floating in a bowl of pond water. It is clear and delicate, formed of little globes the size of peas, held together in one rounded mass. In each globe is a black dot.

I have it all in my room, and I watch it every day. Before a week passes, the black dots have lengthened into little fishy bodies, each lying curled in his globe of jelly; for these globes are eggs, and these dots are soon to be little living animals; we will see of what kind.

Presently they begin to jerk backwards and forwards, and perform such simple gymnastics as the small accommodations of the egg will allow, and at last one morning, to my delight, I find two or three of the little things free from the egg, and swimming, like so many tiny fishes, in my bowl of water. How fast they come out now! five this morning, but twenty to-night, and thrice as many to-morrow. The next day I conclude that the remaining eggs will not hatch; for they still show only dull, dead-looking dots; so, reluctantly, I throw them away, wash out my bowl, and fill it anew with pond water. But, before doing this, I had to catch all my little family, and put them safely into a tumbler to remain during their house-cleaning. This was hard work, but I accomplished it with the help of a teaspoon, and soon restored them to a fresh, clean home.

It would be difficult to tell you all their history, for never did little things grow faster, or change more wonderfully, than they.

One morning, I found them all arranged round the sides of the bowl in regular military ranks, as straight and stiff as a company on dress parade. It was then that I counted them, and discovered that there were just sixty-two.

You would think, at first sight, that these sixty-two brothers and sisters were all exactly alike; but, after watching them awhile, you see that one begins to distinguish himself as stronger and more advanced than any of the others, — the captain, perhaps, of the military company. Soon he sports a pair of little feathery gills on each side of his head, as a young officer might sport his mustache; but these gills, unlike the mustache, are for use as well as for ornament, and serve him as breathing tubes.

How the little fellow grows! — no longer a slim little fish, but quite a portly tadpole, with rounded body and long tail, but still with no expression in his blunt-nosed face, and only two black-looking pits where the eyes are to grow.

The others are not slow to follow their captain's example. Day after day some new little fellow shows his gills, and begins to swim by paddling with his tail in a very stylish manner.

And now a sad thing happens to my family of sixty-two, — something which would never have happened had I left the eggs at home in their own pond; for there there are plenty of tiny water plants, whose little leaves and stems serve for many a delicious meal to young tadpoles. I did not feed them, not knowing what to give them, and half imagining that they could live very well upon water only; and so it happened that one morning, when I was taking

them out with a spoon as usual, to give them fresh water, I counted only fifty. Where were the others?

At the bottom of the bowl lay a dozen little tails, and I was forced to believe that the stronger tadpoles had taken their weaker brothers for supper.

I did n't like to have my family broken up in this way, and yet I did n't at that time know what to give them; so the painful proceeding was not checked, and day after day my strongest tadpoles grew even stronger, and the tails of the weaker lay at the bottom of the bowl.

The captain throve finely, had clear, bright eyes, lost his feathery gills, and showed through his thin skin that he had a set of excellent legs folded up inside. At last, one day, he kicked out the two hind ones, and after that was never tired of displaying his new swimming powers. The fore legs followed in due time; and when all this was done, the tail, which he no longer needed to steer with, dropped off, and my largest tadpole became a little frog.

His brothers and sisters, such of them as were left (for, I grieve to say, he had required a great many hearty meals to enable him to reach the frog state), followed his illustrious example as soon as they were able; and then, of course, my little bowl of water was no suitable home for them; so away they went out into the grass, among the shallow pools and into the swamps. I never knew exactly where, and I am afraid that, should I meet even my progressive little captain again, I should hardly recognize him, so grown and altered he would be. He no longer devours his brothers, but, with a tongue as long as his body, seizes slugs and insects, and swallows them whole.

In the winter he sleeps with his brothers and sisters, with the bottom of some pond or marsh for a bed, where they all pack themselves away, hundreds together, laid so closely that you can't distinguish one from another.

But early in the spring you may hear their loud croaking; and when the March sun has thawed the ice from the ponds, the mother-frogs are all very busy with their eggs, which they leave in the shallow water, — round, jelly-like masses, like the one I told you of at the beginning of this story, made up of hundreds and hundreds of eggs, for the frog mother hopes for a large family of children, and she knows, by sad experience, that no sooner are they born than the fishes snap them up by the dozen; and even after they have found their legs, and begin to feel old and competent to take care of themselves, the snakes and the weasels will not hesitate to take two or three for a breakfast, if they come in the way. So you see the mother-frog has good reason for laying so many eggs.

The toads too, who, by the way, are cousins to the frogs, come down in April to lay their eggs also in the water, — long necklaces of a double row of fine transparent eggs, each one showing its black dot, which is to grow into a tadpole, and swim about with its cousins, the frog tadpoles, while they all look so much alike that I fancy their own mothers do not know them apart.

I once picked up a handful of them and took them home. One grew up to be a charming little tree-toad, while some of his companions gave good promise, by their big, awkward forms, of growing by and by into great bull-frogs.

Author of "Seven Little Sisters."

LITTLE NANNIE.

Words by Lucy Larcom. Music by F. Boott.

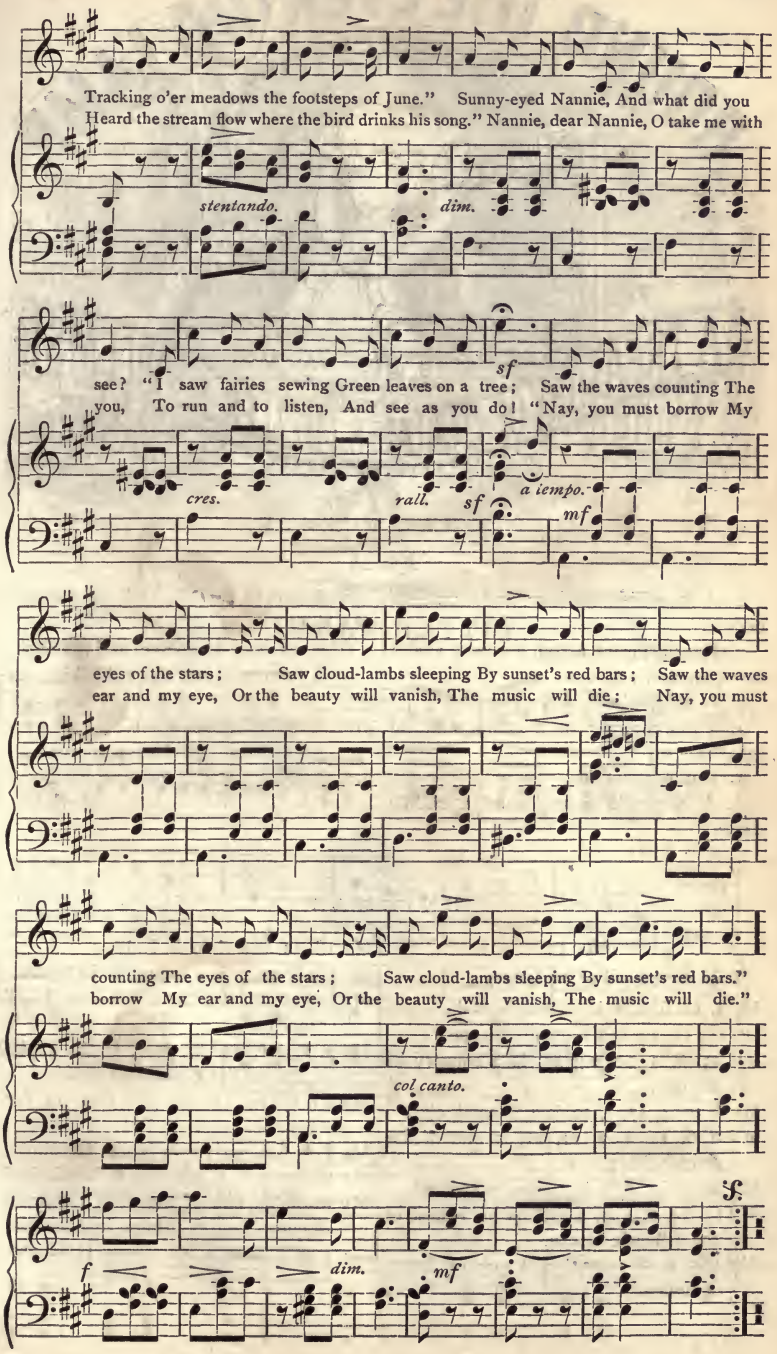
Allegretto

mf

sf

mf Fawn-footed Nannie, O where have you been? "Chasing the sunbeams in-
Listening Nannie? And what did you hear? "I heard the rain asking a

to the glen; Plunging through silver lakes after the moon;
rose to appear; Heard the woods tell when the wind whistled wrong;


Tracking o'er meadows the footsteps of June." Sunny-eyed Nannie, And what did you
Heard the stream flow where the bird drinks his song." Nannie, dear Nannie, O take me with
stentando.
dim.
see? "I saw fairies sewing Green leaves on a tree; Saw the waves counting The
you, To run and to listen, And see as you do! "Nay, you must borrow My
sf
cres.
rall.
sf
a tempo.
mf
eyes of the stars; Saw cloud-lambs sleeping By sunset's red bars; Saw the waves
ear and my eye, Or the beauty will vanish, The music will die; Nay, you must
counting The eyes of the stars; Saw cloud-lambs sleeping By sunset's red bars."
borrow My ear and my eye, Or the beauty will vanish, The music will die."
col canto.
f
dim.
mf
ff

FLORAL PUZZLE.

No. 32.

1. A travelling carriage, and a body of people.
2. Four fifths of a fop, a vowel, and a fierce animal.
3. A wild animal, and a gauntlet.
4. Three fourths of a camp, and an essayist.
5. Damp affection.
6. A domestic animal, and a child's dress.
7. A part of speech, and three fourths of a river.
8. A measure in poetry, and a vowel.
9. A farm-product, and a drinking-vessel.
10. A make-believe stone.
11. An element, and its inhabitant.
12. A foreign star of many colors.

M. B. G.

ENIGMAS.

No. 33.

I am composed of 25 letters.

My 3, 10, 6, 2, 7, is a strait in Asia.
My 16, 12, 23, is a river in Europe.
My 13, 6, 5, 20, 24, 25, is a country in Europe.
My 8, 10, 4, 17, 1, 10, is a Spanish city.
My 9, 6, 19, 4, 7, 11, 21, is one of the British Isles.
My 24, 4, 22, 5, 6, is a cape in Ireland.
My 14, 24, 2, 4, 7, 15, 1, is an island in the Atlantic Ocean.
My 1, 5, 6, 9, 19, 11, is a gulf in South America.
My 18, 12, is a river in Italy.
My 17, 8, 20, 7, is a mountain in Sicily.
My 25, 6, 9, 19, is a lake in North America.
My 3, 12, 11, 24, 10, 6, 1, is the capital of one of the Eastern States.
My 10, 15, 14, 12, 20, is a river in Vermont.
My 8, 7, 6, is a river in North Carolina.
My 18, 22, 5, 6, 4, is a river in Mississippi.
My whole is one of the most important documents ever printed in America.

G. E. P.

No. 34.

Do with care my 1, 2, 3,
When a lesson hard you see.
4, 5, 6, and 7, is spread
O'er the weary soldier's head.

Business should move briskly when
You behold my 8, 9, 10.
Drop 11, my little man,
Saying for "I can't," "I can."
These eleven letters small
Shape me, — wealth enough for all.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 35.

ANSWERS.

26. 1. Marigold.
2. Candytuft.
3. Calla.
4. Lupine.
5. Hollyhock.
6. Oleander.
7. Chamomile.
8. Larkspur.
9. Dutchman's pipe.
10. Turk's cap.
11. Laburnum.
12. London pride.

27. Cotillon.

28. If any man attempts to haul down the American flag, shoot him on the spot.

29. The letter R.

30. April.

31. Those who tell all they know too often tell more. [(Tea) (hose) W (hotel) (awl) T (hay) (note) ooo (F) (ten) (Tell) (mower).]

It is surely spring, whatever the weather may be, for a little girl in Pennsylvania writes to us thus: —

"As I was riding home from church to-day (we live in the country), I saw on a tree some blossoms which were very much like pussy-willows. I cannot say positively that they were, because it seems so early for them. My sister found some alders a day or two ago, which come about the same time the pussy-willows do."

No, it is n't too early for pussy-willows, but almost too late for them, even in New England. "Virginia's" letter is dated March 21st, and here are some verses from one of Whittier's poems, written March 1st, 1857, which show how early the willow and alder-blossoms are on the banks of the Merrimack: —

"For ages on our river-borders,
These tassels in their tawny bloom,
And willowy studs of downy silver,
Have prophesied of spring to come.

"For ages have the unbound waters
Smiled on them from their pebbly hem,
And the clear carol of the robin
And song of blue-bird welcomed them."

These soft, gray tree-buds are only forerunners of the gayer spring-flowers, which our little Pennsylvania friend is perhaps gathering to-day. She finds the snowy, rose-tinted spring-beauty, probably, — a flower that Massachusetts children know nothing about. And farther West, there is the tiny moccason-flower, and such a show of flame-red painted cups in the prairie-grass! At the South, there are brighter blossoms still.

We should like to have the children in different parts of the country write to us about the wild-flowers they are finding, from month to month. We will arrange them, as well as we can, in one great bouquet, for all to enjoy. Only think of the variety we shall have, if we get a description of all the wild-flowers in bloom at once in Maine and Wisconsin and Carolina and Kansas and Florida! Tell us of the first blossoms you find, for the sweetest are almost always the earliest, as well as the most familiar. Violets, for instance, — the darlings of spring, — grow everywhere.

We have some very pleasant letters from our little friends, that we wish we could copy entire. Lulu R.'s is one of these, and so is Mary Helen H.'s. From "Pussy Willow's" we must take a few paragraphs, because she gives so good an idea of her Missouri home.

"De Kalb Co., Missouri,
March 2, 1869.

"Dear 'Young Folks': —

"We have only been living here for about a year, and things seemed so strange at first! The odd dialect of the 'native inhabitants' amused us greatly, while ours to them was equally amusing.

"They call afternoon 'evening,' and a shower a 'right smart sprinkle.' Everything is 'right smart' with them. One of the most expressive of their terms is 'plumb-full.' If they think you have said anything about right, it is either 'You bet,' or 'Your head 's about level.'

"But, dear 'Young Folks,' they do have one thing here that is magnificent. That is their prairie-fires, — sometimes far off, lighting up the horizon, and sometimes so near that we can hear the flames, which roar and crackle as if they were burning pine-boughs, and ever and anon leaping forth like numberless serpents eager for their prey. It is a sight well worth coming West to see.

"I send you a new conundrum: Why is a prairie like a good conscience? Because it is void of offence (a fence).

"Long life to 'Our Young Folks,' and many good wishes from

"Pussy Willow."

"Gardening for Girls" is full of useful hints for the present season, and will doubtless interest our readers still more, from month to month. Our friends, the "Grays," are making a little Eden of their suburban home.

Young folks about here, who are planning their gardens for the coming season, will find help in the "Amateur Cultivator's Guide," published by Washburn & Co., Seed Merchants, Boston. It contains a descriptive list of two thousand varieties of flower and vegetable seeds, and furnishes illustrations of many of the rarer plants. In our tardy May, it is a pleasure even to run over these dry pages of botanical names. They form for us a better sort of herbarium, where the flowers are all wide awake, and bloom in fancy as they never could in reality.

Since the days of Adam and Eve, it has been an instinct with almost everybody to wish for a patch of ground "to dress and to keep." But editors can usually find time only for imaginary flower-gardens. And why not "Gardens in Spain" as well as "Chateaux" in the same remote region? They are just as cheap, and a great deal less dangerous; for villas and castles, even though built in the air, give us weak-headed mortals something of a shock, when they fall.

But we shall be just as much interested to hear of our readers' success in sowing, and planting, and weeding, as if our own flowers grew in solid earth.

Our readers will surely be pleased to hear from "Trotty" again, although, like many another young doctor, he is so unfortunate as almost to kill his first patient.

Miss Phelps knows how to paint a child's picture to the life. Even the "Gates Ajar" would not be so delightful a book as it is, were little "Faith" left out of it.

Many parents and teachers will welcome the publication, in one unabridged volume, of Conybeare and Howson's "Life and Epistles of Saint Paul." We have seen a group of young girls, aided by this volume, tracing the journeyings and resting-places of the Apostle with all the interest they would have shown in a vivid description of a friend's tour through Europe. And to ourselves, the voyages of Ulysses and Æneas, and the war-travels of Julius Cæsar, seem no more wonderful, as stories, than these adventurous wanderings of the most remarkable teacher and preacher Christendom has ever known.

This is no dry exposition or commentary. The scenery of the East rises freshly before us, "the snowy distances of Taurus, the broad Orontes, under the shadow of its steep banks with their thickets of jessamine and oleanders," as well as "the olives of Attica and the green Isthmian pines of Corinth." And the life and customs of the ancient cities where Paul preached are present to sight as we read. The character of the Apostle himself stands out clearer in its large, manly simplicity, seems more human and friendly, thus revealed in his "Life and Letters."

The "Acts and Epistles" would not be a tedious study to young persons, if they always had a "Conybeare and Howson" at hand to help them.

The publishers of the above (Scribner & Co., of New York) have issued two very instructive volumes of another kind, — Marion's "Wonders of Optics," and De Fonvielle's "Thunder and Lightning." Any boy — or girl either — who wants to understand the telescope, the stereoscope, the magic-lantern, the construction of the eye, and the laws of light, or to read strange stories and see curious pictures of the doings of electricity, had better get these books.

It will require much more time than we had supposed would be necessary to arrange and decide upon the Prize Puzzles. In the June number the successful competitors will be announced, and as many of the Prize Rebuses, Charades, etc. as we can make room for will then appear.

Bessie H. writes thus: "The other day Papa was looking over the April number and he laughed and said that he had found out one of the charades he said it was April and Mama said she found that out only she called it 'Monkey brook' and then we had a great laugh. I shall be fourteen years old next June and I am going to try for the prize and I hope I shall succeed. At least Mama says it will help me learn to write."

Don't be offended, Bessie, because we have printed this paragraph from your letter exactly as you wrote it. If you do get a prize, the punctuation, and everything else about your composition, must be just right; and by reading this in print you will, perhaps, see what is needed.

No prize will be given for a composition which requires *any* correction on our part. That is to say, the spelling, punctuation, and grammar must be right, and the sentences must be properly put together. Of course something besides correctness is also very necessary to insure success. But those who prove unsuccessful in winning what we offer, and yet learn, by endeavoring to do so, to express their thoughts clearly, will gain something much more valuable than all our prizes put together.

"Jessie" and others are informed that competitors may send in their papers as soon as they choose. If not labelled as directed in the April number, they will be likely to get thrown aside. None of these prize-compositions will, for any reason, be returned. We prefer to have but one composition from each writer; and two prizes will not be given to the same person. We have no preference with regard to the kind of composition, but of the three mentioned we think the Dialogue will be the most difficult to bring up to the standard of "very good."

The offer of prizes for compositions is made only to this year's subscribers for our Magazine.

"WILLY WISP" offers the following rejoinder to "Hitty Maginn." Our readers will doubtless be glad to get the hints about rebus-making dropped on both sides of this good-natured controversy.

EDITORS "OUR YOUNG FOLKS":

The particulars in which *Hitty Maginn* differs from me in rebus-making are but trifling. I also think it better to represent words *as much as possible* by the (1) sound of symbols; and of course the more (2) incongruity between the symbol and its solution the more agreeable the surprise of those who solve it.

Still there are objections to restricting pictorial expressions entirely to sound, and rejecting all spelling devices. As language written is more correct than language spoken, so does an *ear* and a *nest* more reliably represent *earnest* than an *urn* and *nest;* for the reason that words are pronounced differently by different persons and in different sections of a country. There is not room to enter into details of this nature here. Let me ask, however, were *Hitty* to represent *senate*, as it is pronounced in the West, by sound, that is, by a *cent*, what New England person would possibly guess the symbol? Or, should she represent *which* by h-*witch*, — a perfect phonographical exponent, — who would not think it a mistake of the designer? Such is the dominion the eye holds over the ear, forcing upon us the delusion that the *w* sound in *which* precedes the *h* sound, when the contrary is the fact. And I say nothing, here, of the five hundred words of doubtful pronunciation in our language.

But I admit these are not serious objections to such a restriction, as they would be were heavy wills made in rebus-language, instead of its being the language of pastime. The chief objection is that in shutting out everything that is not purely classical, as we might term this "sound" method, we exclude such expressions as *tall curs* for *talkers; poster* in *posterity; a swell* for *as well; comet o* for *come to; effigy* for *FIG;* D *reads* (peruses) for *dreads; o fat hens* for *of Athens; gallon t lion* for *gallantly on*, etc., — aptly introduced discords, may we call them? which have, doubtless, delighted thousands of readers of "Our Young Folks." In the Appendix of Roget's Thesaurus there are forty-one pages of cant expressions, etc., which are in use in our language. The expressions I would allow interspersed in rebuses are of this vigorous nature; they are "not classical," but are, nevertheless, admissible, for all that.

If I understand *Hitty*, she would not represent letters by music or in any other indirect way. Is she not at fault here, and would not her second rebus be improved by illustrating her written F by two hands placed to signify that labial as is done by deaf mutes (two-handed method)? It is perchance owing to this slight defect of theory that *Hitty* is guilty of, on page 272, the infelicitous expression of T H R for "thar."

My critic would say that *t* and a *hat* for *that* was "illegitimate," because *th* is a double character standing for a simple sound quite unlike the successive sounds of *t* and *h* as separate letters. But there is really no reason why the letters should not *spell th* in *that* when put together by the engraver as well as by the printer.

But it seems that *Hitty* has found her rule rather difficult to live up to, for she has palpably violated it in her third effort, having *spelled* our Chief Justice by a *salmon* (sam-mun); or is she really in the habit of pronouncing *Salmon* without the *l*? Perhaps by redoubling her efforts she may do better next time. WILLY WISP.

Questions and answers in abundance are waiting for room in "Our Letter Box."

If this fashionable lady is closely questioned, the title of what celebrated play will she reveal?

THE SNOW FORT ON SLATTER'S HILL.

DRAWN BY S. EYTINGE, JR.]

[See "THE STORY OF A BAD BOY."

Public Library,

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

An Illustrated Magazine

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

VOL. V. JUNE, 1869. No. VI.

THE STORY OF A BAD BOY.

CHAPTER XI.

ALL ABOUT GYPSY.

THIS record of my life at Rivermouth would be strangely incomplete did I not devote an entire chapter to Gypsy. I had other pets, of course; for what healthy boy could long exist without numerous friends in the animal kingdom? I had two white mice that were forever gnawing their way out of a pasteboard *chateau*, and crawling over my face when I lay asleep. I used to keep the pink-eyed little beggars in my bedroom, greatly to the annoyance of Miss Abigail, who was constantly fancying that one of the mice had secreted itself somewhere about her person.

I also owned a dog, a terrier, who managed in some inscrutable way to pick a quarrel with the moon, and on bright nights kept up such a ki-yi-ing in our back garden, that we were finally forced to dispose of him at private sale. He was purchased by Mr. Oxford, the butcher. I protested against the arrangement, and ever afterwards, when we had sausages from Mr. Oxford's shop, I made believe I detected in them certain evidences that Cato had been foully dealt with.

Of birds I had no end, — robins, purple-martins, wrens, bulfinches, bobolinks, ringdoves, and pigeons. At one time I took solid comfort in the

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by FIELDS, OSGOOD, & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

iniquitous society of a dissipated old parrot, who talked so terribly, that the Rev. Wibird Hawkins, happening to get a sample of Poll's vituperative powers, pronounced him "a benighted heathen," and advised the Captain to get rid of him. A brace of turtles supplanted the parrot in my affections; the turtles gave way to rabbits; and the rabbits in turn yielded to the superior charms of a small monkey, which the Captain bought of a sailor lately from the coast of Africa.

But Gypsy was the prime favorite, in spite of many rivals. I never grew weary of her. She was the most knowing little thing in the world. Her proper sphere in life — and the one to which she ultimately attained — was the sawdust arena of a travelling circus. There was nothing short of the three R's, reading, 'riting, and 'rithmetic, that Gypsy could n't be taught. The gift of speech was not hers, but the faculty of thought was. She combined the wisdom of the serpent with the harmlessness of the dove.

My little friend, to be sure, was not exempt from certain graceful weaknesses, inseparable, perhaps, from the female character. She was very pretty, — and she knew it. She was also passionately fond of dress, — by which I mean her best harness. When she had this on, her curvetings and prancings were laughable, though in ordinary tackle she went along demurely enough. There was something in the enamelled leather and the silver-washed mountings that chimed with her artistic sense. To have her mane braided, and a rose or a pansy stuck into her forelock, was to make her too conceited for anything.

She had another trait not rare among her sex. She liked the attentions of young gentlemen, while the society of girls bored her. She would drag them, sulkily, in the cart; but as for permitting one of them in the saddle, the idea was preposterous. Once when Pepper Whitcomb's sister, in spite of our remonstrances, ventured to mount her, Gypsy gave a little indignant neigh, and tossed the gentle Emma heels over head in no time. But with any of the boys the mare was as docile as a lamb.

Her treatment of the several members of the family was comical. For the Captain she entertained a wholesome respect, and was always on her good behavior when he was around. As to Miss Abigail, Gypsy simply laughed at *her*, — literally laughed, contracting her upper lip and displaying all her snow-white teeth, as if something about Miss Abigail struck her, Gypsy, as being extremely ridiculous.

Kitty Collins, for some reason or another, was afraid of the pony, or pretended to be. The sagacious little animal knew it, of course, and frequently, when Kitty was hanging out clothes near the stable, the mare, being loose in the yard, would make short plunges at her. Once Gypsy seized the basket of clothes-pins with her teeth, and rising on her hind legs, pawing the air with her fore feet, followed Kitty clear up to the scullery steps.

That part of the yard was shut off from the rest by a gate; but no gate was proof against Gypsy's ingenuity. She could let down bars, lift up latches, draw bolts, and turn all sorts of buttons. This accomplishment rendered it hazardous for Miss Abigail or Kitty to leave any eatables on the

kitchen table near the window. On one occasion Gypsy put in her head and lapped up six custard pies that had been placed by the casement to cool.

An account of my young lady's various pranks would fill a thick volume. A favorite trick of hers, on being requested to "walk like Miss Abigail," was to assume a little skittish gait so true to nature that Miss Abigail herself was obliged to admit the cleverness of the imitation.

The idea of putting Gypsy through a systematic course of instruction was suggested to me by a visit to the circus which gave an annual performance in Rivermouth. This show embraced, among its attractions, a number of trained Shetland ponies, and I determined that Gypsy should likewise have the benefit of a liberal education. I succeeded in teaching her to waltz, to fire a pistol by tugging at a string tied to the trigger, to lie down dead, to wink one eye, and to execute many other feats of a difficult nature. She took to her studies admirably, and enjoyed the whole thing as much as anybody.

The monkey was a perpetual marvel to Gypsy. They became bosom-friends in an incredibly brief period, and were never easy out of each other's sight. Prince Zany — that 's what Pepper Whitcomb and I christened him one day, much to the disgust of the monkey, who bit a piece out of Pepper's nose — resided in the stable, and went to roost every night on the pony's back, where I usually found him in the morning. Whenever I rode out, I was obliged to secure his Highness the Prince with a stout cord to the fence, he chattering all the time like a madman.

One afternoon as I was cantering through the crowded part of the town, I noticed that the people in the street stopped, stared at me, and fell to laugh-

ing. I turned round in the saddle, and there was Zany, with a great burdock leaf in his paw, perched up behind me on the crupper, as solemn as a judge.

After a few months, poor Zany sickened mysteriously, and died. The dark thought occurred to me then, and comes back to me now with redoubled force, that Miss Abigail must have given him some hot-drops. Zany left a large circle of sorrowing friends, if not relatives. Gypsy, I think, never entirely recovered from the shock occasioned by his early demise. She became fonder of me, though; and one of her cunningest demonstrations was to escape from the stable-yard, and trot up to the door of the Temple Grammar School, where I would discover her at recess patiently waiting for me, with her fore feet on the second step, and wisps of straw standing out all over her.

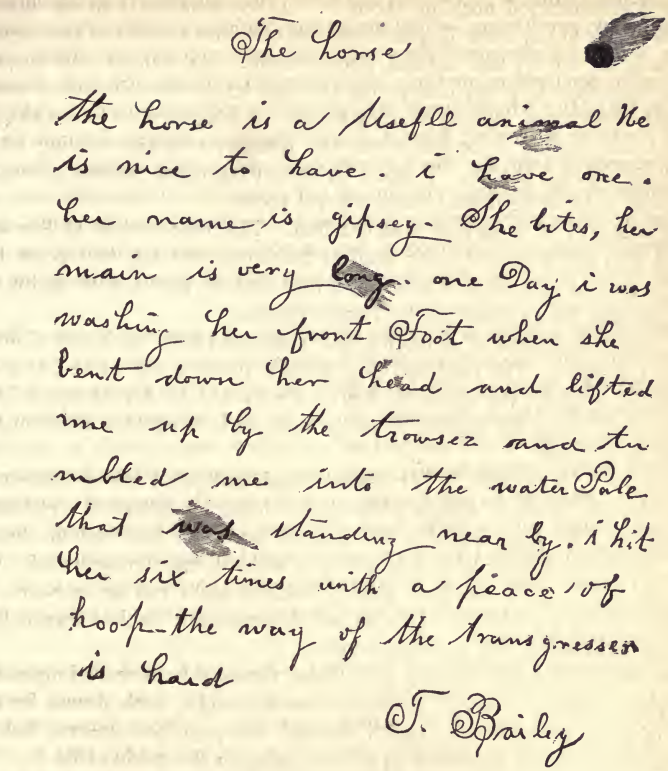
I should fail if I tried to tell you how dear the pony was to me. Even hard, unloving men become attached to the horses they take care of; so I, who was neither unloving nor hard, grew to love every glossy hair of the pretty little creature that depended on me for her soft straw bed and her daily modicum of oats. In my prayer at night I never forgot to mention Gypsy with the rest of the family, — generally setting forth her claims first.

Whatever relates to Gypsy belongs properly to this narrative; therefore I offer no apology for rescuing from oblivion, and boldly printing here, a short composition which I wrote in the early part of my first quarter at the Temple Grammar School. It is my maiden effort in a difficult art, and is, perhaps, lacking in those graces of thought and style which are reached only after the severest practice.

Every Wednesday morning, on entering school, each pupil was expected to lay his exercise on Mr. Grimshaw's desk; the subject was usually selected by Mr. Grimshaw himself, the Monday previous. With a humor characteristic of him, our teacher had instituted two prizes, one for the best and the other for the worst composition of the month. The first prize consisted of a penknife, or a pencil-case, or some such article dear to the heart of youth; the second prize entitled the winner to wear for an hour or two a sort of conical paper cap, on the front of which was written, in tall letters, this modest admission: I AM A DUNCE! The competitor who took prize No. 2 was n't generally an object of envy.

My pulse beat high with pride and expectation that Wednesday morning, as I laid my essay, neatly folded, on the master's table. I firmly decline to say which prize I won.

It is no small-author vanity that induces me to publish this stray leaf of natural history. I lay it before our young folks, not for their admiration, but for their criticism. Let each reader take his lead-pencil and remorselessly correct the orthography, the capitalization, and the punctuation of the essay. I shall not feel a bit hurt at seeing my treatise cut all to pieces; though I think highly of the production, not on account of its literary excellence, which I candidly admit is not overpowering, but because it was written years and years ago about Gypsy, by a little fellow who, when I strive to recall him, appears to me like a reduced ghost of my present self; but here 's the composition to speak for itself; —



The horse

the horse is a usefll animal He is nice to have. i have one. her name is gipsey. She bites, her main is very long. one Day i was washing her front foot when she bent down her head and lifted me up by the trowsez and tumbled me into the water Pale that was standing near by. i hit her six times with a peace of hoop-the way of the transgressor is hard

T. Bailey

I am confident that any reader who has ever had pets, birds or animals, will forgive me for this brief digression.

CHAPTER XII.

WINTER AT RIVERMOUTH.

"I GUESS we 're going to have a regular old-fashioned snow-storm," said Captain Nutter, one bleak December morning, casting a peculiarly nautical glance skyward.

The Captain was always hazarding prophecies about the weather, which somehow never turned out according to his prognostications. The vanes on the church steeples seemed to take fiendish pleasure in humiliating the dear old gentleman. If he said it was going to be a clear day, a dense sea-fog was pretty certain to set in before noon. Once he caused a protracted drought by assuring us every morning, for six consecutive weeks, that it would rain in a few hours. But, sure enough, that afternoon it began snowing.

Now I had not seen a snow-storm since I was eighteen months old, and

of course remembered nothing about it. A boy familiar from his infancy with the rigors of our New England winters can form no idea of the impression made on me by this natural phenomenon. My delight and surprise were as boundless as if the heavy gray sky had let down a shower of pond-lilies and white roses, instead of snow-flakes. It happened to be a half-holiday, so I had nothing to do but watch the feathery crystals whirling hither and thither through the air. I stood by the sitting-room window gazing at the wonder until twilight shut out the novel scene.

Several inches of snow had already fallen. The rose-bushes at the door drooped with the weight of their magical blossoms, and the two posts that held the garden gate were transformed into stately Turks, with white turbans, guarding the entrance to the Nutter House.

The storm increased at sundown, and continued with unabated violence through the night. The next morning, when I jumped out of bed, the sun was shining brightly, the cloudless heavens wore the tender azure of June, and the whole earth lay muffled up to the eyes, as it were, in a thick mantle of milk-white down.

It was a very deep snow. The Oldest Inhabitant (what would become of a New England town or village without its oldest inhabitant?) overhauled his almanacs, and pronounced it the deepest snow we had had for twenty years. It could n't have been much deeper without smothering us all. Our street was a sight to be seen, or, rather, it was a sight not to be seen; for very little street was visible. One huge drift completely banked up our front door and half covered my bedroom window.

There was no school that day, for all the thoroughfares were impassable. By twelve o'clock, however, the great snow-ploughs, each drawn by four yokes of oxen, broke a wagon-path through the principal streets; but the foot-passengers had a hard time of it floundering in the arctic drifts.

The Captain and I cut a tunnel, three feet wide and six feet high, from our front door to the sidewalk opposite. It was a beautiful cavern, with its walls and roof inlaid with mother-of-pearl and diamonds. I am sure the ice palace of the Russian Empress, in Cowper's poem, was not a more superb piece of architecture.

The thermometer began falling shortly before sunset, and we had the bitterest cold night I ever experienced. This brought out the Oldest Inhabitant again the next day, — and what a gay old boy he was for deciding everything! Our tunnel was turned into solid ice. A crust thick enough to bear men and horses had formed over the snow everywhere, and the air was alive with merry sleigh-bells. Icy stalactites, a yard long, hung from the eaves of the houses, and the Turkish sentinels at the gate looked as if they intended never to be relieved from duty.

So the winter set in cold and glittering. Everything out of doors was sheathed in silver mail. To quote from Charley Marden, it was "cold enough to freeze the tail off a brass monkey," — an observation which seemed to me extremely happy, though I knew little or nothing concerning the endurance of brass monkeys, having never seen one.

I had looked forward to the advent of the season with grave apprehensions, nerving myself to meet dreary nights and monotonous days; but summer itself was not more jolly than winter at Rivermouth. Snow-balling at school, skating on the Mill Dam, coasting by moonlight, long rides behind Gypsy in a brand-new little sleigh built expressly for her, were sports no less exhilarating than those which belonged to the sunny months. And then Thanksgiving! The nose of Memory — why should n't Memory have a nose? — dilates with pleasure over the rich perfume of Miss Abigail's forty mince-pies, each one more delightful than the other, like the Sultan's forty wives. Christmas was another red-letter day, though it was not so generally observed in New England as it is now.

The great wood fire in the tiled chimney-place made our sitting-room very cheerful of winter nights. When the north wind howled about the eaves, and the sharp sleet rattled against the window-panes, it was nice to be so warmly sheltered from the storm. A dish of apples and a pitcher of chilly cider were always served during the evening. The Captain had a funny way of leaning back in the chair, and eating his apple with his eyes closed. Sometimes I played dominos with him, and sometimes Miss Abigail read aloud to us, pronouncing "to" *toe*, and sounding all the *eds*.

In a former chapter I alluded to Miss Abigail's managing propensities. She had effected many changes in the Nutter House before I came there to live; but there was one thing against which she had long contended without being able to overcome. This was the Captain's pipe. On first taking command of the household, she prohibited smoking in the sitting-room, where it had been the old gentleman's custom to take a whiff or two of the fragrant weed after meals. The edict went forth, — and so did the pipe. An excellent move, no doubt; but then the house was his, and if he saw fit to keep a tub of tobacco burning in the middle of the parlor floor, he had a perfect right to do so. However, he humored her in this as in other matters, and smoked by stealth, like a guilty creature, in the barn, or about the gardens. That was practicable in summer, but in winter the Captain was hard put to it. When he could n't stand it longer, he retreated to his bedroom and barricaded the door. Such was the position of affairs at the time of which I write.

One morning, a few days after the great snow, as Miss Abigail was dusting the chronometer in the hall, she beheld Captain Nutter slowly descending the staircase, with a long clay pipe in his mouth. Miss Abigail could hardly credit her own eyes.

"Dan'el!" she gasped, retiring heavily on the hat-rack.

The tone of reproach with which this word was uttered failed to produce the slightest effect on the Captain, who merely removed the pipe from his lips for an instant, and blew a cloud into the chilly air. The thermometer stood at two degrees below zero in our hall.

"Dan'el!" cried Miss Abigail, hysterically, — "Dan'el, don't come near me!" Whereupon she fainted away; for the smell of tobacco-smoke always made her deadly sick.

Kitty Collins rushed from the kitchen with a basin of water, and set to work bathing Miss Abigail's temples and chafing her hands. I thought my grandfather rather cruel, as he stood there with a half-smile on his countenance, complacently watching Miss Abigail's sufferings. When she was "brought to," the Captain sat down beside her, and, with a lovely twinkle in his eye, said softly: "Abigail, my dear, *there was n't any tobacco in that pipe!* It was a new pipe. I fetched it down for Tom to blow soap-bubbles with."

At these words Kitty Collins hurried away, her features working strangely. Several minutes later I came upon her in the scullery with the greater portion of a crash towel stuffed into her mouth. "Miss Abygil smelt the terbacca with her oi!" cried Kitty, partially removing the cloth, and then immediately stopping herself up again.

The Captain's joke furnished us — that is, Kitty and me — with mirth for many a day; as to Miss Abigail, I think she never wholly pardoned him. After this, Captain Nutter gradually gave up smoking, which is an untidy, injurious, disgraceful, and highly pleasant habit.

A boy's life in a secluded New England town in winter does not afford many points for illustration. Of course he gets his ears or toes frost-bitten; of course he smashes his sled against another boy's; of course he bangs his head on the ice; and he 's a lad of no enterprise whatever, if he does n't manage to skate into an eel-hole, and be brought home half drowned. All these things happened to me; but, as they lack novelty, I pass them over, to tell you about the famous snow-fort which we built on Slatter's Hill.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE SNOW FORT ON SLATTER'S HILL.

THE memory of man, even that of the Oldest Inhabitant, runneth not back to the time when there did not exist a feud between the North End and the South End boys of Rivermouth.

The origin of the feud is involved in mystery; it is impossible to say which party was the first aggressor in the far-off ante-revolutionary ages; but the fact remains that the youngsters of those antipodal sections entertained a mortal hatred for each other, and that this hatred had been handed down from generation to generation, like Miles Standish's punch-bowl.

I know not what laws, natural or unnatural, regulated the warmth of the quarrel; but at some seasons it raged more violently than at others. This winter, both parties were unusually lively and antagonistic. Great was the wrath of the South-Enders, when they discovered that the North-Enders had thrown up a fort on the crown of Slatter's Hill.

Slatter's Hill, or No-man's-land, as it was generally called, was a rise of ground covering, perhaps, an acre and a quarter, situated on an imaginary line, marking the boundary between the two districts. An immense stratum of granite, which here and there thrust out a wrinkled boulder, prevented the

site from being used for building purposes. The street ran on either side of the hill, from one part of which a quantity of rock had been removed to form the underpinning of the new jail. This excavation made the approach from that point all but impossible, especially when the ragged ledges were a-glitter with ice. You see what a spot it was for a snow-fort.

One evening twenty or thirty of the North-Enders quietly took possession of Slatter's Hill, and threw up a strong line of breastworks, something after this shape: —

The rear of the intrenchment, being protected by the quarry, was left open. The walls were four feet high, and twenty-two inches thick, strengthened at the angles by stakes driven firmly into the ground.

Fancy the rage of the South-Enders the next day, when they spied our snowy citadel, with Jack Harris's red silk pocket-handkerchief floating defiantly from the flag-staff!

In less than an hour it was known all over town, in military circles at least, that the "Puddle-dockers" and the "River-rats" (these were the derisive sub-titles bestowed on our South-End foes) intended to attack the fort that Saturday afternoon.

At two o'clock all the fighting boys of the Temple Grammar School, and as many recruits as we could muster, lay behind the walls of Fort Slatter, with three hundred compact snow-balls piled up in pyramids, awaiting the approach of the enemy. The enemy was not slow in making his approach, — fifty strong, headed by one Mat Ames. Our forces were under the command of General J. Harris.

Before the action commenced, a meeting was arranged between the rival commanders, who drew up and signed certain rules and regulations respecting the conduct of the battle. As it was impossible for the North-Enders to occupy the fort permanently, it was stipulated that the South-Enders should assault it only on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons between the hours of two and six. For them to take possession of the place at any other time was not to constitute a capture, but on the contrary was to be considered a dishonorable and cowardly act. The North-Enders, on the other hand, agreed to give up the fort whenever ten of the storming party succeeded in obtaining at one time a footing on the parapet, and were able to hold the same for the space of two minutes. Both sides were to abstain from putting pebbles into their snow-balls, nor was it permissible to use frozen ammunition. A snow-ball soaked in water and left out to cool was a projectile which in previous years had been resorted to with disastrous results.

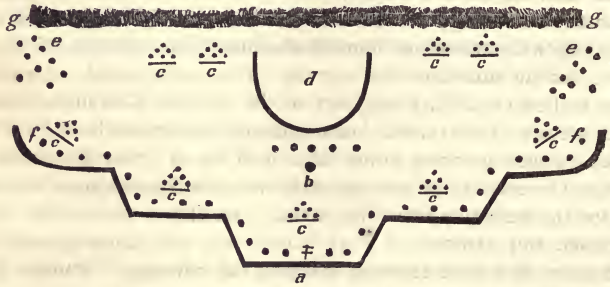
These preliminaries settled, the commanders retired to their respective corps. The interview had taken place on the hillside between the opposing lines.

General Harris divided his men into two bodies: the first comprised the most skilful marksmen, or gunners; the second, the reserve force, was composed of the strongest boys, whose duty it was to repel the scaling parties, and to make occasional sallies for the purpose of capturing prisoners, who were bound by the articles of treaty to faithfully serve under our flag until they were exchanged at the close of the day.

The repellers were called light infantry; but when they carried on operations beyond the fort they became cavalry. It was also their duty, when not otherwise engaged, to manufacture snow-balls. The General's staff consisted of five Templars (I among the number, with the rank of Major), who carried the General's orders and looked after the wounded.

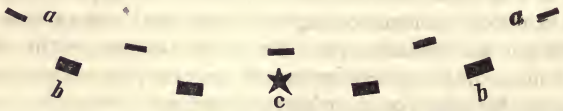
General Mat Ames, a veteran commander, was no less wide-awake in the disposition of his army. Five companies, each numbering but six men, in order not to present too big a target to our sharpshooters, were to charge the fort from different points, their advance being covered by a heavy fire from the gunners posted in the rear. Each scaler was provided with only two rounds of ammunition, which were not to be used until he had mounted the breastwork and could deliver his shots on our heads.

The following cut represents the interior of the fort just previous to the assault. Nothing on earth could represent the state of things after the first volley.



a. Flagstaff.
b. General Harris and his Staff.
c. Ammunition.
d. Hospital.
g g. The quarry.
e e. Reserve corps.
f f. Gunners in position.

The enemy was posted thus: —



a a. The five attacking columns. *b b.* Artillery. *c.* General Ames's headquarters.

The thrilling moment had now arrived. If I had been going into a real engagement I could not have been more deeply impressed by the solemnity of the occasion.

The fort opened fire first, — a single ball from the dexterous hand of Gen-

eral Harris taking General Ames in the very pit of his stomach. A cheer went up from Fort Slatter. In an instant the air was thick with flying missiles, in the midst of which we dimly descried the storming parties sweeping up the hill, shoulder to shoulder. The shouts of the leaders, and the snow-balls bursting like shells about our ears, made it very lively.

Not more than a dozen of the enemy succeeded in reaching the crest of the hill; five of these clambered upon the icy walls, where they were instantly grabbed by the legs and jerked into the fort. The rest retired confused and blinded by our well-directed fire.

When General Harris (with his right eye bunged up) said, "Soldiers, I am proud of you!" my heart swelled in my bosom.

The victory, however, had not been without its price. Six North-Enders, having rushed out to harass the discomfited enemy, were gallantly cut off by General Ames and captured. Among these were Lieutenant P. Whitcomb (who had no business to join in the charge, being weak in the knees), and Captain Fred Langdon, of General Harris's staff. Whitcomb was one of the most notable shots on our side, though he was not much to boast of in a rough-and-tumble fight, owing to the weakness before mentioned. General Ames put him among the gunners, and we were quickly made aware of the loss we had sustained, by receiving a frequent artful ball which seemed to light with unerring instinct on any nose that was the least bit exposed. I have known one of Pepper's snow-balls, fired point-blank, to turn a corner and hit a boy who considered himself absolutely safe.

But we had no time for vain regrets. The battle raged. Already there were two bad cases of black eye, and one of nose-bleed, in the hospital.

It was glorious excitement, those pell-mell onslaughts and hand-to-hand struggles. Twice we were within an ace of being driven from our stronghold, when General Harris and his staff leaped recklessly upon the ramparts and hurled the besiegers heels over head down hill.

At sunset, the garrison of Fort Slatter was still unconquered, and the South-Enders, in a solid phalanx, marched off whistling "Yankee Doodle," while we cheered and jeered them until they were out of hearing.

General Ames remained behind to effect an exchange of prisoners. We held thirteen of his men, and he eleven of ours. General Ames proposed to call it an even thing, since many of his eleven prisoners were officers, while nearly all our thirteen captives were privates. A dispute arising on this point, the two noble generals came to fisticuffs, and in the fracas our brave commander got his remaining well eye badly damaged. This did n't prevent him from writing a general order the next day, on a slate, in which he complimented the troops on their heroic behavior.

On the following Wednesday the siege was renewed. I forget whether it was on that afternoon or the next that we lost Fort Slatter; but lose it we did, with much valuable ammunition and several men. After a series of desperate assaults, we forced General Ames to capitulate; and he, in turn, made the place too hot to hold us. So from day to day the tide of battle surged to and fro, sometimes favoring our arms, and sometimes those of the enemy.

General Ames handled his men with great skill; his deadliest foe could not deny that. Once he outgeneralled our commander in the following manner: He massed his gunners on our left and opened a brisk fire, under cover of which a single company (six men) advanced on that angle of the fort. Our reserves on the right rushed over to defend the threatened point. Meanwhile, four companies of the enemy's scalers made a *détour* round the foot of the hill, and dashed into Fort Slatter without opposition. At the same moment General Ames's gunners closed in on our left, and there we were between two fires. Of course we had to vacate the fort. A cloud rested on General Harris's military reputation until his superior tactics enabled him to dispossess the enemy.

As the winter wore on, the war-spirit waxed fiercer and fiercer. At length the provision against using heavy substances in the snow-balls was disregarded. A ball stuck full of sand-bird shot came tearing into Fort Slatter. In retaliation, General Harris ordered a broadside of shells; i. e. snow-balls containing marbles. After this, both sides never failed to freeze their ammunition.

It was no longer child's play to march up to the walls of Fort Slatter, nor was the position of the besieged less perilous. At every assault three or four boys on each side were disabled. It was not an infrequent occurrence for the combatants to hold up a flag of truce while they removed some insensible comrade.

Matters grew worse and worse. Seven North-Enders had been seriously wounded, and a dozen South-Enders were reported on the sick list. The selectmen of the town awoke to the fact of what was going on, and detailed a *posse* of police to prevent further disturbance. The boys at the foot of the hill, South-Enders as it happened, finding themselves assailed in the rear and on the flank, turned round and attempted to beat off the watchmen. In this they were sustained by numerous volunteers from the fort, who looked upon the interference as tyrannical.

The watch were determined fellows, and charged the boys valiantly, driving them all into the fort, where we made common cause, fighting side by side like the best of friends. In vain the four guardians of the peace rushed up the hill, flourishing their clubs and calling upon us to surrender. They could not get within ten yards of the fort, our fire was so destructive. In one of the onsets a man named Mugridge, more valorous than his peers, threw himself upon the parapet, when he was seized by twenty pairs of hands, and dragged inside the breastwork, where fifteen boys sat down on him to keep him quiet.

Perceiving that it was impossible with their small number to dislodge us, the watch sent for reinforcements. Their call was responded to, not only by the whole constabulary force (eight men), but by a numerous body of citizens, who had become alarmed at the prospect of a riot. This formidable array brought us to our senses: we began to think that maybe discretion was the better part of valor. General Harris and General Ames, with their respective staffs, held a council of war in the hospital, and a backward move-

ment was decided on. So, after one grand farewell volley, we fled, sliding, jumping, rolling, tumbling down the quarry at the rear of the fort, and escaped without losing a man.

But we lost Fort Slatter forever. Those battle-scarred ramparts were razed to the ground, and humiliating ashes sprinkled over the historic spot, near which a solitary lynx-eyed policeman was seen prowling from time to time during the rest of the winter.

The event passed into a legend, and afterwards, when later instances of pluck and endurance were spoken of, the boys would say, "By golly! you ought to have been at the fights on Slatter's Hill!"

T. B. Aldrich.

LAWRENCE AT A COAL-SHAFT.

ON their way to the coal-shaft, Lawrence and his new friend passed a little white box of a house, which Mr. Clarence said was the superintendent's office, and proposed that they should look in.

The interior consisted of one room, divided by a counter, on one side of which sat a young man reading a newspaper. Lawrence and Mr. Clarence, with the little dog Muff, advanced from the other side.

"Here," said Mr. Clarence, "is where the miners walk up and get their pay." He rapped on the counter with his cane. "How are you, Mr. Superintendent?"

The young man looked up pleasantly enough; and Mr. Clarence proceeded to introduce himself and his companion, with liberal allusions to their distinguished uncles, which made the more modest Lawrence grin and blush.

"We shall take it as a favor if you will grant us facilities for visiting the mines," said the fluent-tongued Mr. Clarence.

"It won't be safe for you to go into the mines without a guide, and I have no person to send with you," replied the superintendent, politely, but decidedly.

Upon which Lawrence was for retiring at once. But Mr. Clarence said, leaning upon the counter very much at his ease, "Of course; I understand all about that; and we have no wish to take up your valuable time. Thank you, — very kind, I am sure," — though Lawrence could n't see how the superintendent had shown himself so very kind, or why they should thank him. "Perhaps, however," said Mr. Clarence, "as my friend here is interested in the coal formation, you might show us some specimens without much trouble to yourself."

"O certainly." The superintendent laid aside his newspaper, and got up from his chair. "Here is something quite pretty," said he, opening a drawer

and placing on the counter a piece of slate rock, bearing a beautiful impression of a fern-leaf. Lawrence's enthusiasm over it seemed to please him; and he continued to lay out his treasures, until he came to one which he pronounced "very remarkable."

This was a broad, thin slab of slate, which proved to be a perfect cast of a portion of the leaves of a strange tree, which must have been two or three feet in diameter, at least. All the minute seams in the bark, together with little bud-like spots occurring at regular intervals between parallel lines half an inch apart, were stamped with wonderful delicacy and distinctness in the slaty mould.

"How — where did these come from?" cried Lawrence, examining the specimens with astonishment and admiration.

"The coal, you know," said the voluble Mr. Clarence, "is supposed to be the result of immense, rank growths of fern-trees, and other plants, which absorbed the surplus carbon of the atmosphere during the carboniferous period. Carbon, you know, is the principal thing in coal, — the French say *charbon*, which means both carbon and coal, — and the carboniferous era is that in which our coal deposits were made. That was nobody knows how many thousands of years ago, — millions, it may be; and the trunks and leaves that made these impressions in the stones you are handling grew and decayed long before ever man appeared on the globe."

Lawrence knew as much as that before; but now, with the impressions before his eyes, distinct as if they had been taken but yesterday, the fact came home to his mind with startling force.

"Those forests," continued Mr. Clarence, "must have grown mostly in the water, and have sunk down in great beds of fallen trunks and matted leaves, and there decayed; and occasionally layers of mud or clay must have washed in over them; and now and then, at longer intervals, — the ground sinking, I suppose, — great beds of sand and pebbles washed in. The vegetable matters changed to coal, while the mud hardened into slate, and the sand and pebbles into rocks. The mud, of course, would often take impressions of the leaves and bark, and retain them, as it hardened, even after the leaves and bark themselves had changed to coal."

"See what you make of these," said the superintendent, smiling, as he handed out more specimens.

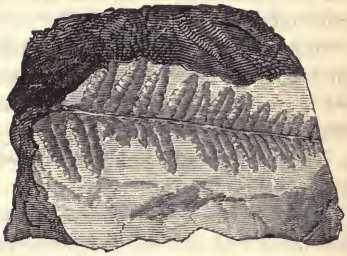
"These are fossil roots," said Mr. Clarence. "You find them generally in the fire clay under the coal veins; don't you? Ah, this," he said, seizing a beautiful slender, jointed stem of stone, "this is a fossil reed! Something like it grows in Mexico, at this day."

"I believe you are right," said the superintendent. "That was fifteen feet long, when we first found it. But it has been broken, and I have given away pieces of it."

"Oh! if I could only have a piece!" exclaimed Lawrence.

"I 'll give you a piece," said the superintendent, and picked out from the pile a small fragment of the reed, which had been previously broken off. Then, seeing how delighted the boy was, he selected a piece of slate that had a fine imprint of a leaf on it, and gave it to him.

Lawrence, having secured these treasures, threw longing glances at the large cast already described. But of course the superintendent could not be expected to break that, for anybody. So Lawrence asked for a piece of paper, thinking he might take an impression from it.



"Now," said he, laying the paper on the cast, "if I only had a piece of lead to rub on it," — for he remembered that he had often, in this way, taken quite accurate impressions of cents and medals, when at school. "Have you a bullet?"

"None outside of me," said the superintendent; who went on to explain that he had one in him, received from a rebel musket.

"You were in the army, then?" said Mr. Clarence.

"Yes, with a company of our miners. We left coal, and went into business under the rebel fortifications. Our men helped make the famous mine we exploded before Petersburg. It was there I got my bullet."

As the said bullet was not available for artistic purposes, Lawrence tried a lead pencil, and succeeded in getting a fair impression of the curious bark pattern.

"Would you like to look at the breaker?" then said the superintendent. To which Lawrence replied, "O very much!" while Mr. Clarence kicked his shin, and whispered, "That's the way to do it; I knew he would come round."

So they all walked out towards the great colliery building near by. It covered the steep slope of the hillside, and looked, Lawrence said, as if it might have been built as a coop for some long-necked, enormous bird.

"So it does," said the superintendent. "The highest part, which you fancy was meant to accommodate the goose's long neck and head, is what we call the tower. It is directly over the shaft. The wing covers, sloping away down to the railroad, are over the shoots."

"Spelled *chutes*," remarked Mr. Clarence, twisting his cane. "That is the French for falls. Did n't you ever hear a Frenchman speak of *la chute de Niagara?* You won't see a *chute de Niagara* here, but you 'll see *chutes de* anthracite coal. Though in this case it is n't the cataracts they call the *chutes*, but the wooden spouts they run down."

The superintendent took them first into the engine-room, on the upper side of the building, close by the shaft. There they saw several beautiful

engines at work with so little noise that they could scarcely be heard amid the thundering roar of the cataract of coal launched in the tower overhead.

"This engine is for pumping the water out of the mines," said the superintendent. "The one yonder works the ventilating fan, that blows out the impure air and smoke and fire-damp, and makes it possible for men to live so far down in the earth. Here is the breaker-engine, that crushes the coal." Lastly, he showed a strong pair of engines employed in lifting the coal in the shaft.

"You don't have to go far for the fuel you burn," said Lawrence, as they went on into the boiler-room.

"Show him," said the superintendent to a stout fireman, who threw open the iron doors beneath the boilers, and exposed to view a glowing and flaming bed of the very finest kind of coal, "no bigger than peas," Lawrence said.

"We call it pea-coal," replied the superintendent. "It is too fine to ship, and we used to throw it away with the coal-dust. But since coal has been so high, we have tried burning it here, and find that it does very well."

Returning through the engine-room, they entered the tower, and stopped at the head of the shaft. This had for Lawrence a terrible fascination. Every three quarters of a minute — as Mr. Clarence, who looked at his watch, informed them — up came out of its black depths, with fearful rapidity, a car-load of coal, shooting past them, and disappearing with a deafening crash in the top of the tower, high above their heads.

The shaft was double, and two sets of cars were ascending and descending, with a parting of timber between them. The car was supported on a strong framework, called a carriage, which was lifted and lowered by a long rope and a steam-engine.

"What if the rope should break?" said Lawrence, imagining the frightful consequences of such a disaster.

"Don't you see?" said Mr. Clarence, pointing with his cane; "the carriage runs in the grooves of these upright timbers. They are called guides. You see the notches in them. Well, if the rope breaks, there are dogs — as we call them — in the sides of the carriage, and they fall into the notches, and hold it."

"I see you know something about coal," remarked the superintendent.

"I ought to," replied Mr. Clarence. "I intend to follow my uncle's profession"; and he took occasion once more to extol that celebrated mining engineer. "It is one of the noblest professions in the world. Civil engineering is nothing to it. A civil engineer, laying out a railroad, or anything of the sort, works where he can see; but a mining engineer has to work like a mole in the dark. He must know all about the coal-beds, how they lie, and the easiest and most economical way of getting at them, and all that. Now when you consider that the coal-beds in these anthracite regions lie in all sorts of ways, — as if the country, after they were formed, had been tossed up like the waves of a sea by the action of heat, I suppose; so that here you find them nearly level, in a sort of basin, and there turned up edgeways, and

in another place, perhaps, regularly rolled over and folded together, like that," — he traced out with his cane, on the floor, the various undulations and curves in the coal strata, very much as if he had been writing a hard word; "when you consider all that, and reflect that sometimes these beds crop out at the surface, and sometimes dive hundreds of feet into the earth, — you 'll conclude that a mining engineer, who knows his business, knows something."

"There are plenty who pretend to know their business who don't know the first thing about it," said the superintendent.

"Yes, and they often come and get my uncle to go and engineer for them," said Mr. Clarence. "'But you are an engineer, yourself,' says my uncle. 'Yes, but my eyes trouble me, — I can't see very well,' says the fellow. So my uncle goes and gives him a start, and makes figures and plans for him to work after. O," laughed Mr. Clarence, "lots of those fellows have poor eyes, when anything requiring real skill is to be done; though they pass for engineers and draw big salaries. They know just enough to open a drift, or a slope, when it has been laid out for them."

"What is a *drift*, or a *slope?*" Lawrence asked.

"Why, you see, there are different ways of opening a coal-mine. One is by a *shaft*, like this, when the beds lie deep, and in a sort of basin. We go straight down to the bottom of the lowest bed we are going to work, and pump out the water and draw up the coal by steam. The *drift* is a gangway from the bottom of the shaft, or a straight opening into a nearly level coal-bed, where it crops out on some hillside; and there the engineer must be pretty sharp, in order to make his opening so that the mine will drain itself, and the coal can be drawn out by mules. The *slope* is an opening that goes down slantingly into a vein; in it a track is laid, and regular wheel-cars are let down and drawn up by a steam-engine."

Lawrence wished to know more about the shaft before them; and the superintendent explained that it was a perpendicular opening, twenty-two feet long, twelve broad, and two hundred and fifty feet deep. It had been sunk by drilling and blasting through the solid strata of rock that covered and separated the coal-beds. It was divided, by partitions of plank and timber, into what seemed three separate shafts, — two for the coal-carriages, and a third for the air column and water-pump, which ventilated and drained the mines.

"But what is the use of a high tower?" said Lawrence, his eye following a coal-car as it shot up amid the strong timbers and braces above his head.

"To get room to break, screen, and separate the coal," said the superintendent. "Come up stairs, and you will see."

The tower was fifty feet high above the mouth of the shaft; and it would have had to be built still higher, Mr. Clarence observed, had not the slope of the hill made room for the bins below. They went up by narrow wooden staircases, through the "screen-room" and "plate-room" (which the superintendent said they should see again as they came down), amidst clouds of coal-dust, and blackened beams and braces, to the summit of the black-

raftered and high-windowed tower. Mr. Clarence came last, having stopped to set Muff to guarding his cane in the engine-room, in order to prevent that white sheep of a dog from becoming a black one.

"Here you 'll see what makes the noise," said the superintendent.

As he spoke, up came a coal-car, and stopped before their eyes. It was loaded, as Lawrence now had a chance to see, with huge lumps or fragments, some of immense size and weight. It seemed endowed with intelligence of its own, for the moment it arrived in the right place it threw out its own end-board, and immediately tipped up, casting its contents into an opening through the floor, called a "dump." Some of the great lumps tumbled over the sides of the opening, and made Lawrence jump to take care of his toes.

An attendant ("That 's the ticket-boss," said Mr. Clarence), begrimed from head to foot with coal-dust, now stepped forward, tumbled the scattered lumps into the dump, took something from a little hook in the car, pulled a bell as a signal to the engineer, and closed up the end-board as the empty car fell back into its place on the carriage. The car now dropped swiftly down into the shaft again; while the man, glancing at the little thing he had taken out of it, proceeded to put it away in a box of pigeon-holes.

"That 's the ticket," said Mr. Clarence. "You did n't know they had to have tickets on these cars, did you?"

Lawrence looked puzzled, and the superintendent explained. "This little piece of brass" — he took the ticket from its pigeon-hole — "has a number on it. It is number thirty-seven. That is the number of the chamber or breast in which that load of coal was mined. There is one miner in each chamber; he has his package of tickets, and he puts one in every car he sends out. The tickets are collected by the ticket-boss here, and all the thirty-sevens are put into pigeon-hole thirty-seven. So with the other tickets. Then, at night, the tickets in each pigeon-hole show just how many loads of coal are to be credited to each miner."

"How many, on an average, will there be?"

"Seven is the rule; and each car-load must be a ton and a half."

"Do you weigh it?"

"No. The ticket-boss can tell by his eye if it is full weight. If it is n't, he docks the miner for the deficiency. Or he docks him if there is too much slate in his coal."

"Seven car loads, — a ton and a half to the load, — ten and a half tons," said Lawrence. "Does one miner get out all that, in a day?"

"You must know there are two distinct classes of laborers in the mines," said the superintendent. "Each miner has possession of a chamber and we deal only with him. He finds his own tools, powder, oil, everything; and hires a common laborer to help him. The laborer knows not much more about mining than you do, and he is not called a miner, though he works in the mines. He loads the coal, and helps the miner in many ways. These two get out their seven loads, — or more, if they choose; and we pay the miner ninety-seven cents a load."

"Six dollars and seventy-nine cents a day!" said Lawrence, who was quick at figures. "That's good wages."

"So it is, even after the miner has paid his expenses out of it. His powder costs him a dollar a day. He pays his laborer now, I believe, two dollars and ten cents a day. He has nearly three dollars and a half left for himself even if he gets out only seven loads. But some miners get out eight or nine loads a day; and, after making due allowance for stoppages, on account of accidents, or a dull market, earn their thousand or twelve hundred dollars a year. You will notice that those who confine themselves to their seven loads will go home this afternoon at three or four o'clock."

"What sort of people are they?" Lawrence wished to know.

"They are all Welsh, in these mines. And a respectable, thrifty class they are, generally. They have their church-meetings, and their Sunday school, and week-day school for their children, like any other class. A few of them are dissipated and shiftless, and spend all they earn. But the most of them are sober and industrious, and provide well for their families. Some have laid up handsome little fortunes, all earned in the mines."

"They are a much better class than the miners down in the Schuylkill district," said Mr. Clarence. "There we have all sorts, but mostly Irish of the worst kind. Every once in a while some of them will get up a strike. The strikers go around to all the mines, and force everybody to stop work until everybody gets an increase of wages. If they don't like a boss, they give him warning to quit, and if he don't quit, they kill him. Riots are quite common; and the governor has had to call out the militia to put them down."

"How many miners are at work in this mine?" Lawrence asked. "And how many men, besides?"

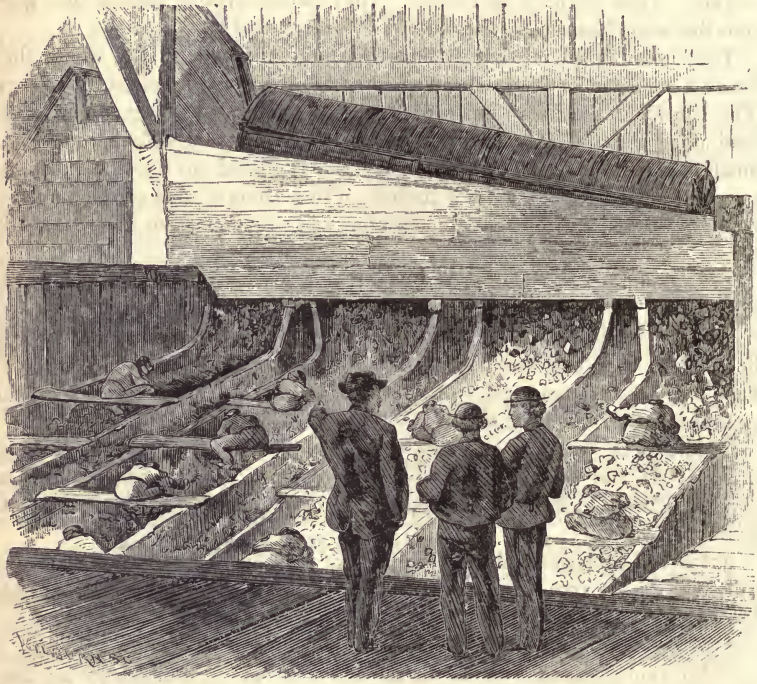
"We have forty-eight chambers running now; that makes forty-eight miners," said the superintendent. "These, with their laborers, and a small army of men and boys employed in various other ways, — mule-drivers, slate-pickers, and so forth, — make a force of over three hundred."

All the while they were talking the loads of coal kept thundering into the dump. They now descended into the room below, to see what next became of it. There it was received on a set of strong, slanting iron plates, forming a sort of spout from the dump above to the breaker below, and so arranged as to let the small pieces of coal drop through between them, as the cataract poured down. The big lumps rushed on to the breaker, guided by four stout Irishmen, armed with strong iron rakes. There was something terrible in the way the great lumps and blocks of anthracite came crashing and bounding down these plates; and Lawrence observed that the men had to work hard to take care of them.

"Yes," one said; "the coal bosses us. If we had a boss that drove us half as hard, we'd be kickin' him out." And he grinned through his grime of coal-dust.

The breaker looked like a great coffee-mill; and the most of the coal went into its hopper. To see what became of it after it was crushed, the lads followed their guide to the room below.

Here was a lively scene. The first thing Lawrence noticed was a long, cylindrical screen, as large as a good-sized saw-log, rolling over and over, high up in the back part of the room. It was sifting the crushed coal, which was poured into one end of it by a spout from the breaker above. It was inclined just enough to let the coal roll and rattle down slowly from the upper towards the lower end, as it revolved. The finest coal and dust fell out of it, first, into a second screen, which separated them. Next, coal of four different sizes fell into four separate spouts, or chutes, the largest size coming out of the coarsest meshes at the lower end of the screen. These screens and chutes occupied one entire division of the room; and Lawrence



now saw that there was another division, the exact counterpart of this; so that there were in all four screens and eight chutes. The two upper screens slanted each way from the breaker above, and the chutes distributed the torrent of coal into little streams which poured down through the room.

Here were the "pickers"; and quick-fingered, sharp-eyed, black-nosed little people they were. There were over forty in the room, — boys of various ages, sitting on the sides of the chutes, or on boards laid across, one above the other, picking out pieces of slate and bony coal, as the black streams poured down. What one did not get, those below him on the chute were expected to see and take out. The little hands flew fast; and the bad

pieces went into wooden "slate-pockets" between the chutes. Lawrence, who could scarcely tell slate from coal at first sight, was amazed at their quickness of eye and hand.

"They are certainly throwing out coal!" said he, taking a lump which one was throwing out.

"That 's nothing but bone," said Mr. Clarence. "It came very near being coal, but I suppose there was a little too much earthy mud mixed with the carbon of the decaying forests. All our coal-beds are full of slaty and bony seams, as you will see when we go into the mines."

"The best we can do," said the superintendent, "a good deal of slate comes to the breaker, and has to be picked out here. The miners call it *collum*. *Culm* is the proper word. They call everything *collum* that goes into the waste heap. Would you like to look at that?"

They went down into an archway beneath the screen-room, where they found a mule-car loading under a spout which led from one of the culm-bins. The car filled, the spout was closed, and the mule was driven off with his load along a track laid across the summit of an immense black mound, or small mountain, as it might truly be called. It spread out into the valley below, and must have contained hundreds of thousands of tons of "collum," — being composed entirely of slate and bone and coal-dust from this single colliery.

"We dump here a hundred and twenty-five loads a day," said the superintendent.

"In and about Scranton," remarked Mr. Clarence, "there are a dozen collieries, and each one has just such a 'collum dump,' as they call it. You have only to go around and look at them, to get a tolerably big idea of the coal business of this little town."

On the steep sides of the black mountain three or four women and one crippled old man were picking out the best pieces of bony coal, or pieces of slate to which a little coal adhered, and putting them into bags and baskets to burn or to sell.

From the culm dump the superintendent took his young friends down the hill-slope to the coal-bins, under the chutes, and showed them a coal-train loading from spouts.

"So you don't have to shovel or handle the coal at all," said Lawrence.

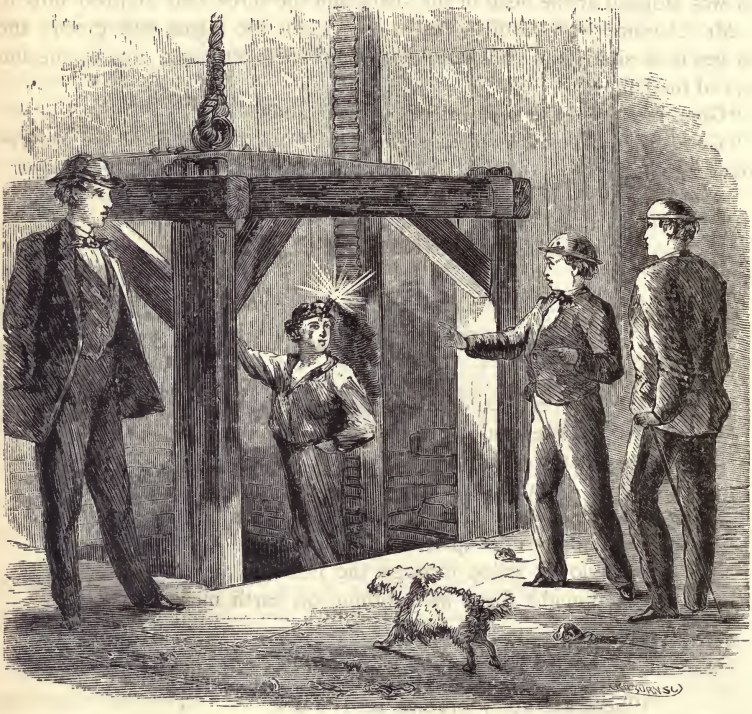
"Not from the time it leaves the miner's chamber. From there it is drawn by mules to the foot of the shaft; then it is lifted by machinery, and poured through the breaker and down the chutes, travelling by its own weight, until it is taken off by the cars here. Even the cars, as you see," added the superintendent, "are so constructed that the coal can be dumped from them on to a coal-wharf, or into the hold of a vessel, through spouts, still without handling."

They now returned to the engine-room, where Mr. Clarence found Muff keeping faithful guard over his cane. "Present arms!" said Mr. Clarence. And Muff, getting up on his hind legs and turning about, with the cane balanced in his mouth, allowed his master to take it out. "Thank you," said Mr. Clarence. And after that the dog went wherever the boys did.

"I see you looking anxiously at the shaft," said the superintendent, smiling at Lawrence. "Won't you be afraid to go down?"

"I don't think I shall be afraid to go where anybody else does," said Lawrence, looking down into the shaft. But even as he spoke, he started back.

Suddenly up out of the black pit rose a figure like a ghost. It was a moment before Lawrence perceived that it was really a form of flesh and blood, and, moreover, a boy of about his own age. He was standing on the naked beams of the carriage, with just one hand outstretched, holding on by a brace. This was all that supported him on his dark journey up the shaft. There was a little tin lamp hooked into his cap, the sallow flame of which,



together with spots and streaks of coal-dust on his face, gave a sort of unearthly cast to his complexion. He wore no coat, and his shirt was open at the throat. The carriage stopped when on a level with the floor at the head of the shaft; he stepped off, and it sank down into the pit again.

"How would you like to ride in that style?" asked the superintendent.

Lawrence thought that if another boy could hold on he could, and said he would like it.

"Well," said the superintendent, "I think we can do a little better by you

than that. These boys ride up and down any way. I shall expect to see them clinging on to the rope like monkeys, soon. Owen," said he to the ghost, "I want you to go through the mines with these young gentlemen, if you have time."

"I 've time enough," said Owen; and his face lighted up with a bright and friendly smile, — not at all ghostly.

"What did I tell you?" Mr. Clarence whispered to Lawrence, while the superintendent went for another lamp.

The lamp was brought, — a little teapot-shaped thing, with a hook for a handle, and a lighted wick in the spout. Lawrence took it. Then an empty car was stopped at the head of the shaft, and the three lads stepped into it, — Mr. Clarence with Muff in his arms. Then the signal was given; the car began to sink; and darkness surrounded them, streaked only by the dim rays of the lamps.

"Good by," cried the superintendent, from above.

"Good by," echoed the voices of the boys, from the depths of the hollow-sounding shaft.

J. T. Trowbridge.

UNDER THE PALM-TREES.

WE were children together, you and I,
We trod the same paths in days of old;
Together we watched the sunset sky,
And counted its bars of massive gold.
And when from the dark horizon's brim
The moon stole up with its silver rim,
And slowly sailed through the fields of air,
We thought there was nothing on earth more fair.

You walk to-night where the jasmines grow,
And the Cross looks down from the tropic skies;
Where the spicy breezes softly blow,
And the slender shafts of the palm-trees rise.
You breathe the breath of the orange flowers,
And the perfumed air of the myrtle bowers;
You pluck the acacia's golden balls,
And mark where the red pomegranate falls.

I stand to-night on the breezy hill,
Where the pine-trees sing as they sang of yore;
The north-star burneth clear and still,
And the moonbeams silver your father's door.

I can see the hound as he lies asleep,
In the shadow close by the old well-sweep,
And hear the river's murmuring flow,
As we two heard it, long ago!

Do you think of the firs on the mountain-side,
  As you walk to-night where the palm-trees grow?
Of the brook where the trout in the darkness hide?
  Of the yellow willows waving slow?
Do you long to drink of the crystal spring,
In the dell where the purple harebells swing?
Would your pulses leap could you hear once more
The sound of the flail on the threshing-floor?

Ah! the years are long, and the world is wide,
  And the salt sea rolls our hearts between;
And never again at eventide
  Shall we two gaze on the same fair scene.
But under the palm-trees wandering slow,
You think of the spreading elms, I know;
And you deem our daisies fairer far
Than the gorgeous blooms of the tropics are!

Julia C. R. Dorr.

GARDENING FOR GIRLS.

CHAPTER V.

ADJOINING the Grays' place was another one very much like it; the cottage was of the same style of architecture, and about it there was the same amount of ground. The family who occupied it, however, were persons of altogether different tastes, who had very little idea of beautifying the outside of their premises. True, there was a sort of lawn before the door, with a straight walk leading directly up from the gate, on either side of which were narrow flower-beds. In these were planted a number of coarse and showy flowers, among which were marigolds, hollyhocks, and sunflowers. The beds were usually much overgrown with weeds, although once in a while the boy was set at the business of clearing them out, after which, for a short time, the place appeared to better advantage. But there was not a tree upon the premises, nor a vine about the piazza, except the volunteer morning-glories, that had come up and twined around the posts without any planting or training.

Mrs. Patton, the lady of the house, had little taste for such matters; and although she admitted that Mrs. Gray had made her place look very pretty, still she pronounced it a waste of time, these hours spent in merely planting and cultivating flowers. They would all die as soon as frost touched them, and then the work must be done over again next year. In this way she consoled herself for the lack of beauty around her house.

Now there are some persons who talk a great deal about their time, and how much they object to wasting it; while observers cannot see that they turn it to any very profitable account. Mrs. Patton was one of these; she read a great many trashy novels, and so did her two daughters, and they were always complaining of the dulness of the country, and longing to return to the city. They did not hear the songs of the birds that sang so sweetly in their neighbors' trees, nor did they enjoy any of the pleasures that made up so much of the Grays' happiness; yet they were surrounded by the same outside influences. The grand difference was in the tastes and feelings of the two neighbors. One family had no love for the bright things that God has given to adorn and soften our lives; the other took delight in their very toils, and admired the flowers all the more because they had helped to make them grow.

The Grays' first summer in the country drew near its end. The seeds were carefully gathered, and put into little papers, with the names written upon each, all ready for the next season's planting. Then the house-plants — those which would not bear the winter — were taken up, and placed in pots, to be kept in the sitting-room window during the cold weather. The verbenas had thrown out long runners, and these had taken root at every joint, so that it was easy to secure a number of vigorous young plants of each variety. Large ones were not taken up nor potted until quite late in the fall, as it was found that they were quite hardy at this season, and would bear several heavy frosts. Other plants, the scarlet sage, heliotrope, &c., needed protection from even the first cold nights; so they were at once placed under shelter of the piazza, where the frost could not reach them. After a few days' drooping, they revived, and went on blooming as profusely as before they were taken from the beds.

Not until the middle of November was it necessary to bring the plants into the house, and then they were placed upon a wooden stand in a room without fire, where the sun could shine in upon them all day. Here again the Grays perceived the advantage of the country-house, for in the city, during previous winters, they had often found it impossible to secure a ray of bright sunlight for their plants; the high houses on either side of them left little chance for the sun.

There were many delightful employments out of doors for the young folks, at this lovely season, when the trees put on their many-colored dress, and the Indian summer made its brief visitation of pleasant weather. Nuts abounded in the woods near by, and there was grand fun to be found in whipping down the chestnuts, and then getting them out of their prickly burs.

Then there was some work to be done in preparing for the winter. The tender roses were to be protected slightly, or they might die, especially if it should be a cold winter. Their weather-wise neighbors predicted that it would be such a one, from several signs, said to be unfailing. The north sides of the forest trees were covered more thickly than common with moss and lichens; the breast-bones of the geese this year were said to be dark-colored, with only an occasional streak of white upon them, with other omens well known among farmers. Whether these were true indications or not our young gardeners could not undertake to decide, but since older observers had adopted them, it would have seemed presumptuous for mere beginners to doubt. Following the example of others, they therefore began to cover up the tender roots with heaps of dried leaves, laying light boards over, to keep the wind from blowing them away. The roses were surrounded with a tier of taller sticks and branches, driven firmly into the ground, and tied together over the top. A few loose leaves or shreds of straw tucked inside were a sufficient protection, and better than a tight covering of straw such as some use, as it allowed of a free circulation of air, and thus prevented mould or mildew.

Willie, the farmer, housed his crop of pop-corn, and the whole family was invited to join in the fun of husking it. Altogether he had more than a bushel of nice little ears, and many a popping time they would have before the winter was over.

As to the other products of the farm during this first year, they may be briefly summed up as follows: fifty quarts of strawberries, ten quarts of currants, three baskets of cucumbers, six bushels of tomatoes, and the same of potatoes, one bushel of pop-corn, one ditto of onions, besides a nice assortment of herbs, dried for winter use. In the barn-yard was a pen containing two pigs, which would furnish many nice things for Christmas, — sausage, doughnuts, and pastry, all of which the children could appreciate. Then a poultry-yard with a dozen hens would supply them with eggs all winter, to say nothing of the white cow that gave excellent milk and cream.

"How *very* much better is *cows'* milk than milkmen's!" exclaimed Mr. Gray to his wife nearly every time he drank his usual evening portion; but this was a remark which Daisy did not precisely understand. It was, however, unquestionably true; for their cow's milk was innocent of water, or other mixtures, and the cream was so thick that half the quantity was sufficient for the coffee. Besides this, the children could fully enjoy the marvellous puddings and custards which their mother and the cook together knew so well how to prepare.

For grown people who long for company and gayety, winter in the country has not many amusements; but for children who go to school, and ought to be busy with study, there is even more variety than can be had in the city. The Grays began their studies with the usual autumn term, and as Willie and Maggie were now pretty well advanced, and would not have many years longer at school, they were urged to be diligent, and improve the time. This was rather more difficult, after the long summer vacation, during the

whole of which they had scarcely looked into a geography or grammar. But now came "the tug of war," and the lessons must be learned, whether they would or not. By degrees, however, it became easier to them, and they studied with energy.

Out of school hours there were amusements enough: skating, sledding, and sliding, upon the slippery lawn, which was covered with frozen sleet for weeks together. The predictions of the farmers had proved true, for the cold was severe and continuous, and even with all the fires going, people were complaining of the cold. Whenever the farmers or gardeners met together, they began to groan and grumble lest the fruit-trees should be injured, and the next year's crops be lost. But, happily, the snow lay deep upon the ground during most of the winter, and, strange as it might seem to those who do not understand such things, it covered and kept warm the wheat, and strawberries, and many other plants that would have suffered seriously from the bitter winds.

So, when the spring returned, and the snow had melted away, there were the grass and grain, quite green and tender underneath, ready to start and grow, once more repeating that annual miracle of "first the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear."

CHAPTER VI.

"A PLACE for everything, and everything in its place," was a maxim that Mr. Gray had always enforced upon his children; and if it was a valuable rule in their city home, where there were comparatively few tools or fixtures in use, how much more important now, in regard to their farming and gardening implements. Even during the summer, when they were in daily use, the rule had been strictly practised, and every hoe, rake, and spade was carried, as soon as the work was over, and deposited in its place in the barn. Against the inside wall of that building were sundry hooks and nails where they could be hung up; and in the same corner had been fastened narrow leather straps, held by nails at short distances apart. These furnished receptacles for the various tools, such as hatchets, files, hammers, chisels, &c., which were needed so frequently both in the house and in the garden. Then Willie had constructed a box-shelf for nails, and it contained within it various small compartments for those of different sizes. Besides these, there was a place for twine and strips of leather; so that whenever a plant required tying up, or a frame needed repairs, there was no time lost in finding these useful trifles. The barn was a place of great importance, for in it were stored all such matters, and in rainy weather it offered shelter and many facilities for work.

One of the improvements meditated this year was a hot-bed, in which could be raised quite a variety of plants, to come into use and profit very early in the season. About the middle of February the boxes and frames were prepared, the back being raised higher than the front, and sloping

downward, facing the south, so as to catch the warmest sunshine. A good second-hand sash was obtained at a trifling cost, and Pat and Willie together were the architects. By placing the back of the box against the barn-yard fence, the cold winds were kept off, and by a reference to one of the agricultural papers, for which Mr. Gray had long subscribed, the mode of filling it was easily learned. About the last of February it was ready for planting, and then were sown lettuce and radish seeds, as well as a few cucumbers, which, before many days, showed themselves above ground, and grew vigorously, forced by the heat of the rich compost in which they were planted. It was evident that their lettuce and radishes would be as early as any to be found in market.

The first of April had now come again, and with it a few spring-like days; but the season was later than usual, and the regular garden work was, in consequence, very much delayed. Yet there was some work to be done in clearing up and burning the brush. True, there was not much rubbish of that kind, for all the leaves and dead grass were to be ploughed under, and would help to enrich the ground. There was plenty of manure in the pig-pen and cow-yard, which was to be dug thoroughly into the ground before anything was planted, and they were thus saved the expense of purchasing any for this year. Around the rose-bushes, too, and indeed all over the flower-beds, it was spread quite thickly, for nothing shows the benefit of a rich soil more than flowers. It is the food they need to enable them to grow and bloom, and without it the plants would be very weak and spindling, and the blossoms small and few in number.

Although there was less to do in the way of laying out grounds, and such preparatory business, yet there were several important improvements in contemplation, which were now to be carried out. Among other things was the planting of a hedge of *arbor-vitæ* along the front fence, and Pat, who had formerly worked for a professional florist, and was therefore tolerably expert at the business of transplanting trees, was intrusted with the job. The young plants were only about two feet high, but they were set out close together, and afterwards trimmed at the top, so as to make them grow thick, as a hedge ought to do. The rains which came soon afterward settled them nicely in the ground, and most of them grew and flourished.

The children had long begged for a summer-house, and their father, who was very kind and indulgent, consented to the plan; but it was rather beyond Willie's power to build so important a structure himself. A carpenter was therefore employed to do it, according to the plan agreed on in the assembled council of the family. There was to be a tight roof, but the sides were to be of open lattice-work, with seats all around, and a table in the middle. A coat or two of green and white paint gave the finishing touch, and then it was ready for the vines.

By this time the weather had become settled and spring-like, and the garden-beds had been prepared for planting. Here and there, where bulbs and early spring flowers had been placed last year, crocuses, snow-drops, violets, pansies, and hyacinths were coming into bloom, and in Daisy's garden there

was a superb crown imperial, which cast all the other flowers into the shade. Then among the shrubbery on the lawn were several lovely white spireas, and a flowering pear, all of which were in their full beauty by the middle of May.

But earlier than that, while there was yet frost in the ground, the children began their trips to the woods, to gather that loveliest and most fragrant of wild-flowers, — the *epigæa*, or trailing arbutus, which blooms so luxuriantly in the Middle States. Indeed, during the whole season of its blossoming Mrs. Gray was never without a bouquet.

Another of the ornamental improvements to be arranged this year was a rock-bed, and as there were sundry great stones upon the premises, and many more in the immediate neighborhood, they were soon collected into one huge pile, in a central part of the lawn. Sufficient earth and leaf-

mould from the woods were placed in all the crevices between the stones, and then Willie and one or two of the others were intrusted with the duty of getting the prettiest ferns and mosses to plant upon it. Every good day, after school was over, they went on these excursions, and dived deep into the thickets after the most beautiful specimens, thinking of no danger but the poison-vines, which Willie was always careful to point out.

Always eager for adventures, on one of these occasions they saw something more marvellous than any sight yet witnessed. Running directly

through the woods was a narrow brook, and on its banks grew the loveliest green mosses and the finest ferns. Maggie and Willie had descended to the very edge of the green bank, and Bessie and Susie were on the other side watching the operation. Just as Maggie stretched out her hand to grasp the moss there was a movement among the ferns beside her, and, looking around quickly, she saw a large snake, surrounded by a score of young ones. She uttered an involuntary shriek, and started back, and Willie raised his spade to strike the reptile, which continued in its nest, with its tongue darting backward and forward, and its eyes glancing brightly; but before he had time to take a proper position to deal a death-blow, the snake opened her mouth wider, and, strange to relate, the young ones quickly jumped down into her throat! It took but a moment for all this to happen, and away went the snake, gliding down into the water out of sight. The children, who had all seen the unheard-of proceeding, were well scared, and they hurried home with what ferns they had collected, full of the marvellous adventure, but less eager for another trip of the kind.

"That is certainly a grand snake story," said Mr. Gray, laughing at the children's exaggerated accounts of its size and fierceness; "I have heard that they will protect their young in this way."

"O," cried Daisy, in greater astonishment than ever; "that's a funny way of protecting them, — to eat them up!"

This set them all to laughing. "Why, Daisy," said her father, "they only went down her throat into a pouch she has, to stay until it was safe to come up again. I suppose that by this time they're all crawling about the old one as lively as ever."

"Then we'll be afraid ever to go to the woods again," said Bessie, "if all those snakes are alive yet."

"I believe these water snakes are very harmless," replied her father; "but snakes are not at all pretty, and no one ever cares to be very sociable with them, although I have heard of little girls making pets of them."

"Pets of snakes!" cried Susie.

"Yes, there are a number of such instances on record; don't you remember the story of the little girl who shared her bread and milk with a snake which came every day to eat out of her bowl? It was said that whenever the snake put his head too far over on to the other side of the bowl, the child would pat him with her spoon, as an invitation to keep in his proper place. Then snakes are said to have the power of charming or fascinating their prey, so as to draw them within reach of their fangs, and this is doubtless true, in the case of birds, toads, &c., though I can hardly believe the other stories, or imagine that they could ever become pleasant pets."

"I hope we may never see another one," said Maggie, shuddering; and so the uncomfortable snake-subject was dropped.

Fortunately, they had secured a plentiful supply of ferns and moss before this adventure, and the rock-bed became at once a very attractive object. All sorts of pretty green creeping plants were added to increase its beauty, and the whole kept well watered, until they became rooted and settled. One

of the largest willows bent over it, and screened it from the heat of the sun, so that the ferns might have imagined themselves still in the shade of their original forest home. All around the lawn the trees had grown finely, and as there were a goodly number of them, there was quite a grove about the house, yet not one too many to suit the tastes of the occupants.

The vines and climbing roses this year sent up strong runners, and would have covered the piazza without the addition of any of the annuals or house-plants; but Mrs. Gray still found places for a few roots of the Mexican vines, and two or three scarlet beans. Most of these, however, were planted around the new summer-house, where they had a fine field for the indulgence of their rambling propensities. By the last of May the wistaria had put forth its bluish-purple clusters, and they hung in profusion around the eaves of the piazza, attracting myriads of bumble-bees to its dangerous sweets. In a day or two the ground was covered with the dead bees which had fallen victims to their appetites; the honey found in the fragrant blossoms being evidently poisonous to them. Still they came, as many as ever, and continued to suck the honey and die, until the last blossoms had faded.

As the season advanced, many of the experiences of last year were renewed, and the young gardeners were busy during all their leisure hours, in beautifying their garden-beds. Willie's patent hoop frames were adopted as the central ornaments, and the vines planted out around them. Some choice dahlia roots were stationed here and there on the lawn, and several ornamental shrubs, while a few bulbous roots of tube-rose and gladiolus were planted in the beds. Besides this, Mrs. Gray's hanging baskets were suspended from the eaves of the piazza, on either side of the doorway, and added no little to the general good effect.

In the farming department matters progressed very favorably; the fruit-trees had all blossomed, and the cherries especially promised a good crop. The peach-trees looked less encouraging, and many of their leaves were curled up by insects; there were few peaches to be seen, the cold winter having been unfavorable for their first bearing season. There was a fair show of pears on the little dwarf trees, and the raspberries and blackberries which grew between the rows of fruit-trees were quite full of blossoms, considering that this was only the second year of growth, and the first of bearing. But the strawberry-bed was literally white with bloom, and would no doubt furnish a fine supply. Then there were the vegetables, in much the same order as last year, not forgetting the pop-corn, which had given so much fireside enjoyment during the winter.

A favorite enjoyment in the summer time was fishing in a neighboring stream, and this year even Daisy, who was now past six years old, was permitted to join in the sport. Every Saturday Mr. Gray came home earlier from the city, and, with bait and fishing-lines all ready, the party set off, and generally brought home enough fish to serve for supper or breakfast. Sometimes, when the water was clear and quiet, they could see the pebbles on the bottom, and the fish gliding about in all directions. Some of the larger and wiser ones took no notice of the tempting bait, while others

would pause and look, as if uncertain what to do. Then some less cautious little fellow came up, and first bit at, and finally swallowed it, hook and all, when, in a moment, up went hook and line, clear out of the water, and the fish with it.

"How it does remind me of the fable of the 'Three Silver Trout'!" said Daisy, on one of these occasions, when she had been watching their antics.

"So it does, Daisy," said her father; "suppose you repeat the fable for our entertainment."

Most children, doubtless, are familiar with the story of the discontented trout that wished for wings, and when they were given him, died because he did not know how to use them; of the over-careful trout, that wanted to be able to see every snare and danger about him, and, this being granted him, died because he was afraid to move from his hiding-place, or even to taste food; and of the contented little trout that only asked to be taken care of by the wise Hand which had created him, and so was always cheerful and happy.

This fable Daisy's mother, who was something of a rhymer, had one day put into verse for her little girl's amusement; and Daisy, who had an excellent memory, now recited it to her father.

Just as she had finished, Susie and Bessie drew up their lines, each with a fine catfish, and Willie brought a string of more than a dozen, besides a good many little fellows, too small, perhaps, to be cooked. While some one was arranging the lines, &c., Maggie counted the fishes, and altogether there were *seventy-two.*

"Half a dozen dozen!" she exclaimed, — "and not a bad day's work, either."

This sounded like a large number, and so it was, and the phrase "half a dozen dozen" was repeated from one to another as they went home. Susie was the first to enter the house, and running up to her mother she says: "Only think what good luck we have had, — *six dozen dozen* of fishes!"

"*Six dozen dozen!*" exclaimed her mother, — "I never heard of such a haul; surely, that's a mistake."

"No, really," said Susie, — "ask Maggie, for she counted them."

"*Half a dozen* dozen, I said," answered Maggie.

"Ah, that's rather different," said her mother.

"Why, *half a dozen* is surely *six*," insisted Susie.

"There's a puzzler!" exclaimed Willie, — "and there's a little arithmetic in that question."

"Why, even Bessie can do that sum," said Mrs. Gray. "Come here, Bessie. How many are six dozen?"

"Seventy-two," said Bessie.

"Right; then how many are seventy-two *dozen?* Here's the slate, — set it down."

"Eight hundred and sixty-four," said Bessie, after a moment's ciphering.

"O, I see now," cried Willie, — "I see there's some difference between half a dozen dozen and half a dozen dozen *dozen;* but it *was* a little puzzling, at first hearing."

Author of "Six Hundred Dollars a Year."

THE SPRAY SPRITE.

ONCE upon a time, a thousand years ago, there dwelt by the sea a little maid. Had I said *in* the sea, it would perhaps have been as well, for such a spray sprite never danced before at a breaker's edge. It was bliss to her to watch that great sea, to hear its sweet or awful voices, to feel the salt wind lift her thick brown hair and kiss her cheek, to wade, barefooted, into the singing, sparkling brine. Above all things, she hated to sew patchwork. O, but she was a naughty child, — not at all like the good, decorous little girls who will perhaps read this story. She did n't like to sweep and dust, and keep all things bright and tidy. She wished to splash in the water the whole day long, and dance, and sing, and string shells, and be idle like the lovely white kittiwakes that flew to and fro above her, and came at the beckoning of her hand. I blush to record such things of any little girl I ever knew, and I would not do so, if I were not sure that when she grew older she became a better child. She looked with scorn on dolls and all their appointments, and never wished to play with them, — it was almost as bad as patchwork! But she loved the sky, and all the clouds and stars, the sun that made a glory in the east and west at morning and evening, the changing moon, the streaming northern lights. The winds seemed human, so much they had to say to her. She thought, "The north-wind fights me; the west-wind plays with me; the east-wind sighs, and is always ready to weep; the south-wind loves and kisses me." Every wave that whitened the face of the vast sea was dear to her; every bird that floated over, every sail that glided across, — all brought her a thrill of joy. And what a wild and

keen delight came to her with the thunder, lightning, and the rain! But with all her heart she hated the cold, white snow. Much she liked to creep out of the house in the dusk of dawn and climb the highest rocks to see the morning break. Wrapping herself close from the chill wind, curling into a niche of the rough granite cliff, how beautiful it was, all alone with the soaring gulls, to watch the east grow rosy, rosier to the very zenith, till she shouted with joy, facing the uprisen sun! Then it was so splendid to stand on the rocks when the billows came tumbling in, sending the spray flying high in the air, and throwing at her handfuls of crimson dulse, or long brown tresses of sea-weed, which she caught and flung back again, while she was drenched with the shower, and the wind blew her about in rough play. And blissful it was to run with the sandpipers along the edge of the shallow waves on the little beach, and dance in the clear green water; or, at low tide, to hang over the still surface of pools among the rocks, wherein lay treasures untold.

O those gardens of the sea! who shall describe their beauty? It was as if a piece of rainbow had fallen and melted into them, such myriads of many-colored creatures and plants inhabited them. Dear children, if I were to talk to you the whole day, I could n't tell you half the wonderful things she saw in those clear depths. But I think she liked best of them all the dainty *Eolis*, a delicate shell-less snail, with rosy spines and tiny horns.

To watch all this marvellous life at the edge of the wild ocean was enchanting, and she never wearied of it. Then, among the higher rocks, grew a few land plants and grasses, and a single root of fern, a world of delight to her; a whole tropical forest would not have been so precious. She gathered plumes of the bright golden-rod that nodded in the clefts, and crowned herself with long garlands of the wild pink morning-glory; and the gulls and the sandpipers looked at her, and wondered, I dare say, what she did it for; — they could have told quite as well as she. To the little pimpernel, always ready to shut its scarlet flowers at the slightest shadow of a cloud, she said, "I love you, pimpernel, for you 're always dreaming, and that 's what I like to do." And so she did dream, and with the everlasting sound of the sea in her ears, I wonder she ever believed anything to be real!

Well, she was a very happy little maid and perfectly content, but still she could n't help longing to know what lay beyond the round horizon that hemmed her in with the waves, and many and many a day, rocking in her little boat on the tranquil water, she gazed at the dim line where the sky seemed to rest on the sea, and pondered until she was lost in a maze of aimless thought.

"Over there, beyond the faint blue cloud of distant coast, lies the great world," she said. "Is it beautiful there?" Sometimes at sunrise it looked most beautiful, flushed with delicious color, — purple, and rose, and gold. Vessels glided by, hither and thither, at all times of the day and night. Whence came they? Whither did they go? If, in the morning sunshine, she saw the shadow of one sail fall upon another, as some craft passed near, the

sight made this unreasonable little savage so happy, that it was better than if she had found a mine of gold, — the foolish thing, to be happy at a shadow!

She laughed and talked with the loons, and learned to imitate their weird, wild cry; she stretched her arms up to the big burgomaster gull flying over, crying, "Take me to ride with you, burgomaster, between your broad wings!" Driftwood came sailing to the shore, bits of bark, — on what sort of tree did they grow? she wondered. Pieces of oars, — who had paddled with them? Lathes, sticks, straws, blocks, logs, branches, cones, tangled together with ribbon-grass and kelp and rock-weed, — each thing had a history, if she did but know it, she thought. Sometimes came a green fir bough; there was a wonder, for no trees grew among her rocks, there was n't soil enough to hold their roots. Sometimes she came upon tokens of wreck and disaster that made her heart shrink, for she did not like to think that pain was in this lovely world wherein she was so glad to be alive.

But she always fancied she should find some strange and costly thing, as she sought among the weeds and drift, — that something mysterious and beautiful would come floating across the sea for her, among the odds and ends, one day; and something *did* come, as you shall hear.

One night she was playing on the beach alone; she gathered shells and sea-weeds; full of joy, she laughed and sang to herself. It was high tide and sunset; all the west was red and clear; a golden glory lay along the calm water from the sinking sun to her feet, as she stood at the edge of the tide. Near by, the lighthouse began to twinkle in crimson and gold; far off large vessels, with their sails full of the twilight, passed by, silent and slow. The waves made a continual talking among themselves, and sweet and disconsolate came the cry of the sandpipers along the shore. All else was very still. She stopped her play, and sat down on a rock, and let her bare feet drop within reach of the water, while she watched the gulls slowly floating home, by twos and threes, through the lovely evening sky. She smiled to see them beat the air with their wide wings, with a slow and measured motion. She knew where their lonesome rock lay, far out on the eastern sea.

By and by all were gone; the red faded, but a pure and peaceful light still held the west, and the stars came out, one after one. She sat still there a long time; the warm wind wrapped her close, she felt no chill with the falling dew. Wistfully peering out toward the horizon-line, she did not for some time notice that the sea was full of cool fire, of "sparks that snap and burst and flee"; every wave left its outline in vanishing gold on the wet weeds and sand; her feet were covered; it was as if she had on golden spangled slippers. That was charming! The tide had begun to fall now, and left bare a gray rock worn and polished by the waves — Heaven knows how many thousands of years! — till it was as smooth as satin. She laid her cheek against it, the dear old gray rock! it was her pet pillow. Though the water had just flowed over it, it was warm yet from the sun which had blazed down all the long, clear summer day. Then she watched the pale flame glowing, and fading, and glowing again, till — Well, I never could be quite sure how much of what I am going to tell you she dreamed, and how much really happened, but the main points are certainly true.

After she had been watching and listening awhile, she became aware of an unaccustomed sound among the noises of the washing tide and whispers of the wind. Presently she perceived, between the tide-mark and the ebbing water, two dim, slender figures busy among the weeds, and sweet, clear voices reached her with a merry mingling of talk and laughter. The figures drew near, — a youth, dark and brilliant, a maiden, bright and fair. They were filling little baskets with the phosphorescent sparks, and every spark they touched became a permanent star, so that the little baskets were overflowing with the harmless flame. She could not comprehend their talk, but she watched them eagerly. The youth dipped his finger into the pale fire, and touched with it the girl's white forehead, and left there a spark that flickered first, then brightened and stood steady, a glittering star, so beautiful above her dusky hair! And the child saw the fairy maiden blush as she swung the basket lightly to her shoulder. She rose up as they turned, and confronted them, and both sprang toward her. "Child of the spray," they cried, "it is thyself we came to seek; and grasping her dress, they drew her gently after them into a small, lonely cove, where the water lay like a mirror, with all the stars in heaven shining out of it.

And by the starlight what an enchanting sight she saw! Moored close to the beach, a fairy fleet was waiting motionless, — seven purple mussel-shells as large as her own little skiff, each lined with mother-of-pearl, and strewn with silken cushions; in each a tapering mast, from which drooped lightly down the idle sail, shining like silver, bright as if woven of thistle-down. And at each curling prow was set a cluster of phosphorescent stars, gleaming and never disappearing, and every boat had its merry crew of fairy creatures, and in the midst, alone in his skiff, sat a fairy prince with a golden crown. When they saw their comrades bringing the spray-child, they set up a sweet outcry, and pushed the boats ashore with slender oars, and leaped out and danced about her. Was she awake or asleep? The tide had fallen farther yet. A large purple star-fish glided on the sand and paused close by. Many-hued little shells crept near and listened, and pearly Eolis, from a crystal pool at hand, lifted her crested head to listen also. The child rubbed her eyes, and looked about on every side, — the sand was real beneath her feet, the familiar sound of the water was surely in her ears, there were the stars above burning steadily. She was awake, she thought, though it was night; but when she looked at the fairy prince, she thought it was sunrise suddenly. He came near and took her hand, and as he did so all the sandpipers cried aloud in their dreams, and made their playmate tremble with mournful foreboding.

"Come," he said, "I have sailed across the sea, to show you what lies beyond the wonderful horizon. Come with me"; and without knowing how, she was sitting in the beautiful boat by his side, and all the fairy creatures were busy casting off the ropes, and trimming the sails, with song and shout, and as swiftly those shimmering sails ran up to the tops of the delicate masts, the south-wind filled them; sudden wafts of music, fine and sweet, rose and fell, and out of the little cove swept the fleet of shells, rustling can-

vas, gleaming stars, and brilliant faces, and all. Rapidly they passed from sight, and now on the lonely beach the sandpipers cry more disconsolately, and the waves break ever with a lonelier sound, for nevermore came that little spray-sprite back to play with them again.

What became of her? Well, that I will tell you also. At first, she was listening to such a wonderful story that she quite forgot everything else; but, as they sailed and sailed, one by one the fairy crews disappeared, and still little Idleness and the fairy prince sailed on and on, till at last they came to the great world which had looked so beautiful to the child's eyes from afar, — all gold, and pearl, and rose-color. And of what do you think she found it was made, after all? Why, my dear children, only patchwork! Everybody was doing patchwork of one kind or another, — black patches and white, blue patches and gray, — and everybody was so busy that it was astonishing to witness. I don't mean to say that everybody was sewing with needle and thread, but all were at work upon something; and she comprehended that while she had been dancing in the spray, wiser children had been learning all kinds of useful things, of which she knew nothing at all, and, how much time she had lost, to be sure!

At first it was wearisome enough, — like living in a big ant-hill, with all the ants rushing about pell-mell. And then all the trees, hills, and fields seemed to be crowding up to the windows for the express purpose of smothering the poor mermaid. There was n't half enough sky, and no water at all, to speak of; and everything was so stiff and still, except the hurrying people. The trees waved, but they could n't go sweeping off as the grand ships did over the sea, and as for the fields, they were well enough, but altogether too still; they never changed about like the shifting, musical, many-colored sea. And yet some of them were lovely, when the wind bowed all the tall white daisies toward her, like the crest of a breaking wave; better so than when they blushed with clover-bloom, or flamed in buttercups and dandelions. The brooks and rivers were good as far as they went, but there was so little of them! And if she liked the hills, it was because they seemed to her like huge, petrified waves, heaved solemnly against the sky. Alas for her great horizon! She pined for it night and day.

But gradually she began to get used to the tame life, and slowly, very slowly, she found out a secret worth all the beauty she had lost. As young people don't know it generally, I 'll whisper it in your ear. This is it: that work is among the best blessings God gave the world; that to be useful and helpful, even in the smallest ways, brings a better bliss than all the delightful things you can think of, put together. And this bliss is within the reach of every human being. She was glad when she found it out for herself. And so now she does patchwork, to the end of her days, — patchwork in this case, meaning all kinds of work under the sun. You 'd never know now that she had been a spray sprite, and danced among the breakers, and talked and laughed with the loons, for she is like everybody else, except that, sleeping or waking, year after year, she keeps in her ears the sad, mysterious murmur of the sea, just like a hollow shell.

Celia Thaxter.

THE WORLD WE LIVE ON.

REEF-BUILDING CORALS.

NOT very many years ago naturalists knew little more about corals than many of you boys and girls now do. The reef-building corals have their home in warm tropical seas, and they were chiefly known in Europe through the dried specimens brought home by seafaring men and given to their friends or stored in museums. These were either the solid, rocky masses called coral heads, or fragments of the lighter branching kinds known as fan corals and the like. There was a vague idea that these masses were originally inhabited by animals, but no one knew anything of their nature, their process of growth, or their appearance when alive. Even the red Mediterranean coral, so famous on account of the ornaments made from it, was more familiar to the fisherman who brought it up from the sea, and to the jeweller who wrought it into a thousand attractive forms, than to the naturalist. Indeed, there were few naturalists in those days living upon the seashore; their homes were chiefly in the central parts of Europe, in the large cities, where they found occupation as professors and teachers in the universities, and they depended chiefly upon museum collections for their knowledge of marine animals. The existence of the host of minute creatures living singly or in communities along every seashore was hardly known to science in those days. A French physician residing at Montpelier, Peyssonel by name, first discovered the nature of these singular little beings. Having his home near the coast of the Mediterranean, he could keep his specimens alive, and study them in their natural condition. He made his investigations upon corals, as well as upon what are called Hydroids. This name is given to a variety of small animals most of which live in communities. The Sertularians, a specimen of which was shown to you in Figure 5 of the last article, belong to this group. The facts discovered by Peyssonel were so interesting that naturalists began to feel, as they had never felt before, the importance of studying these seemingly insignificant creatures, and of studying them alive in their natural element. Since then a vast deal has been learned about them; and it was in the course of these researches that the corals were found to be allied with all the radiated animals, to have essentially the same structure as the sea-anemones, star-fishes, sea-urchins, and countless smaller animals belonging to the group of Hydroids.

I will not weary you with an account of these researches; but in learning something of the corals you ought at least to know the names of the men who have taught us most about them. The English naturalist Darwin studied the singular islands built by coral animals in the Pacific Ocean, and wrote a charming book about them, so simple and clear that even the youngest among you might read it with interest and pleasure. Our own countryman, Dana, who accompanied the United States Exploring Expedition around the

world, made the corals his especial study, and published an elaborate and very valuable work upon them. And lastly, Milne-Edwards, the French naturalist, though he has not had the living specimens before him, has taught us more than any one else of the hard parts of these animals, — that is, of those portions of their structure which after their death are still preserved in the solid masses built by them.

You little know the difficulty of these investigations, — what patient watching is required; sitting motionless for hours over the microscopes, waiting for the little creature to contract or expand, to spread his feelers, or to show some part of his tiny frame which you must see to render your description complete. To give you an idea of the way in which such studies are carried on, I will tell you about an investigation the history of which I happen to know.

Until he came to this country, Mr. Agassiz, like most European naturalists, had lived far from the seashore. It is true that in the heart of Switzerland he had gathered marine shells and corals and had studied them; but they were the dead shells and corals, of past ages, belonging to a time when the countries which now shut Switzerland from the sea did not exist, and her western boundary was a seashore where corals built their reefs and shells lived on the beaches. When you learn something about the formation of mountains, you will see how such beaches may be raised from their natural level, so that the shells of animals which lived upon them are found at last among the mountains. On arriving in America Mr. Agassiz began the study of the jelly-fishes, star-fishes, sea-anemones, and like objects living along our northern shore, — animals which he had never before had the opportunity of watching alive. And among other things, he became deeply interested in studying the structure of the little corals found about Martha's Vineyard Sound, — the Astrangia, of which you had a picture (Figure 10) in the last article. He procured living specimens, kept them alive in glass jars, changing the water frequently, and watched them during a whole summer, having drawings made from them to show the different parts of their body, their appearance when open or closed, and, in short, all the details of their structure. Thus it happened that he was quite familiar with these corals of our coast when he was invited by Professor Bache, then Superintendent of the Coast Survey, to make an examination of the Coral Reef of Florida, in order to ascertain certain facts about it, the knowledge of which was important to the interests of navigation.

While making this survey he had, of course, the best opportunity for studying the animals themselves. He arranged a working-room, or laboratory, at Key West, and provided himself with a number of glass jars and large glass tubs, some of them so wide and deep that he could keep in them masses of living corals measuring two feet in diameter, completely immersed in water. This is a necessary condition. If you take a coral out of the water, he dies. There are some kinds so sensitive, that, merely in order to take them from the sea and drop them into your jar, you must place your jar under the water. The instant of transit while you lift the coral from his natural home would otherwise be sufficient to kill him.

Having arranged his working materials, Mr. Agassiz passed weeks in studying these minute creatures. He had microscopes, one or two assistants, and an artist, so that the work went on with a certain rapidity. But under the most favorable circumstances the progress is slow, because you must wait the moods of these capricious little creatures, who will hide themselves for hours, drawing in all their soft parts, and closing themselves against investigation. One day he sat watching a mass of living Porites, one of the more solid kinds of coral which form the foundations of the Reef. Figure 1 shows you a fragment of such a community in natural size. Every spot on the surface marks a separate individual, while the lines disposed about it like a star indicate the feelers. The animals are, as you see, exceedingly small, scarcely larger than the head of a pin. On this occasion, Mr. Agassiz had been looking for a long time with a magnifying-glass at the minute creatures forming this singular community, when suddenly he saw a little round yellowish object, so small that it would scarcely have been noticed without the magnifier, protrude from the mouth of one of them. It was a new feature; he had never observed anything of the kind before, and he watched it with intense curiosity. It advanced more and more, creeping slowly out, and presently parted from the coral stock and floated free in the water, an independent being, oval in shape, a mere bubble for transparency and lightness, but evidently a living thing, since it moved about quite rapidly. He had seen the birth of a coral animal. While he followed its motions with wonder and interest, he perceived that the same process was going on over the whole mass. It was a birthday in this great family, for now from the countless mouths crowding the surface of the coral head, the same little objects began to appear, and were cast off like the first, till hundreds of new beings floated in the water around the parent community.

Figure 1.

Mr. Agassiz had chanced upon the moment of breeding in a coral stock. He had never seen it, nor had any naturalist ever seen it before; he has never seen it since; he might watch for months, perhaps, and never see it again. This is what I mean when I say that these investigations are so baffling and slow. The patient waiting of years may give you only one such hour. Still the time is not lost, for it is by intimate familiarity with the structure of animals, by constant comparison of one with another, by unwearied study, in short, that the observer acquires the knowledge which enables him to understand some entirely new fact when it suddenly presents itself to him.

The next step in the investigation was to secure one of these new-born creatures and study his structure under the microscope. In Figure 2 you have his picture highly magnified, as seen from the side and also from above. The oval outline represents the profile view, while the circular one shows

Figure 1. Fragment of Porites.

the upper end of the body where the mouth will be, though it is not yet formed; the lines radiating from the centre outward are the partitions which we have seen to be characteristic of all these animals, and which were already perceptible. This small atom in creation can swim about by means of an apparatus invisible to the naked eye, but very effectual as an organ of locomotion. The surface of the body is covered with what naturalists call "Vibratile Cilia,"—incredibly delicate threads which vibrate and palpitate with quick, waving motion, and so impel the animal through the water. Mr. Agassiz was unable to follow the history of his new brood beyond its first stages, because it was impossible to maintain the conditions necessary to rear them, and they soon died. But having ascertained that the young corals begin their existence as free, independent beings, and resemble the young of the soft-bodied Radiates, so much is known of the latter, and of later stages in the life of the corals, that it was easy to put these facts together and make out the whole story.

Figure 2.

Suppose such a being to be born into the sea,—and no doubt they are cast in swarms from the coral stocks into the water surrounding a reef. Independent and able to move about freely at first, it presently selects a suitable spot, and attaches itself to the rocks or to the sea bottom by one end. This end flattens and adheres to the ground just as in the sea-anemone, fitting itself gradually to the surface on which it rests, while the upper end spreads and becomes a little depressed at the centre. That depression marks where the mouth is presently to be, and it deepens until it becomes a hole, and feelers or tentacles gradually develop around it. And now begins that phase in the life of a coral animal by which it differs as I have told you from all the other Radiates, and is enabled, notwithstanding its diminutive size, to play so important a part in the history of the world. There are hard particles of lime in its substance, and these accumulate, first, at the base of the body where it is attached to the ground, so that it becomes firm and immovable, afterwards on the outside wall, and between the partitions. Now the whole has a solid frame, the only parts of the little coral which remain soft being the stomach within the body, the mouth, and feelers. These latter retain their flexible contractile character through life, and decompose when the animal dies.

There is one fact in the nature of the coral animals which affects their choice of a resting-place, and has a direct bearing on the strength and solidity of the structures they build. The more compact kinds, those which grow closely together and form the rounded, rocky masses known as coral heads, like the deep sea. They settle at a depth of ten or twelve fathoms, while the lighter branching kinds prefer shallower waters. Thus it happens that the foundation of a reef is always laid by those coral animals which, from their very nature and mode of growth, secure the soundest basis for the structure; while the upper part is built by the lighter branching kinds.

Figure 2. The young just hatched of Porites.

We have seen the birth of an independent coral. But these animals have two ways of multiplying; one by which new communities are founded, another by which they spread and increase. A little germ, like the one described above, having undergone the changes I have mentioned, and assumed his permanent character, begins to put out little buds from either side, which grow into new beings exactly like himself, and multiply in their turn, till the community which he has founded is numbered by hundreds, thousands, nay, millions, of distinct beings. All the members of this innumerable family are organically connected; that is, the cavities of their bodies open into each other, so that they lead a common life, the food absorbed by each one circulating through the whole mass and nourishing all the rest.

I have said that the harder, more compact kinds are found at the bottom of the Reef. Such are the Astræans, so named on account of the star-shaped pits crowded upon the surface, each one of which marks a single animal. Figure 3 represents such a coral head. Next come the Meandrinas, or Brain Corals, and the Porites. The former take their name from the waving furrow, thought to resemble the undulations of the brain; they are produced by the elongation of the mouths which run into each other and thus produce depressions extending lengthwise, instead of the round, clearly defined pits of the Astræans. You have a specimen of the Brain Coral represented in Figure 4. The Porites you know already; it is from that species our little coral is taken, and you have a representation of a fragment from such a community in Figure 1.

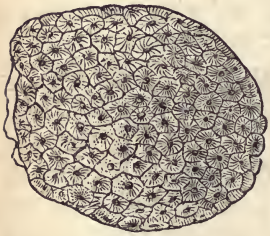


Figure 3.

But the Astræans, the Meandrinas, the Porites, in short, all the solid, close-growing corals, have their limits within the sea. When the Astræans have brought the coral wall up to a certain height, they cease to grow upwards, because they require a greater depth of water than they find at that level. At this point, however, the Meandrinas and Porites find a genial home. They settle above the Astræans, and build the wall still higher; but they also cease to thrive, as the water diminishes above them, and finally, when their share of the work is accomplished, a host of lighter branching kinds set in upon the surface they have formed, and finally bring the reef to the sea level. Such are the Madrepores (see Figure 5) and a great variety of sea-fans, of which you have a specimen in Figure 6.

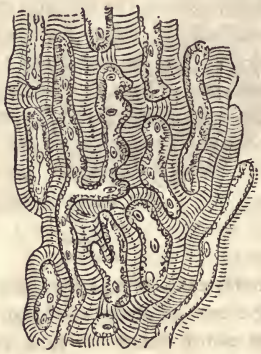


Figure 4.

Figure 3. Astræan head. Figure 4. Meandrina, or Brain Coral.

Figure 5.

Figure 6.

There is a great difference in the mode of budding among the different kinds of coral. Some spread horizontally, budding from the base and pushing outward. Such is the mode of increase in the Mycidium, represented in Figure 7. Others bud from the side, like the Caryophyllia, in Figure 8. In

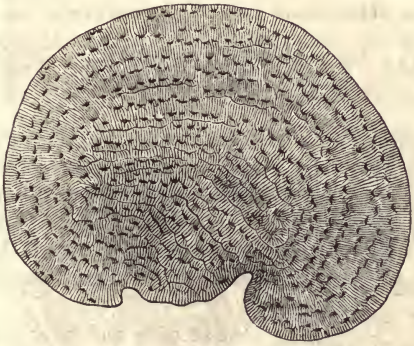


Figure 7.

Figure 8.

others, each animal widens gradually toward the summit as it grows, assuming a sort of trumpet-shape, and then divides, so that where there was but one mouth there are now two. Such is the Mussa, of which you have a specimen in Figure 9. On the left hand, and highest in the group, are two which are completely separated; on the right hand, lowest in the group, are two which are just parting, formed by the division of one; while just above them is another animal the opening or mouth of which is greatly expanded. It will presently contract in the centre, and form two, as the others have done.

Figure 5. Branch of Madrepore.
Figure 6. Gorgonia.
Figure 7. Mycidium.
Figure 8. Caryophyllia.

Figure 9.

In short, there is no end to the variety in the life and aspect of these little creatures, which are so small, and yet accomplish such great results. I have described them to you, however, as I have seen them myself in the dry fragments preserved in museums; and when these articles were begun, I had no expectation that I should ever have a nearer view of them. But a pleasant chance takes me to Florida and to the Reef. I write these words on the point of starting, and all that I see of the beauty and wonder of this submarine wall, and of the living shrubbery which crowns its summit, you shall share, if you will have the patience to read my next chapter.

Elizabeth C. Agassiz.

CANDY-MAKING.

II.

"PAINTED candies are always poisonous; are they not?" asked Mysie. "Well, no; but still I should not recommend them. They are uncertain, at least."

"Not only the paint, but the coloring mixed in the candies by unscrupulous dealers, is dangerous," said Magnifico, "as I recently saw proved. While I was staying at my brother's house (not in this city, by the way), one of his children was taken violently ill, and, after a good deal of inquiry, it was found that his nurse, while on a visit to her relatives in the lower part of the city, had bought a quantity of colored candies and brought them as a present to the child, who devoured the whole at a sitting.

"My brother, by the advice of his physician, sent at once and bought a pound of the same candy at the same shop, and took it to an analytical chemist who tested it in various ways, and finally dissolved the whole pound in a covered jar of water, the result being a deposit of three eighths of an inch of white sediment, probably the terra alba mentioned by our friend here, and the discovery of no less than three mineral poisons in the form of paint. Further inquiry proved that unscrupulous manufacturers, and those who aim merely to produce a cheap and showy article, are in the regular habit of using such dainties as yellow ochre, verdigris, and red-lead for coloring, and fusel-oils for flavoring, not to speak of the adulteration of the sugar already mentioned. Pleasing idea for parents, — is it not?"

"Of course, sir, your statement is not to be questioned," remarked Mr.

Figure 9. Mussa.

Son, with a little heat. "But I must say I do not think your friend would find a pound of such candy as you describe in *this* city. I have too good an idea of my fellow-manufacturers to believe it possible. At any rate, such practices have never come within my knowledge."

"But granting them to exist, we are all the more grateful to manufacturers whom we can trust implicitly," interposed Magnifico, with a smile and a bow, quite atoning for his unconscious offence.

"What is becoming of the rest of the candy?" suddenly inquired Mysie; and, turning once more to the bench, she found that the artist, although forgotten, had not been idle, and that the remains of the various sorts of paste were already manufactured into sticks, twists, or fancy shapes, some of one color, some of several, as the artist had chosen to combine his various masses of material.

"I was obliged to use it up at once, before it hardened, or I could have made some other fancies," said he, apologetically.

"Certainly, but now how will you get the elephants, the fishes, and the kisses apart, and free from the ragged edges clinging to them?"

"Thus with the fishes"; and the artist, taking a penknife in one hand and the sheet of fish in the other, struck a light blow between each two, cracking every one off from its neighbor with as clean and sharp an edge as if it had been moulded by itself. The elephants and kisses were treated with less care, being all jumbled together in a very coarse wire sieve, and shaken until all the thin bits connecting them were broken off and dropped through the sieve upon the table to be collected and used over again.

"And now I will make a few peppermints, and then I have some pan work to do," said the artist, quite restored, now that the cooling candy was off his mind, to his first genial and chatty state of mind.

"The sirup for the peppermints," continued he, taking a saucepan from the furnace, where it had been watched by the silent John, "is not boiled so high as for clear candies, and, as a general rule, the softer you want your candies, the lower you boil the sirup."

"Lower means less, — does it not?" asked Mysie.

"Yes, and by boiling high I mean boiling fast and a good while; that is, evaporating more of the water. Now this sirup, you see, is neither so clear nor so thick as that we have been using, but will make soft, crumbly peppermint drops, such as are most in demand." And with this little explanation the artist began to pour the sirup from the lip of his saucepan, a little at a time, upon a tin sheet, cutting off each portion, as it fell, with a broad-bladed knife.

"In a few moments they will be cold, and can be slipped off the sheet without trouble," said he. "Of course, by varying the color and flavor, we can get any variety of drops, but peppermint is the most popular. A curious thing about these drops is, that if they are shut up close in a jar, when first made, they will all crumble back into sugar. The air hardens them."

"How are lozenges made?" inquired Mysie.

"A little gum is mixed with the sirup, to give it consistency, and then the sheet of paste is spread upon a marble or table, and the lozenges are cut out

with a punch, — just a tin tube open at both ends, you know. There, the peppermints are done, and now I will show you how to make sugared almonds and other pan work. John, are those almonds ready? Very well. Don't take them off yet; I want the ladies to see the whole process."

And the cheerful artist led the way to one of the furnaces, over which swung a large, shallow copper basin, very much as some baby-cradles are swung from a supporting rod, instead of standing upon rockers. To carry out this idea, stood John, patient as any nurse, steadily swinging the cradle to and fro above the fire, and watching the contents as carefully as if he had

been bidden by old Blunderbore to serve up broiled baby at five o'clock, or lose his own head. But when Minnie and Mysie peered over the edge of the cradle, they found no baby, but, instead, a peck or so of shelled almonds, nicely browned and toasted, but not in the least burnt, although we all remember "burnt almonds" as the name most dear to our childish hearts.

"These are the best of sweet Jordan almonds, and we use no others," said the busy artist, swinging the cradle off the fire, and critically handling the almonds. "Yes, they are plenty done. Now, John, the sirup."

But John, anticipating the order, stood ready with a great two-handled copper basin of thin sirup, which, at a sign from the artist, he placed upon a

frame close beside the furnace, and, after handing a long ladle, resumed the rocking of the cradle, while the artist, dipping up a ladleful of the sirup, threw it over the almonds, to which it adhered in a thin glaze. After a moment to allow this to dry, another dash of sirup was administered, and so on, with alternate sirup baths and dryings-in, until the brown almonds disappeared altogether in their rough and grainy white coverings, and the process was complete. This, however, it should be acknowledged, was the work of an hour or two, and only the beginning and the end were witnessed by Signor Magnifico's party. While they still lingered, however, the artist found time and breath to tell them that smooth almond-comfits are prepared in the same way as these, except that the sirup is much thinner, — indeed, almost as fluid as water, — and the applications must be much oftener repeated before a sufficient coating is obtained. Also, he said that all "sugar-plums" are made in the same manner, and consist of clove-buds, carraway or coriander seeds, slips of cinnamon, flag-root, lovage, or any of a dozen other aromatic seeds or barks, which are coated with sugar, either plain or flavored, and colored according to fancy, in the same manner as the almonds, the rough or smooth surface depending upon the consistency of the sirup.

"Then there is nut candy of various sorts," continued the artist. "That is only a sirup boiled pretty high, with a quantity of almonds, peanuts, filberts, or shredded cocoanut, boiled in it. It is turned out upon the marble and left until nearly cold, when it is cut into strips with the long sword you saw me use. Nut candy can be made of molasses also, but we do not meddle with that sort of thing much."

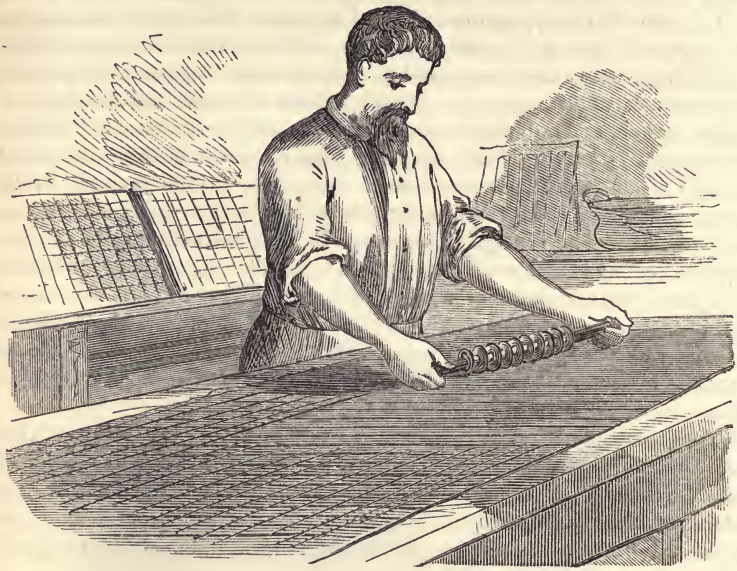
Leaving the artist rocking and feeding his almond babies, Minnie and Mysie followed Mr. Son, who showed them iron moulds in shape of cockerels, dogs, horses, men, flowers, hearts, and various other objects, — each mould in two parts, to be joined and clasped together, leaving a hole at the top, through which the candy could be poured. When this was cold, the clamps were removed, the mould was opened, and the work of art, whatever it might be, revealed. But these efforts, as Mr. Son remarked, were mostly reserved for holiday times and special orders. Also he showed them a miniature garden-roller, with knife-like bands running round it, by which the sheets of hoarhound, and similar candies, are divided into bars; and also a frame filled with narrow strips of iron arranged in squares, used to mark, without dividing, checkerberry, sassafras, and other clear candies usually sold in this form. Also some stencil-plates, by means of which the mottoes are printed upon "conversation lozenges," or the sugar hearts so popular about Valentine's Day.

"But with all this we have not seen how the cream gets inside the chocolate," said Minnie, who had for some moments seemed very impatient. Mr. Son smiled blandly.

"Chocolate creams? They are made up stairs in the crystallizing department. If you are not too tired, we will go up there."

"O, certainly," cried Mysie, a new flush of energy thrilling through her wearied limbs; and as Minnie was more than willing to encounter new

fatigues in the pursuit of her favorite inquiry, and Signor Magnifico would have gone smilingly wherever she chose to lead him, all three followed Mr



Son, who led them through such a labyrinth of passages, and up so many stairs, that one might reasonably expect to emerge in fair Rosamond's bower at the least; but the bower proved to be only a bright, sunny chamber close under the roof, and fair Rosamond was represented by Caramel in his white cap and clean linen apron, who welcomed his visitors, and showed them his domain, with the same good-humored readiness pervading the lower part of the establishment. Probably the constant use of sugar and sirups has a mollifying influence upon the disposition.

"And what are you about to-day, Caramel?" inquired Mr. Son, looking into a copper boiler over the furnace, where something very white and nice was gently boiling.

"Just making some chocolate creams, sir," replied Caramel, giving the white substance a stir.

"How nice! Are they chocolates Duchesse?" eagerly inquired Minnie.

"No, miss; but I can make part of this into Duchesse, if you would like to see it."

"Of all things," exclaimed Minnie, adding in an aside to Mysie, "To think of the acres of taffy we have waded through to come to this!"

"The taffy, as you call it, was quite as interesting to me," replied Mysie, rather indignantly; but Caramel, who had been busy in setting out sundry large shallow boxes filled with a white powder carefully smoothed upon the top, was now ready to begin his lecture.

WAITING FOR A BITE.

DRAWN BY GASTON FAY.] [See "AFTER PICKEREL."

"The first process in making chocolate creams," said he, "is to boil the sugar and water, sometimes with a flavoring of vanilla or lemon, sometimes without, until it will just 'set' without candying. The lower it is boiled, the longer it takes to set, but the softer and more melting it will be when finished, and most persons value a chocolate cream for just this melting quality. When the cream is ready, I mould it in these starch boxes in this manner."

And Caramel, opening a drawer, took out a flat stick, with a dozen or more little plaster balls like halves of marbles fastened upon it, and pressed it lightly upon the box of starch, leaving, of course, a row of little cavities corresponding to the half-spheres upon the stick.

"You will see a good many prettier moulds in that drawer, if you please to look," remarked Caramel, going on with his cave-making; and Minnie and Mysie, availing themselves of the permission, turned over the moulds, finding all sorts of pretty things in shape of bows, rosettes, flowers, hands, shoes, human faces, hearts, butterflies, and various small animals, birds, and fishes. All these were arranged like the half-marbles, — a dozen or more of each glued upon a flat stick as long as the boxes of starch were wide, — and were used in the same manner.

"And now, my moulds being ready, I fill them," continued Caramel, taking his copper pan off the furnace and dipping part of its contents into a saucepan with a lip, over which he poured a little of the mixture into each of the holes he had made in the starch, until all were filled.

"There," said he. "Now I put them in the drying-room, and leave them until to-morrow, when they will be fit to handle. If I had boiled the sugar high, they would be as hard as stones in an hour; but that is not what we want. And now for the chocolate Duchesse." And with a smile Caramel produced a tin can from beneath his bench, and poured a portion of its contents into a tin cup, which he handed to Minnie.

"Real cream, — is n't it?" asked he.

"Yes, certainly; but how does it get inside?"

"In the simplest manner possible. It just stays still and the sugar crystallizes around it," said Caramel, taking the copper pan off the fire again, and stirring the cream into the sirup. Then he produced some more boxes of starch, carefully smoothed them, selected a stick of little oval moulds, and, while printing them off, remarked, "The sugar needs to be boiled higher for the Duchesses than for chocolate creams, because we want it to crystallize around the cream, and low-boiled sugar never crystallizes."

"And I should not suppose high-boiled sugar would either, after having cream mixed with it," said Mysie.

"But it does," tranquilly replied Caramel, laying aside his mould, stirring up his cream and sirup, and proceeding to fill the impressions left in the starch.

"And now," said Minnie, disappointed, "we cannot see any more unless we come again, if they have to dry for a whole day."

"But I have some of both kinds already dry, and am just going to dip

them," said Caramel, exulting in his little surprise; and opening the door of a small room with a stove in the middle, shelves all around it, and an inclined trough at one side, he placed the starch-boxes just filled upon one of the shelves, and took down some others from another.

"These were put in yesterday, and are quite ready to dip now," said he; and, closing the door of the drying-room, he placed the starch-boxes upon a table, and with his fingers rapidly sifted out the little white balls of the chocolate creams and the firmer oval cases of the chocolates Duchesse, throwing them into separate baskets.

Then from another closet he produced a pan of liquid chocolate, thick with sugar, and a two-pronged steel fork.

"First, the Duchesse," said he, taking up three or four, throwing them into the chocolate, turning them over and over with his fork, and finally fishing them out completely coated, and laying them carefully upon a tin sheet, where they soon flattened into the shape we all know so well, and looked like an army of great brown beetles marching to the assault of somebody's sugar-box.

The chocolate creams were served in the same manner; and when all were finished, and again placed in the drying-room for a few hours, Minnie heaved a sigh of satisfaction.

"Well, now I know," said she. "But I never should have believed, if I had not seen it, that the cream would go inside of its own accord, and the sugar stay outside. And are brandy, and wine, and liquor drops made in the same way?"

"Precisely. The wine, brandy, or liquor is mixed with sirup boiled to a crystallizing point, and then poured into starch moulds, when the liquid remains within, and the sugar forms outside it. Those other moulds, many of them, are used for sweetmeats of this kind."

"Yes, I remember," said Minnie. "Some one presented me with a pair of lovely little rose-colored slippers about two inches long; and, not knowing how they were made, I bit off the toe of one, and the sirup came rushing out."

"I hope you had on a blue silk dress," viciously remarked Mysie, remembering Minnie's mirth at her own mishap.

"Others of these shapes," pursued Caramel, "are used for gum-drops, marsh-mallow paste, — although that is usually made in squares, — and various sorts of crystallized sweetmeats, all made on the same principle."

"But those things are always covered with loose, glittering crystals of sugar," remarked Mysie.

"Yes. After they have hardened in the starch, they are laid in shallow pans, and a thin sirup is poured over them. After a few hours, the sugar crystallizes upon the shapes, and the rest of the sirup is drained off into the wooden trough you remarked in the drying-room, and used over again. Fig paste is made much in the same manner, the inside of the fig being boiled with sugar and a little gum, shaped in starch moulds, and then crystallized."

"And jujube paste, — what is that?"

"Jujube paste is nothing but gum-arabic, sugar, and water, with a little

coloring. Once it may have been made of the gum of the jujube-tree, but not in my day," said Caramel, smiling frankly.

"And gum-drops?"

"Are gum, sugar, and water, boiled together, moulded in starch, and crystallized by lying in sirup. Here are some rather pretty sweetmeats which I made yesterday," continued Caramel, bringing from the drying-closet two trays, one of prunes, divided in the centre, the stone extracted, and the cavity filled with sparkling crystallized sugar, and the other of English walnuts treated in the same manner.

"I have used tamarinds, dates, and dried ginger in this way," continued Caramel, turning over his sweetmeats with considerable pride. "In fact, it is hard to say what a man cannot do with starch moulds, coloring, flavoring, and crystallized sugar. I think up new ideas almost every wakeful night I have, and putting them into successful shape is as great a pleasure to me as — well, as a new bonnet is to a fashionable lady."

Leaving the enthusiastic Caramel to finish his chocolate creams, the party next looked into a little room where the decorator was at work ornamenting a great wedding-cake with raised bands of frosting, flowers, and leaves. All around him upon shelves lay other cakes, some completed and ready to be placed upon the bridal supper-table, others covered with their first coat of plain icing, others brown and rich just from the oven. The cake under operation was nearly finished, and the decorator went steadily on without heeding his visitors. In his hands he held a bag fitted with a tin tube, its mouth cut into notches; and other tubes larger or smaller, more or less notched, or quite plain, lay ready beside him. A slight pressure upon the bag squeezed out the frosting mixture in the form of a cylinder, deeply furrowed by the notches cut in the mouth of the tube. This cylinder the decorator disposed upon his cake according to his own fancy, — in curves, scrolls, a Greek pattern, or in curious nondescripts, — always, however, leaving spaces between the lines of ornaments, that the cake might be cut without spoiling its appearance. The frosting finished, the decorator produced a box containing varieties of flowers, birds, butterflies, and other ornaments made in paste, and painted by hand. Some of these he disposed in an artistic bouquet upon his cake, perched a butterfly in the centre, and pronounced it complete.

Returning through the outer room, the party found Caramel busy over the furnace with a new confection.

"I am making some of my own namesakes now, — some chocolate caramels," said he, as Mysie paused beside him.

"Indeed, and how will you do it?" asked she.

"It is very simple. Sugar, water, chocolate, boiled together until the proper moment arrives, then poured out upon the marble slab, cooled just enough, then divided into squares by a wide knife."

"Very simple, if one understands 'just enough,'" replied Mysie, laughing; and, with thanks for his ready politeness, the friends left the merry Caramel to his caramels, and followed Mr. Son down stairs to the glittering shop full of wonders, whose origin now lay before them an understood, but no less

marvellous process, where they offered to Mr. Son their acknowledgments of his kindness, and took leave, — Minnie happy in the answer to her question, Mysie wild with the effort to remember all at once everything she had seen, and Magnifico so delighted to have completed his duties of politeness, that he lingered behind to leave a fabulous order with the astonished young lady at the desk, which order resulted, the same evening, in such an arrival of sweets at Minnie's and Mysie's home, that neither of those young ladies has since been seen or heard from.

Jane G. Austin.

AFTER PICKEREL.

MASTER CHARLES HORSEY always retained the liveliest recollections of an excursion he once made to the celebrated Owline Mountain. Indeed, the memory of that happy occasion was always so fresh, that he seldom ceased to recall it when awake, and when asleep the incidents of a certain rabbit-hunt invariably reproduced themselves in his early morning dreams. His efforts to secure another day of pleasure were so persevering that I consented to form a fishing-party.

"On Tuesday," said I to Master Horsey, "if I live," — I always added the latter clause, for I was a daily passenger by a railway, — "if I live, we will start on our fishing excursion."

My little companion was delighted with my proposition. Mr. Rover, a young neighbor, was invited to join the party, — Clip and Tobey, the dogs, were of course included. It was not a matter of much difficulty to decide upon a destination; for what more delightful or prolific pond than Ramble's could be chosen for an expedition such as we proposed to undertake?

The evening preceding the happy day was spent in perfecting the necessary arrangements. The old fish-baskets were uncloseted, the jointed rods taken from their dusty resting-places, and the trolling-spoons — we proposed to try the pickerel — rubbed and polished until they glistened like plate mirrors. Master Horsey retired to bed full of cheering anticipations. A dozen times during the night, the restless fellow crept from his little bed to take a look at the weather. Imagine his consternation, when he visited his post of observation for the last time, to see the heavens completely overcast. The fact was too potent, — the morning of Tuesday dawned cloudy and unpropitious.

We all met at the breakfast-table. Master Horsey's face was overspread with an expression of unhappiness and dismay.

"You need not be so downcast, my boy," said I; "we'll make all ready for the start, so that if it clears away by nine o'clock we'll have nothing to detain us." My remarks revived the drooping Charley.

Towards eight o'clock the lifting of the clouds inspired us with renewed hope. The worms were dug, the orders given to harness the horse, and a messenger despatched for Mr. Rover. By half past eight the improved appearance of the sky encouraged a start. Master Horsey, in the mean time, acted the part of a barometer. In the early morning he was as depressed as the weather was lowering; after breakfast his spirits revived, and by the time the wagon was at the door he reached the highest point of felicity he was capable of attaining. Mr. Rover, contrary to our expectations, was on hand ready to take his place with the rest of us. At nine precisely we moved out of the gate, the dogs following as best they could.

The symptoms of a rainy day had entirely disappeared. The road was good, the horse in admirable condition; in fact, everything was conducive to a merry time. Mr. Rover, who had the reputation of being a very funny fellow, amused us by blowing through his fingers in imitation of a fish-horn; calling out after each peal, "Fresh fish!" "Polywogs!" "Porgies!" "Mackerel!" His mimicry was so perfect that many eager housewives came out into the road, expecting to see a veritable fish-pedler.

Ramble's Pond, our destination, was distant about three miles from Owline Grange. In less than half an hour we reached the brow of the hill that overlooks the beautiful sheet of water. The view was lovely in the extreme. At our feet lay the placid pond, glistening like burnished silver, in a frame of the most brilliant green.

In a barn at the bottom of the hill we stabled the horse. The traps were taken from the wagon, and we set to work to prepare our tackle. There is no more delightful moment than the one that precedes the casting of the line into the water. How many joyful anticipations follow the first cast! how many dreary disappointments imbitter a day's unsuccessful fishing! Full of expectant successes, we baited our hooks, and entered upon the business of the expedition.

For a while we fished from the shore, but not meeting with much success, we determined to take a boat, kindly retained for our use by its owner.

The moment had now arrived to try the efficacy of the trolling-spoon, — a piece of polished metal, spoon-shaped, with three hooks attached to the smaller end. In the water it has a spinning motion, and sufficiently resembles a young fish to effectually deceive the gluttonous pickerel. Mr. Rover arranged his line, and threw it into the water. As we moved hither and thither, the whirling metal bait glistened and flashed in the sun.

Our patience was sorely tried, — the fish for a time obstinately refused to bite. Reward, however, came at last. We were making the circuit of the pond for the fourth or fifth time, when Mr. Rover felt a sudden jerk upon his rod, — a heavy fish had seized the bait. A fight for the mastery now ensued. The pickerel, for such it proved to be, displayed all his cunning; now leaping entirely clear of the water, now darting in zigzag flight through the lily-pads. Our friend was an experienced fisherman, and proved himself equal to the occasion. He reversed his rod, that is, held the butt of it towards the game, and retarded the running line. Indeed, it required all Mr. Rover's

dexterity to save his slender tackle. The fish was vigorous and demanded the entire contents of the reel. At this juncture we were forced to row with all our strength, in order to prevent the escape of our antagonist.

"Back water! back water!" suddenly roared Mr. Rover, — "back water! or we 'll lose him." The forward movement of the boat was reversed, and the excited fisherman gave a sigh of relief. The question was now an open one, whether we should or should not succeed in securing the prize. The obstinate fish insisted upon rushing in among the lilies; already, as their swaying tops indicated, the line had been wound around several of the plants. As it turned out, however, this manœuvre of the pickerel insured his destruction. The lilies acted as so many drags; their flexible stems yielding to the strain, yet offering sufficient resistance to gradually exhaust and conquer the foe.

As we pushed the boat through the lovely white flowers, Mr. Rover slowly reeled in his line. Little by little the fish ceased to struggle; his last expiring effort convinced us that we were masters of the situation. It required considerable skill to follow the line from one plant to another, but after much trouble we succeeded in tracing the pickerel to his hiding-place. We found him partly concealed under several large leaves. He was an enormous fellow, and as he moved slowly from side to side his beautiful yellow flanks glistened like bands of gold.

As may be imagined, Master Horsey was intensely interested in watching the progress of the battle. Indeed, once or twice he came very near falling overboard, so anxious was he that not a single phase of the struggle should escape him. In the illustration that accompanies this article you will observe the boat in the act of being urged among the lilies. Mr. Rover stands at the bow, deeply absorbed in the movements of the fish. Master Horsey is seated in the stern-sheets, and as his mouth is open it is to be presumed he is calling at the top of his voice either to the pickerel or Mr. Rover, probably the latter.

Our antagonist, with a large hook in his mouth, and his snout pulled close to a lily-stem, was in no pleasant predicament. He had no chance to escape, for there was not sufficient length of line to give him headway for a break. The main difficulty was how to secure our prize. We left home provided with a net suitable to land any fish that should prove too large to be handled in the ordinary way. Previous to embarking in the boat, however, we determined that, as it was extremely improbable we should kill anything larger than an eight-inch pickerel, it would be the part of wisdom to leave the net on shore. Now that we needed it, we regretted bitterly our want of appreciation of the capacities of the pond. Mr. Rover proved equal to this, as to every other emergency. Although our appliance for landing the vanquished foe was not at hand, our friend found a substitute in his breech-loading rifle, without which he never undertook any excursion however brief or insignificant. Fortunately his trusty weapon was available on this occasion.

"Now," said Mr. Rover to Master Horsey, "you hold my rod, and I 'll make short work with the fish." Charley was only too proud to assume the

burden. Mr. Rover adjusted his piece, and fired. The result was most admirable, — the pickerel floated upon his side, within easy reach of a long arm. The latter was quickly supplied by the expert marksman.

I dare say the more confident among my youthful readers imagine it an easy matter to shoot fish. But I can assure all such, that the art not only requires great experience, but it also involves a very nice calculation; and in this way. In shooting on land, we generally aim directly at the object, particularly if it is stationary. In shooting at objects beneath the surface of the water, a certain allowance must be made for the enormous deflection of the ball. It is not necessary that the projectile shall actually touch the fish, to produce death; but the same result is attained if it passes within an inch of the mark. Death, in this case, is caused by concussion. Mr. Rover was an expert in submarine gunnery. An examination of our prize revealed the fact that the ball had barely grazed the snout of the pickerel.

What boy has not experienced the pleasure of handling his first fish? Master Horsey was no exception to the rule. First he opened the creature's large mouth and examined all its teeth, then his hands wandered again and again over its sleek body, while he counted almost every scale.

"Well, Charley, how much do you think he weighs?" The boy shook his head; the calculation was too gigantic for his infantile mind. Mr. Ramble's weights, however, supplied the deficiencies of Master Horsey's intellect, — the fish weighed seven pounds and one ounce, dressed.

Encouraged by our previous success, we fished the pond patiently for many hours; but not a single pickerel accepted our glittering invitations to take a bite. We had seemingly exhausted our luck in one single effort. Repeated failure will weary the most enthusiastic fisherman, however youthful he may be. I must confess I was speedily worn out; but Master Horsey and Mr. Rover held to it with commendable zeal and perseverance. I verily believe they had almost forgotten the dinner; in fact, if I remember aright, I was forced to suggest to the former the propriety of dulling his appetite. My hint was taken, and with the concurrence of the enthusiasts I pulled ashore to dine. I will not weary my readers with a description of the lunch; suffice it to say it was excellent and heartily enjoyed.

We had barely finished our rustic meal, when we were accosted by a respectable looking Jerseyman, who addressed us in these words: —

"Wal, I say, have you ketched anythin'? If yer have, I 'll bet a dollar it 's a pickerel, and if it be one, I 'll bet yer another dollar she hefts seven pound and better."

This salutation was unanswerable; so we maintained a dignified silence, and awaited developments.

"Now I tell yer what it is," continued the intruder. "About two weeks ago I put two pickerel in this yer pond, expectin' to keep 'em, but I see you city folks ain't let 'em be. Now I tell yer what it is: you 've ketched one of the critters for I see her tail stickin' out o' the basket. You can't bring her to life; so if yer want to keep her, I 'll sell her to ye."

This startling proposition demanded a council of war; so I called Mr.

Rover aside for consultation; the result of which was the following dialogue.

Fishermen. How much will you take for the fish?

Jerseyman. How much will yer give?

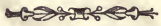
Fishermen. You 'd better fix a price.

Jerseyman. Wall, I 'll take twenty cents a pound.

And this is why we weighed the pickerel. We paid twenty cents a pound for seven pounds and one ounce of pleasure, — it was very cheap.

The commercial interruption, added to our subsequent ill-luck, induced us to return to Owline Grange at a much earlier hour than we had intended. When we reached our home, the most florid compliments were paid us on our successful capture. To this day we have never divulged the fact that, after all, the pickerel was caught with — figuratively speaking — *a silver hook.*

Gaston Fay.



THE LAST VOYAGE OF RENÉ MÉNARD.

ONE day last summer I shook hands with a young Canadian lad who was on a remarkable journey. He was no older than some of you who will read this in school, but was on a pleasure trip of more than four thousand miles. The odd feature of it was, that he started from the ocean, and was going to the ocean, yet intended travelling all the way by water, though his journey was wholly inland. Strange, but very easy to understand with a little explanation.

My young friend, who was a Canadian Frenchman, had been studying the narratives of the French Jesuit priests who were the first to explore the West, and who, after much searching and many perils, succeeded in finding their way by the St. Lawrence River, and the lakes and rivers flowing into it, to the Mississippi River, and down to the Gulf of Mexico. He conceived the idea of spending his summer vacation in following their route, and traversing the great water-ways of the interior, between the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the Gulf of Mexico. When we parted, he was in doubt which of three routes he would take, each having historic claims to his attention, and neither being very difficult.

He could pass through all the lakes, except Lake Michigan, and leave the steamer at Superior City, on the most westerly point of Lake Superior. There he would take a canoe and Indian guide, and paddle up the St. Louis River several miles, to the portage between the St. Louis River and Sandy Lake. Those of you who are French scholars know that "portage" was originally a French word, and that it means a "carrying-place" between two streams, or around waterfalls. Portages are frequent in the smaller streams,

and near the head-waters of the larger rivers, the channel being frequently obstructed by precipices, causing waterfalls, and sloping descents full of rocks, which make "rapids." All the rivers flowing into Lake Superior are full of these rapids, and the portages are therefore frequent, though seldom very long. The St. Louis is a turbulent stream, and for this cause, as well as for the unusually long portage between it and Sandy Lake, — nine miles, — it is the least travelled of the common routes between Lake Superior and the Mississippi. But having had his canoe carried by the Indian across the desolate nine miles to Sandy Lake, my young friend could then paddle across the lake, and float down with little difficulty on the Mississippi, with an occasional portage, to St. Paul. There he would take steamer for St. Louis, and exchange at that point for another steamer to New Orleans.

An easier route leads off from Lake Superior some distance to the eastward of Superior City. The canoe would pass up the Bois Brulé, or Burnt Wood River, to where a portage of three miles would enable it to be launched on the St. Croix River, and float down to the Mississippi at Prescott, below St. Paul.

If he chose to turn down through the Straits of Mackinac into Lake Michigan, instead of going to Lake Superior, he could enter Green Bay, pass up the Fox River a hundred and sixty miles, to where it approaches the Wisconsin, and, by a canal a mile and a half long, enter the Wisconsin, down which he could sail to the Mississippi at Prairie du Chien. By this route he would not require a canoe, as steamers have passed through from Lake Michigan to the Mississippi.

It was by the first two of these routes that news was brought of the great river of the west, rising near the head of the chain of lakes and finding the ocean in a different direction from that to which the current of the lakes

flowed. The Jesuit missionaries who set up the cross, and taught the Roman Catholic religion to the wondering savages on the shores of Lake Superior, were visited by Indians, who came in their canoes down the Burnt Wood and St. Louis Rivers, and told of the great river to be reached from those streams. It was by the Fox and Wisconsin that one of those missionaries, Jacques Marquette, floated his canoe into the Mississippi, and thus found the great river of which so much had been heard.

Whichever route my young Canadian took, the greater part of his travelling would be done by steamer. It was different when the Jesuit missionaries went over those routes. There were neither steamers on the water, nor conveyances of any kind on the land. The only highways were the lakes and rivers; and the Jesuits had to make their voyage in birch-bark canoes. The Indian travelled hundreds of miles, to hunt, trade, or fight, in these slight boats of thin strips and bark, which he could pick up and carry off on his shoulders with ease. In a craft so frail that a boy's boot-heel would knock a hole through the French explorers travelled thousands of miles in waters entirely strange to them.

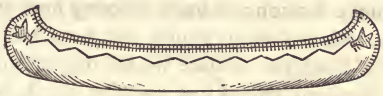
I think I hear some of my young readers asking how it is possible to build a boat of bark and make it strong enough to carry four, five, and sometimes many more persons, with a load of goods, and bear knocking about in the rivers or the waves of the lake. Before we set out with our stories of early adventures on the Western rivers, it is perhaps better to explain fully the nature and construction of the boats in which the adventurers travelled; and as the Indian birch-bark canoe of to-day is exactly like that of two hundred years ago, I will describe how an old Indian, "The man that paddles," — I will not venture to write the long Indian word that expresses that meaning, — built his canoe, three or four summers since, on the Kaministiquia River that flows into Thunder Bay, on the north shore of Lake Superior.

The first business of the "Paddling Man" was to collect his birch-bark. For this purpose he tramped through the forest until he found a birch-tree the trunk of which was bare of branches for several feet, and free from knots or cracks. With a sharp knife he made one sweeping cut around the trunk just beneath the lowest branch, and another a little above the earth. A downward slash of the knife connected the two cuts. With his knife and a sharp wooden wedge he peeled the bark carefully from the trunk, removed it in one piece, and rolled it up as if it were a large sheet of stiff paper. Then he hunted for another tree, and, after two or three days' search, had enough good bark in his hut for the proposed canoe. Next he cut a number of long, pliant cedar boughs and whittled them into strips about the thickness of his finger, — three fingers wide, and from six to twelve feet long. The long, fibrous roots of the larch and spruce were dug up and steeped in water. Now he was ready to begin work.

Four of the largest cedar strips were bound together in pairs with cords of larch-root, and the pairs then joined together in the same manner at each end. These were for the top rails of the canoe. The other strips were laid in order on the ground, about three fingers apart, the largest strips in the

middle and the others decreasing in length to the end of the row; these were the ribs. The "Paddling Man" next put a heavy stone on the middle of the largest rib to keep it in place, bent it like a bow, struck the ends between the parallel rail strips and bent them over. The next rib was treated in a similar manner, — the ends bent over and forced under the first, which prevented them from slipping. This was repeated until all the ribs were in place, — the canoe being broad in the centre, and tapering gradually to a point at each end. Other cedar strips were then fastened lengthwise outside the ribs, to strengthen them and keep them in place. The canoe was now sitting in its bones waiting for its skin to be cut and fitted.

"The Man that Paddles" took his pieces of birch-bark, cut them to the proper lengths, and sewed them with larch-root threads. Then he fitted the skin to the skeleton with as much care as a fashionable tailor fits a coat to his customer, trimmed the edges, and completed the fastenings. Being somewhat of a dandy, my Indian friend ornamented his canoe with a design worked with stained quills. As a final process, he melted some spruce-gum and carefully pitched all the seams to make them water-tight. Ten days he had worked steadily, and now the canoe was finished.



In canoe-voyaging great care must be taken. The material is so frail that boots or shoes cannot safely be worn, as the heel might punch a hole through the bark bottom. In a day's voyage the bark becomes water-soaked and the canoe is hauled out at night to dry. Before starting in the morning the seams are carefully examined, any suspicious place sucked, and if air comes through, the leak is stopped with spruce-gum, of which a supply is always carried. When the voyager reaches a rapid up which he is unable to push his canoe, or any of the portages between streams, he unloads his boat, mounts it on his shoulders, like a huge hood and cloak in one, and sets off at a rapid pace, followed by his companions carrying the cargo. A canoe eight or ten feet long, large enough for five or six persons, with their provisions and baggage, can easily be carried by one man over a long portage. It is an Indian axiom, that where a man can go a canoe can also go; and before the destruction of the forests reduced the quantity of water in the streams, there were but few parts of the country tributary to the St. Lawrence or Mississippi but could be reached by canoe navigation.

As you all know, America was discovered by navigators who had hoped to reach Eastern Asia by a direct course across the Atlantic. The American continent lay in their way and barred their progress. One after another the Spanish, English, Dutch, and French nations sent out expeditions to seize and hold portions of this newly discovered continent, and at the same time to seek some passage through or around it by which the lands of silks, gems, and spices could be reached. In the early portion of the seventeenth century the Spaniards had a few garrisons on the Florida coast, and occasion-

ally sailed a short distance up the rivers flowing into the Gulf of Mexico. The English were founding colonies on the New England coast, building, planting, and hunting for gold in Virginia, and making vain efforts to find a passage westward through the perpetual ice of the Arctic sea. The Dutch were buying peltries on the Hudson. The French were pushing their way westward along the Canadian watercourses, engaged in the work of enlarging the dominions of the French crown, driving a good trade in furs, converting the Indians to the Roman Catholic faith, and seeking a water-way through the continent. In fighting, trading, preaching, or exploring the subject of a short road to China and Japan was never lost sight of.

The most adventurous of explorers were the French Jesuit missionaries. Arriving at Quebec in 1632, with authority to preach to the Indians, and to push their missionary labors wherever they deemed the field inviting, they passed, cross in hand, and prayer-book suspended from the neck, farther into the wilderness than the most adventurous trader dared go. Their unshaken courage and indifference to peril, or even death, at first astonished, and at last won the respect of, the savages; and though the black robe was sometimes stained with the life-blood of its wearer, it came at length to be a safeguard from hostility, though not from suffering and danger.

At first, the Jesuit Fathers found their way westward from Quebec by the St. Lawrence and Ottawa Rivers to Lake Huron, where they made converts among the Huron Indians at the lower part of Georgian Bay. Here they established a mission, and had got fairly to work teaching and preaching, when tidings came that fired them with hopes of new triumphs for France and their Church. A French interpreter, Nicolet, had been sent westward to arrange a treaty with some Indian tribes. He brought back reports of a

great river flowing westward to the sea. This the Jesuits thought must be the route to China that had been so diligently sought. They were anxious to carry the cross, and the power of France, by this short route to the rich countries of Asia.

On the 28th of August, 1660, Father René Ménard, an aged and infirm priest who had labored and suffered among the Hurons, left Three Rivers, on the St. Lawrence on a mission to Lake Superior. Accompanied by eight Frenchmen, and a supply of goods for presents, he joined a party of Ottawa Indians on their return from a trading expedition to Quebec, the whole party embarking in birch-bark canoes.

It was a long and perilous voyage the venerable missionary had undertaken. Thirty-five times, before reaching Lake Huron, the canoes would have to be carried through the woods, around rapids and cataracts; fifty times they must be pulled or pushed through the strong but shallow current by the voyagers wading in the stream. Worse than all, the hostile Iroquois lay in ambush among the dense undergrowth, to send their flint-headed arrows into the passing canoes. Then remained the storms of Lake Huron, and the unknown dangers of the great lake beyond. Nor were the savages, under whose protection the voyage was to be made, desirable companions. They were jealous of the French, though glad of their aid against the murderous Iroquois, and looked suspiciously at the black-robed priests as sorcerers full of mischief. The prayer-books at their necks filled the savages with superstitious dread.

The fleet of canoes paddled up the St. Lawrence, through the shoals and islands of Lake St. Peter, up the broad river, smooth and glassy under an August sun, keeping well out in the middle of the channel, to avoid the arrows of any foe lurking amid the luxuriant foliage that covered the banks, and turned at last to meet the current of the Ottawa. Then began the real hardships of the journey. For some time they held their course along the smooth surface of Lake Two Mountains, and then stemmed the current of the gradually narrowing river, until the Long Saut checked their progress. The voyagers were compelled to get out of the canoes, and pull or push them up stream, wading through the water close to the banks during the greater part of the distance, the tangled woods affording no pathway. Ménard gathered up his robe, and stumbled feebly among the slippery stones of the torrent, more than once owing his life to the friendly hand of an Indian fellow-traveller. At last smoother water was reached. Once, when paddling near shore, seeking a convenient place to rest and cook a meal, a shower of arrows, followed by the fierce yells of a party of Iroquois in ambush, warned them off, and they paddled hastily up stream, and towards the opposite bank.

The river narrowed, and rocky cliffs towered on either side. The current became swifter and was flecked with foam. There was a dull, rushing sound ahead, gradually increasing in distinctness, until the fleet of canoes came to a halt at the foot of the Chaudière or Kettle Falls, where the whole volume of the Ottawa went tearing and plunging over rock after rock, the huge

rock basins into which the torrent fell bubbling and hissing, and sending up clouds of spray, like so many boiling caldrons.

The chief of the party threw into the principal caldron his offering of tobacco, to appease the Spirit of the Falls. There was to have been a solemn dance to propitiate the Spirit and insure a safe voyage, but the Iroquois attack, lower down the river, warned the Ottawas that no time must be wasted. The canoes were run in shore, unloaded, and preparations for the portage made. At that moment rang out again the dreaded war-whoop of the Iroquois. There was a crackling of twigs all around, a shower of arrows, and with another yell the enemy were upon them. The Ottawas, though thus suddenly attacked, were not taken at disadvantage. They fought vigorously, and were aided by the eight Frenchmen, whose guns did good service. The aged priest, unfit and unwilling to fight, knelt among the loaded canoes and packages, and prayed fervently. His prayers were answered, and the Iroquois were compelled to retreat into the forest.

Now all was hurry. Each canoe was shouldered by an Indian, the others following with the bundles and packages. In pity for his age and feebleness, or rather because of his utter inability, Ménard was exempted from carrying either canoe or bundles. It was with difficulty he could carry himself, and keep up with the rapid march of the party.

Into the dense forest, climbing over jagged rocks, plunging into chasms, with silent lips and attentive ears, went the Indians, well accustomed to the path, and the Frenchmen, to whom fear of being lost in that horrible place gave energy. At the rear of the party stumbled the old priest, less fearful of his life than of his losing the opportunity of bearing the cross to the shores of the far-off lake. Once he tripped and fell, injuring his leg and ankle severely; but the Indians were not disposed to wait, and in great agony he hobbled on till the river was once more reached.

Day after day it was the same story. All day long they paddled against the current, dragged or pushed their canoes up the rapids, or made long and wearisome portages through the woods. At night they landed in some convenient spot, lit their camp-fires, cooked what provisions they had, and then slept on the bare rock, or upon boughs broken from the surrounding trees, their feet towards the burning embers around which they lay. Sometimes they fared well on fish caught in the river, or on the flesh of a stray moose shot as it came down to drink. At other times they fell back on their stores of smoked deer-flesh, or of pemmican, made of pounded deer-flesh soaked with boiling fat. When this gave out, and no other food could be found, they were content with the scant supply of blueberries and raspberries that grew among the rocks. When food was to be had, the Indians gorged to repletion, heedless of the days to come when they would be in peril of dying from hunger. When everything else failed, they gathered *tripe roche*, a fat lichen that grew on the rocks, and this they boiled, with the snails and caterpillars that clustered on it, into a black and sticky soup. It was not a savory dish, but served to still the worst pangs of hunger.

The route lay along the Ottawa, till the river Mattanan was reached, then

up that stream to the portage leading to Lake Nipissing, across that lake, and down the French River to Georgian Bay. As the voyagers progressed they found the way more difficult. The river grew shallower, the rapids and portages more frequent. Father Ménard's wounded foot and leg became inflamed, and every step he took caused him intense anguish. To add to his suffering, there was prospect of an early winter, and the water, through which he frequently had to wade with naked feet, became intensely cold.

Up Georgian Bay and the River Sainte Marie to the Saut they paddled, the weeks running by, and the winter, always early and cold in that northern region, swiftly approaching. Another portage around the Saut, and at last they were on the waters of Lake Superior.

But more than two hundred miles were yet to be traversed before the rendezvous of the Ottawas could be reached. A great misfortune now befell the missionary. One night, while sleeping on the wooded shore of the lake, a sudden storm swept over the forest. A tree was blown down, falling on the frail canoe in which he had voyaged, and breaking it in pieces. When morning came the others pushed off, leaving Ménard and his three Indians, without a canoe or a mouthful of food, to shift for themselves. Six days they continued in this pitiable condition. One of the four remained all day at the water's edge, watching for some passing party from whom he could beg a morsel of dried meat, whilst the others hunted the woods. At night they gathered around the fire, glared at each other with hungry eyes, and then lay down to dream of rich feasts of moose-meat and wild duck. At last, when their hunger was at the worst, they found a deserted hut. They raked up with their fingers the filth around it, found a few bones, and with these and the precious dirt soaked with the blood of slaughtered animals, made a soup, — not very palatable or nourishing, but better than nothing. Soon after this feast a canoe party came along, and they were taken on board. On the 15th of October, just seven weeks after he left Three Rivers, Father Ménard landed at the Ottawa town in what is now called Kerveenan Bay, but which he named the Bay of St. Theresa, having reached it on St. Theresa's day.

The first winter was a hard one for the Frenchmen. As usual, the Indians among whom they had come had laid up an insufficient stock of provisions, and when half famished themselves were not disposed to be liberal to the French intruders. Occasionally a returning fishing-party threw a worthless fish or two to the miserable men, who crawled down to the water's edge to beg that charity; but more frequently the priest and his fellow-countrymen feasted on pounded bark, boiled and served in fish-oil, to which sharp hunger gave the needed zest. In the spring they fared better. Fish were caught with ease in the lake. Ducks and pigeons were shot on the shore and in the woods. Both Frenchmen and Indians grew fat.

The second winter the Frenchmen saw the Indians preparing to fish, and resolved to watch them, judging hunger to be more difficult to endure than were the pains and perils of fishing in winter. These were not light. They suffered dreadfully with cold, and from their inexperience with the canoe.

Their hands and feet were frozen, and sometimes the canoe capsized, and they were thrown into the icy water.

The priest found it a poor field for missionary labor. The Ottawa chief was a fierce and cruel savage. He conceived a dislike to Ménard, and in the first winter turned him out of the hut, and made him pass the inclement season in a miserable shelter of fir-branches. He had several wives, and scoffed at the priest's reproaches. The people were like their chief, brutal, and debased by all sorts of hideous vices. In two winters Ménard had succeeded in baptizing but two old men and a few squaws. Discouraged at laboring in such a barren field, he determined to go farther west along the lake, to where a band of Hurons had found their way. They had heard of their old missionary, and sent for him to visit them once more before they perished.

Ménard sent three of his Frenchmen to visit the Hurons, call them together, and say that he would come to be their teacher. The messengers, after a long and fatiguing journey, found the Hurons, so weak with hunger and the sufferings they had endured as to be scarcely able to stand. They delivered their message, and set out on their return. But the Huron guide abandoned them, fearing lest he should die of hunger on the way. The canoe they came in was stolen, and they were left helpless in the forest. Necessity made them both ingenious and energetic. They gathered bark and made a small, rudely-constructed canoe, which served, with great care, for their voyage. A few pigeons and some fish caught in the lake supplied them with food, and early in June the three messengers stood again in the priest's hut. They strongly dissuaded him from undertaking the journey. He was old and feeble, they said. There were innumerable perils by land and water, — the portages were long, the rocks over which he must take his canoe huge and jagged, the lands through which he must pass bare and sterile, affording nothing that could support life. They magnified all the real perils of the route, and invented many that did not exist, but without avail. His only answer was: "God has called me; I must go if it costs my life. Shall I refuse to obey the voice of God calling me to the succor of those poor Christians, so long deprived of a teacher? No, no! I will not allow these suffering souls to perish that I may save my own miserable body. Behold a glorious opportunity of mounting to the angels, and shall I allow it to escape me?"

Some Hurons who had come to trade with the Ottawas were about to return, and with them Ménard determined to go. He chose a Frenchman named Armurier to accompany him, laid in dry sturgeon and smoked meat for provisions, and on the 13th of June, 1661, set out on his westward journey. His farewell to the Frenchmen left with the Ottawas was prophetic. "Adieu, my children," said he, embracing them tenderly; "I give you my last adieus in this world, for you will see me no more. I pray the Divine Goodness that we may be reunited in heaven."

The Hurons were faithless. After traversing the bay some distance, sleeping on the shore at night, they one morning pushed off without taking

on board the priest or his companion. They shouted to the deserted Frenchmen that they would hasten home, and send young, robust men to their aid. Then they paddled away, leaving the two Frenchmen without a canoe, and with but a scant stock of provisions, alone on the edge of the trackless forest.

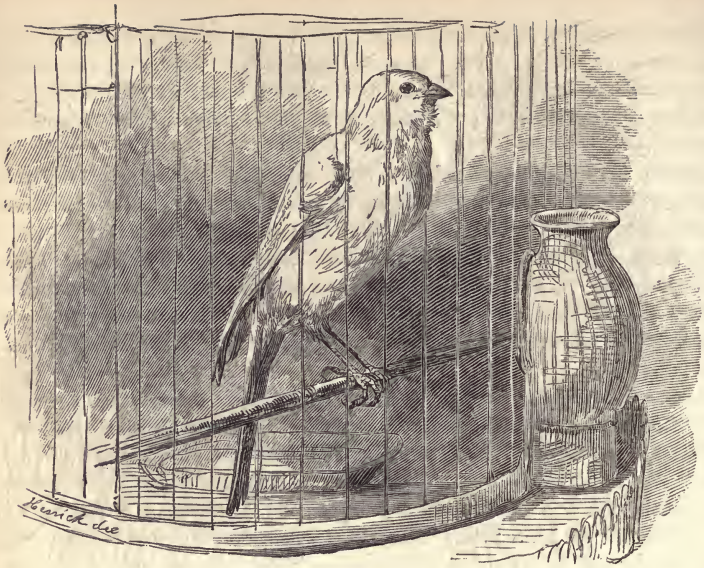
Fifteen days they remained, watching anxiously for the promised succor, but none came. Then they sought means of escape, and happily found a small canoe hid in the bushes. In this they embarked with their little bundles, and set out on the track of their faithless guides. Unused to the route, their progress was slow and painful. The supply of food ran low, and starvation stared them in the face. The old priest was compelled to assist in carrying the canoe or packages at the portages, and his feebleness made this slow work.

About the 10th of August the two were passing the portage at the head of Portage Lake, Armurier in advance, with the canoe on his shoulders, and Ménard following with the bundles. The way was swampy and difficult to travel. Ménard fell behind. The light was dim, and the priest's eyes were weakened with age, so that, on looking ahead, he mistook a distant stump for Armurier and the canoe. Thus he wandered off in the wrong direction, and the farther he travelled the wider he went astray. At the end of the portage Armurier set down the canoe, and turned to look for the priest, but he was nowhere to be seen. He shouted, but there was no answer. Thoroughly alarmed, Armurier started back on the path, shouting and firing his gun, but the echoing of the forest was the only reply. Judging a Huron village to be near, he went in search of assistance, but lost his way. Fortunately, an Indian met him and brought him to the village, but two precious days had been lost by this mistake.

To make matters worse, he knew not a word of the Huron dialect. By signs and tears he at length succeeded in making them understand that the good Father was lost, and then begged assistance in the search. The Indians remained immovable. Finally, by large promises of French merchandise, a young warrior was induced to engage in the search. He had been gone but two hours, when he came rushing back, shouting that he had met the enemy. The whole village was instantly in commotion, and though no enemy approached, they could not be induced to resume their search for the lost priest.

So perished René Ménard, the first missionary on Lake Superior. Whether alone, in the trackless woods, he died of hunger, or was murdered by a roving band of Sioux, who had come eastward on a plundering expedition, was never known; though the latter is not unlikely, some relics of him being afterwards found in a Sioux village, west of the lake. The work of exploring the lake coast, and pursuing the search for the rumored great river, was left for others to perform.

J. H. A. Bone.



BOBOLINK AND CANARY.

AT the window hangs Canary,
  Singer sweet and true ;
Bobolink, from out the hedge-row,
  He is singing too.

Now his liquid notes Canary
  Pours like music rain ;
Now the voice from out the hedge-row,
  Bobolink again.

Stints his song awhile Canary ; —
  " Who may this bird be,
That with ever-answering carol
  Strives to vie with me ? "

" Only Bobolink, the singer ;
  Merry bird am I.
Through the wood and fields and meadows
  Back and forth I fly."

Now his bravest song Canary,
  Now his finest trill ;
Bobolink's from out the hedge-row
  Braver, finer still !

Then the tender-voiced Canary,
  Wondering, paused in pain,
And the careless hedge-row singer
  Trilled his lay again.

"I am weary," sobs Canary,
  "I am all outdone;
'T was the trial test between us, —
  Bobolink has won.

"Even my mistress, she who fancied
  My poor song divine, —
See, how eagerly she listens
  To *his* song, — not mine.

"Knows she why in happy music
  He surpasses me?
I am but a caged Canary; —
  Bobolink is free."

Mrs. A. M. Wells.

A FEW WORDS ABOUT THE CROW.

WE take it for granted that all the readers of "Our Young Folks" are familiar with the crow, — a bird well known in all parts of the United States. He is everywhere rendered conspicuous by his large size and deep, dark color, which in the distance appears to be black. He is not, I am sorry to add, a bird that everywhere enjoys a good reputation.

In fact, the crow has really very few friends. The farmer is befriended by him, yet the farmer dislikes him. For, unaware of the good deeds of the harsh-voiced bird, he only knows that, no sooner has the seed begun to sprout in his cornfield, than this black-coated intruder, this "robber crow," as Whittier the poet calls him, will drop in among the hills of corn, pull up kernel by kernel, and so undo all his labor. The wrathful husbandman replants his field, perhaps only to have the mischief repeated again and again. No wonder he does not like crows.

We, too, who love all birds, and delight to have them shelter themselves in our shrubbery, or build their nests and rear their young over our porch, have had our patience sorely tried when we have seen the ruthless crow

"Come down like the wolf on the fold,"

and, in spite of the outcries of the parent birds, or our endeavors to frighten him away, kill and carry off a brood of young robins nearly ready to fly. Our first impulse has been to take down our double-barrelled avenger and pursue the murderer.

And then, too, the crow has no song to recommend him. His note is one incessant caw, caw, caw! What wonder that so many join in the general outcry against him!

And yet, neither the character nor the coat of this much-abused bird is as black as each is generally represented. His plumage is really of a glossy blue-black, which shades into a beautiful purple. And as for his character, there is some brightness to be found in that too, when we examine it a little more closely. If he troubles and disappoints the farmer by postponing his early crop of corn, we must remember that he does it, not in wanton mischief, but in obedience to the instincts of his nature, and simply to satisfy his hunger. If it is harder for us to be reconciled with what seems to us his inexcusable cruelty in occasionally destroying the whole family of some poor bird, we ought not to forget that he is still only obeying these same natural instincts, in providing for the wants of his own hungry brood. Such offences, however, are not of frequent occurrence.

Especially ought we to bear in mind that these instinctive temptations which beset the crow lead him to do a great deal of good, as well as a little harm. There are indeed few birds which help the farmer so much. But for the crow's vigilance, some of the most destructive insects would increase so rapidly as to do an infinite amount of mischief. He is incessantly at work, when the ground is not frozen, killing grubs, beetles, and other creatures injurious to vegetation. It would be well for the farmer, sometimes, to abate his indignation at the crows for pulling up his early corn, remembering that but for them his cornfields might have been so full of cut-worms and other destructive grubs that he would have had no crops, early or late.

And if the crows here, in New England, shun our society, it is our fault and not theirs. They would be social with us, but we have taught them, on the peril of their lives, to keep aloof from us. No bird is more tame and fearless, in Nova Scotia, than the crow, because in that province no one molests him. In the Western States, also, he is tame and sociable, because he is not persecuted. Here, in Massachusetts, however, he will not let you come near him, especially when you have a gun in your hand.

Our treatment of these birds has developed in them an amount of wariness and worldly wisdom quite foreign to their natural disposition. They all live as so many scouts or sentinels, on the constant lookout for danger. Persons passing without weapons, or with only the harmless instruments of husbandry, do not excite their alarm. But let the dreaded instrument of death appear, and instantly each trusty sentinel utters the loud alarum, and follows, at a safe distance, repeating his warning cries wherever the detected danger moves.

The order and method with which large communities of crows will follow the guidance of a few trusted leaders is surprising, and is as well attested

as it is wonderful. My friend, the late John Cassin of Philadelphia, — one of the best of men and of ornithologists, — described to me, only a few days before his death, the interesting and extraordinary movements of a large army of crows, witnessed by himself.

In the neighborhood of Philadelphia these birds are very abundant; and, either because they do not molest the farmer's crops, or because the benefits they confer are duly appreciated, they are not objects of persecution, as with us. At certain seasons, they move about in large flocks, crossing the Delaware River in the morning from the east, and recrossing it at night from the opposite direction, as they go to their roosting-places. In these movements they often pass over the city itself in large flocks, but high in the air, and out of harm's way. On a Sunday morning in April last, when the whole city of Philadelphia was enveloped in the thickest fog, so dense and impenetrable that it was hardly possible to distinguish objects across its narrow streets, Mr. Cassin was passing through Walnut Street, in the rear of that famous State-house in which the Declaration of Independence was signed. A friend called to him to look at Independence Square, where, he told him, he would see such a sight as he had never witnessed before. He immediately crossed the street with his friend, and approached the park, the whole of which he found, to his utter astonishment, occupied by an immense army of crows. They swarmed over and covered the ground, they filled all the trees, and weighed down the branches. The entire space, in every nook and corner, seemed alive with crows. Mr. Cassin stated that, to the best of his judgment, they were numbered not merely by thousands, but by hundreds of thousands. Flock after flock, in attempting to cross the Delaware, had evidently lost their way in the dense fog, and had at last found themselves in a small park in the very heart of Philadelphia. As if aware of their close proximity to danger, the whole flock preserved the utmost order, and a stillness as profound as that of the grave itself. A few birds moved noiselessly back and forth through their ranks, as if giving out tacit signals, to direct their course; and after these movements, slowly and cautiously went up into the air the trusty scouts which had evidently been commissioned to explore the way in advance of the rest.

Up into the fog-covered heavens ascended these several explorers until lost to view. But they soon returned, apparently unsuccessful. No noise was heard except the slight rustle of their wings, as they went and returned.

Again were repeated the uneasy movements of those who seemed to be their leaders, passing silently and cautiously in and out through the close ranks. After a long consultation, as it seemed, though no audible sound was given out, another small band of scouts slowly went up to explore. This time their course and proceedings were different. Instead of a straight upward course, as they ascended, they wheeled round and round in ever increasing zones, and at last, as if satisfied with their observations, they returned to a point just above their companions and then quietly dropped down among them.

This time the report was evidently more satisfactory, for, after communicating its results, the leaders once more moved up and down among the assembled army of crows, as if giving their final directions for a general movement, and the whole of this immense congregation, in perfect order, rose slowly and silently, preceded by the last body of scouts. After wheeling around as their guides had previously done, they all finally moved off in a westerly direction, and were soon lost to view. During all these movements, from first to last, not a single sound was uttered, which might betray their presence in that unsafe neighborhood.

As Mr. Cassin passed on, he found that Washington Square, another park at a short distance from Independence Square, was in like manner filled, either with another army or with a portion of the same bewildered army of crows. They had been going through with the same manœuvres, sending up scouts, and following them, in the same way, to places of greater safety. How indisputably do the facts of this narrative establish the wonderful intelligence, amounting almost to reason, possessed by these birds! And what a lesson is taught us by their sagacious conduct, when in danger, of the value of prudent counsels combined with good order and self-control!

When taken young, the crow can be readily tamed, and becomes a very entertaining, though often a very mischievous and troublesome pet. He soon makes himself quite at home, and even seems to enjoy his life of semi-domestication. This is especially so when he is permitted to go at large. A life of ease and indulgence appears to develop in him the trait of secretiveness, and a general love for mischief. He seems to delight in stealing for its own sake, taking objects of no interest or value to himself, and apparently making no other use of them than to hide them. When punished for his mischievous pranks, he will also feign insensibility, in order to make good his escape.

Some years since I shot at a crow that fell at my feet and was taken up apparently dead. I put it in my game-bag, and carried it about with me several hours. It was a very fine specimen, and I decided to take off its skin for preservation. Finding my scalpel somewhat dull, I left the apparently lifeless crow on its back for a few moments, and returning to my workroom with a sharper instrument, was not a little surprised to find my dead bird on his feet, seeking to escape from the apartment. I then ascertained that its only injury had been the sundering of the main tendon of one wing, which, while it disabled it from flight, injured no vital organ. Its apparent death had been wholly assumed.

A friend of ours, whose family, in which are several young children, reside near Chestnut Hill, has possessed during the past year a pair of tame crows, whose pranks have been a great source of entertainment to the entire neighborhood. They were perfectly tame, enjoyed the largest liberty, came and went as they pleased, and seemed to enjoy the society of their benefactors, especially that of the children, taking part in their plays with as much animation as is sometimes shown by an intelligent and playful dog. They would indeed join with the children in games of hide-and-seek with a readi-

ness and quickness of movement which even made them the masters of the game.

On one occasion the younger of the children took a small spherical button, with a projecting eye attached, threw it on the ground before one of the crows, and told him to pick it up. The bird immediately essayed so to do, but, endeavoring to take it up by the rounded part, was for some time unable to retain his hold, and it turned over, and slipped each time from his grip, greatly to the entertainment of the children. But, after turning the button over several times, the crow took it up on the point of its beak by the eye, holding it securely at last. Proud of this success, he moved about twirling the button in the most amusing manner. After a while, he flew with the button a short distance and, dropping it in the grass, returned to the children, challenging them to a game of hide-and-seek. One of the boys immediately ran in search of the button. The crow hovered in the air, attentively watching the boy, and as soon as he seemed on the point of finding it, the bird darted down, picked up the button, and bore it off in triumph. This manœuvre he repeated several times, in each instance anticipating the children in their attempts to recover the button.

One of these birds was very much attached to the mistress of the house, always flying to her whenever he saw her out of doors, hovering over her head, and alighting upon her shoulders or on her head. This he would do even when she was accompanied by other persons; but he never manifested the same regard for any one else.

One of his greatest delights was to tease and annoy the hens on the place, especially those having charge over a brood of chickens. To these his near approach was a source of great uneasiness, and they would meet him with all those tokens of hostility which a faithful mother-hen so well knows how to manifest. This was just what the crow seemed to enjoy. After pestering the poor hen to his heart's content, he would retire to the limb of a tree close by, where he would indulge in the most grotesque noises, apparently in burlesque imitation of the outcries of the distressed and indignant parent.

Occasionally, one of these crows would venture to visit some of the adjacent dwellings and there play off his mischievous tricks.

One summer afternoon, as a neighbor of the owner of the crows was taking a nap in an easy-chair in his parlor, some one, as he thought, tapped at the door. "Come in," he called to the supposed visitor. But no one obeyed the summons, and the rap at the door was repeated. Again a louder summons to the visitor to "walk in" brought no visible response. But immediately, in an adjoining room, there commenced the greatest possible uproar, and sounds of banging things about, as if some one was overturning the furniture.

In great alarm the gentleman sprang to the door and hastily entered the room, where he found that his neighbor's crow was the intruder, and was busily engaged in throwing down or tipping over every article in the room that he could move. Upon the gentleman's entrance, however, the crow

seemed to come to the conclusion that it was about time for him to depart, and immediately disappeared through an open window, leaving the apartment in a most chaotic condition.

There is a popular and quite general belief that the crow can be made to imitate the human voice, and even to speak distinctly. To enable him to do this, a surgical operation on the tongue has been supposed to be necessary. I have not usually given faith to this popular legend, no evidence to sustain it having come within my own knowledge. Yet the ability of the crow to articulate seems by no means impossible. It is well known that the raven, a bird closely related to the crow, can be taught to speak. And we also know that in confinement the latter bird evinces a great readiness for burlesque imitations of certain familiar sounds, though this is rarely, if ever, done with exactness. Its cackling like a hen is rather a ludicrous caricature than a close imitation. It has always seemed to me very probable that by careful training the crow might be made to articulate words. And two well-authenticated instances have recently been reported to me ; one in Vermont, the other near Boston.

A few years since, the family of a distinguished member of the Boston bar, who spend their summers in Grafton, found a tame crow, kept by a neighbor, which had been taught to say distinctly several words. One of the children succeeded in negotiating for his purchase, and took him home, but only for a single day ; for he was soon found to be very noisy and vociferous. His language was by no means the most choice, bordering even upon the profane ; and the mistress of the household insisted upon his return to his original educators. This bird enunciated sentences of three or four words. These two instances seem to warrant the belief that the crow can, with proper pains, be easily made to imitate human speech.

However amusing some of the performances of the crow may sometimes be, in a state of confinement they are not always so pleasant or agreeable. His mischievous pranks are very annoying, and any neighborhood will generally rejoice at the disappearance of a tame crow. Not unfrequently, if we are not on our guard, our not over-scrupulous pet will pillage the nests of the smaller birds on our grounds, destroying their eggs and their young. At other times he will make a foray upon the hen-roost, committing petty larceny among the eggs.

A pair of crows which, in his younger days, the writer attempted, not very successfully, to tame, were at last detected by him in the attempt to kill a favorite pet pigeon, a very rare and beautiful bird. Fortunately, they were discovered before it was too late ; but it was an offence not to be forgiven, and the crows were at once consigned to disgrace and banishment. When inquiries were made of an old farmer in the neighborhood if he could find us some one who would take the crows off our hands, — "Like enough," was the dry rejoinder, "for the fools are not all dead yet."

We appreciated the sarcasm, and made no further attempts to keep or to tame a crow.

T. M. B.

THE RIVULET.

Words by LUCY LARCOM. Music by F. BOOTT.

Allegretto.

mf

1. Run, little rivulet, run! Summer is fairly begun; Bear to the meadow the
2. Run, little rivulet, run! Sing to the fields of the sun, That wavers in emerald,
5. Run, little rivulet, run! Stay not till summer is done; Carry to the city the

hymn of the pines, And the echo that rings where the waterfall shines. Run, little rivulet, run, run!
shimmers in gold, Where you glide from your rocky ravine, crystal-cold. Run, little rivulet, run, run!
mountain-bird's glee, Carry the joy of the hills to the sea. Run, little rivulet, run, run!

sf

Run, little rivulet, run, run! Run, little rivulet, run!
Run, little rivulet, run, run! Run, little rivulet, run!
Run, little rivulet, run, run! Run, little rivulet, run!

p

rall.

a tempo.

mf

3.

Run, little rivulet, run!
Sing of the flowers every one,
Of the delicate harebell and violet blue,
Of the red mountain rosebud, all dripping
with dew.
Run, &c.

4.

Run, little rivulet, run!
Carry the perfume you won
From the lily that woke when the morning was gray,
To the white waiting moonbeam adrift on
the bay.
Run, &c.

All the puzzles for which prizes have been awarded are given below.

ILLUSTRATED (PRIZE) REBUSES.—No. 36.

SUNBEAM.

No. 37.

HITTY MAGINN.

CONUNDRUMS.

No. 38.

1. On what key does a boy pitch his crying?

2. What did Maud Muller say to her babe when it cried for a baked bean?

3. Whose airs does a frequently repulsed musquito sing?

4. Why is an egg laid in May likely to be dark-shelled?

5. When a man loses a fine horse, what does he next procure?

6. Why is a heifer not so high as a cow?

7. Why do the conundrums of the Autocrat of the Breakfast-Table wear well?

8. When the day breaks, does it break into small pieces?

9. What are the best drops for loss of appetite?

10. Why is it an imposture for a monkey to beg pennies?

11. What is the difference between the man that opens the mails and a minister who is being ordained?

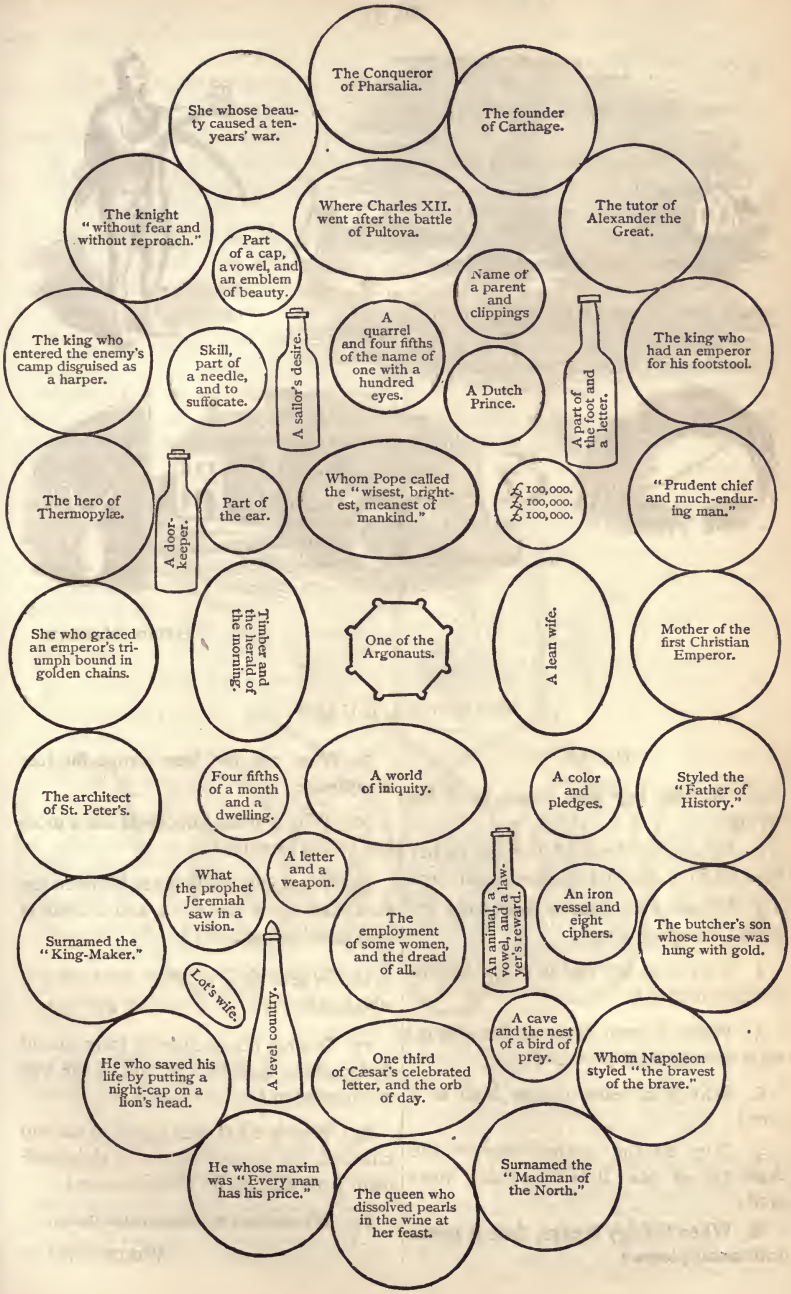
12. Where shall a farmer send his son who has imperfectly hoed two gardens?

13. In what Massachusetts town should antiquarians seek for the fruit of the tree of knowledge?

14. Why is a hat with a part of the top knocked out convenient for a sleight-of-hand performer to fry doughnuts in?

15. When does a conundrum mourn?

WILLY WISP.



PRIZE PUZZLE.—No. 39.—Dinner-Table with Guests.

ACROSTIC RIDDLE.

No. 40.

My *first* has a head, without mouth, ear, or eye;
My *next* oft has wings, but never could fly;
And though for my *third* not a rush you may care,
You 'll own that he 's sometimes a shocking affair.
My *fourth* with great wings, and the power to fly,
Keeps them close to its body, unwilling to try;
My *fifth*, with large arms, but never a hand,
Bears safely the treasures of many a land.
My *sixth*, with strong feet, is unable to walk;
My *seventh*, with a head, but cannot eat, sing, or talk,
And though without feet, it will go, if hard driven,
As people have found, when with blows they have striven.
My *eighth* may be seen in the country or town,
And you 'll find it the highest just where it is down.
The initials of these form an eight-lettered name
Of something which head, wings, and feet can well claim.
Which can see and can hear, can walk, run, or fly,
But never can talk, as you 'll see by and by.

SPHINX.

ILLUSTRATED DOUBLE ACROSTIC CHARADE.—No. 41.

MINNIE.

ANSWERS.

32. 1. Carnation. 2. Dandelion. 3. Foxglove. 4. Camelia. 5. Love-in-a-mist. 6. Cowslip. 7. Verbena. 8. Pœony. 9. Buttercup. 10. Shamrock. 11. Water-Lily. 12. China-Aster.

33. Declaration of Independence.

34. Contentment.

35. "We think not that we daily see
About our hearths angels that are to be,
Or may be if they will, and we prepare
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air."

(Wee t) (H in knot) (T hat) (weed) (ale) Y (*deaf mute*) (sea about hour) (H earths) (angels) (T hat) R (toe) (bee) Or (May) (bee) I F T (hay) (will) and (weep) R E (pear) T (*deaf mute*) (hair) (sole) (sand) (hour) S (2) (meat in hay) P P Y A(eye)R.

Puzzle in Letter-Box.—
"She stoops to conquer." (C on cur.)

Rebuses in April Letter-Box.—
Croquet. (Crow K.)
Double your efforts. (Double ewer) F (forts).
Salmon P. Chase. (Salmon) (peach) (ace).
"You better reckon I 'll be thar. Yours, &c." (Ewe) (better) (wreck on isle) (bee) th R (Ewers, and so forth.)

THESE pretty little verses are for the benefit of the almost babies, whom we never mean to forget, although our magazine is, for the greater part, filled with articles very carefully prepared for their older brothers and sisters.

We have sometimes been asked the supposed age of our readers, and have answered, "Anywhere from eight to eighteen." But some of our friends suggest, "Anywhere from eight to eighty." And it is true that we often hear from the children that they cannot read their magazine as soon as it comes, because Papa, and sometimes Grandpapa, gets absorbed in it, and does not like to give it up.

But we have many subscribers under eight years of age, and their entertainment is also part of our plan, always.

"TU WEET, TU WEE!"

A little bird sat on the fence;
"Tu weet, tu weet, tu wee!"
"I 'll take my dinner at your expense,"
Said the little bird to me.

He cocked his head to the hither side;
"Tu weet, tu weet, tu wee!"
And opened both eyes very wide,
That he might better see.

He spied a crumb on the window-sill;
"Tu weet, tu weet, tu wee!"
He picked it up in his little bill,
But he kept one eye on me.

He made his feast on the little crumb;
"Tu weet, tu weet, tu wee!"
He wiped his bill, and flew off home,
But never said "Thanks!" to me.

J. W.

SOME of our younger readers wish us to explain the construction of the Double Acrostic Charade. "Minnie's," which has gained one of the prizes, is pretty and ingenious, and is the first illustrated one we have ever seen. In hers, the two foundation words are first pictured, and beneath them the six words whose initial-letters spell the first foundation-word, and their last letters the second.

We will give one of the very shortest examples:

		Answers.
Foundation-Words,	A small trial of humanity.	Boy.
	A greater one.	Man.

		Answers.
Cross-Words.	A fowl name.	BantaM.
	An immovable spot of Greece.	OssA.
	A wide breach of politeness.	YawN.

You see that a Double Acrostic Charade is easy enough to make, in this plain fashion. But when it is formed of two long words, and when every cross-word is explained by a verse of good poetry, it is quite another affair.

The answers to *Hitty Maginn's* rebuses in the April Letter-Box, accidentally omitted in May, are given this month.

THE prizes promised in January are thus awarded: —

Two prizes of $15 each for Illustrated Rebuses, one to "Sunbeam," Fortress Monroe, Va., and one to "Hitty Maginn," Saint Louis, Mo.

A prize of $10 for Illustrated Double Acrostic Charade, to "Minnie," Cambridge, Mass.

A prize of $10 for Acrostic Riddle, to "Sphinx," Detroit, Mich.

A prize of $10 for Conundrums, to "Willy Wisp," Malden, Mass.

A prize of $10 for Puzzle, to "E. B. B.," Dover, N. H.

All these appear in the present number; and we suspect there will be pretty hard guessing over some of them.

Many excellent puzzles, besides these, have been sent in. We thank our friends for them.

THOSE who offer us MSS. for examination must send their real name and address, if they wish for prompt attention. Articles are not returned unless stamps are enclosed for that purpose.

"THE BUTTERFLY HUNTERS," by Mrs. H. S. Conant (Fields, Osgood, & Co.), is just the book for children who are going to spend the summer in the country. It will show them a fine way of amusing themselves, and, before they know it, they will have read a pleasant story, and will also have learned an interesting chapter of Natural History. There are many pictures in the volume of our handsomest moths and butterflies, which will afford much help to those who are beginning to collect specimens.

"C. S. A." wishes to commend to our readers Mrs. Stowe's "Little Foxes," also published by Fields, Osgood, & Co. It is certainly one of the most valuable books "to have in the family." "C. S. A." says that it shows up the vexations of domestic life "in a style lively and pictorial as that of the novel or drama." This is true. It is very entertaining, and there are few persons who would not be benefited by reading it; for almost everybody is so happy as to have a home, while even into the happiest "little foxes" will sometimes creep.

"EDELWEISS," by Berthold Auerbach (Roberts Brothers), is another good family book, which relates how a terrible "little fox" almost destroyed the peace of a German household. It took nothing less than a mountain avalanche to drive out the intruder. The story is of the clock-making region of Germany, and is full of Auerbach's homely and poetical pictures of people, manners, and scenery. "Edelweiss" is a little flower, something like our life-everlasting, which grows underneath the snow on the high Alps. Its meaning is "Noble Purity." And one feels, in reading, as if the flower were pressed in the book; for the memory of a good and noble mother perfumes every page.

Mrs. Stowe's new volume, "Oldtown Folks," just issued by Fields, Osgood, & Co., is full of curious pictures of bygone days. Old and young will alike be entertained by reading about Sam and Hepsy Lawson, and Miss Mehitable, and Crab Smith and his dreadfully industrious sister, Miss Asphyxia, and the orphan children, Harry and Tina Percival. We have only read as far as to the wanderings of these two babes in the wood through fairy-land, whither they had escaped from their oppressors. But that is a pleasant place to leave them in. Bleak New England *is* fairy-land once a year, all fashioned of white pines, and crimson swamp-maples, and golden-rod, and royal purple asters, and yellow butterflies, and hazy blue October skies. Mrs. Stowe mixes these materials on her palette well. And the autumn sunshine seems softer, and the tints of trees and blossoms mellower, for the hard, old-fashioned people she portrays, who seem moulded out of the granite of their native hills. Some of us remember when there were many Miss Asphyxias. Country children had a hard time growing up, with these for schoolmistresses and housekeepers.

EDITOR "YOUNG FOLKS":—

It is hardly worth while to continue the controversy about the best way of constructing a rebus. My former letter was written merely to indicate to your readers a higher standard than had been proposed by Willy Wisp. I am more than gratified to perceive that he so gracefully admits all I have claimed by designating my style as the "classical." It will be remembered that I indicated what a *perfect rebus* should be. They are not often produced, but no one ought to *aim at* anything lower, even in these unimportant matters.

As to Willy Wisp's hint, that perhaps I can improve on the specimens I have sent you, all I can say now is

HITTY MAGINN.

THE UNSOCIABLE COLT.

DRAWN BY F. O. C. DARLEY.] [See the Poem.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

An Illustrated Magazine

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

VOL. V. JULY, 1869. No. VII.

THE STORY OF A BAD BOY.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE CRUISE OF THE DOLPHIN.

IT was spring again. The snow had faded away like a dream, and we were awakened, so to speak, by the sudden chirping of robins in our back garden. Marvellous transformation of snow-drifts into lilacs, wondrous miracle of the unfolding leaf! We read in the Holy Book how our Saviour, at the marriage-feast, changed the water into wine; we pause and wonder; but every hour a greater miracle is wrought at our very feet, if we have but eyes to see it.

I had now been a year at Rivermouth. If you do not know what sort of a boy I was, it is not because I have n't been frank with you. Of my progress at school I say little; for this is a story, pure and simple, and not a treatise on education. Behold me, however, well up in most of the classes. I have worn my Latin grammar into tatters, and am in the first book of Virgil. I interlard my conversation at home with easy quotations from that poet, and impress Captain Nutter with a lofty notion of my learning. I am likewise translating Les Aventures de Télémaque from the French, and shall tackle Blair's Lectures the next term. I am ashamed of my crude composition about The Horse, and can do better now. Sometimes my head almost aches with the variety

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by FIELDS, OSGOOD, & CO., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

of my knowledge. I consider Mr. Grimshaw the greatest scholar that ever lived, and I don't know which I would rather be, — a learned man like him, or a circus-rider.

My thoughts revert to this particular spring more frequently than to any other period of my boyhood, for it was marked by an event that left an indelible impression on my memory. As I pen these pages, I feel that I am writing of something which happened yesterday, so vividly it all comes back to me.

Every Rivermouth boy looks upon the sea as being in some way mixed up with his destiny. While he is yet a baby lying in his cradle, he hears the dull, far-off boom of the breakers ; when he is older, he wanders by the sandy shore, watching the waves that come plunging up the beach like white-maned sea-horses, as Thoreau calls them ; his eye follows the lessening sail as it fades into the blue horizon, and he burns for the time when he shall stand on the quarter-deck of his own ship, and go sailing proudly across that mysterious waste of waters.

Then the town itself is full of hints and flavors of the sea. The gables and roofs of the houses facing eastward are covered with red rust, like the flukes of old anchors ; a salty smell pervades the air, and dense gray fogs, the very breath of Ocean, periodically creep up into the quiet streets and envelop everything. The terrific storms that lash the coast ; the kelp and spars, and sometimes the bodies of drowned men, tossed on shore by the scornful waves ; the shipyards, the wharves, and the tawny fleet of fishing-smacks yearly fitted out at Rivermouth, — these things, and a hundred other, feed the imagination and fill the brain of every healthy boy with dreams of adventure. He learns to swim almost as soon as he can walk ; he draws in with his mother's milk the art of handling an oar : he is born a sailor, whatever he may turn out to be afterwards.

To own the whole or a portion of a row-boat is his earliest ambition. No wonder that I, born to this life, and coming back to it with freshest sympathies, should have caught the prevailing infection. No wonder I longed to buy a part of the trim little sail-boat Dolphin, which chanced just then to be in the market. This was in the latter part of May.

Three shares, at five or six dollars each, I forget which, had already been taken by Phil Adams, Fred Langdon, and Binny Wallace. The fourth and remaining share hung fire. Unless a purchaser could be found for this, the bargain was to fall through.

I am afraid I required but slight urging to join in the investment. I had four dollars and fifty cents on hand, and the treasurer of the Centipedes advanced me the balance, receiving my silver pencil-case as ample security. It was a proud moment when I stood on the wharf with my partners, inspecting the Dolphin, moored at the foot of a very slippery flight of steps. She was painted white with a green stripe outside, and on the stern a yellow dolphin, with its scarlet mouth wide open, stared with a surprised expression at its own reflection in the water. The boat was a great bargain.

I whirled my cap in the air, and ran to the stairs leading down from the

wharf, when a hand was laid gently on my shoulder. I turned, and faced Captain Nutter. I never saw such an old sharp-eye as he was in those days.

I knew he would n't be angry with me for buying a row-boat; but I also knew that the little bowsprit suggesting a jib, and the tapering mast ready for its few square yards of canvas, were trifles not likely to meet his approval. As far as rowing on the river, among the wharves, was concerned, the Captain had long since withdrawn his decided objections, having convinced himself, by going out with me several times, that I could manage a pair of sculls as well as anybody.

I was right in my surmises. He commanded me, in the most emphatic terms, never to go out in the Dolphin without leaving the mast in the boat-house. This curtailed my anticipated sport, but the pleasure of having a pull whenever I wanted it remained. I never disobeyed the Captain's orders touching the sail, though I sometimes extended my row beyond the points he had indicated.

The river was dangerous for sail-boats. Squalls, without the slightest warning, were of frequent occurrence; scarcely a year passed that six or seven persons were not drowned under the very windows of the town, and these, oddly enough, were generally sea-captains, who either did not understand the river, or lacked the skill to handle a small craft.

A knowledge of such disasters, one of which I witnessed, consoled me somewhat when I saw Phil Adams skimming over the water in a spanking breeze with every stitch of canvas set. There were few better yachtsmen than Phil Adams. He usually went sailing alone, for both Fred Langdon and Binny Wallace were under the same restrictions I was.

Not long after the purchase of the boat, we planned an excursion to Sandpeep Island, the last of the islands in the harbor. We proposed to start early in the morning, and return with the tide in the moonlight. Our only difficulty was to obtain a whole day's exemption from school, the customary half-holiday not being long enough for our picnic. Somehow, we could n't work it; but fortune arranged it for us. I may say here, that, whatever else I did, I never played truant ("hookey" we called it) in my life.

One afternoon the four owners of the Dolphin exchanged significant glances when Mr. Grimshaw announced from the desk that there would be no school the following day, he having just received intelligence of the death of his uncle in Boston. I was sincerely attached to Mr. Grimshaw, but I am afraid that the death of his uncle did not affect me as it ought to have done.

We were up before sunrise the next morning, in order to take advantage of the flood tide, which waits for no man. Our preparations for the cruise were made the previous evening. In the way of eatables and drinkables, we had stored in the stern of the Dolphin a generous bag of hard-tack (for the chowder), a piece of pork to fry the cunners in, three gigantic apple-pies (bought at Pettingil's), half a dozen lemons, and a keg of spring-water, — the last-named article we slung over the side, to keep it cool, as soon as we got under way. The crockery and the bricks for our camp-

stove we placed in the bows with the groceries, which included sugar, pepper, salt, and a bottle of pickles. Phil Adams contributed to the outfit a small tent of unbleached cotton cloth, under which we intended to take our nooning.

We unshipped the mast, threw in an extra oar, and were ready to embark. I do not believe that Christopher Columbus, when he started on his rather successful voyage of discovery, felt half the responsibility and importance that weighed upon me as I sat on the middle seat of the Dolphin, with my oar resting in the row-lock. I wonder if Christopher Columbus quietly slipped out of the house without letting his estimable family know what he was up to?

Charley Marden, whose father had promised to cane him if he ever stepped foot on sail or row boat, came down to the wharf in a sour-grape humor, to see us off. Nothing would tempt *him* to go out on the river in such a crazy clam-shell of a boat. He pretended that he did not expect to behold us alive again, and tried to throw a wet blanket over the expedition.

"Guess you 'll have a squally time of it," said Charley, casting off the painter. "I 'll drop in at old Newbury's" (Newbury was the parish undertaker) "and leave word, as I go along!"

"Bosh!" muttered Phil Adams, sticking the boat-hook into the string-piece of the wharf, and sending the Dolphin half a dozen yards towards the current.

How calm and lovely the river was! Not a ripple stirred on the glassy surface, broken only by the sharp cutwater of our tiny craft. The sun, as round and red as an August moon, was by this time peering above the water-line.

The town had drifted behind us, and we were entering among the group of islands. Sometimes we could almost touch with our boat-hook the shelving banks on either side. As we neared the mouth of the harbor, a little breeze now and then wrinkled the blue water, shook the spangles from the foliage, and gently lifted the spiral mist-wreaths that still clung along shore. The measured dip of our oars and the drowsy twitterings of the birds seemed to mingle with, rather than break, the enchanted silence that reigned about us.

The scent of the new clover comes back to me now, as I recall that delicious morning when we floated away in a fairy boat down a river like a dream!

The sun was well up when the nose of the Dolphin nestled against the snow-white bosom of Sandpeep Island. This island, as I have said before, was the last of the cluster, one side of it being washed by the sea. We landed on the river side, the sloping sands and quiet water affording us a good place to moor the boat.

It took us an hour or two to transport our stores to the spot selected for the encampment. Having pitched our tent, using the five oars to support the canvas, we got out our lines, and went down the rocks seaward to fish. It was early for cunners, but we were lucky enough to catch as nice a mess as ever you saw. A cod for the chowder was not so easily secured. At last

Binny Wallace hauled in a plump little fellow crusted all over with flaky silver.

To skin the fish, build our fireplace, and cook the dinner kept us busy the next two hours. The fresh air and the exercise had given us the appetites of wolves, and we were about famished by the time the savory mixture was ready for our clam-shell saucers.

I shall not insult the rising generation on the seaboard by telling them how delectable is a chowder compounded and eaten in this Robinson Crusoe fashion. As for the boys who live inland, and know naught of such marine feasts, my heart is full of pity for them. What wasted lives! Not to know the delights of a clam-bake, not to love chowder, to be ignorant of lobscouse!

How happy we were, we four, sitting cross-legged in the crisp salt grass, with the invigorating sea-breeze blowing gratefully through our hair! What a joyous thing was life, and how far off seemed death, — death, that lurks in all pleasant places, and was so near!

The banquet finished, Phil Adams drew forth from his pocket a handful of sweet-fern cigars; but as none of the party could indulge without imminent risk of becoming sick, we all, on one pretext or another, declined, and Phil smoked by himself.

The wind had freshened by this, and we found it comfortable to put on the jackets which had been thrown aside in the heat of the day. We strolled along the beach and gathered large quantities of the fairy-woven Iceland moss, which, at certain seasons, is washed to these shores; then we played at ducks and drakes, and then, the sun being sufficiently low, we went in bathing.

Before our bath was ended a slight change had come over the sky and sea; fleecy-white clouds scudded here and there, and a muffled moan from the breakers caught our ears from time to time. While we were dressing, a few hurried drops of rain came lisping down, and we adjourned to the tent to await the passing of the squall.

"We 're all right, anyhow," said Phil Adams. "It won't be much of a blow, and we 'll be as snug as a bug in a rug, here in the tent, particularly if we have that lemonade which some of you fellows were going to make."

By an oversight, the lemons had been left in the boat. Binny Wallace volunteered to go for them.

"Put an extra stone on the painter, Binny," said Adams, calling after him; "it would be awkward to have the Dolphin give us the slip and return to port minus her passengers."

"That it would," answered Binny, scrambling down the rocks.

Sandpeep Island is diamond-shaped, — one point running out into the sea, and the other looking towards the town. Our tent was on the river-side. Though the Dolphin was also on the same side, it lay out of sight by the beach at the farther extremity of the island.

Binny Wallace had been absent five or six minutes, when we heard him calling our several names in tones that indicated distress or surprise, we could not tell which. Our first thought was, "The boat has broken adrift!"

We sprung to our feet and hastened down to the beach. On turning the bluff which hid the mooring-place from our view, we found the conjecture correct. Not only was the Dolphin afloat, but poor little Binny Wallace was standing in the bows with his arms stretched helplessly towards us, — *drifting out to sea!*

"Head the boat in shore!" shouted Phil Adams.

Wallace ran to the tiller; but the slight cockle-shell merely swung round and drifted broadside on. O, if we had but left a single scull in the Dolphin!

"Can you swim it?" cried Adams, desperately, using his hand as a speaking-trumpet, for the distance between the boat and the island widened momently.

Binny Wallace looked down at the sea, which was covered with white caps, and made a despairing gesture. He knew, and we knew, that the stoutest swimmer could not live forty seconds in those angry waters.

A wild, insane light came into Phil Adams's eyes, as he stood knee-deep in boiling surf, and for an instant I think he meditated plunging into the ocean after the receding boat.

The sky darkened, and an ugly look stole rapidly over the broken surface of the sea.

Binny Wallace half rose from his seat in the stern, and waved his hand to us in token of farewell. In spite of the distance, increasing every instant, we could see his face plainly. The anxious expression it wore at first had passed. It was pale and meek now, and I love to think there was a kind of

halo about it, like that which painters place around the forehead of a saint. So he drifted away.

The sky grew darker and darker. It was only by straining our eyes through the unnatural twilight that we could keep the Dolphin in sight. The figure of Binny Wallace was no longer visible, for the boat itself had dwindled to a mere white dot on the black water. Now we lost it, and our hearts stopped throbbing; and now the speck appeared again, for an instant, on the crest of a high wave.

Finally, it went out like a spark, and we saw it no more. Then we gazed at each other, and dared not speak.

Absorbed in following the course of the boat, we had scarcely noticed the huddled inky clouds that sagged down all around us. From these threatening masses, seamed at intervals with pale lightning, there now burst a heavy peal of thunder that shook the ground under our feet. A sudden squall struck the sea, ploughing deep white furrows into it, and at the same instant a single piercing shriek rose above the tempest, — the frightened cry of a gull swooping over the island. How it startled us!

It was impossible to keep our footing on the beach any longer. The wind and the breakers would have swept us into the ocean if we had not clung to each other with the desperation of drowning men. Taking advantage of a momentary lull, we crawled up the sands on our hands and knees, and, pausing in the lee of the granite ledge to gain breath, returned to the camp, where we found that the gale had snapped all the fastenings of the tent but one. Held by this, the puffed-out canvas swayed in the wind like a balloon. It was a task of some difficulty to secure it, which we did by beating down the canvas with the oars.

After several trials, we succeeded in setting up the tent on the leeward side of the ledge. Blinded by the vivid flashes of lightning, and drenched by the rain, which fell in torrents, we crept, half dead with fear and anguish, under our flimsy shelter. Neither the anguish nor the fear was on our own account, for we were comparatively safe, but for poor little Binny Wallace, driven out to sea in the merciless gale. We shuddered to think of him in that frail shell, drifting on and on to his grave, the sky rent with lightning over his head, and the green abysses yawning beneath him. We fell to crying, the three of us, and cried I know not how long.

Meanwhile the storm raged with augmented fury. We were obliged to hold on to the ropes of the tent to prevent it blowing away. The spray from the river leaped several yards up the rocks and clutched at us malignantly. The very island trembled with the concussions of the sea beating upon it, and at times I fancied that it had broken loose from its foundation, and was floating off with us. The breakers, streaked with angry phosphorus, were fearful to look at.

The wind rose higher and higher, cutting long slits in the tent, through which the rain poured incessantly. To complete the sum of our miseries, the night was at hand. It came down suddenly, at last, like a curtain, shutting in Sandpeep Island from all the world.

It was a dirty night, as the sailors say. The darkness was something that could be felt as well as seen, — it pressed down upon one with a cold, clammy touch. Gazing into the hollow blackness, all sorts of imaginable shapes seemed to start forth from vacancy, — brilliant colors, stars, prisms, and dancing lights. What boy, lying awake at night, has not amused or terrified himself by peopling the spaces round his bed with these phenomena of his own eyes?

"I say," whispered Fred Langdon, at length, clutching my hand, "don't you see things — out there — in the dark?"

"Yes, yes, — Binny Wallace's face!"

I added to my own nervousness by making this avowal; though for the last ten minutes I had seen little besides that star-pale face with its angelic hair and brows. First a slim yellow circle, like the nimbus round the moon, took shape and grew sharp against the darkness; then this faded gradually, and there was the Face, wearing the same sad, sweet look it wore when he waved his hand to us across the awful water. This optical illusion kept repeating itself.

"And I, too," said Adams. "I see it every now and then, outside there. What would n't I give if it really was poor little Wallace looking in at us! O boys, how shall we dare to go back to the town without him? I 've wished a hundred times, since we 've been sitting here, that I was in his place, alive or dead!"

We dreaded the approach of morning as much as we longed for it. The morning would tell us all. Was it possible for the Dolphin to outride such a storm? There was a light-house on Mackerel Reef, which lay directly in the course the boat had taken, when it disappeared. If the Dolphin had caught on this reef, perhaps Binny Wallace was safe. Perhaps his cries had been heard by the keeper of the light. The man owned a life-boat, and had rescued several people. Who could tell?

Such were the questions we asked ourselves again and again, as we lay in each other's arms waiting for daybreak. What an endless night it was! I have known months that did not seem so long.

Our position was irksome rather than perilous; for the day was certain to bring us relief from the town, where our prolonged absence, together with the storm, had no doubt excited the liveliest alarm for our safety. But the cold, the darkness, and the suspense were hard to bear.

Our soaked jackets had chilled us to the bone. To keep warm, we lay huddled together so closely that we could hear our hearts beat above the tumult of sea and sky.

We used to laugh at Fred Langdon for always carrying in his pocket a small vial of essence of peppermint or sassafras, a few drops of which, sprinkled on a lump of loaf-sugar, he seemed to consider a great luxury. I don't know what would have become of us at this crisis, if it had n't been for that omnipresent bottle of hot stuff. We poured the stinging liquid over our sugar, which had kept dry in a sardine-box, and warmed ourself with frequent doses.

After four or five hours the rain ceased, the wind died away to a moan, and the sea — no longer raging like a maniac — sobbed and sobbed with a piteous human voice all along the coast. And well it might, after that night's work. Twelve sail of the Gloucester fishing fleet had gone down with every soul on board, just outside of Whale's-back light. Think of the wide grief that follows in the wake of one wreck; then think of the despairing women who wrung their hands and wept, the next morning, in the streets of Gloucester, Marblehead, and Newcastle!

Though our strength was nearly spent, we were too cold to sleep. Once I sunk into a troubled doze, when I seemed to hear Charley Marden's parting words, only it was the Sea that said them. After that I threw off the drowsiness whenever it threatened to overcome me.

Fred Langdon was the earliest to discover a filmy, luminous streak in the sky, the first glimmering of sunrise.

"Look, it is nearly daybreak!"

While we were following the direction of his finger, a sound of distant oars fell on our ears.

We listened breathlessly, and as the dip of the blades became more audible, we discerned two foggy lights, like will-o'-the-wisps, floating on the river.

Running down to the water's edge, we hailed the boats with all our might. The call was heard, for the oars rested a moment in the row-locks, and then pulled in towards the island.

It was two boats from the town, in the foremost of which we could now make out the figures of Captain Nutter and Binny Wallace's father. We shrunk back on seeing *him*.

"Thank God!" cried Mr. Wallace, fervently, as he leaped from the wherry without waiting for the bow to touch the beach.

But when he saw only three boys standing on the sands, his eye wandered restlessly about in quest of the fourth; then a deadly pallor overspread his features.

Our story was soon told. A solemn silence fell upon the crowd of rough boatmen gathered round, interrupted only by a stifled sob from one poor old man, who stood apart from the rest.

The sea was still running too high for any small boat to venture out; so it was arranged that the wherry should take us back to town, leaving the yawl, with a picked crew, to hug the island until daybreak, and then set forth in search of the Dolphin.

Though it was barely sunrise when we reached town, there were a great many people assembled at the landing, eager for intelligence from missing boats. Two picnic parties had started down river the day before, just previous to the gale, and nothing had been heard of them. It turned out that the pleasure-seekers saw their danger in time, and ran ashore on one of the least exposed islands, where they passed the night. Shortly after our own arrival they appeared off Rivermouth, much to the joy of their friends, in two shattered, dismasted boats.

The excitement over, I was in a forlorn state, physically and mentally. Captain Nutter put me to bed between hot blankets, and sent Kitty Collins for the doctor. I was wandering in my mind, and fancied myself still on Sandpeep Island: now I gave orders to Wallace how to manage the boat, and now I cried because the rain was pouring in on me through the holes in the tent. Towards evening a high fever set in, and it was many days before my grandfather deemed it prudent to tell me that the Dolphin had been found, floating keel upwards, four miles southeast of Mackerel Reef.

Poor little Binny Wallace! How strange it seemed, when I went to school again, to see that empty seat in the fifth row! How gloomy the playground was, lacking the sunshine of his gentle, sensitive face! One day a folded sheet slipped from my algebra; it was the last note he ever wrote me. I could n't read it for the tears.

What a pang shot across my heart the afternoon it was whispered through the town that a body had been washed ashore at Grave Point, — the place where we bathed. We bathed there no more! How well I remember the funeral, and what a piteous sight it was afterwards to see his familiar name on a small headstone in the Old South Burying Ground!

Poor little Binny Wallace! Always the same to me. The rest of us have grown up into hard, worldly men, fighting the fight of life; but you are forever young, and gentle, and pure; a part of my own childhood that time cannot wither; always a little boy, always poor little Binny Wallace!

T. B. Aldrich.

LAWRENCE IN A COAL-MINE.

DOWN, down went the car, steadily, but by no means so fast as when it bore no freight of human lives. Lawrence held tight to his little lamp with one hand, and to the brace with the other, while he tried to get some idea of the depth of the shaft, by reflecting that, if the partitions were taken out, Bunker Hill Monument would have made a very good plug for it.

"Are you afraid?" said Owen, laughing. "A terrible accident happened in a shaft near here the other day"; and a shadow passed over his face at the recollection. "A crowd of men were going into the mines one morning. They did n't like to wait, so seventeen of 'em piled on to one car at once. The rope broke, and they fell two hundred feet. Fourteen got killed, and the other three got maimed for life."

"That 's a cheerful story to tell, when we are half-way down a shaft," said Mr. Clarence.

"I thought you said there were iron dogs to fall into these notches in the guides, and hold the car, if the rope should break," said Lawrence.

"The dogs would hold a loaded car that was going up, or a light load going down," said Owen.

"Because," added Mr. Clarence, "a car going up must stop before it can fall; but, going down, it is already in motion, and if it has a heavy load on, it will break everything before it. But here we are, all right. Step out."

Lawrence was at first so bewildered that he hardly knew which way to step. He seemed to have dropped suddenly into the heart of an immense, black, branching cavern. Strange noises filled his ears, and glancing lights moved like fireflies through the darkness. Then dim forms and sooty faces and shining eyes appeared around him. Everything had such an unearthly look, that for a moment he could have fancied that he was in the bottomless pit, and that these were its proper inhabitants.

"Lean on me, look!" said Owen, "then you shall not black yourself." So Lawrence got out of the car without rubbing his clothes against it. "This way, look!" cried Owen, again. "There 's water!"

The reservoir, or well, from which the water of the mines was pumped, was directly beneath the car, at the foot of the shaft; and Lawrence thought he meant that. In avoiding it he ran under a little streaming shower that dripped from some point above, — which was, in fact, the water Owen had wished to warn him against.

"What a stupid fellow I am!" he exclaimed. "There goes my light!" — his little tea-pot of a lamp having been extinguished in his brief passage under the shower-bath.

"Never mind; I can light it," said Owen; and whilst he was touching the flame of his own to the drenched wick, Lawrence had time to look about him and see more plainly where they were.

He now perceived that the lights and the demons he had seen were men and boys with lamps on their caps, and that the sounds he heard were the shouts of mule-drivers and the tinkling of mule-bells, mingled with the noise of water falling into the well.

"Now you see where the loads of coal come from," said Mr. Clarence.

The empty car in which they made the descent had already been pushed off from the carriage, along a track laid level with it; and now a loaded car, standing near by, was seized by men and boys, and pushed on. A bell-wire was then pulled ("Signal for the engineer," said Mr. Clarence), and up went the carriage, with the car on it, disappearing instantly in the darkness of the shaft.

"Hark!" said Mr. Clarence. And in a few seconds they heard the faint thunder-peal of a load of coal dumped into the breaker three hundred feet above.

"That 's disposing of a ton and a half of coal in short notice," said Mr. Clarence. And almost while he was speaking the car came down again empty.

Then another car was pushed on, and sent up. There was a long row of loaded cars waiting on the track, and others were coming in little trains of four or five, drawn by mules, out of the depths of the cavern. The whole

made a picture which, seen by the dim light of the lamps, in the midst of surrounding blackness, had a strange fascination for the eyes of Lawrence.

Mr. Clarence now put down his dog Muff, and told him to take care of himself.

"I should think he would get as dirty here as in the breaker," said Lawrence.

"It 's a different kind of dirt," said Mr. Clarence. "It will be all on the outside, if he rubs against anything. But in the breaker he would get the coal-dust sifted into his wool, so it could never be washed out."

"See here a minute," said Owen; and he led Lawrence to a frame of rough boards, like a box, set into the wall of the cavern. There were two holes in it, like a pair of great eyes, and he told Lawrence to look in through one of them.

Lawrence climbed up on a ledge of slate, put his eye to the hole, and uttered an exclamation of surprise. He had expected to see nothing but darkness, in such a place; but it was like looking into a show-box.

"What do you see?" said Mr. Clarence.

"I see a little room, with a clock in it."

"What time is it?" asked Owen.

"Ten minutes past three, — as plain as can be! Where does the light come from on the face of the clock?"

Lawrence looked around, and saw Owen at his side laughing.

"Where *did* it come from? Look again," said Owen.

He looked again, and declared that the box was as dark as a pocket. Then in an instant it was lighted up again. Turning his head quickly, he saw Owen holding a lamp at the other hole.

"Why do you keep a clock boxed up in that way?" he asked.

"It 's handy, look!" said Owen. "A man wants to know the time; he puts his eye to one hole, and his lamp to the other, and there it is. If the clock was n't boxed up, it would n't be there to-morrow."

"I see," said Lawrence, who understood that it would be stolen.

A number of men, with lamps on their hats and tin pails in their hands, were coming along by the railroad track, and crowding near the shaft.

"They have got through work, and are waiting to go up," said Owen.

Half a dozen of them jumped into the next empty car that came down, the engineer was signalled to lift slowly, and up they went to the head of the shaft.

"I see here but one set of cars going up and down," said Lawrence. "But at the head of the shaft they were moving on both sides."

"We are working two veins of coal," said Owen. "This is what we call the Rock Vein; the other is the Diamond Vein, thirty feet above. The other cars stop there."

"Thirty feet! and what is between the two veins?"

"Slate, mostly. There 's always layers of sandstone, limestone, slate, clay, — one or all of 'em, — between the different coal veins," said Owen. And seeing the astonishment of Lawrence, who, after all he had heard and read

on the subject, had but a faint idea of a coal formation, he continued, "Fifty feet below this vein there is another, — what we call the Big Vein, — fourteen feet thick. Then there are five more veins below that. There are two more above the Diamond. They will all pay to work, some day, after we get these two veins worked out. Then there are several little veins besides."

"By *veins*," said Mr. Clarence, "he means *seams*, or *beds*. Coal lies in layers, which can't properly be called *veins*, though this is the term used everywhere in the anthracite regions, — except by my uncle and myself," he added, with pleasing vanity. "Some minerals lie in *streaks*; and those are properly called *veins*. Go into the soft-coal regions, and you won't hear coal-beds called *veins*."

"Why are they called so here?"

"I suppose it is because the anthracite beds are so tumbled and broken up in some places. Just here you see them lying nearly on a level, or undulating something like the surface of a hilly country. But go into mines where I have been! Some of the seams are perpendicular, or keeled over, or broken up by faults, so that it appears ridiculous to call them beds."

"Are n't the soft-coal beds tumbled up too?"

"Nothing like the anthracite. They all lie as nearly level as these beds here. There 's a very pretty scientific fact connected with this difference in the two formations," Mr. Clarence continued. "Soft coal is more or less bituminous, while anthracite has no bitumen in it. But there 's no doubt but what they were both formed in the same way, and out of the same materials. The ancient forests I told you of decayed in the water and made black mud, which a certain degree of heat and pressure condensed into soft coal. There the bituminous coal-fields were left, and were not much disturbed afterwards. But in the anthracite region there was subsequent volcanic action, which heaved and broke up the coal measures, and with its intense heat expelled the bituminous matters and hardened the coal still more. The best evidence in support of this theory is, that here you have igneous rocks, — or rocks that were melted matter when they were heaved up from the bowels of the earth, — while in the bituminous regions you have none."

"Are the anthracite regions as extensive as the bituminous?"

"My dear sir, nothing in comparison. The biggest part of the anthracite coal-field lies in Luzerne and Schuylkill Counties, here in Eastern Pennsylvania; while the bituminous coal-fields extend over nearly all the western portion of the State, and over large portions of other States, and over other parts of the world; though I believe," added Mr. Clarence, "that a little anthracite is found, in the neighborhood of igneous rocks, in some bituminous regions. This is all Greek to you, is n't it, my little Welshman?" he said to Owen.

"I don't understand anything about it," replied Owen, laughing.

"I knew it," said Mr. Clarence. "It is singular, — men who work in coal-mines all their lives generally know nothing more about the history of the coal formation than your day-laborers in Massachusetts. Some men who

call themselves mining engineers are just as ignorant. Yet this Welsh boy can tell you all about the coal, as it lies in the mines, and the gangways and chambers are as familiar to him as the streets of your native village are to you. How thick, Owen, is this 'Rock Vein,' as you call it?"

"Nine feet," replied Owen, quickly. "The Diamond Vein is seven feet."

"All solid coal?" said Lawrence, looking at the black wall of the cavern.

"All but the slate in it. The coal is in three benches," said Owen.

Then Lawrence had to ask what benches were; and Mr. Clarence was well pleased to be able to inform him.

"I told you how layers of slate occur in the coal-beds, did n't I? The bed may be even twenty or thirty feet thick, but it won't be one clean body of coal. Every two or three feet, or oftener, you come to a thin seam of slate running through it. The coal that lies in these natural divisions, between the slate seams, we call benches. Here there is a roof of slate." Mr. Clarence took the lamp from Lawrence's hand, and held it high above their heads. "Then, between that and the bottom," — passing the lamp down the wall — "there are two slate seams; see if you can tell where they are."

"It all looks alike to me, coal or slate," said Lawrence, his eye glancing along the uniform blackness of the wall. "Ah!" he suddenly exclaimed, "I see! This little ridge! Here must be one of the slate seams! and here is the other!"

"You would make a miner," said Owen, smiling, as they walked on.

"Are *you* a miner?" Lawrence asked.

"My father is, and I mean to be. I come down at noon to bring his dinner, and stop and help him sometimes."

"Do you like it?"

"I like it well. If you work in the mines awhile," said Owen, "you never want to do anything else. 'Once a miner, always a miner,' my father says."

"Why so?" said Lawrence.

"The miner is his own boss, look," said Owen, stopping, and facing the visitors, his bright Welsh eyes shining with animation under his lamp-hung cap. "He can work, or he can sit still. He works six or eight hours a day, and earns good pay. It is never hot and it is never cold in the mines. It is about the same thing the year round. You work here a few years, then you go to work outside, and it is bad. You can't stand the heat. You can't stand the cold. You are glad to get back into the mines."

They walked on again, keeping the car-track, between black walls of coal. "It is like a street railroad," said Lawrence, — "only the track is narrow, and the street is n't so wide as I thought it was."

"This is what we call a gangway, or drift," said Mr. Clarence. "It is the main passage from the breasts or chambers to the shaft. It is cut out just the depth of the coal-bed, and wide enough to accommodate the cars. In thin coal-beds, — they often work those that are only two or three feet thick, — they cut down enough of the top rock to make a passage for the cars."

"And to give the miners room to work, I suppose," said Lawrence.

"No," said Owen; "miners can work where a man can't stand. My

father once worked in a coal-vein, in the old country, where he had to lie on his side when he used the pick. The vein was only a foot and a half thick; but he got out the coal."

"Then why not invent a low car, that will carry the coal through low gangways, and save cutting out the rock?" said Lawrence.

"To invent a low car is easy enough," said Mr. Clarence, with a laugh at his friend's simplicity; "but it is n't so easy to invent a low mule."

Owen laughed too. Lawrence was glad his blushes were hidden by the darkness of the drift. But, to show that he had not spoken so inconsiderately as Mr. Clarence supposed, he retorted quickly, "Haul the cars by machinery; — why not?"

"That 's not so bad an idea," said Mr. Clarence, his respect for his friend's intelligence somewhat restored.

"My father tells how, in the old country, women used to carry the coal out of the mines," said Owen. "The men mined it, and the women carried it. A woman would carry a load of coal heavier than she was up slopes, or stairs; and maybe she would have a quarter of a mile to travel before she could put it down."

"That is a horrible story!" said Lawrence, who had never seen women do hard work, and could scarcely believe that such things were tolerated in a Christian country.

"A reform, in this respect, has taken place in the British collieries, within a few years," said Mr. Clarence. "Now a small steam-engine that burns only four or five tons of coal a day does work it would take five hundred women to do."

Lawrence concluded that steam was a good missionary, if it could convert people from such barbarous practices.

"It is the great agent of modern civilization," said Mr. Clarence, in his eloquent way. "Our steamships, railroads, factories, a thousand industrial enterprises, are dependent upon it; but what is steam itself dependent on? Without coal, steam would be a limping cripple. This big black fellow, in whose bed we now are, is doing a good share of the work of the world. Did I say four or five tons did the work of five hundred women? It is a low estimate. Ten pounds of coal, economically applied to steam-power, are considered equal to a day's work by one man. Then a ton and a half of coal may be set down as equal to the labor of one man for a year. I have seen a careful calculation, to that effect, in one of my uncle's books."

"I wonder who first thought of digging out coal and burning it," said Lawrence.

"Nobody knows who first used soft coal for fuel," Mr. Clarence replied. "It has been in use in England for hundreds of years, though it was only after the forests began to disappear, and the steam-engine was invented, and gas-light came into fashion, that the immense coal-trade was developed which now makes the prosperity of that little island. This anthracite business is another thing. It has all been developed within fifty years, though there is evidence that the first blacksmiths in the country began to use the

stone coal, as it was called (*anthracite* is only a Greek word for the same thing), a hundred years ago. It took the rest of the world half a century to find out how to burn the thing. Neither philosophers nor fools could make a fire of it, in a common stove or fireplace. Bituminous coal will kindle and burn with a flame like wood; but hard coal required different treatment, and a peculiar kind of grate. Then, when it did burn, it was found superior to any other coal for many purposes. Though hard to kindle, it makes an intense heat, and no smoke. And now," Mr. Clarence concluded, "though it is confined to so small an area, compared with the vast fields of bituminous coal, there is about as much anthracite mined in this State, every year, as there is of other coal."

Meanwhile, the boys walked on through the black gangway, which seemed interminable to Lawrence. It was lighted only by the two little lamps they carried, which made a dim halo about them, in the midst of darkness that retreated slowly before, and followed close behind, as they moved on. Occasionally, little incidents diversified the gloomy monotony of the trip. Now they approached a faintly-shining beam, seen afar off in the cavernous darkness, which grew to a little yellow glow in a corner, as they came near, and proved to be the light of a tiny lamp on the ground, close under the wall of coal. Sitting near it, between two stout wooden props supporting the

slate roof, was a boy, who seemed at first glance a mere imp of darkness. He was not more than nine or ten years old, and O so small and black! He seemed to be playing with something on a black slab of slate, between him and the lamp. On coming up to him, what was Lawrence's surprise to see that the little fellow was amusing himself, there in the solitude of the mine, with a pack of cards almost as black as his fingers.

Close by was a large wooden door which completely closed the gangway, — "to shut off the air-current, and force it in another direction," Mr. Clarence said, — and this child was the doorkeeper.

"Are n't you lonesome here?" Lawrence asked.

"Not much," the urchin replied, looking up with a grin. "It ain't so nice when my lamp burns out, and I can't get oil. But the mule-teams are passing all the time."

While he was speaking the shout of a driver was heard, and a light was seen approaching. Then appeared a train of empty cars, accompanied by a boy, with the usual lamp on his hat. The child sprang to his feet, and threw the gate open; Owen and the two visitors stepped aside between the props of the gangway; the train passed through, the driver shouting to the trampling mules, and the great door flapped together again.

The visitors and their guide soon followed the train, while the little fellow returned to his cheerful game of cards.

"How I pity him!" said Lawrence. "I wish I could give him something to amuse him, alone there in the dark!"

"He is well enough off," laughed Owen. "He is happy. You should hear my father tell of boys in the mines of the old country, who can't even have a light."

Along a channel beside the gangway flowed a rivulet towards the shaft, — its low, gentle ripple sounding hollow and strange in those dismal depths. That was all the noise they heard for some distance, as they walked on. Then suddenly came a terrific thunder-peal, which seemed to shake the earth, and made Lawrence for a moment think the roof was coming down upon their heads.

"Now here we are, look!" was all the comment Owen made upon this little incident, which might well startle a stranger.

They passed a railroad switch, and followed a side track, which turned off into what seemed a winding cavern. It was narrow at the entrance, but it grew wider and wider, as they advanced. All was dark before them at first, but as they kept on around the curve of the track, dim lights appeared, glimmering through a thick, bluish cloud. The broad, flat roof was supported by rows of wooden props. Beside the car-track were heaps of slate that had been taken out of the coal. And now Lawrence, if he had not already guessed the nature of the explosion he had heard, was made aware of it by the strong odor of blasting-powder which swept over him with a cloud of smoke.

"This is what we call a chamber, or breast," said Mr. Clarence.

At the further end of it, where the lights were, seventy-five or eighty yards

from the entrance, two men were at work in the thickest of the smoke. One was clearing away the fragments which the blast had blown out from the bottom of the coal-seam. This was the miner's "laborer." The other was examining the opening that had just been made, and evidently studying how to place his next charge of powder. This was the miner himself. Both were begrimed with powder-smoke and coal-dust, the effect of which was heightened, to Lawrence's imagination, by the cloud and stench in which they worked.

Owen stepped nimbly over the rubbish, the others following, — all but Muff. Mr. Clarence had left him, with his cane, at the entrance to the chamber. Then Owen astonished Lawrence very much by saying quietly, as the miner turned and looked at them, with an honest, kindly face under its grime, —

"This is my father."

Lawrence was, in fact, taken so much by surprise at this introduction, that he offered to shake hands, — an evidence of weakness on his part that once more, for the moment, quite lost him the respect of his friend, Mr. Clarence.

The sensible Welshman declined the honor, showing his blackened hands, and said, "You have come to see the coal-mines, have you?"

Lawrence said he had, and began to ask questions with regard to the manner in which the coal was got out.

"It is very simple, look!" replied the miner. (The father, like the son, had an odd way of throwing in that little word *look*, when he was speaking.) "You put in your charge of powder, and blow it out."

"Do you have to blow all of it?"

"Every yard. I work under the vein, look. I work out here a space, at the bottom, about five feet high, and twelve feet deep. Then I put in a heavy charge above, and blow down the top."

"How much coal do you blow out at a time!"

"A couple of tons or so, when I am working out the bottom. Then when I blow down the top, I get a good many tons, sometimes."

"You must drill pretty deep for that."

"Yes, we sink the drill five or six feet generally, to get a good blast. There's everything in taking advantage of the way the coal lays. It is n't like mining soft coal, look. There you work under the bottom bench with a pick, and then break down the rest from the top with wedges. You don't blast at all, only when the rock is in your way."

"What sound is that?" asked Lawrence.

Both men had stopped work for the moment; and now could be heard a regular, dull *click-click-click*, which seemed to be somewhere in the solid wall of coal close beside them.

"That is the miner drilling in the next chamber."

"How far off is he?"

"About twenty feet. He keeps his breast along about even with mine. We are in, now, about two hundred and fifty feet from the gangway."

"How deep do you drive your chambers?"

"About three hundred feet along here. Sometimes we go deeper, and sometimes not so deep."

"Then how do you get out the coal beyond?"

"Drive breasts from other gangways," said the miner.

Lawrence could have remained a long time watching him at his work, and talking with him; but Owen suggested that they had a great deal yet to see, and that it was getting late. So they took leave of the miner, and started to go back to the entrance to the chamber, where Mr. Clarence had left Muff.

J. T. Trowbridge.

IN THE HAPPY VALLEY.

I HAD long promised my little friend Veronica to take her to spend an afternoon in the Happy Valley, or the Wilderness, for we call it, indifferently, by both names. It is a deep dell in the grounds belonging to a friend of mine, whose permission I have to take thither any children I choose. And a most enjoyable and lovely spot it is. Originally I think it must have been an enormous gravel-pit, but the growth of at least two centuries of trees and brushwood, together with careful cultivation, has made it into a perfect fairy glade, where Art so disguises herself that she looks like Nature, and everything grows so wildly luxuriant that it may well be called a wilderness.

I believe Veronica — who is a very matter-of-fact little person, and yet has a spice of imagination too — took my promise literally, and for weeks would not get out of her mind the idea that she was to be taken into the wilderness that the Children of Israel journeyed through, where she would see camels, Bedouin Arabs, and perhaps a mirage or two. She had full time to think about it, for immediately afterward there ensued a long series of wet days, — and during such weather the Happy Valley is, I must confess, a most damp and uncomfortable place, very soppy on its grassy lawn, and on its steep mossy paths very slippery and unsafe, especially to poor Veronica.

For my little friend has a hard lot for a child: she is lame, and has to go about on crutches. We trust this will not last, — that with care she may in a few years be able to run about just like other children; but in the mean time she has to suffer much. Her sad, entreating blue eyes often put me in mind of the flower whose name she bears, —

> "The blue veronica, shut from light,
> Faded away to a sickly white," —

only that is far from being the case with this Veronica. She lives in a perfect sunshine of love and kindness, which helps her so much that I really believe, in spite of all her pain, she is a very happy little girl. She has become accustomed to her crutches, and has learned to use them so cleverly, that, instead of walking, she seems actually to fly across the rooms or the garden, and can get about almost as well as any of her playfellows. Several of them were now staying with her; so, as the season of primroses, when I made the promise, had passed into that of wild roses and honeysuckle, I thought it was high time to fulfil my pledge; and we planned a little party to the Happy Valley, whither we all started to go, in high spirits and a basket-chaise, also a perambulator.

"We" consisted of Veronica, aged nine; her friends Willie, Mary, Alfred, and baby, all younger than she; myself, — whose age is of no particular consequence; and two nurses, of whom all I will vouch for is that they are certainly above ten years old. But, to look at the party, you would have said that wisdom decreased, instead of increasing, with years; for the wisest and

gravest of us, to all appearance, was most decidedly the baby. He was the most solemn infant I ever beheld! Never once did I see him smile; and, sheltered in his nurse's arms, he sat viewing the whole proceeding with an air of dignified superiority which was quite edifying.

Veronica, Willie, and Mary occupied the basket-chaise; Alfred and baby travelled in the perambulator; I walked, and waited for the rest under a huge elm-tree at the wicket-gate which led into the Wilderness. Whether Veronica had by this time discovered that, though a wilderness, it was no desert, and she should not see any camels, I cannot tell; but she asked no questions, and looked quite satisfied. Nay, as we descended into the dell, she was most anxious to carry for me a mysterious bag and two stone jugs with their noses safely tied up, with which I had provided myself for the general benefit; and the lightsome way she stepped along down the steep road, which was nearly too much for the perambulator, showed she meant to enjoy herself as much as any of us, and was quite capable of so doing.

When we got to the bottom of the dell, O, how pretty it was! A circle of green sloping grass fit for a fairies' ballroom, and all round it ornamental shrubs, — syringa, sumach, rhododendron, cornel-tree, — quantities of evergreens, wild roses, and honeysuckle. Beyond these again, growing up the precipitous banks of the quondam gravel-pit, were very tall trees, — elms, oaks, and firs, — in which dwelt, unmolested, hundreds of birds. There were thrushes, linnets, blackbirds, chaffinches, — all those charming singing-birds which fill our English woods. I do not know if American birds sing as well, but I am sure they cannot sing better. To-day several nightingales, who yearly build in the Happy Valley, added their help to the chorus; in fact, led it; for one of them sang so loud, at the very top of his voice, though it was only half past three in the afternoon, that he put all the other birds to silence. Willie and Mary, who came from the north of England, which region nightingales seldom visit, had never heard one before, and listened to him with great interest.

But we had no time to be sentimental; we wanted a little adventure, and there seemed room for it, — the whole place being solitary and silent, as if it were a real wilderness, except for the singing of the birds. Willie wanted to know if there was game there. Whether he meant wild boars, lions, or tigers, I cannot tell; but I assured him he would find nothing worse than a rabbit, at which he looked a little disappointed.

We encamped the nurses and babies (Alfred observing, in faint remonstrance, "I 's a — big — boy — now!") on the centre of the fairies' green parlor, and proceeded to climb up to the wood by which it was shut in. Mary timidly took my hand, but Veronica sprang about in so skilful and so fearless a manner that I, too, soon lost my fear for her, satisfied that she would come to no harm. And it was beautiful to see the child thus overcoming her deprivations, and making the best of everything, without one single complaint.

Willie was the gentleman of the party, — a bright, bold, manly little fellow. When we got to the top, he looked over the sheer edge, thirty or forty feet,

down into the dell, and, spying the nurses, began pelting them with fir-cones, — all of which, I was happy to see, fell yards wide of their mark. Still, it was great fun; and we felt quite like a besieging army attacking a defenceless castle; gathering a quantity of fir-cones as ammunition, which we used as harmlessly as I wish all the ammunition in the world was used, and upon as innocent enemies. Fir-cones were the only things we gathered; for, though the Happy Valley was full of flowers, I explained to the children that they belonged to the lady of the place, and it was a point of honor not to touch them. And to the little folks' great credit, though temptation sore abounded, — rhododendrons, roses, and especially beds of tall foxglove, crying out for tiny fingers to be stuck into their dainty bells, — my young friends never plucked a single flower.

In the midst of our fun, we caught sight of a poor little bird lying dead upon the ground. A linnet, I think it was, scarcely fledged. It looked so sad and forlorn that I proposed we should bury it.

"Yes," said Mary, who had stood contemplating it with mournful eyes. "Perhaps its mother would be glad if we buried it. If she saw it lying there, I dare say she would cry."

"Birds don't cry," remarked Willie, derisively; but still he consented to the plan, and told me all about a rabbit they had found in their garden, and buried, and put a tombstone over it, but not knowing its name, and thinking it ought to have one, had called it Thomas. Then we consulted as to what name we should give this dead bird, and thought the best one would be Dick.

"And what sort of a gravestone shall we put over it?" said Mary.

There was a brick-end lying near, but we decided that it was not pretty enough; so I found a broken branch of laurel, with its green leaves turned bright yellow, and proposed that we should plant it over the grave like a tree, — which was agreed to unanimously. Veronica lent me one of her crutches, and stood looking on with serious blue eyes while I dug a hole with it in the soft leaf-mould, among the roots of a fir-tree. There we laid the little bird as safely as in its own nest, and covered it up, and planted over it the laurel-branch. We felt rather sad for the pretty young linnet, which had never lived to sing like these other birds; but then it would never know winter and frost and hunger and cold; and, as Mary said, she was sure its mother would have been glad to know we had buried it so "comfortably."

Pushing our way onwards, through a tangle of brushwood, trailing brambles, and fern so tall that it reached higher than Willie's head, we came to a wonderful little nook, a tiny garden made in the middle of the wood. A deserted garden now, but once it must have been charming. It was made more than a century ago for some little lords and ladies, the children of an earl who once possessed this estate. How it passed away from the family I do not know, but it had passed; and they themselves had vanished and left no trace in the neighborhood, except a monument or two on the church wall, and this forsaken garden.

It was fenced round with a pretty miniature fence and wicket-gate, just high enough for little hands to open; and there must once have been all sorts of curious flowers in it; for there still remained great straggling bushes of damask roses, and yards of yellow musk-plant, creeping wild across the beds, and mingling, quite regardless of distinctions of rank, with the weeds that overgrew them. The gardener of the present mansion had begun to turn the place to use as a nursery for young evergreens; but otherwise it remained very much as it was, only utterly forsaken, neglected, and forlorn.

Willie was not much impressed with it; but the two little girls were deeply interested.

"And was this garden really made on purpose for the children?" asked Mary. "And did they play in it and work in it all themselves?"

"And did all this happen a hundred years ago?" Veronica questioned. "I wonder what they were dressed like, and what sort of children they were."

That I could not tell; though I thought their names might easily be found in Burke's British Peerage; as having been born, married, and died — yes, certainly they must all be dead — long ago. Further I knew nothing, except that a very old lady, now also passed away, had once told me she remembered coming as a child on a visit to some other children who lived in this mansion, and who were probably the descendants of the little lords and ladies for whom the garden was made. This was a link in history, however; and I felt that it much enhanced my dignity, and made the young people look upon me with respect as a sort of modern Methuselah.

With such conversation at intervals we threaded the wood, and came out at its other end, — at a gardener's cottage, where, tied up to the boughs of an old apple-tree, was a beautiful swing. We asked permission of the gardener's children, — not thinking we had any right to monopolize their property without asking it, — and then did n't we enjoy ourselves! The sun burnt fiercely upon us, and the motion of the swing was, I should think, nearly as bad as that of a steamboat; but no matter! Willie and Veronica considered it the greatest fun; and even little Mary, who had never been in a swing before, timidly adventured, and looked as pleased as possible with her achievement. Then, our three children having gone in a body to thank the gardener's three children, who stood at the cottage door with their fingers in their mouths, very shy, but much flattered, we retraced our steps through the Wilderness, calling out to one another at intervals, lest somebody should be lost, and found, days after, like one of the Babes in the Wood, covered over with leaves.

Here I ought, to make my story interesting, to invent an adventure, but, if I must tell the honest truth, we had none. Nothing whatever happened to us. We met no ogres, or giants, or dwarfs. No charming bluebird, or conversational rabbit, tempted us away into fairy-land. Not a robber, not even an old witch, was to be seen. We found a disused gravel-pit which interested us greatly, — it was so full of flowers and all sorts of curious things.

And we looked over its edge, holding fast by one another; but nobody tumbled in, breaking three legs apiece, — a suggestion of mine, which was met with a scornful shout of "We have only two!"

"I wish, indeed, I had three legs, if they would help to run faster," said Willie; "and, as I told mamma this morning, I should so like a pair of wings, and then I might fly. Could people ever learn to fly?"

I replied that, in spite of many ingenious attempts, nobody ever yet had succeeded in flying, and that I feared he must be content with his two legs, which he used so satisfactorily. I noticed, however, — and it was pretty to see in such a merry, active boy, — that, wherever she went, his eye followed Veronica; that in swinging he was extremely anxious over her "poor leg," lest it should be hurt; and that, when she leaned too near the edge of the gravel-pit, he said, "Take care, my duck!" and held her in the tenderest way, though he was so much younger than she. It was that kindly spirit of protection which the stronger should show to the weaker, all boys should show to all girls; and it gave me a very good impression of Master Willie.

When we rejoined the nurses and babies, we found them sitting on the grass, cool and comfortable, while we were so hot and tired. Nevertheless, Mary wanted to take them up the hill and show them the deserted garden. But, as that would require carrying both Alfred and baby, the scheme fell through; though Alfred again informed us, reproachfully, that he was "a big boy now," and I am sure would have made a long remonstrance had not his English failed him, he being only two years and three months old.

But Alfred is a remarkable boy, and twenty years hence, if he and I both live so long, I mean to have the honor of showing him this account of himself wherein I said so. By that time he will probably be a remarkable man, which will reflect great credit on my powers of prophecy.

Said he, — when prevented from going to see the garden, "Den I will go — next year. Mind! I will go Tuesday — next year," with the air of a gentleman making a solemn appointment. And then, sitting down on the skirt of my dress, he began to converse with me. "I have a sekelet" (secret), — he never uses the third person, as babies do, but always the dignified first, — "I went to church, and I was so dood. I sat still, and I never spoke one word"; each syllable being pronounced slowly, distinctly, much like a foreigner learning English, and very desirous of being accurate.

I said I was exceedingly glad to hear of his good behavior, and told him of a little girl named Ethel, who sat opposite to me at church, and was, likewise, quite a pattern of goodness.

"Does she never 'peak one word, but sit still, like me?" and then he repeated his sentence over again, beginning, "I have a sekelet." Language was evidently a great difficulty to him still; his mind being something like the large jug with the little narrow neck, only just untied, out of which I was now pouring a feeble decoction of raspberry vinegar.

"It looks like water," said Affie, eying it doubtfully. But when he did deign to try it, he found it so good that he took draught after draught, eating at intervals pieces of currant bread, — a good honest loaf of bread with

currants and sugar in it, and nothing else, which I recommend to all mothers of families as better than any cake for little people.

We had all dined, so we were not ravenous ; still we finished our feast, and the raspberry-vinegar jug grew lighter and lighter every minute. We were such thirsty souls, especially Alfred. But both he and his brother Willie were thorough little gentlemen, and took their turns in order, however thirsty they might be. And after every draught Alfred repeated in his solemn manner, "It looks like water," till he half killed us with laughing. Then he looked round, and said with dignity, half reproving, half apologetic, "I — drinks — water (here he paused, and seemed to hunt the English language through for a word to express his meaning. It came at last in a burst.) — "I drinks water — genewally !" (generally.)

But time was passing on ; we had only half an hour left for our ball-playing, our scampering, or whatever we liked to do. Off they set, Willie, Veronica, Mary, and even Affie, who toddled about on his fat legs after his elder brother, whom he greatly admired, and who was exceedingly kind to him. How fast minutes fly when one does not want them to go ! Presently we heard the sound of wheels down the road outside, and our festival was over.

I don't know how far the children thought it a festival, but I am sure I considered it one ; they were so good, so easily amused, so obedient, — giving up their pleasure without a single grumble, when it came to an end.

So we packed up the bag of provisions — empty now ; and the jugs with slim necks and small noses, drained to the last drop. We put the shawls in the perambulator, and slowly mounted up the mossy walk which led out of the Happy Valley.

"But I will come — next year. On Tuesday — next year," said Affie, resolutely.

Alas ! no "I will" of any of us is of much more use than little Affie's in absolutely determining what we shall do next year, or even next week ; but we will hope for the best. And as we all kissed one another an adieu, I faithfully promised, that, if possible, we would have just such another afternoon next summer in the Happy Valley.

And if this ever happens, I also promise to tell you little American children all about it.

Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman."

THE UNSOCIABLE COLT.

SHY little Colt, here 's a handful of clover;
Let us be friends, and begin from to-day.
Look, I am tall, and can reach the bars over, —
Pretty brown frisker, don't gallop away!

I know if you 'd wait but a minute to hear me,
Without shooting off in such terrified style,
You would very soon make up your mind not to fear me,
But listen until I had gossiped awhile.

There 's shaggy old Neptune, *he* thinks it no danger
To come when I call, but a matter of course.
Mamma says it 's naughty to run from a stranger,
As I hope you 'll agree, sir, before you 're a horse.

Is that *your* mamma by the lily-pool yonder?
She is sleeker than you, and more gentle-eyed.
Is she scolding you now for bad conduct, I wonder,
In the whinny she gives, as you bound to her side?

Well, Nep., let 's be off in the woods for a ramble,
And leave Master Colt to his own ugly mood.
I dare say he 'll canter and frolic and gambol,
Without the least sorrow at having been rude.

But one of these days, when his play-time is over,
When he 's broken to harness and whipped till he goes,
Perhaps he 'll remember the handful of clover,
And think what a blessing is kindness, — who knows?

Edgar Fawcett.

NAVIGATION AND DISCOVERY BEFORE COLUMBUS.

IV.

PRINCE HENRY THE NAVIGATOR, WHO NEVER NAVIGATED.

IF any enchanter, with a magic wand in his hand, should ask me to what place in Europe I should like best to be transported on one of these fine spring days, I should be able to answer the civil question without a moment's delay.

Portugal, you know, ends in a promontory that juts far out into the Atlantic Ocean, and points straight to the Madeira Islands. A bold and lofty headland it is, named Cape St. Vincent, — very familiar to sailors bound for the Mediterranean, and famous in these modern times for a great naval battle fought near it in 1797, for gaining which an English admiral was created Earl St. Vincent. But that is not the place to which I should request my friendly enchanter to waft me.

About three miles to the east of this promontory there is another, called Cape Sagres, of very peculiar form and character. It is shaped something like a long human foot, and extends out into the sea about three quarters of a mile. It is about one quarter of a mile wide in its widest part, and it is elevated a hundred feet or more above the surface of the water. It is a bleak, barren, and desolate place. If the promontory had not been composed of solid granite, it would long ago have been washed away by the sea; and, granite as it is, the huge Atlantic waves have worn and torn deep cuttings in it, scooped out great archways under it, and have even forced openings through the solid rock to the surface of the promontory. Through these openings, and especially through one very large one, the swelling sea drives out the wind with great force; and sometimes the sea itself rushes up in a great mass, and, tossing itself high into the air, breaks into spray, and is carried by the wind as far as two miles into the interior, thus blighting the vegetation, and keeping the grass from growing over the loose, sandy soil.

Standing upon this promontory, you behold in all directions but one the broad sea. Before you, and on each side of you, there is sea, sea, sea, everywhere sea; and the view behind is a level waste, grassless, colorless, from the never-ceasing wind and spray; and no sound is heard except the dash and thunder and retreating growl of the never-resting waves. And yet *this* is the place, of all others in the world, that I should choose to visit, if in these delightful days of spring I could have a free passage to Anywhere I liked.

Evidently some one else, in some distant age, had the same curious taste; for all over this promontory there are signs of human habitation. Here there is an old tower, once an observatory, now used as a hayloft. At another place there are old walls that formed part of a stately residence. Yonder are the ruins of a church. Elsewhere there are walls overthrown, and at the beginning of the promontory there is a pedestal, such as was formerly used for the support of a wayside cross. There is also a fort, and some barracks, in which a company of Portuguese troops have sometimes been stationed. The fort and the barracks, however, are modern structures, with which we have little concern. All the buildings that once stood on this cape, which have to do with our present subject, were partly burnt by Drake, in 1587, and tumbled into ruins by the great earthquake of 1755.

Why should I wish to visit a spot so remote and desolate? Who could have ever lived in such a place? What motive could induce a man to select Cape Sagres for his abode in sunny, vine-clad Portugal?

Come into this fort, and you will see. Imbedded in the wall over the in-

ner gate of the fort there is a large slab of fresh-looking marble, sculptured and inscribed like a tombstone. On the upper part there is engraved a coat of arms, a geographical globe, and an ancient ship under full sail, with a pennant streaming from her mast-head, and the Portuguese flag astern. Below is an inscription which explains why I desire to stand upon this height, and who it was, by residing here, made it sacred forever! This whole promontory was named Sacred by the Romans, because they found upon it a Druidical temple, and the present name Sagres is a corruption of the Latin word *sacrum*. A far better reason have *we* for calling it Sacred; for there lived upon it once a great and good man, who spent his whole life in the service of his race.

The inscription on this monumental stone has been translated thus: —

"SACRED FOREVER.

"IN THIS PLACE

The great Prince Henry, son of John I., King of Portugal, having undertaken to discover the previously unknown regions of West Africa, and also to open a way, by the circumnavigation of Africa, to the remotest parts of the East, established at his own cost his royal palace, the famous school of cosmography, the astronomical observatory, and the naval arsenal, preserving, improving, and enlarging the same till the close of his life, with admirable energy and perseverance, and to the greatest benefit of the kingdom, of literature, of religion, and of the whole human race. After reaching by his expeditions the eighth degree of north latitude, and discovering and planting Portuguese colonies in many islands of the Atlantic, this great Prince died on the 13th of November, 1460. Three hundred and seventy-nine years after his death, Maria II., Queen of Portugal and the Algarves, commanded that this monument should be erected to the memory of the illustrious Prince, her kinsman, the Viscount de Sá da Baudiera being Minister of Marine. 1839."

The monument is small compared with the importance of the man in whose honor it was erected. But all America is his monument. Australia is his monument. The coasts of India and the numberless islands of the seas speak his fame. Those two great continents and those innumerable islands were discovered directly in consequence of the labors of Prince Henry the Navigator, who never navigated.

Some of my readers will perhaps be glad and proud to know that the mother of Prince Henry was of our own blood, — an Englishwoman. For my part, I have enough of the vanity of race to think that he derived much of his peculiar generosity of mind, his public spirit, and his love of knowledge from that noble English mother of his, Philippa, daughter of the valiant Prince whom Shakespeare calls "Old John of Gaunt, time-honored Lancaster." I do not suppose that we Americans and English are, upon the whole, better than other races of human beings; but in the one virtue of public spirit, a heartfelt interest in the public welfare, a willingness to

take trouble and spend money that *others* may be happy, wise, and good, I do really believe that we are not surpassed by any other people. However that may be, the fact remains, that the mother of Prince Henry was an English lady.

Not that this Prince had not also a right valiant and worthy father. Five centuries have passed since the birth of King John the First of Portugal; but to this day he is called by the Portuguese John the Great and King John the Father of his Country. And with much reason do they call him by the latter name. When the Moors had been driven to a safe distance from the frontiers, it was this King John who defended Portugal against its powerful neighbor, Castile. In his fierce and desperate war against the King of Castile, he won victories so great and so numerous as to secure the independence of his country against its Christian enemies, as his brave forefathers had against its Mahometan foes. It was chiefly owing to him that Portugal has been able, for the greater part of the last five centuries, to hold its own against the powerful kingdoms near it. Spain despises Portugal, and Portugal hates Spain; but if this contempt and hatred should ever again cause a war between them, the large kingdom will not be able to absorb the little one, as long as Portugal remembers the valor of King John. His tomb defends his country more than any of its forts.

It is a curious thing that, six hundred years ago, Portugal and England were as closely allied by friendship and interest as they now are. They are so nearly connected at present, that Portugal is sometimes called a British Province. An English gentleman tells me that to this day, when a member of the royal family of Portugal dies, the royal family of England goes into mourning, — not merely the public or court mourning, as it is styled, but into what is termed domestic mourning, which is only worn upon the decease of a relative. This intimacy of friendship dates back almost to the beginning of the Portuguese monarchy. King John, for example, was the first sovereign, not English, who ever belonged to the Order of the Garter, and he received it soon after the order was established by Edward the Third, John of Gaunt's father.

Now, the way in which King John of Portugal came to marry an English princess was this: old John of Gaunt, by one of his marriages, acquired a claim to the crown of Castile, and when King John of Portugal had dealt Castile some damaging blows, he thought the opportunity good for enforcing his claim. So he led an army into Portugal to join the forces of that country in invading the neighboring kingdom. Expecting to make a long stay, he brought his daughters with him, one grown up and the other a little girl. After some fighting, and a great deal more skirmishing and marching, and crossing of rivers and coming back again, they made a peace, which was finally cemented by two marriages, — one of John of Gaunt's daughters, Philippa, married the King of Portugal, and the other, when she was old enough, married the King of Castile. In this way the royal families of England, Portugal, and Castile were more closely connected than ever; but one of the best effects of it was that it promoted peace between Portugal

and its neighbor, and this gave Portugal time and money, by and by, to explore the unknown sea.

The marriage between King John and the Princess Philippa took place February 2d, 1387. They had eight children, all of whom grew up except two. Prince Henry, called The Navigator, was born at Oporto on the 4th of March, 1394. He was the fifth child and fourth son of his parents.

While these princes were growing up to manhood their father was busy in governing and defending his kingdom, and consequently the care of the family devolved chiefly upon their mother, Queen Philippa. She was one of those women whose nature it is to be a blessing to every one connected with them. Her whole employment was to do good, and in nothing did she so much delight as to reconcile disputes, and change enemies into friends. She was not like some of the fine ladies of the present day, who think it a great shame that they should have to take care of their households, and assist in rearing their children. She delighted in those great duties. She felt it to be worthy of a Queen to take part in training princes who were one day to give the tone to the manners and morals of the kingdom; nor did she consider it beneath her to attend to the affairs of the dining-room and kitchen. In short, she was a thoroughly good mother, and many of you know what that is from having one.

Some may think, perhaps, that because these children were of princely rank they were indulged in their whims, and allowed to have their own way. No such thing. In Europe, as a rule, the higher the rank of a family the more strictly the children of it are brought up. These young princes, besides being inured to hardship as young soldiers, had a thorough drilling in Latin, Greek, and mathematics. The two elder brothers, we are told, were particularly fond of the ancient languages, and learned to write very well in Latin, as well as in Portuguese. Prince Henry, however, preferred mathematics, astronomy, geography, and other branches which are particularly useful to a navigator. All of these children gave great promise of future worth and talent; and they acquired in their youth, not only a great deal of knowledge, but that *love* of knowledge, that eager curiosity to know, which makes the persons who are so happy as to have it students and observers as long as they live.

In the year 1415 the three elder princes were grown men. Edward, the heir to the throne, was twenty-two, Peter was twenty-one, and Henry nineteen. It was time for them to receive the honor of Knighthood, to which in those days the sons of monarchs and nobles all aspired, except those who were going to become priests. But not even a king's son could become a Knight, until he had shown himself worthy of it by some gallant feat of arms. Portugal was at peace. So the King proposed to invite the Knights of all Europe to come to Portugal and join in a succession of grand tournaments, in which his three sons could take part, and win their knightly spurs. But, it seems this King had a wise old Secretary of the Treasury, as we should call him, who suggested a scheme which he thought would be a great deal more profitable.

I have said several times, in the course of these articles, that, whenever the Moors were about to wage war against the Christians of Spain and Portugal, hosts of Mahometans used to cross over the Straits of Gibraltar, from Africa into Spain, to join in the fray. These armies always met and organized at a city called Ceuta (pronounced by English sailors and merchants Su-ta, but by the Spaniards, who now possess it, Thay-oo-ta). It was, as it now is, an excellent seaport, and was strongly fortified by walls and towers. If you look on the map of Morocco, you will see how conveniently situated it is for the purpose to which the Moors applied it, as it is not more than thirty miles from the southern extremity of Spain.

Now, said the knowing old treasurer of King John, let us carry the war into Africa; let us capture the city of Ceuta; let us block up so convenient a doorway into Europe; and let us plant the standard of the Cross in the midst of its greatest enemies.

You can easily imagine what the three young princes thought of this fine proposal. Of course they were most warmly in favor it, and very likely urged their father to give his consent. The King was nothing loath, and soon made up his mind to make the attempt.

And now all the seaports in the kingdom were astir with preparation. Ships were building, repairing, rigging, arming, and loading; and there was such a furbishing of arms and armor, and such a universal din of getting ready, that the Moors began to be alarmed. The Moorish King of Grenada sent an embassy to King John, imploring him to keep the peace, and when they could get no satisfactory answer from him, the envoys went to Queen Philippa, begging her to intercede with her husband, and promising, on behalf of their Queen, to send her splendid gifts for the wedding of her daughter. The Queen replied: —

"I know nothing of the methods which your queens may resort to in dealings with their husbands; but with us, it would be regarded as an indecent thing for a wife to interfere in her husband's affairs, especially in such as have to be debated in council. As regards the presents which your Queen has so liberally offered me, I thank her, and accept her good wishes, but beg her to dispose of her gifts elsewhere, as she may please; for when the time comes for my daughter to be married, she will have no lack of costly ornaments."

I do not suppose that this good Queen was at all sorry for the Moors who were going to be attacked. The old Portuguese historian who relates this anecdote says that, as Queen Philippa was an Englishwoman, she of course held both Jews and Moors in detestation. Probably she regarded them with some pity, and more contempt, and heartily wished them to be so reduced in numbers and power that they never again could trouble the peace of Christians. Poor lady! she died in July, 1415, a few days before the expedition sailed, after having been Queen of Portugal for twenty-eight years. You may see her monument and statue, if ever you go to Portugal, and you will observe that she had as grand a head as even a phrenologist could desire.

On the 25th of July, 1415, the expedition sailed from Lagos, a port only a few miles distant from the Cape Sagres described above. It was an amazing expedition for so small a kingdom ; but almost every leading country in Europe sent some galleys or smaller ships to join it. A chronicler of the time says that the fleet consisted of thirty-three galleys, twenty-seven triremes, thirty-two biremes, and one hundred and twenty smaller vessels. A galley, you know, was a vessel with only one row of oarsmen. A bireme had two rows, and a trireme three rows, one above the other. This fleet, it is said, carried fifty thousand men, of whom thirty thousand were oarsmen and sailors, and twenty thousand were soldiers. The King himself and the three princes sailed with the expedition.

It was a desperate affair. Twice the fleet was driven away and scattered by adverse winds ; at which the Portuguese were so much discouraged that they would have given up but for the unconquerable resolution of King John and his three sons. But a landing was effected at last. Prince Henry and his elder brother, at the head of three hundred men, stood upon the shore. A great force of Moors issued from the town and attacked them, when a fierce contest ensued, which ended in the retreat of the Moors, who fled in a

panic toward one of the principal gates. There they made a stand, headed by a huge naked negro, who carried no weapons, but threw large stones with wonderful force. One of these stones struck the helmet of Vasco Martinez,

a nobleman who fought near Prince Henry. Though half stunned by the blow, he quickly recovered himself, and, dashing through the foremost of the enemy, thrust his spear into the side of the gigantic negro, who fell to the ground. Panic seized the Moorish host again, and they now fled through the gate into the town, the princes and their men following pell-mell.

Ceuta was half won. Fresh forces from the fleet poured in and joined the gallant band fighting in the town. The battle lasted all day, Prince Henry foremost wherever the fight was hottest. Once, in a narrow street, he found himself alone against a number of the foe; but he kept them off until, upon the arrival of a few Portuguese soldiers, they took to flight. At another time the Prince was lost for a while, and word was brought to his father that he had fallen. The King, at such a moment, was more a soldier than a parent, and calmly said to the officers around him, "Such is the end which soldiers must expect."

At sunset the Moors were everywhere defeated, and each man loading himself with as much property as he could carry, they left Ceuta to its fate, and sought safety, with their wives and children, in the towns and villages outside of the walls. The very citadel was quietly abandoned, and the Portuguese entered it without having the trouble to batter down the door.

Prince Henry was evidently the hero of this glorious day. Almost at the same moment the King heard that the citadel was taken, and that Prince Henry was alive, and he welcomed his son, worn and sweating from the fight, with a joy that shone in his countenance. The King wished to make him a Knight upon the spot, before his brothers, because, young as he was, he had borne himself that day more like a veteran in arms than a youth of nineteen. But the Prince said, "No; my brothers are before me in age, and I wish them to be before me in honor also."

So on the next morning at daybreak all the bishops and priests of the army gathered in the great Mahometan mosque of the city, and consecrated it a Christian cathedral, which it remains to this day, for Ceuta has ever since been a Christian city. When the mosque had thus become a church, and mass had been said in it, the three princes knelt before the King in full armor, each wearing at his side a sword which their dead mother had given them during her last illness; and there, in the presence of a great multitude of their fellow-soldiers, they received the honor of Knighthood in the order of their age.

Thus fell Ceuta, for so many years a terror to Spain and Portugal. The princes remained for many weeks in the town after its fall; and while there, Prince Henry and his brother Pedro, with the curiosity natural to intelligent young men, asked the Moors who remained in the town all about their country. Prince Henry was very desirous to know what there was south of Morocco, and how far Africa extended, and whether there were any Christian nations and princes in it, and whether the sea along the coast was navigable, and whether anything was clearly known of the islands which had been visited under the reign of his grandfather. How much information he obtained upon these points we do not know. We only know that he gathered all

the knowledge he could, and that he went away from Africa with a deep and inextinguishable desire to know more of that continent and the ocean that washed its shores.

The King and his sons, toward the close of the year 1415, went home to Portugal, leaving in the captured city a Portuguese governor and garrison. The Moors did not continue the war, and so Portugal was at peace again.

Two of these princes now began to carry out the great purpose of their lives, which was to gain a greater knowledge of the wonderful world they lived in than had yet been obtained by any one. Pedro sought knowledge by travelling on land, and Prince Henry from the exploration of the sea. Soon after returning from Ceuta, Prince Pedro, attended by twelve persons, set out upon a journey which lasted twelve years, during which he visited his royal relatives in Castile, France, and England, traversed a great part of Europe, and probably parts of Asia and Africa. No account of this remarkable journey has yet been published in Portugal, though I cannot help thinking there must be some narrative of it among the manuscripts in which that country abounds. We know little more of it than that he returned safe and sound, after twelve years' travel; and he spent the rest of his days in assisting his brother Henry in the study of the ocean.

Prince Henry, I say again, chose the sea, and the unknown lands bordering upon it, for his object. After his return from Ceuta the King made him governor of Algarve, the most southern province of Portugal, near the extremity of which is Cape Sagres, described at the beginning of this chapter. On that promontory the Prince built a mansion, and there he went to reside, having no other motive except a desire to be on the spot most convenient for carrying out his design. Around him and before him was the sea which he wished to explore, and near by was the port of Lagos for the ships which he intended to employ. At his abode upon Cape Sagres he gathered a considerable number of the young nobility of the kingdom, for whose instruction in mathematics, navigation, and geography he invited men learned in those branches to come and live in his palace, to whom he gave a princely welcome and liberal support.

A little town grew up about his house, which the people of the neighborhood called Villa do Infante, or, as we should style it, Princeton. He built an observatory, a church, an arsenal, and a library. He collected books, maps, charts, compasses, and all other instruments then used in navigation. Surrounded by learned men and learned books, by young students and aged instructors, he passed a long life upon this promontory, leaving it only when public affairs called him away. He devoted all his time, all his talents, all his revenues, and all his influence to increasing man's knowledge of the planet he inhabits.

His chief concern, of course, was the sending out of those ships of discovery which have made his name immortal. For forty years he made a practice of sending out a ship or ships every spring, with orders to sail as far down the coast of Africa as the captains could make the crews go, and to

bring back to him, at Cape Sagres, a full account of all they had seen and heard during the voyage, both on land and sea. This was the chosen business of his life. He wisely preferred never to sail on these expeditions himself, and therefore I have called him Prince Henry the Navigator, who never navigated. As prince, as general, as master of the military Order of Christ, as counsellor to the King, as chief of a school of navigators, he had duties to perform which kept him at home. He had chosen for his part the more difficult and less popular task of inspiring, directing, and rewarding other men, and keeping up that steady succession of endeavors which alone could have accomplished anything great in that age. Any brave man might make a successful voyage. Prince Henry's post was on the lofty height of Sagres, seeing to it that brave men went forth every year in quest of knowledge.

James Parton.

HOW TO DO IT.

III. HOW TO WRITE.

IT is supposed that you have learned your letters, and how to make them. It is supposed that you have written the school copies, from

Apes and Amazons aim at Art.

down to

Zanies and Zodiacs are the zest of Zoroaster.

It is supposed that you can mind your p's and q's, and, as Harriet Byron said of Charles Grandison, in the romance which your great-grandmother knew by heart, "That you can spell well." Observe the advance of the times, dear Stephen. That a gentleman should spell well was the only literary requisition which the accomplished lady of his love made upon him a hundred years ago. And you, if you go to Mrs. Vandermeyer's party to-night, will be asked by the fair Marcia, what is your opinion as to the origin of the Myth of Ceres!

These things are supposed. It is also supposed that you have, at heart and in practice, the essential rules which have been unfolded in Numbers I. and II. of this series. As has been already said, these are as necessary in one duty of life as in another, — in writing a President's message as in finding your way by a spotted trail, from Albany to Tamworth.

These things being supposed, we will now consider the special needs for writing, as a gentleman writes, or a lady, in the English language, which is, fortunately for us, the best language of them all.

I will tell you, first, the first lesson I learned about it; for it was the best,

and was central. My first undertaking of importance in this line was made when I was seven years old. There was a new theatre, and a prize of a hundred dollars was offered for an ode to be recited at the opening, — or perhaps it was only at the opening of a season. Our school was hard by the theatre, and as we boys were generally short of spending-money, we conceived the idea of competing for this prize. You can see that a hundred dollars would have gone a good way in barley-candy and blood-alleys, — which last are things unknown, perhaps, to Young America to-day. So we resolutely addressed ourselves to writing for the ode. I was soon snagged, and found the difficulties greater than I had thought. I consulted one who has through life been Nestor and Mentor to me, — (Second class in Greek, — Wilkins, who was Nestor? — Right; go up. Third class in French, — Miss Clara, who was Mentor? — Right; sit down), — and he replied by this remark, which I beg you to ponder inwardly, and always act upon: —

"Edward," said he, "whenever I am going to write anything, I find it best to think first what I am going to say."

In the instruction thus conveyed is a lesson which nine writers out of ten have never learned. Even the people who write leading articles for the newspapers do not, half the time, know what they are going to say when they begin. And I have heard many a sermon which was evidently written by a man who, when he began, only knew what his first "head" was to be. The sermon was a sort of riddle to himself, when he started, and he was curious as to how it would come out. I remember a very worthy gentleman who sometimes spoke to the Sunday school when I was a boy. He would begin without the slightest idea of what he was going to say, but he was sure that the end of the first sentence would help him to the second. This is an example.

"My dear young friends, I do not know that I have anything to say to you, but I am very much obliged to your teachers for asking me to address you this beautiful morning. — The morning is so beautiful after the refreshment of the night, that as I walked to church, and looked around and breathed the fresh air, I felt more than ever what a privilege it is to live in so wonderful a world. — For the world, dear children, has been all contrived and set in order for us by a Power so much higher than our own, that we might enjoy our own lives, and live for the happiness and good of our brothers and our sisters. — Our brothers and our sisters they are indeed, though some of them are in distant lands, and beneath other skies, and parted from us by the broad oceans. — These oceans, indeed, do not so much divide the world as they unite it. They make it one. The winds which blow over them, and the currents which move their waters, — all are ruled by a higher law, that they may contribute to commerce and to the good of man. — And man, my dear children," &c., &c., &c.

You see there is no end to it. It is a sort of capping verses with yourself, where you take up the last word, or the last idea of one sentence, and begin the next with it, quite indifferent where you come out, if you only "occupy the time" that is appointed. It is very easy for you, but, my dear friends, it is very hard for those who read and who listen!

The vice goes so far, indeed, that you may divide literature into two great

classes of books. The smaller class of the two consists of the books written by people who had something to say. They had in life learned something, or seen something, or done something, which they really wanted and needed to tell to other people. They told it. And their writings make, perhaps, a twentieth part of the printed literature of the world. It is the part which contains all that is worth reading. The other nineteen twentieths make up the other class. The people have written just as you wrote at school when Miss Winstanley told you to bring in your compositions on "Duty Performed." You had very little to say about "Duty Performed." But Miss Winstanley expected three pages. And she got them, — such as they were.

Our first rule is, then,

KNOW WHAT YOU WANT TO SAY.

The second rule is,

SAY IT.

That is, do not begin by saying something else, which you think will lead up to what you want to say. I remember, when they tried to teach me to sing, they told me to "think of eight and sing seven." That may be a very good rule for singing, but it is not a good rule for talking, or writing, or any of the other things that I have to do. I advise you to say the thing you want to say. When I began to preach, another of my Nestors said to me, "Edward, I give you one piece of advice. When you have written your sermon, leave off the introduction and leave off the conclusion. The introduction seems to me always written to show that the minister can preach two sermons on one text. Leave that off, then, and it will do for another Sunday. The conclusion is written to apply to the congregation the doctrine of the sermon. But, if your hearers are such fools that they cannot apply the doctrine to themselves, nothing you can say will help them." In this advice was much wisdom. It consists, you see, in advising to begin at the beginning, and to stop when you have done.

Thirdly, and always,

USE YOUR OWN LANGUAGE.

I mean the language you are accustomed to use in daily life. David did much better with his sling than he would have done with Saul's sword and spear. And Hatty Fielding told me, only last week, that she was very sorry she wore her cousin's pretty brooch to an evening dance, though Fanny had really forced it on her. Hatty said, like a sensible girl as she is, that it made her nervous all the time. She felt as if she were sailing under false colors. If your every-day language is not fit for a letter or for print, it is not fit for talk. And if, by any series of joking or fun, at school or at home, you have got into the habit of using slang in talk, which is not fit for print, why, the sooner you get out of it the better. Remember that the very highest compliment paid to anything printed is paid when a person, hearing it read aloud, thinks it is the remark of the reader made in conversation. Both writer and reader then receive the highest possible praise.

It is sad enough to see how often this rule is violated. There are fashions of writing. Mr. Dickens, in his wonderful use of exaggerated language, introduced one. And now you can hardly read the court report in a village paper but you find that the ill-bred boy who makes up what he calls its "locals" thinks it is funny to write in such a style as this: —

"An unfortunate individual who answered to the somewhat well-worn sobriquet of Jones, and appeared to have been trying some experiments as to the comparative density of his own skull and the materials of the sidewalk, made an involuntary appearance before Mr. Justice Smith."

Now the little fool who writes this does not think of imitating Dickens. He is only imitating another fool, who was imitating another, who was imitating another, — who, through a score of such imitations, got the idea of this burlesque exaggeration from some of Mr. Dickens's earlier writings of thirty years ago. It was very funny when Mr. Dickens originated it. When he occasionally uses such exaggeration now it is very funny. But it is not in the least funny when these other people use it, to whom it is not natural, and to whom it does not come easily. Just as this boy says "sobriquet," without knowing at all what the word means, merely because he has read it in another newspaper, everybody, in this vein, gets entrapped into using words with the wrong senses, in the wrong places, and making himself ridiculous.

Now it happens, by good luck, that I have, on the table here, a pretty file of eleven compositions, which Miss Winstanley has sent me, which the girls in her first class wrote, on the subject I have already named. The whole subject, as she gave it out, was, "Duty performed is a Rainbow in the Soul." I think, myself, that the subject was a hard one, and that Miss Winstanley would have done better had she given them a choice from two familiar subjects, of which they had lately seen something or read something. When young people have to do a thing, it always helps them to give them a choice between two ways of doing it. However, Miss Winstanley gave them this subject. It made a good deal of growling in the school, but, when the time came, of course the girls buckled down to the work, and, as I said before, the three pages wrote themselves, or were written somehow or other.

Now I am not going to inflict on you all these eleven compositions. But there are three of them which, as it happens, illustrate quite distinctly the three errors against which I have been warning you. I will copy a little scrap from each of them. First, here is Pauline's. She wrote without any idea, when she began, of what she was going to say.

"*Duty performed is a Rainbow in the Soul.*

"A great many people ask the question, 'What is duty?' and there has been a great deal written upon the subject, and many opinions have been expressed in a variety of ways. People have different ideas upon it, and some of them think one thing and some another. And some have very strong views, and very decided about it. But these are not always to be the most admired, for often those who are so loud about a thing are not the ones who

know the most upon a subject. Yet it is all very important, and many things should be done; and, when they are done, we are all embowered in ecstasy."

That is enough of poor Pauline's. And, to tell the truth, she was as much ashamed when she had come out to this "ecstasy," in first writing what she called "the plaguy thing," as she is now she reads it from the print. But she began that sentence, just as she began the whole, with no idea how it was to end. Then she got aground. She had said, "it is all very important"; and she did not know that it was better to stop there, if she had nothing else to say, so, after waiting a good while, knowing that they must all go to bed at nine, she added, "and many things must be done." Even then, she did not see that the best thing she could do was to put a full stop to the sentence. She watched the other girls, who were going well down their second pages, while she had not turned the leaf, and so, in real agony, she added this absurd "when they are done, we are all embowered in ecstasy." The next morning they had to copy the "compositions." She knew what stuff this was, just as well as you and I do, but it took up twenty good lines, and she could not afford, she thought, to leave it out. Indeed, I am sorry to say, none of her "composition" was any better. She did not know what she wanted to say, when she had done, any better than when she began.

Pauline is the same Pauline who wanted to draw in mono-chromatic drawing.

Here is the beginning of Sybil's. She is the girl who refused the sponge-cake when Dr. Throop offered it to her. She had an idea that an introduction helped along, — and this is her introduction.

"*Duty performed is a Rainbow in the Soul.*

"I went out at sunset to consider this subject, and beheld how the departing orb was scattering his beams over the mountains. Every blade of grass was gathering in some rays of beauty, every tree was glittering in the majesty of parting day.

"I said, 'What is life? — What is duty?' I saw the world folding itself up to rest. The little flowers, the tired sheep, were turning to their fold. So the sun went down. He had done his duty, along with the rest."

And so we got round to "Duty performed," and, the introduction well over, like the tuning of an orchestra, the business of the piece began. That little slip about the flowers going into their folds was one which Sybil afterwards defended. She said it meant that they folded themselves up. But it was an oversight when she wrote it; she forgot the flowers, and was thinking of the sheep.

Now I think you will all agree with me that the whole composition would have been better without this introduction.

Sarah Clavers had a genuine idea, which she had explained to the other girls much in this way. "I know what Miss Winstanley means. She means this. When you have had a real hard time to do what you know you ought to do, when you have made a good deal of fuss about it, — as we all

did the day we had to go over to Mr. Ingham's and beg pardon for disturbing the Sunday school, — you are so glad it is done, that everything seems nice and quiet and peaceful, — just as when a thunder-storm is really over, only just a few drops falling, there comes a nice still minute or two with a rainbow across the sky. That's what Miss Winstanley means, and that's what I am going to say."

Now really, if Sarah had said that, without making the sentence breathlessly long, it would have been a very decent "composition" for such a subject. But when poor Sarah got her paper before her, she made two mistakes. First, she thought her school-girl talk was not good enough to be written down. And, second, she knew that long words took up more room than short; so, to fill up her three pages, she translated her little words into the largest she could think of. It was just as Dr. Schweigenthal, when he wanted to say "Jesus was going to Jerusalem," said, "The Founder of our religion was proceeding to the metropolis of his country." That took three times as much room and time, you see. So Sarah translated her English into the language of the Talkee-talkees; thus: —

"*Duty performed is a Rainbow in the Soul.*

"It is frequently observed, that the complete discharge of the obligations pressing upon us as moral agents is attended with conflict and difficulty. Frequently, therefore, we address ourselves to the discharge of these obligations, with some measure of resistance, perhaps with obstinacy, and I may add, indeed, with unwillingness. I wish I could persuade myself that our teacher had forgotten" (Sarah looked on this as a masterpiece, — a good line of print, which says, as you see, really nothing) "the afternoon which was so mortifying to all who were concerned, when her appeal to our better selves, and to our educated consciousness of what was due to a clergyman, and to the institutions of religion, made it necessary for several of the young ladies to cross to the village," (Sarah wished she could have said metropolis,) "and obtain an interview with the Rev. Mr. Ingham."

And so the composition goes on. Four full pages there are; but you see how they were gained, — by a vicious style, wholly false to a frank-spoken girl like Sarah. She expanded into what fills nine lines on this page what, as she expressed it in conversation, fills only four.

I hope you all see how one of these faults brings on another. Such is the way with all faults; they hunt in couples, or often, indeed, in larger company. The moment you leave the simple wish to say upon paper the thing you have thought, you are given over to all these temptations, to write things which, if any one else wrote them, you would say were absurd, as you say these school-girl's "compositions" are. Here is a good rule of the real "Nestor" of our time. He is a great preacher; and one day he was speaking of the advantage of sometimes preaching an old sermon a second time. "You can change the arrangement," he said. "You can fill in any point in the argument, where you see it is not as strong as you proposed. You can add an illustration, if your statement is difficult to understand. Above all, you can

"LEAVE OUT ALL THE FINE PASSAGES."

I put that in small capitals, for one of our rules. For, in nineteen cases out of twenty, the Fine Passage that you are so pleased with, when you first write it, is better out of sight than in. Remember Whately's great maxim, "Nobody knows what good things you leave out."

Indeed, to the older of the young friends who favor me by reading these pages I can give no better advice, by the way, than that they read "Whately's Rhetoric." Read ten pages a day, then turn back, and read them carefully again, before you put the book by. You will find it a very pleasant book, and it will give you a great many hints for clear and simple expression, which you are not so likely to find in any other way I know.

Most of you know the difference between Saxon words and Latin words in the English language. You know there were once two languages in England, — the Norman French, which William the Conqueror and his men brought in, and the Saxon of the people who were conquered at that time. The Norman French was largely composed of words of Latin origin. The English language has been made up of the slow mixture of these two; but the real stock, out of which this delicious soup is made, is the Saxon, — the Norman French should only add the flavor. In some writing, it is often necessary to use the words of Latin origin. Thus, in most scientific writing, the Latin words more nicely express the details of the meaning needed. But, to use the Latin word where you have a good Saxon one is still what it was in the times of Wamba and of Cedric, — it is to pretend you are one of the conquering nobility, when, in fact, you are one of the free people, who speak, and should be proud to speak, not the French, but the English tongue. To those of you who have even a slight knowledge of French or Latin it will be very good fun, and a very good exercise, to translate, in some thoroughly bad author, his Latin words into English.

To younger writers, or to those who know only English, this may seem too hard a task. It will be doing much the same thing, if they will try translating from long words into short ones.

Here is a piece of weak English. It is not bad in other regards, but simply weak.

"Entertaining unlimited confidence in your intelligent and patriotic devotion to the public interest, and being conscious of no motives on my part which are not inseparable from the honor and advancement of my country, I hope it may be my privilege to deserve and secure, not only your cordial co-operation in great public measures, but also those relations of mutual confidence and regard, which it is always so desirable to cultivate between members of co-ordinate branches of the government."

Take that for an exercise in translating into shorter words. Strike out the unnecessary words, and see if it does not come out stronger. The same passage will serve also as an exercise as to the use of Latin and Saxon words. Dr. Johnson is generally quoted as the English author who uses most Latin words. He uses, I think, ten in a hundred. But our Congressmen far exceed him. This sentence uses Latin words at the rate of thirty-

five in a hundred. Try a good many experiments in translating from long to short, and you will be sure that, when you have a fair choice between two words,

A SHORT WORD IS BETTER THAN A LONG ONE.

For instance, I think this sentence would have been better if it had been couched in thirty-six words instead of eighty-one. I think we should have lost nothing of the author's meaning if he had said, "I have full trust in you. I am sure that I seek only the honor and advance of the country. I hope, therefore, that I may earn your respect and regard, while we heartily work together."

I am fond of telling the story of the words which a distinguished friend of mine used in accepting a hard post of duty. He said: —

"I do not think I am fit for this place. But my friends say I am, and I trust them. I shall take the place, and, when I am in it, I shall do as well as I can."

It is a very grand sentence. Observe that it has not one word which is more than one syllable. As it happens, also, every word is Saxon, — there is not one spurt of Latin. Yet this was a learned man, who, if he chose, could have said the whole in Latin. But he was one American gentleman talking to another American gentleman, and therefore he chose to use the tongue to which they both were born.

We have not space to go into the theory of these rules, as far as I should like to. But you see the force which a short word has, if you can use it, instead of a long one. If you want to say "hush," "hush" is a much better word than the French, "*taisez vous.*" If you want to say "halt," "halt" is much better than the French "*arretez-vous.*" The French have, in fact, borrowed "*halte*" from us or from the German, for their tactics. For the same reason, you want to prune out the unnecessary words from your sentences, and even the classes of words which seem put in to fill up. If, for instance, you can express your idea without an adjective, your sentence is stronger and more manly. It is better to say "a saint" than "a saintly man." It is better to say "This is the truth" than "This is the truthful result." Of course an adjective may be absolutely necessary. But you may often detect extempore speakers in piling in adjectives, because they have not yet hit on the right noun. In writing, this is not to be excused. "You have all the time there is," when you write, and you do better to sink a minute in thinking for one right word, than to put in two in its place, — because you can do so without loss of time. I hope every school-girl knows, what I am sure every school-boy knows, Sheridan's saying, that "Easy writing is hard reading."

In general, as I said before, other things being equal,

"THE FEWER WORDS, THE BETTER,"

"as it seems to me." "As it seems to me" is the quiet way in which Nestor states things. Would we were all as careful!

There is one adverb or adjective which it is almost always safe to leave out in America. It is the word "very." I learned that from one of the masters of English style. "Strike out your 'verys,'" said he to me, when I was young. I wish I had done so oftener than I have.

For myself, I like short sentences. This is, perhaps, because I have read a good deal of modern French, and I think the French gain in clearness by the shortness of their sentences. But there are great masters of style, — great enough to handle long sentences well, — and these men would not agree with me. But I will tell you this, that if you have a sentence which you do not like, the best experiment to try on it is the experiment Medea tried on the old goat, when she wanted to make him over: —

Cut it to Pieces.

What shall I take for illustration? You will be more interested in one of these school-girls' themes than in an old Congress speech I have here marked for copying. Here is the first draft of Laura Walter's composition, which happens to be tied up in the same red ribbon with the finished exercises. I will copy a piece of that, and then you shall see, from the corrected "composition," what came of it, when she cut it to pieces, and applied the other rules which we have been studying.

Laura's first Draft.

"*Duty performed is a Rainbow in the Soul.*

"I cannot conceive, and therefore I cannot attempt adequately to consider, the full probable meaning of the metaphorical expression with which the present 'subject' concludes, — nor do I suppose it is absolutely necessary that I should do so, for expressing the various impressions which I have formed on the subject taken as a whole, which have occurred to me in such careful meditation as I have been able to give to it, — in natural connection with an affecting little incident, which I will now, so far as my limited space will permit, proceed, however inadequately, to describe.

My dear little brother Frankie — as sweet a little fellow as ever plagued his sister's life out, or troubled the kindest of mothers in her daily duties — was one day returning from school, when he met my father hurrying from his office, and was directed by him to proceed as quickly as was possible to the post-office, and make inquiry there for a letter of a good deal of importance which he had reason to expect, or at the least to hope for, by the New York mail."

Laura had come as far as this early in the week, when bed-time came. The next day she read it all, and saw it was sad stuff, and she frankly asked herself why. The answer was, that she had really been trying to spin out three pages. "Now," said Laura to herself, "that is not fair." And she finished the piece in a very different way, as you shall see. Then she went back over this introduction, and struck out the fine passages. Then she struck out the long words, and put in short ones. Then she saw she could do better yet, — and she cut that long introductory sentence to pieces. Then she saw that none of it was strictly necessary, if she only explained why she

gave up the rainbow part. And, after all these reductions, the part of the essay which I have copied was cut down and changed so that it read thus: —

"*Duty performed is a Rainbow in the Soul.*

"I do not know what is meant by a Rainbow in the Soul."

Then Laura went on thus: —

"I will try to tell a story of duty performed. My brother Frank was sent to the post-office for a letter. When he came there, the poor child found a big dog at the door of the office, and was afraid to go in. It was just the dead part of the day in a country village, when even the shops are locked up for an hour, and Frank, who is very shy, saw no one whom he could call upon. He tried to make Miss Evarts, the post-office clerk, hear; but she was in the back of the office. Frank was frightened, but he meant to do his duty. So he crossed the bridge, walked up to the butcher's shop in the other village, — which he knew was open, — spent two pennies for a bit of meat, and carried it back to tempt his enemy. He waved it in the air, called the dog, and threw it into the street. The dog was much more willing to eat the meat than to eat Frankie. He left his post. Frank went in and tapped on the glass, and Miss Evarts came and gave him the letter. Frank came home in triumph, and papa said it was a finer piece of duty performed than the celebrated sacrifice of Casabianca's would have been, had it happened that Casabianca ever made it."

That is the shortest of these "compositions." It is much the best. Miss Winstanley took the occasion to tell the girls, that, other things being equal, a short "composition" is better than a long one. A short "composition" which shows thought and care is much better than a long one which "writes itself."

I dislike the word "composition," but I use it, because it is familiar. I think "essay" or "piece" or even "theme" a better word.

Will you go over Laura's story and see where it could be shortened, and what Latin words could be changed for better Saxon ones?

Will you take care, in writing yourself, never to say "commence" or "presume"?

Next month we will ask each other

HOW TO READ.

Edward Everett Hale.

THE WILLIAM HENRY LETTERS.

TWELFTH PACKET.

William Henry's Letter about the "Charade."

MY DEAR GRANDMOTHER, —

I never did in all my life have such a real tiptop time as we fellers had last night. We acted charades, and I never did any before, and the word was — no I must n't tell you, because it has to be guessed by actions, and when you get the paper that I 'm going to send you, soon as I buy a two-cent stamp, then you 'll see it all printed out in that paper. The teacher the fellers call Wedding Cake, because he 's such a good one, asked all the ones that board here to come to his house last night, and we acted charades, and his sister told us what to be, and what things to put on, and everything. You 'll see it printed there, but you must please to send it back, for I promised to return.

There were n't females enough, and so Dorry he was the Fat Woman, and we all liked to ha' died a laughing, getting ready, but when we were — there, I 'most told!

O if you could ha' seen Bubby Short, a fiddling away, with old ragged clothes and old shoes and his cap turned wrong side out, then he passed round that cap — just as sober — much as we could do to keep in! I was a clerk and had a real handsome mustache done under my nose, with a piece of burnt cork-stopple burned over the light. And she told me to act big, like a clerk, and I did.

Mr. Augustus was the dandy, and if he did n't strut, but he struts other times too, but more then, and made all of us laugh.

Old Wonder Boy was the boy that sold candy, and he spoke up smart and quick, just as she told him to, and the teacher was the country feller and acted just as funny, and so did his sister; his sister was the shopping woman. Both of them like to play with boys, and they 're grown up, too. Should you think they would? And they like candy same as we do. And when it came to the end, just as the curtain was dropping down, we all took hold of the rounds of our chairs, and jerked ourselves all of a sudden up in a heap together, and groaned, and so forth.

I wish you all and Aunt Phebe's folks had been there. We had a treat, and O, if 't was n't a treat, why, I 'll agree to treat myself. Three kinds of ice-creams shaped up into pyramids and rabbits, and scalloped cakes and candy, and *such* a great floating island in a platter! — Dorry said 't was a floating continent! — and had red jelly round the platter's edge, and some of that red jelly was dipped out every dip. O, if he is n't a tiptop teacher! Dorry says we ought to be ashamed of ourselves if we have missing lessons, or cut up any for much as a week, and more too, I say.

And so I can't tell any more now, for I mean to study hard if I possibly can.

Your affectionate grandson,

Please lend it to Aunt Phebe's folks. WILLIAM HENRY.

CHARADE. (*Carpet.*)

First Syllable.

Chairs placed in two rows, to represent seats of cars. Passengers enter and take their seats. Placard stuck up, "Beware of Pickpockets," in capitals.

First. Enter two school-girls, M. and A., with books strapped about, lunch-box, &c. They are laughing and chatting. M. gives A. a letter to read. A. smiles while reading it, M. watching her face, then both look over it together. Afterwards, study their lessons. All this must be going on while the other passengers are entering.

Second. Business man and two clerks, one at a time. One takes out little account-book, another reads paper, another sits quietly, after putting ticket in his hat-band.

Third. Fat woman with old-fashioned carpet-bag, umbrella, and bundles tied up in handkerchiefs ; seats herself with difficulty.

Fourth. A clergyman, all in black, very solemn, with white neckcloth, and spectacles.

Fifth. Yankee fellow from the country, staring at all new-comers.

Sixth. Dandy, with yellow gloves, slender cane, stunning neck-tie, watch-chain, and eyeglass, comes in with a flourish, lolls back in his seat, using his eyeglass frequently.

Seventh. Lady with infant (very large rag-baby, in cloak and sunbonnet) and nurse-girl. Baby, being fussy, has to be amused, trotted, changed from one to the other. Lady takes things from her pocket to please it, dancing them up and down before its face.

Eighth. Plainly dressed, industrious woman, who knits.

Ninth. Fashionable young lady, dressed in the extreme of fashion. She minces up the aisle, looks at the others, seats herself apart from them, first brushing the seat. Shakes the dust from her garments, fans herself, takes out smelling-bottle, &c. (Shout is heard.) "All aboard !"

Tenth. In a hurry, Lady that 's been a-shopping, leading or pulling along her little boy or girl. She carries a waterproof on her arm, and has a shopping-bag and all sorts of paper parcels, besides a portfolio, a roller cart, a wooden horse on wheels, a drum, a toy-whip (and various other things). Doll's head sticks out of a paper. Lady drops a package. Dandy picks it up with polite bow. Drops another. Yankee picks it up, imitating Dandy's polite bow. Gets seated at last, arranges her bonnet-strings, takes off the child's hat, smooths its hair, &c.

Steam-whistle heard. Every passenger now begins the jerking, up-and-down motion peculiar to the cars. This motion must be kept up by all, whatever they are doing, and by every one who enters.

Enter Conductor with an immense *badge* on his hat, or coat. Calls out, "Have your tickets ready !" Then passes along the aisle, and calls out again, "Tickets !" The tickets must be large and absurd. Passengers take them from pocket-books, gloves, &c. Fat old woman fumbles long for

hers in different bundles, finds it at last in a huge leather pocket-book. Conductor, after *nipping* the tickets, passes out.

Enter boy with papers. "Mornin' papers! Herald, Journal, Traveller"! (Business man buys one.) "Mornin' papers! Herald, Journal, Traveller!" (Clerk buys one.) Paper boy passes out. Conductor appears, calls out, "Warburton! Warburton! Passengers for Bantam change cars!" (Noise heard of brakes, jerking motion ceases, school-girls leave, with those little hopping motions peculiar to school-girls. Yankee moves nearer fashionable miss. Two laborers enter. Steam-whistle heard, jerking motion resumed.) Candy boy enters. "Jessup's candy! All flavors! Five cents a stick!" (Lady buys one for baby.) "Jessup's candy! All flavors! Lemon, vernilla, pineapple, strorbry!" (Yankee buys one, offers half to fashionable miss. She declines. Crunches it himself.) Boy passes out.

Enter boy with picture-papers, which he distributes. Some examine them, others let them lie. (Dandy buys one.) Boy collects them, and passes out. Enter a very little ragged boy, with fiddle, or accordion. After playing awhile, passes round his hat. Most of the passengers drop something in it. Exit boy.

Enter Conductor. "Tickets!" Collects tickets. (Steam-whistle heard.) Passengers pick up their things. Curtain drops just as the last one goes out. (This scene might be ended by the passengers, at a given signal, pulling their seats together, pitching over, and have the curtain fall on a smash-up.)

SECOND SYLLABLE.

LADY *in morning-dress and jaunty breakfast-cap, sadly leaning her head on her hand. On table near is toast, chocolate, &c. Enter* MAGGIE *with tray.*

Maggie. Ate a bit, mum, ate a bit. 'T will cheer ye up like!

Lady (*looking up*). No, no, I cannot eat. O, the precious darling! It is now seventeen hours since I saw him last. Ah, he's lost! he's lost!

Maggie. And did ye slape at arl, mum?

Lady. Scarcely, Maggie. And in dreams I saw my darling, chased by rude boys, or at the bottom of deep waters, in filthy mud, eaten by fishes, or else mauled by dreadful cats. Take away the untasted meal. I cannot, cannot eat.

Exit MAGGIE, *with breakfast things. Enter* MIKE *with newspaper.*

Mike. Mornin' paper, mum.

Lady (*catching it, and looking eagerly up and down its columns*). Let me see if he is found. O, here! "Found! A diamond pin on—" Pshaw, diamond pin! Here 't is. "Dog found! Black and tan—" Faugh, black and tan! My beauty was pure white. But, Mike, where's the notice of our darling's being lost?

Mike. Shure, an' it's to the side o' the house I put it, mum, arl writ in illegant sizey litters, mum.

Lady (*in alarm*). And did n't you go to the printers at all?

Mike. Shure an' be n't it better out in the brard daylight, mum, laning aginst th' 'ouse convanient like, an' aisy to see, mum?

Lady. O Mike, you 've undone me! Quick! Pen, ink, and paper. Quick! I say.

Exit MIKE.

Lady (*solus*). It was but yesterday I held him in these arms! He licked my face, and took from my hand the bits of chicken, and sipped of my chocolate. His little black eyes looked up, O so brightly! to mine. His little tail, it wagged so happy! O, dear, lovely one, where are you now?

Enter MIKE, *with placard on long stick, with these words in very large letters.*

☞ Dog Lost! V Dollus! ReeWarD! InnQuire! Withinn! Live oR DeD!!! ☜

Reads it aloud, very slowly, pointing with finger.

Mike. An' it 's meeself larned the fine writin', mum, in th' ould counthry!

Lady (*excited*). Pray take that dreadful thing away, and bring me pen and paper!

Exit MIKE, *muttering. Knock heard at door.*

Lady. Come!

Enter MARKET-MAN, *in blue frock.*

Market-man. Good day, ma'am. Heard you 'd lost a dog.

Lady (*eagerly, with hand extended*). Yes, yes! Where is he?

Market-man. Was he a curly, shaggy dog?

Lady. Yes! O yes! Where did you find him?

Market-man. Was your dog bright and playful?

Lady (*in an excited manner*). O, very! very!

Market-man. Answered to the name of Carlo?

Lady. Yes! He did! he did! O, if I had him in these arms!

Market-man (*in surprise*). Arms, ma'am? Arms? 'T is a Newfoundland dog! He could carry you in his arms!

Lady (*dejected*). O cruel, cruel disappointment!

Market-man. What kind of a dog was yours?

Lady. O, a dear little lapdog. His curls were white and soft as silk!

Market-man (*going*). Good day, ma'am. If I see him, I 'll fetch him.

(*Exit* MARKET-MAN. MIKE *enters, with writing materials, and goes out again.* LADY *begins to write, repeating the words she writes aloud.*

Lady. Lost, strayed, or stolen. A curly— (*Tap at door.*) Come!

(*Enter stupid-looking* BOY, *in scanty jacket and trousers, and too large hat.*)

Lady. Did you wish to see me?

Boy (*drawling*). Yes, ma'am.

Lady. About a dog?

IN A COTTAGE.

Drawn by Miss Jessie Curtis.] [See the Poem.

Boy. Yes, ma'am.

Lady. Have you found one?

Boy. Yes, ma'am.

Lady. Is he a very small dog?

Boy. Yes, ma'am.

Lady. Sweet and playful?

Boy. Yes, ma'am?

Lady. Did you bring him with you?

Boy. Yes, ma'am (*pointing*). Out there.

Lady (*excited*). O, bring him to me. Quick! O, if it should be he! If it should! (BOY *brings in small dog, yellow or black or spotted.*)

Lady (*in disgust*). O, not that horrid creature! Take him away! Take him away!

Boy. Is n't that your dog?

Lady. No! no! O, can't you take the horrid animal away?

Boy (*going*). Yes, ma'am.

Exit BOY *with dog.* LADY *prepares to write.*

Lady. Stupid thing! Now I 'll write. (*Repeats.*) LOST, STRAYED, OR STOLEN. A CURLY, WHITE — (*Tap at the door.*) Come! (*Lays down pen.*)

Enter ragged BOY, *with covered basket.*

Lady. Have *you* found a dog?

Boy. No, I hain't found no dog.

Lady. Then what do you want?

Boy. Father sells puppies. Father said if you 'd lost your dog, you 'd want to buy one of 'em. Said you could take your pick out o' these 'ere five. (*Opens basket for her to look in.*)

Lady (*shuddering*). Little wretches! Away with them!

Boy. They 'll grow, father said, high 's the table.

Lady. Carry them off, can't you?

Boy. Father wants to know what you 'll take for your dog, running. Father said he 'd give a dollar, an' risk the ketchin' on him.

Lady. Dollar? No. Not if he were dead! Not if I knew he were drowned, and the fishes had eaten him, would I sell my darling pet for a paltry dollar!

Boy (*going*). Good mornin'. Guess I 'll be goin'. If I find your dog, I won't (*aside*) let you know.

Exit BOY, *with bow and scrape.*

Lady (*writes again, and repeats*). LOST, STRAYED, OR STOLEN. A CUR — (*Knock at the door.*) Come! (*Lays down pen.*)

Enter MRS. MULLIGAN.

Mrs. Mulligan. An' is it yerself lost a dog, thin?

Lady (*eagerly*). Yes. A small, white, curly, silky dog. Have you seen him?

Mrs. Mulligan. Och, no. But 't was barkin' all night he was, behint th' 'ouse. An' the b'ys, — that 's me Pat an' Tim, — they *drooned* him, mum, bad luck to 'em, in the mornin' arly.

Lady. And did you see him?

Mrs. Mulligan. No, shure.

Lady. And where is he now?

Mrs. Mulligan. O, it 's safe he is, Pat tould me, to the bottom o' No Bottom Pond, mum.

Lady. And how do you know 't is my dog?

Mrs. Mulligan. Faith, an' whose dog should it be, thin?

Lady. Send your boys, and I 'll speak with them.

Mrs. Mulligan (*going*). I 'll send them, mum. Mornin', mum.

Exit MRS. MULLIGAN. *Another tap at the door.*

Lady. O, this is not to be borne! Come!

Enter COUNTRYWOMAN *with bandbox, — not an old woman.*

Lady (*earnestly*). If it 's about a dog, tell me all you know at once! Is he living?

Countrywoman. Yes 'm, but he 's quite poorly. I think dogs show their sickness, same as human creturs do. Course they have their feelin's.

Lady. Do tell quick.

Countrywoman. Just what I want, for I 'm in a hurry myself. So I 'll jump right inter the thick on 't. You see last night when my old man was ridin' out o' town in his cart, with some o' his cabbages left over, for garden sarse had n't been very brisk all day, and he was late a comin' out on account o' the off ox bein' some lame, and my old man ain't apt to hurry his critters, for a marciful man is marciful to his beasts, you —

Lady. But about the dog!

Countrywoman. Wal, the old man was a ridin' along, slow, you know, — I alwers tell him he 'll never set the great pond afire, — and a countin' over his cabbage-heads, and settlin' the keg o' molasses amongst 'em, and a little jug of — (*nods and winks and smiles*), — jest for a medicine, you know. For we *never do*, — I nor the old man, — never, 'xcept in case o' sickness —

Lady (*impatiently*). But what about the dog?

Countrywoman. Wal, he was a ridin' along, and jest got to the outskirts o' the town, when he happened to see two boys a squabblin' which should have a dog, — a little teenty white curly mite of a cretur —

Lady. Yes! Go on! Go on!

Countrywoman. And he asked 'em would they take fifty cents apiece and give it up. For he knew 't would be rewarded in the newspapers. And they took the fifty.

Lady (*eagerly*). And what did he do with him? Where is he now?

Countrywoman. Why, I was goin' to ride in with the old man this mornin' to have my bunnet new done over, and I took the dog along. And we happened to see that 'ere notice, and he and I together, we spelt it out! (*Open-*

ing bandbox.) Now look in here! Snug as a bug, right in the crown o' my bunnet. Seems poorly, but he 'll pick up. (*Takes out a white lapdog.*)*

Lady (*snatches him, and hugs and kisses him*). 'T is my Carlo. O my precious, precious pet! Ah, he is too weak to move. I must feed him and put him to sleep. (*Rises to go out.*)

Countrywoman. But the five dollars, marm!

Lady. O, you must call again. I can't think of any paltry five dollars, now. (*Exit.*)

Countrywoman (*calling out*). I 'll wait, marm!

Enter MIKE.

Mike. An' what bisness are ye doin' here?

Countrywoman. Waiting for my pay.

Mike. Pay, is it? Och, she 'll niver pay the day. She 's owin' me wages, an' owin' the cook, and Mrs. Flarty that scoors, and the millinery lady, an' 't is "Carl agin," she sez. "Carl agin. Can't ye carl agin?"

Countrywoman. Then I 'll get mine, now. (*Takes off shawl, and sits down. Takes out long blue stocking, and goes to knitting, first pinning on her knitting-sheath.*) I don't budge, without the pay.

MIKE *looks on admiringly. Curtain drops.*

WHOLE WORD.

CLERK *standing behind counter, with shawls and various dry goods to sell. Also rolls or pieces of carpet, oil and other kinds. Various placards on the walls,—"No credit." "Goods marked down!" &c. Enter* OLD WOMAN.

Old Woman (*speaking in rather high key*). Do you keep stockings?

Clerk (*handing box of stockings*). O yes. Here are some, very good quality.

Old Woman (*examining them*). Mighty thin, these be.

Clerk. I assure you, they are warranted to wear.

Old Woman. To wear out, I guess.

Enter YOUNG MARRIED COUPLE.

Clerk. Good morning. Can we sell you anything to-day?

Wife (*modestly*). We wish to look at a few of your carpets.

Clerk. This way, ma'am.

Husband. Hem! (*Clearing his throat.*) We will look at something for parlors.

Clerk. Here is a style very much admired. (*Unrolls carpet.*) Elegant pattern. We import all our goods, ma'am. That 's a firm piece of goods. You could n't do better. We warrant it to wear. All fast colors.

Old Woman (*coming near*). A good rag carpet 'll wear out two o' that.

Wife (*to Husband*). I think it is a lovely pattern. Don't you like it, Charley?

* A white lapdog may be easily made of wool and wire.

Husband. Hem — well, I have seen prettier. But then, 't is just as you say, dear.

Wife. O no, Charley. 'T is just as you say. I want to please you, dear.

Old Woman (*to Clerk*). Have you got any crash towelling?

Husband. What 's the price of this carpet?

Clerk. Three dollars a yard. Here 's another style (*unrolls another*) just brought in. (*Attends to Old Woman.*)

Husband (*speaking to Wife*). Perhaps we 'd better look at the other articles you wanted. (*They go to another part of the store, examining articles.*)

Enter a spare, thin WOMAN, *in plain dress and green veil.*

Clerk. Can we sell you anything to-day?

Woman. I was thinking of buying a carpet.

Clerk. Step this way, ma'am. (*Shows them.*) We have all styles, ma'am.

Woman. I want one that will last. (*Examining it.*)

Clerk (*taking hold of it*). Firm as iron, ma'am. We 've sold five hundred pieces of that goods. If it don't wear, we 'll agree to pay back the money.

Woman. I want one that won't show dirt.

Clerk. Warranted not to show dirt, ma'am. We warrant all our goods.

Woman. Can it be turned?

Clerk. Perfectly well, ma'am. 'T will turn as long as there 's a bit of it left.

Woman. What do you ask?

Clerk. Well, we have been selling that piece of goods for three fifty, but you may have it for three dollars.

Woman. Could n't you take less?

Clerk. Could n't take a cent less. Cost more by wholesale.

Woman. I think I 'll look further. (*Going.*)

Clerk. Well, now seeing it 's the last piece, you may have it for two fifty.

Woman. I was n't expecting to give over two dollars a yard. (*Going.*)

Clerk. Now I 'll tell you what I 'll do. Say two and a quarter, and take it.

Woman. I have decided not to go over two dollars. (*Going.*)

Clerk (*crossly*). Well. You can have it for that. But we lose on it. In fact, we are selling now to keep the trade, nothing else. Twenty-five yards? I 'll measure it directly.

Old Woman. Have you got any cotton flannel?

(*Enter* FASHIONABLE LADY.)

Clerk (*all attention, bowing*). Good morning, madam. Can we sell you anything to-day?

Fashionable Lady. I am looking at carpets this morning. Have you anything new?

Clerk. This way, madam. We have several new lots, just imported. (*Shows one.*)

Fashionable Lady. It must light up well, or it will never suit me.

Clerk. Lights up beautifully, madam.

Fashionable Lady. Is this real tapestry?

Clerk. O certainly, madam. We should n't think of showing you any other.

Fashionable Lady. What 's the price?

Clerk. Well, this is a Persian pattern, and we can't offer it for less than six dollars. Mrs. Topothetree bought one off the same piece.

Fashionable Lady. 'T is a lovely thing, and when a carpet suits me, the price is no objection.

Old Woman (*coming forwara*). Have you got any remnants? I wanted to get a strip to lay down afore the fire. (*Speaking to Lady.*) Goin' to give six dollars a yard for that? Guess you better larn how to make a rag carpet. Fust, take your old coats and trousers, and strip 'em up inter narrer strips, and jine the strips together, and wind all that up in great balls. That 's your warp. Then take coarse yarn and color it all colors. That 's your fillin'. Then hire your carpet wove, and that carpet 'll last.

Enter POLICEMAN *and a* GENTLEMAN.

Gentleman (*pointing to Fashionable Lady*). That is the person.

Policeman (*placing his hand on her shoulder*). This gentleman, madam, thinks you have — *borrowed* a quantity of his lace goods.

Fashionable Lady (*with air of astonishment*). I? Impossible! Impossible, sir!

Gentleman. I am sure of it.

Policeman. Will you have the goodness, madam, to come with us?

Curtain drops, while all are gazing at each other in amazement.

Mrs. A. M. Diaz.

IN THE COTTAGE.

AT night, in the fisherman's cottage,
The driftwood fire burned red;
The children had finished their supper,
Their bowls of milk and bread;

And round the hearth they were gathered, —
There was hardly room for them all, —
And watched the curious pictures
The firelight made on the wall.

Their mother sat at the window
  With her hands crossed on her knee ;
She looked out into the darkness,
  And heard the moaning sea.

The children were telling stories
  Of what they were going to do ; —
They did n't see the white-caps,
  Nor hear how the norther blew.

They told the most marvellous stories, —
  And believed them every one, —
Of what was sure to happen
  When a few more years had run ;

Of the countries they meant to sail to,
  The things they meant to see :
" Look ! " said John, " this log that 's blazing
  Was part of some good ship's knee.

" I wonder what port she was bound for
  When she went under, a wreck !
I mean to be the best sailor
  That ever trod a deck ! "

Their mother sat at the window,
  The norther rattled the pane ;
She saw the scud, and she shivered
  As she heard the lash of the rain.

Not a star shone in all the heavens,
  Black clouds crept over the moon,
Somewhere out of the distance
  Rang the faint laugh of a loon.

And still the children prattled,
  And the driftwood fire burned red,
And the merry, mocking shadows
  Danced on the wall overhead.

Lily Nelson.

THE stream that crept down from the hills, three miles away, has worn a smooth bed for itself in the gravel; has watered the farmer's fields and turned the wheel of the old grist-mill, where the miller tends the stones that grind the farmer's corn. But down below here the stream has something else to do. It has been working hard, up and away from dam to dam again, — and always in life there should be something besides business, something beautiful and peaceful, — so the stream has swept round this corner, behind the wooded point of land which hides the mill, and spread itself out in the hollow of Brown's meadow, where, Farmer Brown says his grandfather used to tell him some Indian wigwams stood when he was a boy. The land has sunk since then, and there is something more beautiful than Indian wigwams there now.

Where the old squaws used to sit weaving baskets, and the pappooses rolled and played, is now thick, black mud, in which are great tangled roots, some of them bigger than my arm.

All winter they lie there under the ice, while the children skate over them. In the spring, when everything stirs with new life, they too must wake up, — so, slowly and steadily, they begin to put up long stems to reach the surface of the water, — chambered stems they are, each having four passages leading up to the air, and down to the root and black mud. The walls of these chambers are brown and slimy, and each stem bears at its top a slimy bud, — slimy on the outside, brownish-green as it pushes up through the water; for this outer coat is stout and waterproof, and can well afford to be unpretending, since it carries something very precious wrapped up inside.

Not days, but weeks, even months, it is working upon this hidden treasure, before we shall see it. And the July mornings have come, while we wait.

Can you wake at three o'clock, children, and, while the birds are singing their very best songs, go down the road under the elms, across the little bridge, and through the hemlock grove at the right? It is a mile to walk, and you will not be there too early. The broad, smooth pond that the brook has made for its holiday pleasure is at our feet. At its bottom are the tangled roots; on the surface, among the flat green leaves, float those buds that have been so long creeping towards the light.

One long, bright beam from the sun just rising smiles across the meadow, and touches the folded buds. They must indeed smile back in reply; so the thick sheath unfolds, and, behold, the whitest, fairest lily-cup floats on the water, and its golden centre smiles back to the sun with many rays.

We watched only one, but perhaps none is willing to be latest in greeting the sun, and the pond is already half covered with a snowy fleet of boats fit for the fairies; boats under full sail for fairy-land, laden with beauty and fragrance.

And this is what the dark mud can send forth. This is one of Mother Nature's hidden treasures. Perhaps she hides something as white and beautiful in all that seems dark and ugly, if only we will wait and watch for it, and be willing to come at the very dawn of day to look for it.

The lilies will stay with us, now that at last they are here, all through the rest of the summer, and even into the warm, sunny days of earliest October; but it will be only a few who stay so late as that. And where have the others gone, meanwhile? You see there are no dead lilies floating, folded and decaying, among the pads.

The stem that found its way so surely to the upper world knows not less surely the way back again; and when its white blossom has opened for the last time, and then wrapped its green cloak about it again, not to be unfolded, the chambered stem coils backward, and carries it safely to the bottom, where its seed may ripen in the soft, dark mud, and prepare for another summer.

Author of "Seven Little Sisters."

GARDENING FOR GIRLS.

CHAPTER VII.

DURING all this time the Pattons, who still occupied the next-door cottage, had refrained from improving the outward appearance of their property. There was the green lawn with its stiff, straight walk, and the coarse flowers that no one admired; but as for trees or shrubbery, they considered such things very unnecessary expenses. Mrs. Patton hoped the day would come when her husband would tire of the country, and be ready to return to the city, where she could have more gayety. True, she did complain of the heat of the sun, which shone upon the house with unbroken power; and at such times she would have been glad of some of her neighbors' trees and vines; but then, she said, they had cost them much trouble, and were, after all, of trifling advantage to the property. With the exception of a few potatoes planted every year in the back part of the land, there was no attempt at raising anything for use. Even the grass, which was sufered to grow until very long, was given to the man in payment for mowing it, and this Mr. Patton considered good management, as it saved hiring it done.

The grass on the Grays' lawn was kept nicely cut, and yielded two tons of good hay during the season, which, at twenty dollars the ton, amounted to a very important sum, and almost kept the cow during the winter. Sometimes, for days together, she was tethered with a long chain, so that she could help herself to the grass, and yet not meddle with the flowers. That was generally in the autumn, when the grass had been cut for the last time, and the cow was glad to get a parting taste of fresh pasture before she went into winter quarters.

Another difference between the two neighbors was, that one was prompt in repairing little damages that were constantly occurring about the premises, while the other generally neglected such trifles, until the consequences became serious. The hinge of the Pattons' front gate had been dislocated for some time, and all it wanted was a nail or screw, yet even to supply that was too much trouble for them. The ugly hinge stuck out, and had already caused the destruction of one or two nice dresses that had caught upon it; and there is no telling how many more might have been torn, had not a high wind blown it down altogether, and obliged them to have a carpenter to make a new gate. A single nail from Willie's tool-box would have saved several dollars' expense.

Then the window-shutters had no fastenings, and on windy nights they banged to and fro against the house, at the same time creaking terribly on their hinges, all for want of a few shillings for hooks and staples, and a drop or two of oil. When Mr. Patton happened to break a strap or string, he was glad enough to run in and borrow something to mend it with from his neighbor's barn, yet never supplied himself with the same conveniences;

and just as likely as not would forget to return the tools to the owner. One night, while the gate was down, a drove of stray cows got in, and trampled down all the flowers in the long borders, besides making great havoc of the potatoes; and but for that finishing catastrophe, the gate might have lain still in its state of desolation. After that the Pattons gave up all ideas of having a garden, and recollecting the accounts they had heard of other people's success with chickens, determined to buy a few at once, and begin the business for themselves.

They were quite as inexperienced in this branch of farming as in all others, but by calling in a man who did know, they got the hen roosts and nests fitted up in grand style, and, almost for the first time since they lived there, the barn seemed likely to be of use. Then going to a neighboring poultry-yard, Mrs. Patton selected a dozen fine-looking spring chickens, at the time about half grown, and having paid the price demanded, they were at once sent home to stock her own farm. "Now," she said to her daughters, "we will have eggs before long, and see if we don't get as much comfort and profit from our chickens as the Grays will from their garden.

The Grays had killed all theirs before they began gardening in the spring, knowing well that chickens and a fruit or flower garden will not agree. Very reluctantly they had been forced to make dinners of them, although the children could hardly relish their pet chickens in the shape of pies and fricassees.

The new chickens were given the entire range of the Pattons' three acres, and even that did not always satisfy their roving propensities. As soon as their wings had well grown, they indulged in flights across the neighbors' fences. Mrs. Gray disliked to complain, but was forced to do so, at the same time requesting Mrs. Patton to clip the wings of her birds. The latter demurred at first, thinking it would injure them, but being assured to the contrary, she promised to do it, rather than annoy her neighbors. No doubt she meant what she said, but days passed on, and the chickens were perpetually scratching in the flower-beds; so Willie undertook the job himself, and by catching each intruder, and clipping one wing before putting it back over the fence, its power to fly was considerably lessened. The lop-sided fowls could not manage to rise very far with one wing so much shorter than its mate, and so the garden enjoyed a temporary reprieve.

O, what a variety of songsters came that year and settled themselves in the trees and bird-houses! Robins, yellow-birds, bluebirds, orioles, and screeching cat-birds were all wide awake, and filled the air with their various notes. Even humming-birds came occasionally, and thrust their long bills into the honeysuckle blossoms, and then hurried away before the children could determine the color of their delicate wings and feathers. As for the insects, worms, bugs, caterpillars, flies, and the like, which they destroyed this season, they were past reckoning; but there was not a half-hour in the day that one might not have seen a bird hopping along on the ground, or from spray to spray, with some creature of the sort in its mouth. And that reminds me to tell of another useful but homelier pet, which came to the

place quite mysteriously, and found itself so well treated that it showed no disposition to depart.

One day as Bessie was busy with her trowel, loosening the earth in her garden, she discovered a strange-looking object, oval in shape, and curiously spotted with black and yellow. At first she could see no appearance of life, and knew not what it could be; but presently it put forth a long head and neck, four claw feet, and a slender, tapering tail, and began to move

along over the ground. Then Bessie knew that it was a tortoise, and she kept very still to see where he would go, and what he was disposed to do. But he was very slow in his motions, and did not show much desire for eating, though they offered him all sorts of tempting morsels.

When Mr. Gray came home, he was able to tell them rather more about the ugly-looking thing. "When I was a child about Daisy's age," he began, "I had a pet tortoise that lived in the garden. I kept it for years, and it became so very tame that it knew me when I came along with an earthworm or caterpillar, on the end of a stick, and it would eat such things quite greedily; indeed, I think we had better make friends with this one, and in return he will eat up a few caterpillars."

"O, let us catch one for him, now," cried Daisy; "I want to see him eat."

"Hush," said Mr. Gray, "you will frighten the poor thing, if you talk so loud; see how it has shut itself up in its shell."

There was not much difficulty in finding a long earthworm, and as a beginning, it was suspended upon a low branch of one of the rose-bushes, just a few inches in front of the tortoise's head. Then all the party retired to a

respectful distance behind it, to see what it would do. For several minutes the poor worm wriggled upon the branch, but the tortoise did not deign to open its shell or appear to notice it.

"What a stupid creature!" said Bessie, softly.

"Just wait a moment," whispered her father; "it is an animal that never acts rashly, and is only making sure that all is safe."

He had hardly said this, when the tortoise opened its shell very slowly, and out came its long head, showing two very bright eyes; then, moving forward, it seized the worm, and before many seconds had devoured it entirely, and was looking around as if ready for another. Willie soon found one, which shared the same fate, and the children were very much entertained at seeing their new pet making himself so much at home.

The Pattons' chickens grew finely, for Mrs. Patton spared no expense in buying corn, which is just what chickens like; so no wonder that they were soon very fat and flourishing fowls. But Mr. Patton remarked sometimes that they were "eating their heads off," — a phrase which meant simply that they were costing more than they would ever repay. Still, with all their feeding, these fine hens would not lay. The nests were as nice and inviting as they could be, with nest-eggs of shining porcelain in each, and yet, with all these inducements, not an egg had been laid in one of them.

At last, one day in September, as Mr. Patton was dressing in his upper chamber, he was attracted by a very strange sound in the front yard. "As I live," he exclaimed to his wife, "your finest white hen is crowing!"

"Crowing!" she returned, in amazement. "O dear, and can it be that my pet hen is, after all, a rooster?"

"It sounds very much that way," he said, trying to restrain his laughter out of respect to his wife; "but hark, — there goes the black one too."

It was a very shabby and croaking style of crowing it is true, but they were doing their best to imitate the neighboring chanticleers that answered each other from many a barn-yard far and near. Mrs. Patton looked out at the offenders and wondered now that she had ever mistaken them for hens, for their combs were quite brilliant, and there were spurs upon their feet. "Sure enough," she said, with deep mortification in her countenance, "then we shall have no eggs from that pair; they shall be killed tomorrow."

"And a pretty dear dinner they 'll be," returned her husband, — "the dearest chickens we 've had this season."

"What will the Grays say when they hear of it?" exclaimed Mrs. Patton, who dreaded her neighbors' ridicule, and knew that she would be sure to be laughed at.

"Never tell them a word about it, and how will they know anything of it?"

"But they 'll miss the chickens, and I shall have to tell them why we killed them." Then, trying to console herself, she added, "O, well, it 'll be a nine days' wonder, if they do hear about it."

The Grays saw it out of their own window, however, and more besides.

For no sooner had the black-and-white chickens begun to try their notes than half a dozen more followed their example, and before night there were eight of the flock crowing away with various degrees of success. Yet even this was not all. So many roosters could never agree, and they began to fight like soldiers, each one flying at the other's head, until they were a bloody set of warriors. In vain did the Pattons try to pacify them, and separate the fighters; whenever the next one crowed, it was the signal for renewed hostilities. The ground was scattered with feathers, and the chickens themselves looked very fierce and defiant.

"What shall we do?" asked Mrs. Patton, in despair, when her husband returned home in the evening.

"Kill them all," was the answer, "or they will kill themselves in a few days. No good hen-wife keeps eight roosters in her poultry-yard."

"Don't laugh," she said, as she noticed his expression; "indeed, I can't bear it; it 's such a provoking thing,—and after all one's trouble!"

The chickens were doomed, and for a week they had fine dinners off the fat roosters, whose only fault it was that they were not hens. As for the four remaining, the poorest of the lot, as they had thought, they soon began to lay. Yet Mrs. Patton said the eggs had cost them so much, that the recollection of it seriously interfered with her enjoyment of the cakes and puddings into which they entered, and whenever she thought of their late mortifying disappointment, she felt positively disgusted with eggs in every shape. The poor little hens were soon very much neglected, for since her finest and largest birds were gone, the four chickens that now occupied the great hen-house looked too small and insignificant to claim much attention. Then, as might have been expected, the lonely creatures resented this neglect by ceasing presently to lay their accustomed number of eggs. Day after day would often pass without a single souvenir, until Mrs. Patton grew more disgusted than ever with the behavior of her chickens.

"*Fowl* business, very," said Mr. Patton, slyly, as he listened to this new complaint; "suppose we make pies of them at once, and the money it takes to feed them will buy us all the eggs we want."

At first this proposal was rejected; but not long after, when some friends came unexpectedly from the city, and they wanted something nice for dinner, one pair of the hens was taken to furnish a savory roast, and thus the number was reduced to two. These two indeed lingered along awhile, and then disappeared mysteriously, stolen perhaps by some night robber, who killed and dressed them for market. So ended the Pattons' costly experiment with poultry-raising; they were secretly convinced that their chickens had not paid quite as well as a garden would have done. But this should never be admitted to their neighbors, the Grays.

"Let us sell the place," said Mrs. Patton to her husband; "I 'm sure there 's nothing attractive about it, and here are the girls who have nothing to do, and long so for the city."

"Why can't they do as the Grays do?" asked Mr. Patton; "they never seem to be tired, and always have plenty of work; look out when you will,

you may see them tying up their vines or hoeing their flower-beds. I tell you what, wife, their place is prettier than ours, and would bring more money."

"The houses are just alike, and as for the flowers, why we had some too until that unfortunate gate blew down and the cows got in; if we had had the finest garden imaginable, it would have been all the same, — the cows would have destroyed it."

"And next came those chickens," he added, very mischievously.

"Don't say 'chicken' to me again; I never want to see another live one; to think of all we've spent on the vile creatures, and for nothing, too. I should think you'd see by this time that we'd live cheaper in the city than out here. And then it is so much more convenient to business."

"O, as to that, I rather like the trip out and in every day; but if you're so bent upon going back, we'll sell as soon as we can, and return to our old quarters."

"Good!" exclaimed the two daughters, who were as anxious to go as their mother. "Maybe a customer will come before long!"

Next day a large placard was placed upon the outer portal containing the words "FOR SALE" in large printed capitals, and an advertisement was also sent to be inserted in one of the principal daily papers. In it the place was described in glowing terms, as a most elegant and desirable residence near town, and in a charming neighborhood. They confidently expected a rush of customers, and prepared accordingly. The house was ordered to be kept in good trim, to be shown at a moment's notice.

But there were many other places prettier and more desirable, bearing the same label, and day after day passed without a single application or inquiry. At length came a lady to look at it, but objected to the price; they asked too much for such a plain-looking place, without improvements or embellishment; but as she was the first one who had said so, and it was still early, they did not offer to take less. In course of time another and another called to inquire, but all went away as they came.

"We must take less," said Mrs. Patton, despairingly, to her husband; "we shall never sell it unless we do, and especially at this time in the year, when people are going to the city instead of away from it."

"As you please," said he; for he was really growing weary of this house question, and the daily grumbling. "Take off a thousand, and see if it will go at that." So the price was lowered, but the applicants were few and far between, and the season was now advancing towards the end of September. They were almost in despair.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE Jameses, who lived in the cottage across the road, had long wished to have gardens of their own, which they could cultivate themselves, without the aid of John, the gardener. Their home was a much more costly

and elegant one than the Grays', for Mr. James was a rich man, and there was a regular gardener constantly employed to lay out and plant the beds, hoe, weed, and trim, without the least assistance or dictation from the family. Indeed, it would have been the height of presumption for any of them to venture a suggestion to one of his vast knowledge, in all that related to his profession. Every day John gathered the flowers for nosegays, and brought them in for Mrs. James to arrange or dispose of as she might fancy, but as to any further enjoyment or interest she took in her garden, it was really no more than a stranger or visitor might feel. It never occurred to the lady to go out and work awhile herself, for amusement and recreation. This was because she had not the real fondness for flowers which was natural to her opposite neighbors, and which caused them to forget any toil or weariness resulting from their employment in the pleasure of watching the growth and blossoming of their favorite plants.

"The flowers seem as if they were really our own," was the children's frequent remark; "they smell sweeter, and look prettier than if somebody else had raised them." Then, as each little girl took care of her own particular plot, and kept it clear of weeds, they were in excellent order always. An hour after breakfast, as a general rule, afforded time enough for all ordinary purposes, and did not interfere with study or school hours.

During all this practical experience in gardening they had acquired many useful lessons in chemistry and natural history, which would not be forgotten. They learned why the ground must be constantly enriched, and what was the proper manure for different kinds of plants; they found that for certain species the dark leaf-mould from the forest was the best food, whilst for others the richest compost from the barn-yard, or copious waterings of guano, would cause a rapid growth. Then this feeding must be done at certain times when the plant was preparing its new buds and branches. All this was valuable knowledge, and by it they were enabled to exhibit fine specimens both in summer and winter. They were constantly gathering bouquets for their friends as well as for themselves, and no one went away without a nosegay, for the possession of these flowers induced a generous spirit.

So it was with the fruit; there were so many city-bound individuals on their list of acquaintances, to whom the gift of a basket of fresh strawberries would come as a most refreshing remembrancer of the pure country air and sunshine, and it was so pleasant to be able to share their fruit with those who had none. These things, therefore, made them free-handed and liberal, and it really did seem as if the more they plucked their flowers, the more profusely they bloomed again. There was also a reason in the theory, since a cut or trimmed plant will generally grow more vigorously. Had they never cut their flowers, the strength of the plants would soon have spent itself in perfecting too large a proportion of seed.

When the flowers began to bloom freely, and in the greatest perfection, the finest head or bunch was selected for seed, and by tying a string around the stem, it was sure to be preserved until the little seeds were fully ripe. Then came the gathering, and pockets for them were easily provided by

cutting in two parts old letter envelopes thrown aside as useless. A few drops of liquid gum-arabic were sufficient to close up the cut sides, and thus, without much trouble, the children supplied themselves with receptacles for the various kinds of seed. Each girl had her own stock, and by keeping them in one allotted place they were always within reach, either for winter or spring sowing. In this way the girls acquired systematic habits, and were able to have things constantly in order, saving much time and many vexatious disappointments; besides, it often happened that by preserving a large supply of the seeds of their own flowers, they were able to exchange with their friends for other varieties.

In this business of cultivating flowers they had, moreover, noticed several strange freaks of nature. Thus, by planting near together, the first year, plants of deep purple and pure white petunias, the seed gathered would produce next season a wonderful variety of shades. There were some with spotted throats and shaded edges, others with delicately tinted flowers of purple or pinkish hue. So with other flowers, — especially verbenas, lady-slippers, asters, and zinnias, whose varieties in this way became endless. As for the verbenas, the finest shades and oddest combinations were among those raised from seed, whilst the same color could always be continued and propagated by slips or layers, in the autumn.

Then there was still another branch of gardening in which Maggie had become quite an expert, — grafting the choice kinds of roses upon common roots. There is a vast amount of science in all these various processes, and when Maggie took her first lessons in the art of grafting and budding from Mr. James's gardener she scarcely supposed she would succeed so well.

Her first experiment was not with roses, but pears. A tall, hardy tree of an old-fashioned variety, that had produced very inferior fruit, was selected for the purpose, and John, who was an obliging sort of man, provided her with a graft of the splendid Bartlett pear, taken from a fine tree in Mr. James's orchard.

Figure 1.

"The first thing," said John, as he began his lesson, "is to have a sharp, flat-bladed knife, which ought to be kept for this work alone; for unless there is a smooth, clean cut, the two edges will not fit well together."

Maggie watched him very closely, as he cut the graft in the manner shown in Figure 1, and then, having cut off the branch of the tree to correspond, the two were matched as nearly as possible, and bound tightly together by a plaster spread with wax, prepared and kept for the purpose. The object of thus encasing the stem was, that the sap in the parts might be kept in, and also that the moisture from without might be excluded, for that would be certain to cause decay in the wood. One or two other styles were shown and explained, such as *tongue* and *cleft* grafting; the latter, John said, was better when they were using a small graft on a large stock; and this plan will be understood by the figures of drawing No. 2. The graft itself is cut like a wedge, and a cleft made

in the centre of the stock, into which the slender point should be fitted closely, and then well covered up with the wax.

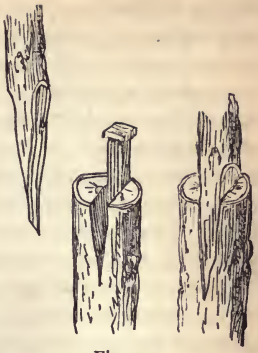


Figure 2.

One thing, he said, must always be remembered; the graft must be placed, not in the *centre* of the cleft, but toward one side, so as to cause the inner layers of bark to meet in a line, at least in one place. The reason of this is very plain, for when the sap begins to ascend into the new graft, it will follow this inner bark, and so, in like manner, the descending sap will soon flow downward to form new wood, and unite firmly with its main stalk. Instead of sending down roots into the ground as cuttings do, it strikes its forming wood into the stock itself, and soon becomes a part of the tree.

Tongue grafting, or, as some call it, *whip* grafting, shown in No. 3, is done by making notches in each to correspond as nearly as possible, and is somewhat preferred because it is likely to hold the two parts more closely together and in their proper places. As to the wax, it was prepared in the same way as that used by Mrs. Gray in cementing her jars of fruit, — *three* parts rosin, *three* of bees-wax, and *two* of mutton-tallow.

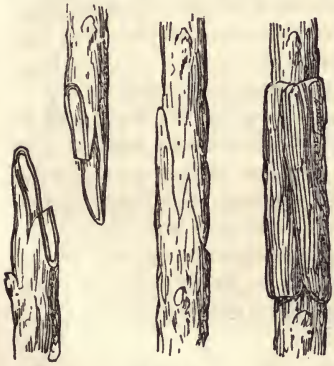


Figure 3.

This first graft was made in April, before the leaves had put out far, and Maggie had the satisfaction of seeing it do well, and after a while the bud opened into leaves.

"Next year," she said, "I will graft another limb of the same tree with a different variety, and it will be a fine thing to have two or three kinds of fruit on the same stock; there is one at Mr. James's with a dozen sorts, and they can thus have pears at various seasons. Why may not we do the same thing?"

The fact was, that Maggie had grown ambitious, and felt so much elated with her success in this important branch of gardening, that she was anxious to graft every shrub she met with. Roses, plum and cherry trees were all to be improved in course of time, and there were also several grape-vines upon which her newly gained knowledge was tried at once. But the reader will hardly expect me to say that in every instance her efforts were entirely successful. No; sometimes they failed, as do the attempts of gardeners of long experience, yet in most cases the grafts did well. Maggie began to feel like a real florist, and was often invited to try her skill upon the trees and vines of the neighborhood. She knew that the favorite dwarf pear-trees, which in their own ground were this year in full bearing, were

always produced by grafting pears upon *quince* stocks. So she resolved to look around and secure a few thrifty young quince-tees for next spring, with a view to having still more of this fine fruit hereafter.

Another department of gardening in which Maggie already excelled was the raising of plants, and especially roses, from cuttings. Wherever or whenever she could beg a slip of some choice variety of rose, it was brought home and planted in a pot of sand, and then set in some half-shady corner of the garden, where before many weeks it would begin to strike vigorous roots. As soon as this was ascertained to have taken place, the little plants were very carefully transferred into other pots, in which some rich soil was mixed with the sand; for now that they had begun to grow, they needed nourishment stronger than the mere sand could afford. That was only intended to keep them moist, while encouraging Nature's efforts in forming a new plant. If richer soil had been given them at the outset, they would have decayed very soon, before a root had begun to be visible.

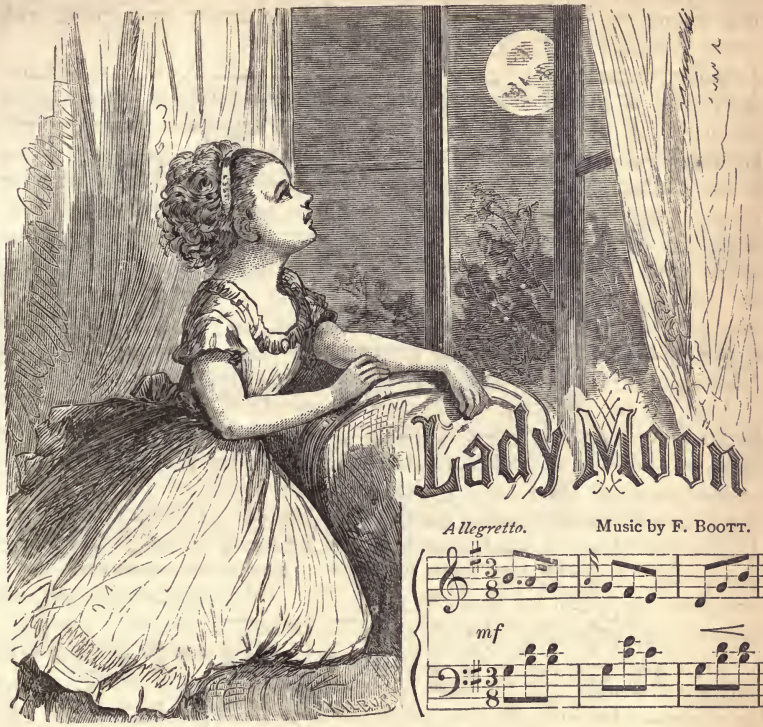
After this transplanting was successfully accomplished, the little pots were to be kept moderately moist in a warm place, and in time the buds would open into leaves, and begin to look like a real rose-bush. July and August were found to be the months in which to start rose-cuttings, as the wood was then sufficiently matured and the buds formed and ready. This is the best method of raising roses, although many gardeners do well with seedlings and grafts. Many kinds of roses, however, do not produce seed, but if seedlings can be raised, the florist is pretty sure to secure thereby some new variety, which will bring a high price in the market.

Where grafts are made, it is usual to select roots of some very common or inferior kinds. When the graft has grown, care must be taken to keep away all suckers from the root, as the original plant will be likely to send up these shoots constantly, and if allowed to grow, they soon starve out the graft, by taking away its strength and subsistence. For these reasons, persons who purchase rose-bushes at the street-corners may often be deceived by the looks of the large stock, into choosing grafted plants. Although they may blossom well, and flourish in the hands of an experienced and watchful florist, they will probably show quite a different flower, when the suckers from the root come into bloom.

All these hints Maggie had gathered from John, who considered her a very apt scholar, and came over occasionally to see how her cuttings prospered. "Next year," he said, "they will be in flower, and a pretty collection you 'll have, to be sure. When spring comes, I 'll show you how to arrange them in groups, for we do not put all the red ones in one bed, and the white ones in another, but group them with an eye to effect."

Although this sounded so simple, it was important, as Maggie well knew; so she thankfully accepted the offer, whenever the proper time should arrive.

Author of "Six Hundred Dollars a Year."



Lady Moon

Allegretto. Music by F. Boott.

mf

Words by Lord Houghton.

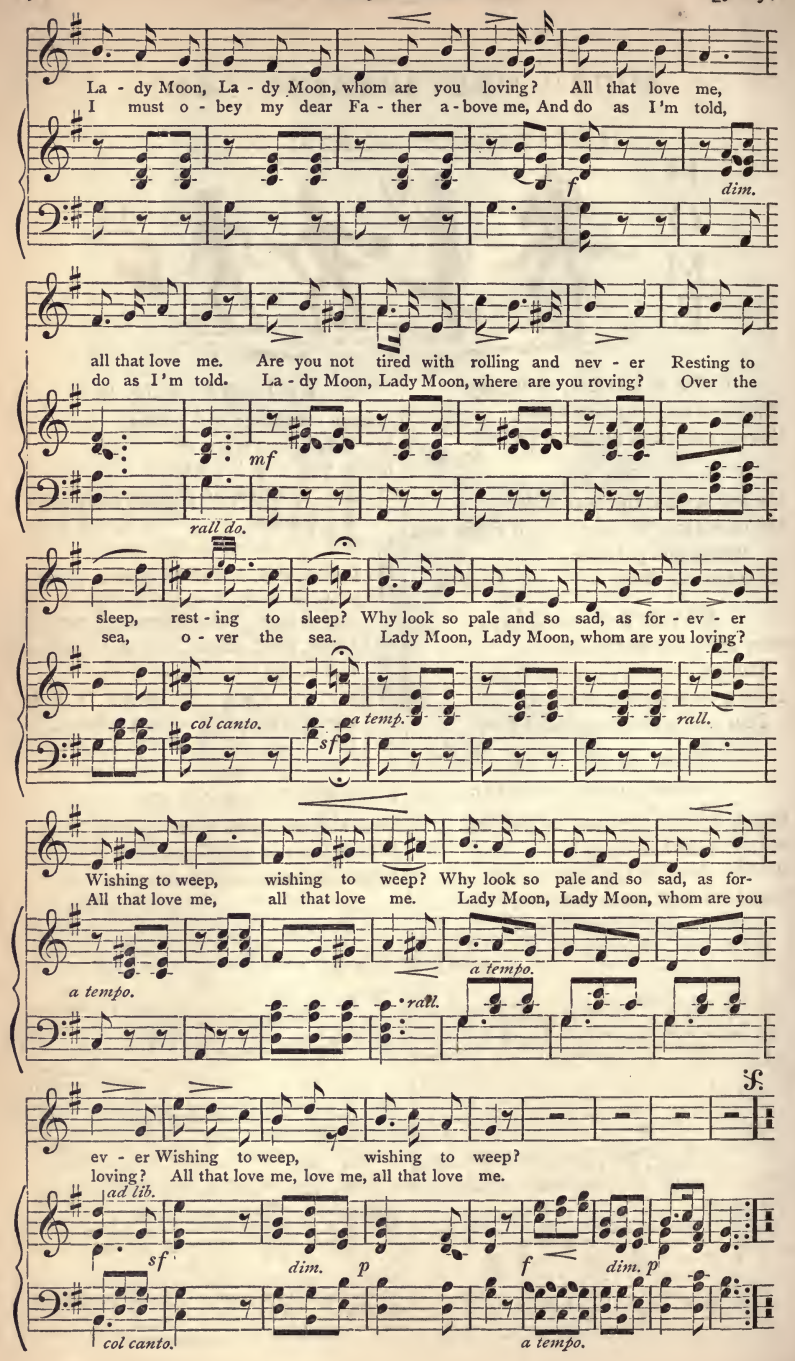
f

mf 1. La - dy Moon, La - dy Moon,
2. Ask me not this, lit - tle

ritard. *a tempo.*

where are you ro - ving? Over the sea, over the sea.
child, if you love me, You are too bold, you are too bold;

rall.


La - dy Moon, La - dy Moon, whom are you loving? All that love me,
I must o - bey my dear Fa - ther a - bove me, And do as I'm told,
f
dim.
all that love me. Are you not tired with rolling and nev - er Resting to
do as I'm told. La - dy Moon, Lady Moon, where are you roving? Over the
mf
rall do.
sleep, rest - ing to sleep? Why look so pale and so sad, as for - ev - er
sea, o - ver the sea. Lady Moon, Lady Moon, whom are you loving?
col canto.
a temp.
sf
rall.
Wishing to weep, wishing to weep? Why look so pale and so sad, as for-
All that love me, all that love me. Lady Moon, Lady Moon, whom are you
a tempo.
a tempo.
rall.
ff
ev - er Wishing to weep, wishing to weep?
loving? All that love me, love me, all that love me.
ad lib.
sf
dim.
p
f
dim.
p
col canto.
a tempo.

ROUND THE EVENING LAMP.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 42.

CHARADES.—No. 43.

My *second* calls my *first* again,
But only meets it to complain.

M. M.

No. 44.

My *first* is what the bees make.
My *second* may be found in all fields and woods and gardens.
My *whole* is a cheat.

JEANIE.

RIDDLE.—No. 45.

Busy am I day and night,
Though I neither sow nor reap;
Toiling on with all my might,
That which others spend, I keep.

H. K.

ENIGMA.—No. 46.

I am composed of 8 letters.
My 6, 7, 8, is a wager.
My 1, 3, 3, 2, 7, is a fruit.
My 4, 5, 8, is part of a gentleman's walking costume.
My 8, 1, 3, is to strike lightly.
My 6, 7, 2, 2, 1, is a girl's name.
My 4, 1, 6, 7, 8, is a Latin verb in the active voice, indicative mood, present tense, third person, singular number, and of the second conjugation.
Without my whole there would be little use in attempting to be a scholar.

F. M. B.

ALPHABETICAL PUZZLES.—No. 47.

Which letter is the most inquisitive?
Which letter has wings?
Which letters do lazy folks like?
Which letter do oxen know?
Which letter grows in the garden?
Which letter is often drunk?
Which letter is out of fashion?

MINNIE MAY.

ANSWERS.

36. "Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of Time."
[(Lives of great men) (awl) (ream-mine-D) (U.S.) (Wee can) (MayC) (ow R) (L ivy ES) lives (S ewe bee lime)
(And) (DE part in G) (leave behind US)
(Footprints on the sands) (aw F) (time).]

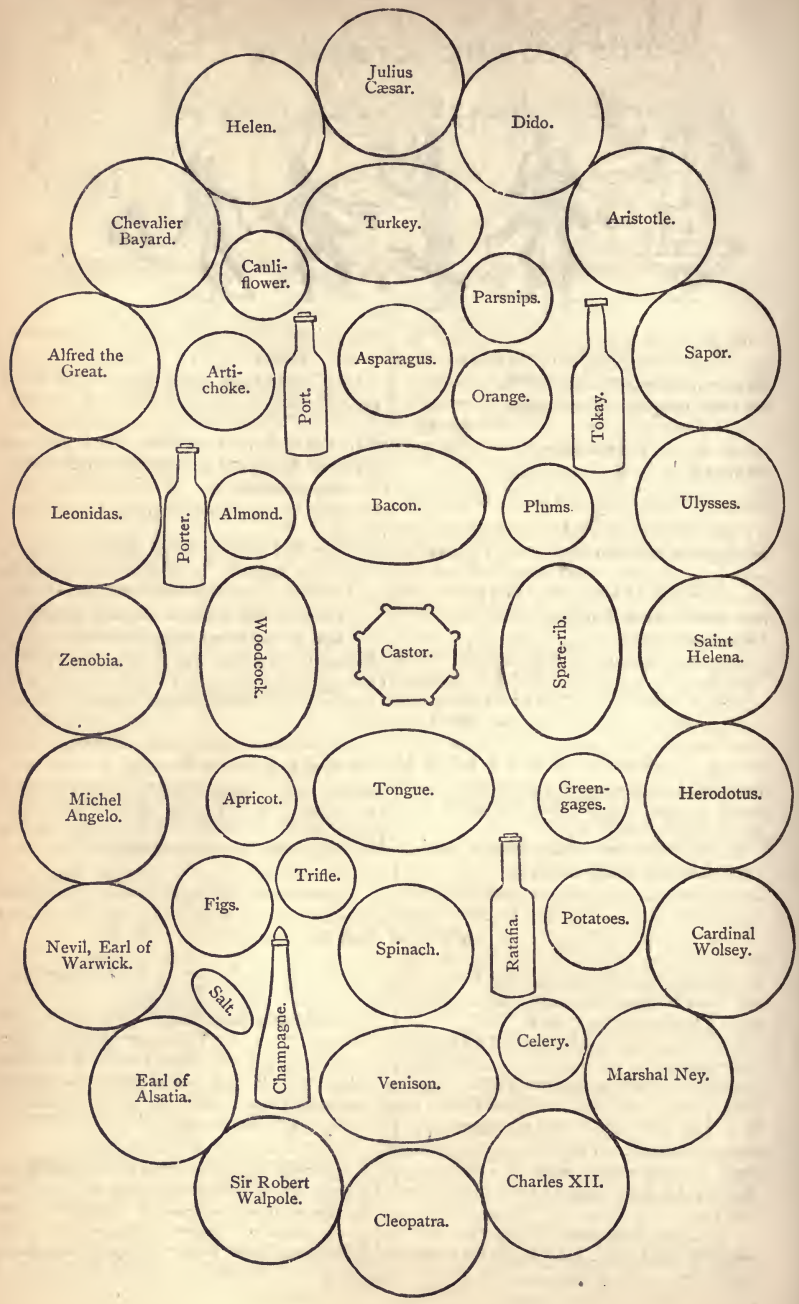
37. "How silent rolls Time's car along,
But, sinner, O how sure!"
[(House) (Isle) (N trolls) Time (scar) A *long* (Butts in a row) (house) (ewer)].

38. 1. The key of A minor.
2. "It might have been" (bean).
3. Those of Offenbach (often back).
4. Because it is a May-lay (Malay).
5. A courser (coarser).
6. Because it is a little lower.
7. Because they are made of Holmes-pun (homespun) material.
8. Yes; into minute particles.
9. Drop a meal or two.
10. Because he is four-handed (forehanded).
11. One is postmaster, and the other most pastor.
12. To Rehoboth (re-hoe both).
13. Braintree.
14. Because there is a whole (hole) stove in it.
15. When its answer is tolled (told).

40. Pheasant. (Pin, House, Eel, Army, Sea, Andiron, Nail, Thistle.)

41. Foundation Words:—*Basket, Tureen.*
Cross Words:—*Bonnet, Adieu, Star, Kite, Eve, Turban.*

Rebus in June Letter Box.—
Hold on, I 'll see about it. [(*Hold* on isle) (sea about it)].



KEY TO DINNER-TABLE.

We do not indorse everything in "David's" letter. Frogs and tadpoles, being distantly related to boys, are not supposed to enjoy a "hit on the head" any better than they. But "David" gives us the results of his experiments in tadpole-training in a piquant manner, and we are happy to let him speak for himself.

Editors "Young Folks":—

I have just been reading your story about sixty-two tadpoles, and think it a big one. I have had some experience about tails; I have had tadpoles, too, but mine did n't drop off. I wish you would look into this thing. I will tell you how mine acted, and you can judge.

Boys need n't be told that tadpoles make frogs. They always know it. It 's a kind of knowledge, I suppose, born with 'em. Now I ain't a cruel boy, but I always hit a frog on the head when I can. I can't help it, it 's natural to do so, and he has nothing in the world to do but take care of his head, and he does wrong to pop it up in a way to tempt us boys. So, too, about dragon-flies, or devil's darning-needle.

But about tadpoles. Mine acted in this way. John and I took a piece of lace and tied it over a hoop to catch tadpoles with, for the pond down to the bridge was full of 'em, just hatched out, and looking like large-headed pins. (I ought to say that the piece of lace which I found on the grass proved to be Sister Mary's cape, and I broke several holes in it, and she called me a "booby," which I suppose is true of me.)

Well, we caught a good many, — I did not count 'em, — and mother let me take her Aquarium, which was empty, to put them into it. I filled it up, and put in grasses, and cresses, and roots such as grew in the pond, and waited to see the tails drop off, as everybody told me they would. But the tails did n't drop. I was in a state, watching and expecting. My tadpoles never dropped their tails, — never, that 's poz.

I 'll tell you how mine did, and I should like somebody else to write and tell us if their tadpoles dropped off their tails, so I may know if mine were peculiar tadpoles.

I don't think much of tadpoles, though frogs are a good institution, not only for hitting purposes, but eating; however, let us consider the tail question: this is the way mine did. They grew, and grew, and came to be just the fattest, ugliest looking things I ever did see. A lump for a head, with two spots for eyes, and a long piece hanging down for a tail.

Every day I saw this tail was growing shorter, — "was being absorbed," mother said (for she is great on big words), — and the rest of the body was getting to be frog-like: the sides stretched out, and the tail went in, and at last, before you could say Jack Robinson, there was a pair of legs, and a squaring away, kicking out as if they 'd been used to it beforehand. My tadpoles never dropped a bit of a tail.

The way frogs hopped about our house, up stairs and down stairs, and in the ladies' chamber, was a caution to all tadpole-hunters. They jumped out of the aquarium and started on their travels, and explored attic and cellar. Mother likes them in the latter place, and keeps a toad and a terrapin there on account of flies.

I hope you will tell me more about your tadpole tails, and see if you are correct, as you may have been in your tadpoles, but not in mine.

Yours to serve,

David.

"A. D." asks about "Tom Brown's School Days at Rugby" and "Tom Brown at Oxford." They are both published by Fields, Osgood, & Co. The price of the first is $1.25, of the second (in two volumes), $3.00. There are no more excellent books for boys than these.

It is quite impossible for us to comply with one request which is frequently made of us. When sending enigmas, stories, or letters, many of our friends ask us to "answer or acknowledge receipt in the next 'Letter Box.'" If we tried to do so,

we should be obliged to enlarge the "Letter Box" to four or five times its usual size, and then fill it entirely with these acknowledgments and answers, which would be very dull reading. We do not intend to print anything in the "Letter Box" that will not interest our readers generally. Personal letters will be answered as soon as we can attend to them, if they are accompanied by a stamped envelope, with the writer's real address.

THE music in this number is said by good judges to be unusually fine. We should be glad to have our musical subscribers tell us how they like this and other songs as they appear from month to month. Mr. Boott has written songs which are great favorites among our older friends, and certainly young singers are not harder to please than others.

MR. HALE'S paper this month will be invaluable to our composition-writers. His papers about "Talk," in former numbers, have been said by some of our readers to be well worth the subscription price of the magazine. This is by no means too high praise. We could say much more, but there is no need of it. The articles commend themselves.

THE Soap-Bubble Question is not yet settled. This letter is one of several which have been written to us regarding it. Who else has experiments to report?

DEAR LETTER BOX:—

I have tried two or three times to make "Rainbow Bubbles" after the directions given by "Will o' the Wisp" in the "Letter Box" of "Our Young Folks" for last August. I think he must have made some mistake in the directions. Won't you please ask him to look into the matter and report results? My bubbles, made from the directions given, are small and frail; it is impossible to blow them large, and they break at the slightest touch.

Respectfully, T. H. S.

AN answer to one of Our Young Folks' questions:—

Warner, N. H., March 1st, 1869.

In the March number of Our Young Folks a correspondent asks "Who was the first to fall at the Battle of Lexington?"

"In 1825 the inhabitants of that town, at a public meeting, appointed a committee of nine citizens to collect and publish a statement of such facts, relative to the affair at Lexington, on the morning of the 19th of April, '75, as may be supported by undoubted authority."

The late Colonel Phinney was chairman of the board, and made out the report, which was published in pamphlet form, of forty pages, a copy of which was presented to me by Colonel P. many years ago, from which I quote the following facts:—

"Jonas Parker, of Lexington, 'was the first to fall.' He was wounded and fell at the second fire from the enemy. The British soldiers came up and run him through with their bayonets."

"Six other citizens of Lexington were killed in the morning, and three others in the afternoon."

Trusting the above will answer the inquiry of your correspondent,

I am, most truly, yours, &c.

LEVI BARTLETT.

To what race do these men belong?

GOING TO SLEEP.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

An Illustrated Magazine

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

VOL. V. AUGUST, 1869. No. VIII.

THE STORY OF A BAD BOY.

CHAPTER XV.

AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE TURNS UP.

A YEAR had stolen by since the death of Binny Wallace, — a year of which I have nothing important to record.

The loss of our little playmate threw a shadow over our young lives for many and many a month. The Dolphin rose and fell with the tide at the foot of the slippery steps, unused, the rest of the summer. At the close of November we hauled her sadly into the boat-house for the winter; but when spring came round we launched the Dolphin again, and often went down to the wharf and looked at her lying in the tangled eel-grass, without much inclination to take a row. The associations connected with the boat were too painful as yet; but time, which wears the sharp edge from everything, softened this feeling, and one afternoon we brought out the cobwebbed oars.

The ice once broken, brief trips along the wharves — we seldom cared to go out into the river now — became one of our chief amusements. Meanwhile Gypsy was not forgotten. Every clear morning I was in the saddle before breakfast, and there are few roads or lanes within ten miles of Rivermouth that have not borne the print of her vagrant hoof.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by FIELDS, OSGOOD, & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

I studied like a good fellow this quarter, carrying off a couple of first prizes. The Captain expressed his gratification by presenting me with a new silver dollar. If a dollar in his eyes was smaller than a cart-wheel, it was n't so very much smaller. I redeemed my pencil-case from the treasurer of the Centipedes, and felt that I was getting on in the world.

It was at this time I was greatly cast down by a letter from my father saying that he should be unable to visit Rivermouth until the following year. With that letter came another to Captain Nutter, which he did not read aloud to the family, as usual. It was on business, he said, folding it up in his wallet. He received several of these business letters from time to time, and I noticed that they always made him silent and moody.

The fact is, my father's banking-house was not thriving. The unlooked-for failure of a firm largely indebted to him had crippled "the house." When the Captain imparted this information to me, I did n't trouble myself over the matter. I supposed — if I supposed anything — that all grown-up people had more or less money, when they wanted it. Whether they inherited it, or whether government supplied them, was not clear to me. A loose idea that my father had a private gold-mine somewhere or other relieved me of all uneasiness.

I was not far from right. Every man has within himself a gold-mine whose riches are limited only by his own industry. It is true, it sometimes happens that industry does not avail, if a man lacks that something which, for want of a better name, we call Luck. My father was a person of untiring energy and ability; but he had no luck. To use a Rivermouth saying, he was always catching sculpins when every one else with the same bait was catching mackerel.

It was more than two years since I had seen my parents. I felt that I could not bear a longer separation. Every letter from New Orleans — we got two or three a month — gave me a fit of homesickness; and when it was definitely settled that my father and mother were to remain in the South another twelvemonth, I resolved to go to them.

Since Binny Wallace's death, Pepper Whitcomb had been my *fidus Achates;* we occupied desks near each other at school, and were always together in play hours. We shared our pocket-money and our secrets, — those amazing secrets which boys have. We met in lonely places by stealth, and parted like conspirators; we could n't buy a jackknife or build a kite without throwing an air of mystery and guilt over the transaction.

I naturally hastened to lay my New Orleans project before Pepper Whitcomb, having dragged him for that purpose to a secluded spot in the dark pine woods outside the town. Pepper listened to me with a gravity which he will not be able to surpass when he becomes Chief Justice, and strongly advised me to go.

"The summer vacation," said Pepper, "lasts six weeks; that will give you a fortnight to spend in New Orleans, allowing two weeks each way for the journey."

I wrung his hand and begged him to accompany me, offering to defray all

the expenses. I was n't anything, if I was n't princely, in those days. After considerable urging, he consented to go on terms so liberal. The whole thing was arranged; there was nothing to do now but to advise Captain Nutter of my plan.

The possibility that he might oppose the tour never entered my head. I was therefore totally unprepared for the vigorous negative which met my proposal. I was deeply mortified, moreover, for there was Pepper Whitcomb on the wharf, at the foot of the street, waiting for me to come and let him know what day we were to start.

"Go to New Orleans? Go to Jericho!" exclaimed Captain Nutter. "You 'd look pretty, you two, philandering off, like the babes in the wood, twenty-five hundred miles, 'with all the world before you where to choose'!"

And the Captain's features, which had worn an indignant air as he began the sentence, relaxed into a broad smile. Whether it was at the felicity of his own quotation, or at the mental picture he drew of Pepper and myself on our travels, I could n't tell, and I did n't care. I was heart-broken. I felt a trifle sheepish, too, about facing my chum after all the dazzling inducements I had held out to him.

My grandfather, seeing that I took the matter seriously, pointed out the difficulties of such a journey and the great expense involved. He entered into the details of my father's money troubles, and succeeded in making it plain to me that my wishes, under the circumstances, were somewhat unreasonable. It was in no cheerful mood that I joined Pepper at the end of the wharf.

I found that young gentleman leaning against the bulkhead gazing intently towards the islands in the harbor. He had formed a telescope of his hands, and was so occupied with his observations as to be oblivious of my approach.

"Hullo!" cried Pepper, dropping his hands. "Look there! is n't that a bark coming up the Narrows?"

"Where?"

"Just at the left of Fishcrate Island. Don't you see the foremast peeping above the old derrick?"

Sure enough it was a vessel of considerable size, slowly beating up to town. In a few moments more the other two masts were visible above the green hillocks.

"Fore-topmasts blown away," said Pepper. "Putting in for repairs, I guess."

As the bark lazily crept from behind the last of the islands, she let go her anchors and swung round with the tide. Then the gleeful chant of the sailors at the capstan came to us pleasantly across the water The vessel lay within three quarters of a mile of us, and we could plainly see the men at the davits lowering the starboard long-boat. It no sooner touched the stream than a dozen of the crew scrambled like mice over the side of the merchantman.

In a neglected seaport like Rivermouth the arrival of a large ship is an

event of moment. The prospect of having twenty or thirty jolly tars let loose on the peaceful town excites divers emotions among the inhabitants. The small shopkeepers along the wharves anticipate a thriving trade: the proprietors of the two rival boarding-houses — the "Wee Drop" and the "Mariner's Home" — hasten down to the landing to secure lodgers; and the female population of Anchor Lane turn out to a woman, for a ship fresh from sea is always full of possible husbands and long-lost prodigal sons.

But, aside from this, there is scant welcome given to a ship's crew in Rivermouth. The toil-worn mariner is a sad fellow ashore, judging him by a severe moral standard.

Once, I remember, a United States frigate came into port for repairs after a storm. She lay in the river a fortnight or more, and every day sent us a gang of sixty or seventy of our country's gallant defenders, who spread themselves over the town, doing all sorts of mad things. They were good-natured enough, but full of old Sancho. The "Wee Drop" proved a drop too much for many of them. They went singing through the streets at midnight, wringing off door-knockers, shinning up water-spouts, and frightening the Oldest Inhabitant nearly to death by popping their heads into his second-story window, and shouting "Fire!" One morning a blue-jacket was discovered in a perilous plight, half-way up the steeple of the South Church, clinging to the lightning-rod. How he got there nobody could tell, not even blue-jacket himself. All he knew was, that the leg of his trousers had caught on a nail, and there he stuck, unable to move either way. It cost the town twenty dollars to get him down again. He directed the workmen how to splice the ladders brought to his assistance, and called his rescuers "butter-fingered land-lubbers" with delicious coolness.

But those were man-of-war's men. The sedate-looking craft now lying off Fishcrate Island was n't likely to carry any such cargo. Nevertheless, we watched the coming in of the long-boat with considerable interest.

As it drew near, the figure of the man pulling the stroke-oar seemed oddly familiar to me. Where could I have seen him before? When and where? His back was towards me, but there was something about that closely cropped head that I recognized instantly.

"Way enough!" cried the steersman, and all the oars stood upright in the air. The man in the bow seized the boat-hook, and, turning round quickly, showed me the honest face of Sailor Ben of the Typhoon.

"It 's Sailor Ben!" I cried, nearly pushing Pepper Whitcomb overboard in my excitement.

Sailor Ben, with the wonderful pink lady on his arm, and the ships and stars and anchors tattooed all over him, was a well-known hero among my playmates. And there he was, like something in a dream come true!

I did n't wait for my old acquaintance to get firmly on the wharf, before I grasped his hand in both of mine.

"Sailor Ben, don't you remember me?"

He evidently did not. He shifted his quid from one cheek to the other, and looked at me meditatively.

"Lord luv ye, lad, I don't know you. I was never here afore in my life."

"What!" I cried, enjoying his perplexity, "have you forgotten the voyage from New Orleans in the Typhoon, two years ago, you lovely old picture-book?"

Ah! then he knew me, and in token of the recollection gave my hand such a squeeze that I am sure an unpleasant change came over my countenance.

"Bless my eyes, but you have growed so! I should n't have knowed you if I had met you in Singapore!"

Without stopping to inquire, as I was tempted to do, why he was more likely to recognize me in Singapore than anywhere else, I invited him to come at once up to the Nutter House, where I insured him a warm welcome from the Captain.

"Hold steady, Master Tom," said Sailor Ben, slipping the painter through the ring-bolt and tying the loveliest knot you ever saw; "hold steady till I see if the mate can let me off. If you please, sir," he continued, addressing the steersman, a very red-faced, bow-legged person, "this here is a little shipmate o' mine as wants to talk over back times along of me, if so it 's convenient."

"All right, Ben," returned the mate, "sha' n't want you for an hour."

Leaving one man in charge of the boat, the mate and the rest of the crew went off together. In the mean while Pepper Whitcomb had got out his cunner-line, and was quietly fishing at the end of the wharf, as if to give me the idea that he was n't so very much impressed by my intimacy with so renowned a character as Sailor Ben. Perhaps Pepper was a little jealous. At any rate, he refused to go with us to the house.

Captain Nutter was at home reading the Rivermouth Barnacle. He was a reader to do an editor's heart good; he never skipped over an advertisement, even if he had read it fifty times before. Then the paper went the rounds of the neighborhood, among the poor people, like the single portable eye which the three blind crones passed to each other in the legend of King Acrisius. The Captain, I repeat, was wandering in the labyrinths of the Rivermouth Barnacle when I led Sailor Ben into the sitting-room.

My grandfather, whose inborn courtesy knew no distinctions, received my nautical friend as if he had been an admiral instead of a common forecastle-hand. Sailor Ben pulled an imaginary tuft of hair on his forehead, and bowed clumsily. Sailors have a way of using their forelock as a sort of handle to bow with.

The old tar had probably never been in so handsome an apartment in all his days, and nothing could induce him to take the inviting mahogany chair which the Captain wheeled out from the corner.

The abashed mariner stood up against the wall, twirling his tarpaulin in his two hands and looking extremely silly. He made a poor show in a gentleman's drawing-room, but what a fellow he had been in his day, when the gale blew great guns and the topsails wanted reefing! I thought of him with the Mexican squadron off Vera Cruz, where

"The ringing battle-bolt sung from the three-decker out of the foam,"

and he did n't seem awkward or ignoble to me, for all his shyness.

As Sailor Ben declined to sit down, the Captain did not resume his seat; so we three stood in a constrained manner until my grandfather went to the door and called to Kitty to bring in a decanter of Madeira and two glasses.

"My grandson, here, has talked so much about you," said the Captain, pleasantly, "that you seem quite like an old acquaintance to me."

"Thankee, sir, thankee," returned Sailor Ben, looking as guilty as if he had been detected in picking a pocket.

"And I 'm very glad to see you, Mr. — Mr. —"

"Sailor Ben," suggested that worthy.

"Mr. Sailor Ben," added the Captain, smiling. "Tom, open the door, there 's Kitty with the glasses."

I opened the door, and Kitty entered the room bringing the things on a

waiter, which she was about to set on the table, when suddenly she uttered a loud shriek; the decanter and glasses fell with a crash to the floor, and Kitty, as white as a sheet, was seen flying through the hall.

"It 's his wraith! It 's his wraith *!" we heard Kitty shrieking, in the kitchen.

My grandfather and I turned with amazement to Sailor Ben. His eyes were standing out of his head like a lobster's.

* Ghost, spirit.

"It's my own little Irish lass!" shouted the sailor, and he darted into the hall after her.

Even then we scarcely caught the meaning of his words, but when we saw Sailor Ben and Kitty sobbing on each other's shoulder in the kitchen, we understood it all.

"I begs your honor's parden, sir," said Sailor Ben, lifting his tear-stained face above Kitty's tumbled hair; "I begs your honor's parden for kicking up a rumpus in the house, but it's my own little Irish lass as I lost so long ago!"

"Heaven preserve us!" cried the Captain, blowing his nose violently, — a transparent dodge to hide his emotion.

Miss Abigail was in an upper chamber, sweeping; but on hearing the unusual racket below, she scented an accident and came ambling down stairs with a bottle of the infallible hot-drops in her hand. Nothing but the firmness of my grandfather prevented her from giving Sailor Ben a table-spoonful on the spot. But when she learned what had come about, — that this was Kitty's husband, that Kitty Collins was n't Kitty Collins now, but Mrs. Benjamin Watson, of Nantucket, — the good soul sat down on the meal-chest and sobbed as if — to quote from Captain Nutter — as if a husband of her own had turned up!

A happier set of people than we were never met together in a dingy kitchen or anywhere else. The Captain ordered a fresh decanter of Madeira, and made all hands, excepting myself, drink a cup to the return of "the prodigal sea-son," as he persisted in calling Sailor Ben.

When Sailor Ben's hour had expired, we walked with him down to the wharf, where the Captain held a consultation with the mate, which resulted in an extension of Mr. Watson's leave of absence, and afterwards in his discharge from his ship. We then went to the "Mariner's Home" to engage a room for him, as he would n't hear of accepting the hospitalities of the Nutter House.

"You see, I 'm only an uneddicated man," he remarked to my grandfather, by way of explanation.

CHAPTER XVI.

IN WHICH SAILOR BEN SPINS A YARN.

Of course we were all very curious to learn what had befallen Sailor Ben that morning long ago, when he bade his little bride good by, and disappeared so mysteriously.

After tea, that same evening, we assembled around the table in the kitchen, — the only place where Sailor Ben felt at home, — to hear what he had to say for himself.

The candles were snuffed, and a pitcher of foaming nut-brown ale was set at the elbow of the speaker, who was evidently embarrassed by the respectability of his audience, consisting of Captain Nutter, Miss Abigail, myself,

and Kitty, whose face shone with happiness like one of the polished tin platters on the dresser.

"Well, my hearties," commenced Sailor Ben, — then he stopped short and turned very red, as it struck him that maybe this was not quite the proper way to address a dignitary like the Captain and a severe elderly lady like Miss Abigail Nutter, who sat bolt upright staring at him as she would have stared at the Tycoon of Japan himself.

"I ain't much of a hand at spinnin' a yarn," remarked Sailor Ben, apologetically, "'specially when the yarn is all about a man as has made a fool of hisself, an' 'specially when that man's name is Benjamin Watson."

"Bravo!" cried Captain Nutter, rapping on the table encouragingly.

"Thankee, sir, thankee. I go back to the time when Kitty an' me was livin' in lodgin's by the dock in New York. We was as happy, sir, as two porpusses, which they toil not neither do they spin. But when I seed the money gittin' low in the locker, — Kitty's starboard stockin', savin' your presence, marm, — I got down-hearted like, seein' as I should be obleeged to ship agin, for it did n't seem as I could do much ashore. An' then the sea was my nat'ral spear of action. I was n't exactly born on it, look you, but I fell into it the fust time I was let out arter my birth. My mother slipped her cable for a heavenly port afore I was old enough to hail her; so I larnt to look on the ocean for a sort of stepmother, — an' a precious hard one she has been to me.

"The idee of leavin' Kitty so soon arter our marriage went agin my grain considerable. I cruised along the docks for somethin' to do in the way of stevedore: an' though I picked up a stray job here and there, I did n't arn enough to buy ship-bisket for a rat, let alone feedin' two human mouths. There was n't nothin' honest I would n't have turned a hand to; but the 'longshoremen gobbled up all the work, an' a outsider like me did n't stand a show.

"Things got from bad to worse; the month's rent took all our cash except a dollar or so, an' the sky looked kind o' squally fore an' aft. Well, I set out one mornin', — that identical unlucky mornin', — determined to come back an' toss some pay into Kitty's lap, if I had to sell my jacket for it. I spied a brig unloadin' coal at pier No. 47, — how well I remembers it! I hailed the mate, an' offered myself for a coal-heaver. But I was n't wanted, as he told me civilly enough, which was better treatment than usual. As I turned off rather glum I was signalled by one of them sleek, smooth-spoken rascals with a white hat an' a weed on it, as is always goin' about the piers a-seekin' who they may devower.

"We sailors know 'em for rascals from stem to starn, but somehow every fresh one fleeces us jest as his mate did afore him. We don't larn nothin' by exper'ence; we 're jest no better than a lot of babbys with no brains.

"'Good mornin', my man,' sez the chap, as iley as you please.

"'Mornin', sir,' sez I.

"'Lookin' for a job?' sez he.

"'Through the big end of a telescope,' sez I, — meanin' that the chances for a job looked very small from my pint of view.

"'You 're the man for my money,' sez the sharper, smilin' as innocent as a cherubim; 'jest step in here, till we talk it over.'

"So I goes with him, like a nat'ral-born idiot, into a little grocery-shop near by, where we sets down at a table with a bottle atween us. Then it

comes out as there is a New Bedford whaler about to start for the fishin' grounds, an' jest one able-bodied sailor like me is wanted to make up the crew. Would I go? Yes, I would n't, on no terms.

"'I 'll bet you fifty dollars,' sez he, 'that you 'll come back fust mate.'

"'I 'll bet you a hundred,' sez I, 'that I don't, for I 've signed papers as keeps me ashore, an' the parson has witnessed the deed.'

"So we sat there, he urgin' me to ship, an' I chaffin' him cheerful over the bottle.

"Arter awhile I begun to feel a little queer; things got foggy in my upper works, an' I remembers, faint-like, of signin' a paper; then I remembers bein' in a small boat; an' then I remembers nothin' until I heard the mate's whistle pipin' all hands on deck. I tumbled up with the rest, an' there I was, — on board of a whaler outward bound for a three years' cruise, an' my dear little lass ashore awaitin' for me."

"Miserable wretch!" said Miss Abigail, in a voice that vibrated among the tin platters on the dresser. This was Miss Abigail's way of testifying her sympathy.

"Thankee, marm," returned Sailor Ben, doubtfully.

"No talking to the man at the wheel," cried the Captain. Upon which we all laughed. "Spin!" added my grandfather.

Sailor Ben resumed: —

"I leave you to guess the wretchedness as fell upon me, for I 've not got the gift to tell you. There I was down on the ship's books for a three years' viage, an' no help for it. I feel nigh to six hundred years old when I think how long that viage was. There is n't no hour-glass as runs slow enough to keep a tally of the slowness of them fust hours. But I done my duty like a man, seein' there was n't no way of gittin' out of it. I told my shipmates of the trick as had been played on me, an' they tried to cheer me up a bit; but I was sore sorrowful for a long spell. Many a night on watch I put my face in my hands and sobbed for thinkin' of the little woman left among the land-sharks, an' no man to have an eye on her, God bless her!"

Here Kitty softly drew her chair nearer to Sailor Ben, and rested one hand on his arm.

"Our adventures among the whales, I take it, does n't consarn the present company here assembled. So I give that the go by. There 's an end to everythin', even to a whalin' viage. My heart all but choked me the day we put into New Bedford with our cargo of ile. I got my three years' pay in a lump, an' made for New York like a flash of lightnin'. The people hove to and looked at me, as I rushed through the streets like a madman, until I came to the spot where the lodgin'-house stood on West Street. But, Lord luv ye, there was n't no sech lodgin'-house there, but a great new brick shop.

"I made bold to go in an' ask arter the old place, but nobody knowed nothin' about it, save as it had been torn down two years or more. I *was* adrift now, for I had reckoned all them days and nights on gittin' word of Kitty from Dan Shackford, the man as kept the lodgin'.

"As I stood there, with all the wind knocked out of my sails, the idee of runnin' alongside the perlice-station popped into my head. The perlice was likely to know the latitude of a man like Dan Shackford, who was n't over an' above respecktible. They did know, — he had died in the Tombs jail that day twelvemonth. A coincydunce, was n't it? I was ready to drop when they told me this; howsomever, I bore up an' give the chief a notion of the fix I was in. He writ a notice which I put into the newspapers every day for three months; but nothin' come of it. I cruised over the city week in and week out; I went to every sort of place where they hired women hands; I did n't leave a think undone that a uneddicated man could do. But nothin' come of it. I don't believe there was a wretcheder soul in that big city of wretchedness than me. Sometimes I wanted to lay down in the streets and die.

"Driftin' disconsolate one day among the shippin', who should I overhaul but the identical smooth-spoken chap with the white hat an' a weed on it! I did n't know if there was any sperit left in me, till I clapped eye on his very onpleasant countenance. 'You villain!' sez I, 'where 's my little Irish lass as you dragged me away from?' an' I lighted on him, hat and all, like that!"

Here Sailor Ben brought his fist down on the deal table with the force of a sledge-hammer. Miss Abigail gave a start, and the ale leaped up in the pitcher like a miniature fountain.

"I begs your parden, ladies and gentlemen all; but the thought of that feller with his ring an' his watch-chain an' his walrus face, is alus too many for me. I was for pitchin' him into the North River, when a perliceman prevented me from benefitin' the human family. I had to pay five dollars for hittin' the chap (they said it was salt an' buttery), an' that 's what I call a neat, genteel luxury. It was worth double the money jest to see that white hat, with a weed on it, layin' on the wharf like a busted accordiun.

"Arter months of useless sarch, I went to sea agin. I never got into a foren port but I kept a watch out for Kitty. Once I thought I seed her in Liverpool, but it was only a gal as looked like her. The numbers of women in different parts of the world as looked like her was amazin'. So a good many years crawled by, an' I wandered from place to place, never givin' up the sarch. I might have been chief mate scores of times, maybe master; but I had n't no ambition. I seed many strange things in them years, — outlandish people an' cities, storms, shipwracks, an' battles. I seed many a true mate go down, an' sometimes I envied them what went to their rest. But these things is neither here nor there.

"About a year ago I shipped on board the Bellephœbe yonder, an' of all the strange winds as ever blowed, the strangest an' the best was the wind as blowed me to this here blessed spot. I can't be too thankful. That I 'm as thankful as it is possible for an uneddicated man to be, He knows as reads the hearts of all."

Here ended Sailor Ben's yarn, which I have written down in his own homely words as nearly as I can recall them. After he had finished, the Captain shook hands with him and served out the ale.

It was a pleasant sight to see the two old lovers sitting side by side, in spite of all, drinking from the same little cup, — a battered zinc dipper which Sailor Ben had unslung from a strap round his waist. I think I never saw him without this dipper and a sheath-knife suspended just back of his hip, ready for any convivial occasion.

We had a merry time of it. The Captain was in great force this evening, and not only related his famous exploit in the war of 1812, but regaled the company with a dashing sea-song from Mr. Shakespeare's play of The Tempest. He had a mellow tenor voice (not Shakespeare, but the Captain), and rolled out the verse with a will: —

> "The master, the swabber, the boatswain, and I,
> The gunner, and his mate,
> Lov'd Mall, Meg, and Marian, and Margery,
> But none of us car'd for Kate."

"A very good song and very well sung," says Sailor Ben; "but some of us *does* care for Kate. Is this Mr. Shawkspear a sea-farin' man, sir?"

"Not at present," replied the Captain, with a monstrous twinkle in his eye.

The clock was striking ten when the party broke up. The Captain walked to the "Mariner's Home" with his guest, in order to question him regarding his future movements.

"Well, sir," said he, "I ain't as young as I was, an' I don't cal'ulate to go to sea no more. I proposes to drop anchor here, an' hug the land until the old hulk goes to pieces. I 've got two or three thousand dollars in the locker, an' expects to git on uncommon comfortable without askin' no odds from the Assylum for Decayed Mariners."

My grandfather indorsed the plan warmly, and Sailor Ben did drop anchor in Rivermouth, where he speedily became one of the institutions of the town.

His first step was to buy a small one-story cottage located at the head of the wharf, within gun-shot of the Nutter House. To the great amusement of my grandfather, Sailor Ben painted the cottage a light sky-blue, and ran a broad black stripe around it just under the eaves. In this stripe he painted white port-holes, at regular distances, making his residence look as much like a man-of-war as possible. With a short flag-staff projecting over the door like a bowsprit, the effect was quite magical. My description of the exterior of this palatial residence is complete when I add that the proprietor nailed a horseshoe against the front-door to keep off the witches, — a very necessary precaution in these latitudes.

The inside of Sailor Ben's abode was not less striking than the outside. The cottage contained two rooms: the one opening on the wharf he called his cabin; here he ate and slept. His few tumblers and a frugal collection of crockery were set in a rack suspended over the table, which had a cleat of wood nailed round the edge to prevent the dishes from sliding off in case of a heavy sea. Hanging against the walls were three or four highly-colored prints of celebrated frigates, and a lithograph picture of a young woman insufficiently clad in the American flag. This was labelled "Kitty," though I 'm sure it looked no more like her than I did. A walrus-tooth with an Esquimaux engraved on it, a shark's jaw, and the blade of a sword-fish were among the enviable decorations of this apartment. In one corner stood his bunk, or bed, and in the other his well-worn sea-chest, a perfect Pandora's box of mysteries. You would have thought yourself in the cabin of a real ship.

The little room aft, separated from the cabin by a sliding door, was the caboose. It held a cooking-stove, pots, pans, and groceries; also a lot of fishing-lines and coils of tarred twine, which made the place smell like a forecastle, and a delightful smell it is — to those who fancy it.

Kitty did n't leave our service, but played housekeeper for both establishments, returning at night to Sailor Ben's. He shortly added a wherry to his worldly goods, and in the fishing season made a very handsome income. During the winter he employed himself manufacturing crab-nets, for which he found no lack of customers.

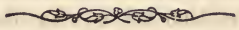
His popularity among the boys was immense. A jackknife in his expert hand was a whole chest of tools. He could whittle out anything from a

wooden chain to a Chinese pagoda, or a full-rigged seventy-four a foot long. To own a ship of Sailor Ben's building was to be exalted above your fellow-creatures. He did n't carve many, and those he refused to sell, choosing to present them to his young friends, of whom Tom Bailey, you may be sure, was one.

How delightful it was of winter nights to sit in his cosey cabin, close to the ship's stove (he would n't hear of having a fireplace), and listen to Sailor Ben's yarns! In the early summer twilights, when he sat on the door-step splicing a rope or mending a net, he always had a bevy of blooming young faces alongside.

The dear old fellow! How tenderly the years touched him after this! — all the more tenderly, it seemed, for having roughed him so cruelly in other days.

T. B. Aldrich.



LAWRENCE AMONG THE COAL-MINES.

IN the next chamber they found two men and a boy. The miner, whom they had already heard at his work, through the immense partition-wall — or "pillar," as it is called, — was standing on a pile of rubbish driving his drill horizontally into the face of the coal-seam near the top. The laborer was separating the large fragments of coal from the slate, and the boy was sitting on a heap, separating the smaller pieces. They cast the slate aside, and threw the coal into a car, which had been drawn in on the track to the end of the chamber to be loaded.

In another chamber they found the miner working in under the seam. He was several feet beyond the face of it, and the top part hung over him and his little lamp like a tremendous ledge of black rock. It was so low that he could not stand erect. The boys, stooping, went in where he was at work.

"I have just this corner to blow out," he told them; "then I shall put in a charge under the roof, and bring down all this coal overhead."

Lawrence asked if he did n't find it hard work to drill where he had to stoop so low.

"This is nothing," said the man. And he went on to tell how he had worked in coal-seams so thin that the miner could never stand upright, from the moment he entered his chamber till he left it. "I mined in one such," said he, "that pitched like the roof of a house. Imagine two steep roofs, one four feet above the other, and yourself getting out coal between them."

"How did you manage it? Did you work down from the top?"

"We worked up from the bottom. We kept the gangway below us, and run the coal down to it in chutes."

In another chamber they found the miner just preparing to blast. The

boys retreated around the curve at the entrance, and waited for the fire to eat its way up through the fuse into the powder. Then came the explosion. Lawrence was expecting it, this time, and was not frightened; yet there was to his inexperienced nerves something painful in the sudden concussion of air, which seemed to smite him with an angry buffet in the face and breast. The vast pillars of coal that upheld the hill seemed to tremble; and the roaring gust of sound swept on through the recesses of the mines.

In traversing the gangways and chambers, Lawrence noticed many places where there had evidently once been openings in the walls, but which were now closed. Some were boarded up, and some were built up with slabs of slate. Those on one side of the gangway, Owen said, were the entrances to old chambers that had been worked out and closed up. "Those on the other side are air-courses. They go through into another gangway, parallel to this. Wherever we run one gangway, look, we run another alongside of it. They are thirty feet apart. The chambers branch off to the right from the gangway we are in; and they branch off to the left from the other."

"Why do you run two gangways?"

"To get ventilation. You don't understand." Owen, in his eagerness to explain, dropped down in a half-sitting posture against the coal-pillar, and, taking a piece of chalk from his pocket, drew a white line down a leg of his trousers, while Lawrence held his little lamp, and Mr. Clarence and Muff

looked on. "Now this is the gangway, look. Now this is the other gangway, look"; and he drew a parallel line. "Now these are the cross-cuts, or air-passages"; and he united the two with short chalk-lines drawn across from one to the other at intervals. "They are a hundred and twenty feet apart. Now here, on the opposite side from the air-courses, are the chambers. They sweep round the way they do, for the car-track must be curved; the cars could n't very well turn a square corner, look. The openings to the chambers are fifteen feet wide, with fifty-four feet of pillar between."

"Why so thick a pillar?"

"To hold the roof up. But the chambers branch out, as you go in, till they leave only twenty foot of pillar between them. That 's as little as it is safe to leave. The wooden props just keep the roof of the chamber from falling; but the pillars are the main support. Rob them, and your whole roof is coming down, look!"

Lawrence did look, with a slight start, but perceived that his roof was safe and that Owen was merely illustrating a possibility.

"Now about the ventilation. Miners could n't live a day without that. The fire-damp would fill up the mines, and cause explosions. Then the powder-smoke and the breaths of so many men and mules would be stifling. So, in driving a gangway, you shall drive an air-course all the way beside it, — as they do in some mines, — or drive a parallel gangway, so as to send the air-current up one and down the other. You make this cross-cut, look, to let the air pass through. Then, when you get much beyond that, you open a new cross-cut, and close up the last one. In this way you keep on, closing up the cross-cuts behind you, so as to force the air always through the new one, near where you are at work. Then there are cross-cuts from one chamber to another, and the air is driven through them by shutting a door in the gangway. When the miner gets much beyond a cross-cut, he begins to suffer for air; so he opens another, and stops the last one."

Owen had by this time a rude diagram on his trousers, the black surface of which represented the coal, while the white lines and filling represented gangways, air-courses, and chambers. He now proceeded to show how the currents of air circulated through the mines, and were drawn out by means of the ventilating fan in the air-shaft.

Mr. Clarence meanwhile looked on somewhat superciliously. "Just lend me your trousers-leg and piece of chalk a minute," he said, giving his cane to Muff to hold. "That" — pointing at Owen's diagram — "is an absurd system of mining and ventilation. Now this is my uncle's system." Using the Welsh boy's patches for a blackboard, he prepared to demonstrate. "It saves a large part of this astonishing waste of coal left in the pillars for one thing. And besides —"

At that moment Muff dropped the cane and darted with wild yelps into the darkness.

"What 's that?" cried Mr. Clarence, jumping up. "It must be a cat! He 's a terrible fellow for cats. If I don't look out, I shall lose him!"

"If he follows the cat, I know just where she 'll go," said Owen, putting

his blackboards in lively motion, and following the dog that had followed the cat, while Lawrence and Mr. Clarence followed him.

He soon brought them to what Lawrence at first thought was a coal-chamber; but, on entering it, he found it was a stable. The floor was littered, and, ranged along by the wall, was a row of mangers, under one of which they found Muff, sure enough, barking at a hole where his game had found refuge.

"The cats down here are used to dogs," said Owen. "Here 's where they generally hide from 'em."

"Cats and dogs in the mines!" exclaimed Lawrence. "That is what I never expected to see."

"One of our miners has a dog that brings him his dinner. He comes to the head of the shaft at noon, with the pail in his mouth, and waits till a car is stopped for somebody going down; then he jumps aboard, and jumps out again at the foot of the shaft, and finds his way to the chamber where his master is, without any light, unless the mule-teams happen to be passing."

Lawrence was much interested in this and other dog-stories Owen and Clarence had to tell. But what was the use of cats in the mines?"

"To kill off the rats," said Owen.

"You have rats down here too?"

"We used to have thousands of 'em. They got so thick one time, before we had cats, that they had no fear of you at all. They would fill a manger soon as ever you fed a mule, and go to eating right at his nose. You could take up a shovelful of 'em. You might kill as many as you pleased, there 'd be more the next time. They robbed the mules. So Mr. Lewis says one day, — he 's the inside foreman; the superintendent you saw we call the outside foreman; Mr. Lewis manages all the work in the mines, — he says one day, 'Boys,' he says, 'I 'll give any one of you a quarter, look, that will bring me a cat to-morrow.' So the next morning I puts a cat in a basket and ties the cover on, and comes down with her to see the fun when we let her out. At first she did n't know what to make of the strange place. But all at once she smells a rat, and gives a pounce, and comes out from under a manger growling and scuffling with a monstrous big rat in her mouth. Some other boys brought cats, and I bet the rats suffered! Now the cats are as much at home here as ever you saw cats anywhere. They seem to like the mines. They come purring and rubbing themselves around the miners, who always give 'em bits of their dinner. But the rats have just about disappeared."

Lawrence noticed that the mangers were covered with sheet-iron, which had been put on, Owen said, to prevent, not the rats, but the mules themselves, from gnawing the wood. "They 'd eat the mangers all up in a little while, if we did n't sheathe 'em. Look at this prop."

It was an oaken post as thick as Owen's body; and it had been so nearly gnawed in two, that a smart push with the hand might have broken it quite off. Several other props were in almost as bad a condition.

"I advise your foreman to have these props ironed," said Mr. Clarence.

"If he don't, some of your uneasy mules will be playing the part of blind Samson, and pulling your house down."

Lawrence asked whether the stables were intended merely as a dining-hall for the mules, or whether they were kept in them over night.

"We stable them here all winter," said Owen. "The hostler comes down and feeds 'em. The blacksmith comes down and shoes 'em. The doctor comes down and doctors 'em, if they are sick. But in summer we stable 'em outside. They are going out now," said Owen, leading the way back to the gangway.

A train of mules was passing, with boys on their backs, stooping on the animals' necks as they passed under low portions of the roof. Other boys — door-keepers or slate-pickers — were following on foot, calling out, "Wait and give me a ride!" "Take me on, after you get outside!" with other like hopeful phrases, all aiming to establish comfortable relations between the mules' backs and the legs of the pursuing boys.

Owen described the characters of some of the mules as they passed. "That one with the muzzle on bites. That other one kicks — look out! That last one kicked up and threw three boys over his head the other day; he thought two on his back was enough."

"How many mules are there?"

"Twenty, besides them that belong to the water-cars."

"Now my young friend will want to know what water-cars are for," said Mr. Clarence, bringing Muff away in his arms.

Owen soon had an opportunity of showing. They came to what he called a "basin," where the coal-bed lay lower than the foot of the shaft and the main gangways. It was like a hollow between hills, in which a pond of water settles, too low to be drained off. Here some men and boys were at work bailing. They dipped up the water into cars having tank-like boxes, which, when filled, were drawn up to "the top of the hill," as Owen said, — properly enough, though it sounded oddly to Lawrence to hear him talk of a hill two hundred and fifty feet below the surface of the ground. The water was there emptied out, where it would flow down the other slope of the gangway towards the shaft.

"Drainage," observed Mr. Clarence, "is of quite as much importance in coal-mining as ventilation. If it was n't for that, all these drifts and chambers would soon be full of water. I wish I had time, and I 'd show you my uncle's beautiful system!" He felt in his pocket for the piece of chalk, at the same time casting wistful glances at Owen's inviting trousers-legs. But it was getting too late for demonstrations on the blackboard.

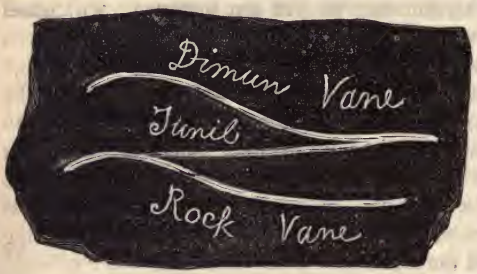
"Mr. Lewis is going to rig a little steam pump, and force the water up the hill," said Owen. "He 'll bring the steam all the way from the engine-room in pipes, and run a little bit of an engine down here, that will save the labor of four men and four mules, day and night."

"But we are a long way from the shaft, are n't we?" said Lawrence, who thought, by the distance they had travelled, they must be at least a mile from it.

"Only about six hundred feet," said Owen. "The gangways make a circuit. We have been coming round towards the point we started from. Now you shall go up into the diamond vein, and see how Mr. Lewis is managing to drain the low part of that."

"How do we get into it?" Lawrence asked, remembering that it was thirty feet above their heads.

Owen answered by leading the way to a low, narrow passage, which sloped up from the gangway and the lower coal-seam into strata of clear slate. This, Owen said, was a tunnel which Mr. Lewis had lately had constructed, as an avenue of communication between the two coal-beds. It started from what he called the top of the hill, in the lower bed, and went across, by a gentle ascent, to the bottom of the corresponding hill in the upper bed. To explain this, Owen had to stop and chalk out a diagram on a slab of slate; by which means he succeeded in conveying the idea quite clearly, although, when he came to write in words to indicate the places of the *tunnel*, and the *Diamond* and *Rock Veins*, he showed himself somewhat less familiar with the spelling-book than with the mines.



"Look here," said Mr. Clarence, examining the jagged walls of the tunnel, which were pure argillaceous slate (or slate that had once been clay), beneath the Diamond Vein. "You can see the broken ends of fossil roots."

"The slate here was full of such," said Owen. "Sometimes great big roots — only not roots, look, but stone — would come out, all perfect."

Lawrence had thought that he already understood how the forests which made the coal-beds had their roots in underlying beds of clay; but now the fact became as it were a visible reality to him, and he was for a moment lost in wonder at Nature's vast and mysterious operations. "How long ago," thought he, "these immense forests must have been growing and decaying! How useless they must have seemed, — if there had been anybody on the earth then to think about them! And now, after ages and ages, here they are in great, thick layers of coal, for the use of man, at a time when he needs it, and could n't, as I see, do without it." Lawrence was not a particularly pious boy, but somehow a deep, still sense of Infinite Love and Wisdom, — a Divine Providence, — forming and governing the world, stole over him, like a shadow of invisible wings.

He inquired if the coal of the two veins was of precisely the same quality. Owen said not quite, though they were both first-rate white-ash veins. Mr. Clarence said that the coal of no two beds anywhere was precisely the same, — though anthracite did n't show, by any means, such decided differences as the soft kinds did. "Some anthracite is very gassy, and some makes clinkers, or is full of slate and bone; while some burns without throwing off much gas, and leaves little besides ashes in the grate."

Then Lawrence wished to know the difference between white and red ash coal; and Mr. Clarence replied that red-ash was simply anthracite containing a small percentage of oxide of iron, or iron rust, which gave to its ashes their peculiar color. He went on to discourse in a quite learned way about the widely different varieties of bituminous coal, — how some would melt and run together, or "cake," in the fire; how some, containing perhaps quite as much bitumen, would not "cake," and were consequently considered more valuable for most purposes; how one sort yielded the largest amount of coal-oil, and another the largest amount of illuminating gas; how cannel-coal was probably so named because it burned with such a beautiful, clear flame, like a candle, or *cannel*, — as the word is pronounced in the Lancashire dialect, in England, and so forth, — the young gentleman talking loudly amidst the noise of a torrent that poured down through the tunnel from the upper coal vein.

"It was mostly for the water that Mr. Lewis had this tunnel cut through," said Owen, as soon as he could get a chance to slip in a word. "When he first took charge of the mines, a few years ago, he found twenty-six men bailing water, up in this Diamond Vein, like those you saw below. The first thing he said was, 'Stop spending so much money that way.' Of course he knew the chambers would fill with water; but he said, 'Let 'em fill.' He just stopped work in 'em, and blew out the tunnel, look; and now he is driving a new gangway around behind the chambers, to tap 'em."

Into this new gangway Owen conducted his friends, after having shown them the old gangway and the chambers filled with water.

They had not proceeded far when they saw a lamp moving through the darkness before them.

"There 's Mr. Lewis himself!" cried Owen. "Quick! and you 'll see him tap a chamber."

Eager to know what tapping a chamber was, Lawrence hurried on with Mr. Clarence after their guide, and soon came up with the "inside foreman," just as he was entering a short new chamber which had been driven up from the new gangway so as to strike the end of one of the old chambers.

They found him to be a plain, sensible, pleasant Welshman; and he took a good deal of pains to explain to them what he was going to do.

"The old chambers, understand, are full of water. They pitch towards the bottom of the basin; and as soon as we stopped bailing they filled. Now I come directly to the bottom of the basin with the tunnel, and work this new gangway around by the lower end of the drowned chambers. Before, the water had to be drawn in cars up one slope, and poured down another; but now I make it travel with its own legs, down through the tunnel and the Rock Vein, direct to the shaft. That saves the work of many men and mules. You see this plug."

The boys saw it, — a large round stick of wood, driven near the bottom of the wall of coal, at the end of the new chamber.

"It stops a hole that has been drilled through into one of the drowned chambers. It would n't do, understand, to break through and let all the

water out at once; it would flood everything. So we drill holes, and plug 'em, and then draw off the water by degrees. Now I unplug this. In a day or two I unplug another; and so on, till we get rid of all the water, without giving the pump at the shaft too much to do at once. Step back, or you 'll be spattered."

So saying, he loosened the plug with his foot, and pulled it out. It was

followed by a jet of water, the gushing force of which indicated the powerful pressure on the other side. It shot out horizontally from the aperture, fell in a gentle curve, and, plashing into a channel cut for it, added its tribute to the torrent pouring down through the tunnel.

Returning from the Diamond Vein, Lawrence asked why they could not go up by one of the shaft-cars, which Owen had said stopped there.

"Because the cars have done running by this time," replied the little Welshman.

"Then how are we to get out of the mines, if we can't go up the shaft?"

"I 'll show you," said Owen, mysteriously.

Lawrence reflected that there must be a way out for the mules, besides the shaft, and said nothing.

They were in the Rock Vein again, passing an air-course, when Owen stopped.

"Here was a man killed the other day," said he. "There was fire-damp here; and he went in with his lamp."

"Fire-damp," said Mr. Clarence, anticipating Lawrence's question, "is what men of science" ("like myself," his manner seemed to say) "call light carburetted hydrogen; it is a gas composed of one part carbon and two parts hydrogen. The fissures of the coal formation are full of it. It shoots out of what we call blowers. It is much more plentiful and dangerous in the soft-coal mines than it is here; but one has to be careful about it here."

"Every mine has a fire-boss," said Owen. "He goes around every morning with a safety-lamp, and tests all the places where the fire-damp is likely to be. If he finds it safe to go in, he marks on the pillar with chalk. Here 's one of his marks, now."

"The safety-lamp" — Mr. Clarence took Lawrence's lamp in his hand to illustrate — "is constructed on the principle that flame will not pass through very small holes. It is simply a lamp surrounded by a fine wire gauze. This the gas-inspector, as we call him, — or fire-boss, as Owen calls him, — carries through the mines, holding it up under the roof where the fire-damp, which is lighter than common air, is always to be found, if anywhere. It goes to the top of the mines, just as water goes to the bottom, and stands in inverted puddles, where it can't flow away. It is invisible, of course, till you light it. If the safety-lamp passes through it, it takes fire inside of the wire; sometimes it puts the lamp out, and burns with a curious flame by itself, floating on the top of the gauze covering. The gas that gets in will burn, but the burning gas can't get out; it is caged. Some mines, especially some British coal-mines, are so gassy that the miners have to use safety-lamps altogether, and protect themselves still further, by very ingenious arrangements, against other deadly gases that fall to the bottom of the chambers." *

"Our men won't work where there 's fire-damp," said Owen. "They 're afraid of it as they are of lightning. When they find it they beat it down from the roof with old coats, or bags; then the air-current carries it off."

"I should like to see some of it burn," said Lawrence.

"That 's what a man said the other day. My father knew where there was just about a hatful of it in a little hollow of the roof, in an old air-course. So he says, 'You take the lamp, and put it up there, and you 'll find some.' So the man went feeling along with the lamp, till, the first thing he knew, the whole air before his eyes burst into a blaze; it knocked him down, and skinned his nose for him."

"A little hatful of gas expands like that!" cried Lawrence.

"That 's the danger," said Owen. "Suppose there is a foot of fire-damp up there now. You shall put up your lamp, look! It catches, and you shall multiply it by seven; it makes seven foot of solid blaze, look!

"In the Mount Pleasant Mine, over here," Owen went on, "there was lately a terrible explosion. One morning the miners would n't wait for the fire-boss, and they went into a drift where there was gas. Eleven boys and eleven mules got killed. The fire-damp blowed 'em out of the drift, just like

* We shall soon publish a very interesting little sketch, entitled "The Ghosts of the Mines," by one of our ablest contributors, illustrating this subject still further. — EDITORS.

it had been a keg of powder. Then the air rushing back, blowed 'em in again. They were all torn to pieces, so you could n't tell one from another."

"Accidents are the constant dread of miners' families," said Mr. Clarence.

"Just along here," said Owen, as they travelled on, "a boy got hurted the other day. He fell under a car. I was outside at the time. As soon as it got out that there had been an accident, you should have seen! The way the women and children came running to the shaft was something pitiful. There was hundreds there in a few minutes, wringing their hands, asking questions, — 'Who is it? who is it?' for every one thought it might be her own husband, or son, or father, till the boy was brought out."

"Was he badly hurt?"

"He died in a few days. He was a poor woman's only son. Mr. Lewis got up a subscription for her, and every miner gave something. It was very sad," said Owen, his voice choking a little. "Though sometimes there 's a funny accident, look!" he added, making haste to be cheerful again. "At the Mount Pleasant Mine they have a slope twelve hundred feet long. An engine draws up the cars out of the mines by a rope. The other day a boy wanted to go down and carry his father's dinner. He pushed off a car, and got into it; but he had forgot to hook the rope to it first. The car went like lightning, after it got well started, run off the track, and smashed all to bits. But the boy was n't hurted scarcely any. When the men picked him up all he said was, — he stuttered a little, look, — 'The engineer l-l-let me down too f-f-fast!'"

"Look here, young man," said Mr. Clarence. "Your lamps are almost out."

"So are we," said Owen. "Here 's the mules' gangway. This is a new thing, too. Mr. Lewis had it cut through, because he thought if the shaft should get afire, the men would all perish, if they did n't have some way to get out. Then it helps ventilation, and is handy for the mules. Before this was cut, every mule had to be brought down the shaft; and there was always danger of the colts breaking loose and jumping out of the cars."

Lawrence's lamp was burning so low that now the current of fresh air rushing down the gangway blew it out. The oil was getting low in Owen's lamp too; it scarcely lighted their way.

"What if we had lost our lights somewhere away off in the mines?" said Lawrence.

"I did so once," said Owen. "I was on my way to the shaft, to take the last car up. I came to some water so deep I did n't like to walk through it. So I got some stones and threw in, to step on. As I was throwing the last one, I gave my head a toss, look! and off went my lamp into the water. The mines were full of rats, and I was scared. I thought I might have to spend the night with 'em; and I knew they were hungry enough to eat me. I began to travel. I did n't mind stepping into the water, then. I shouted, but could n't make anybody hear. I thought the last men must be going up the shaft by that time; and of course they would n't think to ask for me. That was before this gangway was cut through. I felt my way, and got along

as fast as I could. All to once I saw a light. It was Mr. Lewis; he was around, looking after things, as he always is. So I went out with him, and bid good-night to the rats."

"How cool the fresh air is!" said Lawrence. "I had n't thought of the mines being so warm. We shall see daylight soon."

"No, you won't," said Owen, — "though you may see starlight."

He was right. The in-rushing draught of air grew colder and colder, as they went up through the mule-trampled mud of the low, narrow, ascending gangway; and at last a faint light shone in at the entrance, which reminded Lawrence of the light Sindbad the sailor saw at the end of his cavern. But it was not the light of day. The sun had gone down, and evening had come on, since they entered the mines.

They emerged from the low-roofed passage, — which was supported by a cribbing of timber, beyond the natural roof of rock, — and came out in the shadow of a bleak hillside. There was a noise of murmuring waters, — a dark river rushed by at their feet. Lights twinkled in the city beyond, and above them the stars shone.

"Here 's the Lackawanna. We have come out on its banks," said Owen. The colliery building, where you went into the shaft, is away up on the hill yonder.

"I can't tell you how much obliged I am to you, Owen!" said Lawrence. "If you ever come to Massachusetts, I 'll try and do as much for you. In the mean time, I want to give you something to remember me by. I have n't anything but this pocket-knife; it 's small, but there 's first-rate stuff in the blades."

"I shall not take that from you!" said Owen; yet his hand opened involuntarily as the knife approached it, and closed again very quickly the moment it touched his palm, — for Owen was but a boy, and it was not in boy-nature to refuse such a gift.

"Now I wish I could see the superintendent and thank him," said Lawrence.

But Owen said it was too late to find him at the office. Then Lawrence remembered his uncle, who he feared might be growing anxious about him; and Mr. Clarence said they ought to be on their way back to the hotel. So Owen piloted them up the hill to the track of the street-cars, where they took leave of him, as if they three had been old friends, — Mr. Clarence also slipping something into the willing Welsh palm.

A street-car came along, and stopped for them; and Lawrence, getting into it, with Mr. Clarence and Muff, rode back to the hotel, where the two boys found their respective uncles, just returned, stepping out of the buggy at the door.

J. T. Trowbridge.

GOING TO SLEEP.

HAPPY stars, in pleasant places,
Will you turn your happy faces,
So that I can see you shine,
In this little bed of mine ?

When the shades begin to fall,
You come flocking, one and all,
Up the pathway of the skies,
With a smile in your sweet eyes.

And I wonder where you stay,
All the bright and tender day ;
Why you never linger long,
When the bird begins his song ;

If you hear the sweet brown thrush
Break the morning's early hush,
If the sparrow's "chip che char"
Reaches up to where you are ?

While I go to sleep, dear star,
Will you stay just where you are ?
So that I may find you there,
Not the sky all blue and bare ?

With my little prayers all said, —
Prayers for love and daily bread, —
I may hear the songs you sung,
When the Heavenly Child was young.

Mary N. Prescott.

GOING UP IN A BALLOON.

THERE are few people, especially little people, who have not had, at some time, a strong desire to go up in a balloon.

I always had a curiosity to make a voyage into the clouds, and my curiosity grew greater with my years. I never failed to see all the balloon ascensions that were made in any of the cities where I happened to be; and I travelled about a great deal when I was a youngster, or rather was carried about by a very indulgent father. I dreamed of balloon trips constantly. Some of them ended very sadly. I used to be tumbling out of the car, or be in a balloon that exploded, or get caught in the netting and be carried into the air head downward, every few weeks. The excitement would be so great that I would start, and wake up to find out I had not been in a balloon after all.

At other times I would have delightful sails in my sleep, far above the tallest mountains and the highest clouds; and now and then I would go way up, up, up, until I saw the rivers and hills and valleys in the moon, and heard the noise of cities there.

How I did enjoy it! Then I would come down very safely, and, jumping out of the balloon, I would start to run home, and tell of all the wonderful things I had seen, when the corner of the pillow would stick into my face, and wake me.

I was very little then, and I could have cried with vexation at my disappointment. I would have cried, too, if I had not been so sleepy. My eyes would shut so quickly, that the tears could not get out, and I 'd be off in another dream-world before I could think how unhappy I was.

Several times I urged my father to ask the men who were to go up in the balloons if they would not take me with them. He said they did not take little boys, which made me think them very unkind. I felt sure they would be glad of my company if they knew how much I wanted to go; but I did not like to say so. Then I begged my father to buy me a balloon; but he told me there were not any to be had big enough to carry me; that the men who went up made their own balloons, and no one else knew how.

I was very sorry when I learned that; but my father comforted me by saying that he had no doubt I could go in a balloon when I grew up. I remembered that; and one of the first things I intended to do when I became a man was to have a balloon of my own, and travel in that way altogether, instead of going on boats and cars as I had been in the habit of doing.

After I had left school, and believed myself quite a man, I still wanted to go up in a balloon. I had ceased long before to care for rocking-horses and velocipedes, for playing "pussy-wants-the-corner," "last-tag," and all such games. They seemed very foolish to me then; but a balloon was just as nice as ever, and I felt I should not be content until I had made a voyage in one.

Whenever any balloon-man came where I was — I was twenty-one, and my own master then — I made an effort, through my friends and by writing letters, to get a chance to make an ascension. Some of the balloon people promised to take me out of good-will, and others for money; but when the time came something always happened to prevent my going.

I remember Monsieur Godard, a little Frenchman, who had made many ascensions in Paris, and who had gone up in this country on horseback, with a small house attached to the car, and in various novel ways, agreed to take me on two or three occasions. One time I particularly recall. He promised a voyage to a party of three or four newspaper-writers, myself among them, after he should come down and unfasten the pony he was to take up from the balloon-yard. He took up the pony about half a mile, and, alighting in the upper part of the city, where we journalists drove in a great hurry, disappointed us dreadfully by saying he had not gas enough to carry anybody but himself.

After the little horse had been detached — he seemed very glad to get loose, and I believe he was, for he seemed terribly frightened as he looked down at the earth, and kept rising above the houses — all preparations were made for going up again. We four disappointed young men stood around the car, thinking Godard might change his mind, and take one of us up at the last moment. But he shook his head, and again declared there was hardly gas enough for him alone. We helped him to get ready. He was in the car, and cried out, "All right, all right!" The car had just risen a few feet from the earth, when one of our number, a young fellow almost crazy about balloons, plunged headforemost into the netting, and half his body disappeared. It was too late for Godard to put him out without breaking his neck; for, before the Frenchman had an idea what had been done, the balloon was above the highest house in the neighborhood. We could not help laughing to see the fellow's legs hanging over the side of the car, and his boots waving us good-by as the large ball rose rapidly over our heads. In a few minutes we saw the legs disappear, and the young man's head, with his hat in his hand, looking down at us. He was going, after all. The Frenchman was afraid to throw him out; and we walked home feeling cheated out of the voyage we had hoped so much pleasure from.

A few weeks after, Godard made another voyage from the same city. Again he agreed to take four of the writers for the press, and again I was one of them. I was in the balloon-yard promptly; so were the others. Before going up the sky looked dark, the thunder muttered in the east, and everything told of a storm. Once more there was n't gas enough, and Godard said one of the party must be left out. I said I did not want it to be myself; but he assured me he had promised the others before he had me, and that I must wait till the next time.

Wait till the next time? I had been waiting for twenty years, and I half concluded it was not to be my good fortune ever to go up in a balloon. I would not complain, however. So I kept silent, and had the disappointment of seeing my companions step into the car, and leave me behind.

There was no time to be lost, for the sky was growing blacker, and the thunder louder. The storm was likely to come at any time, and it is n't safe for a balloon to be caught in a storm. Godard thought he could get above the black clouds before they broke, for they were hardly half a mile high. He ordered the three who were to go with him to jump in, and they did so.

The big bag was loosened, and shot up into the air like an arrow. It seemed as if it would easily have carried another, particularly if he did not weigh any more than I. The heavens were so threatening, that I felt sure the trip would be an exciting one, and I watched the balloon with interest. It went so rapidly, and the clouds were so dark and low, that it was soon out of sight. Godard did not get above the storm, however. When he was a little over a third of a mile high (I heard the story afterward from one of the voyagers) the tempest burst in all its fury, and it was a violent tempest indeed.

The balloon was in the very track of the wind, and it was carried along at the rate of nearly two miles a minute in the midst of thunder, lightning, and rain. The darkness increased every minute until it became like ink. The persons in the car had no idea where they were going. They could see nothing, and hear nothing but the fury of the storm. They expected to be dashed to pieces every second. Every few minutes the glare of the lightning showed that they were whirling through a vapory mist, neither the sky nor the earth visible. Godard in broken English urged them to be cool and quiet, since everything depended on their keeping perfectly still. They were so. They sat in the corners of the car, and trusted to fortune. Godard wanted to rise higher, and threw out the sand-bags one after the other. But the wind was too strong, and drove them along wherever it willed. If he could keep out of the way of the trees or of any high object, he would be able to outride the storm. He believed he should do so, but he could not; his balloon was entirely beyond his control.

In less than twenty minutes after the tempest had broken he found the balloon crashing into a forest. He told his companions to cling to the car. They did, and they needed to; for the car bounded about like an India-rubber ball. They struck trees and snapped the branches like twigs. Boughs hit them in the face, hurled off their hats, scratched their bodies, and tore their clothes. Their path through the woods roared like the thunder, for everything seemed breaking and cracking above, around, and below them. Godard thought he could secure the balloon by throwing out the anchor. He threw it out; it caught in a tree, and snapped at once.

"My God, my God," he muttered, "we are lost!"

The balloon darted up again to a great height; then came down once more into the trees. Having lost their anchor, they had no protection, no means of alighting. They were crashing into the woods again, bounding from trunk to trunk and bough to bough when the car struck something with such violence that Godard was thrown out. The balloon whirled up and then down, and one of the party, seeing by the lightning a flash of green just below, thought they were on the ground and jumped out. Instead of the grass, as he had supposed, it was the top of a tall oak, and he fell through

the foliage a distance of over a hundred feet. The limbs partially saved him, but even as it was, he broke three of his ribs against a stump.

The car had but two persons in it now. The balloon again darted above the trees, and was in danger of going off into unknown space, for, strange to say, the balloon had not been torn enough to permit the escape of the gas, and the valve-rope had been broken long before. While the air-ship was ascending, a blast struck it, and carried it down again. Ploughing among the trees, the netting became entangled in a beech, and actually dragged it up by the roots. The beech fell upon the balloon, and its lower part lay across the car, and pressed the two inmates close to the ground. That held the balloon firm, and they were safe at last. They crawled out with skinned noses, blackened eyes, and torn clothes, but were otherwise unhurt.

The first thing they did was to try to find their companions. They halloed very loud, and after five or ten minutes their cry was answered by some one, who proved to be the man that had broken his ribs. Soon after, they discovered the Frenchman, who was not injured, — he had fallen on a hay-stack, — but who had gone about wringing his hands, and moaning over the death, as he supposed, of his dearest friends, whom he had known only about two hours.

The balloon was secure enough till morning. The party, the storm being nearly over, made their way to a farm-house, where they were directed to a surgeon in a village five miles off. After the broken ribs were set, they had a good supper, went to bed, and forgot their adventures in a sound and refreshing sleep.

The next morning Godard bundled up his damaged balloon, and they all returned to the city. Their account of the trip was very interesting to me, and I really envied them their exciting experience. I was more desirous than ever to make a balloon voyage. The danger of it often had made it attractive, apart from the pleasure I expected it to give.

About that time several balloons had met with accidents. One from St. Louis was caught in a storm, blown into Lake Erie, and the persons in it had a very narrow escape. Another that went up from a town in Michigan was never heard of; but the supposed skeleton of the man who made the voyage was discovered long after in the woods of Northern Ohio. It was thought his body had fallen from the balloon into the forest, the balloon having exploded when it was several miles in the air.

All this had the effect of increasing my wish for a voyage among the clouds; and I made more efforts than ever to accomplish it. I had tried so long that it seemed as if much of my life would be wasted if I did not go up.

There was a lull in balloon ascensions for some time; but early in the spring, just before the war, Professor Lowe was to make a voyage from Cincinnati. I was there at the time, and as soon as I heard of it I wrote him a note telling him of my earnest wish and frequent attempts to make an ascension. He told me in a personal interview that I should have the first chance, and on the afternoon of the day advertised I was in the enclosure very early, resolved not to be cheated again out of my airy ride, coveted in vain since childhood.

The number of people in the enclosure was quite large, and on the outside immense. The balloon was filled from the city gas-pipes, — it used to be necessary to make the gas for the purpose, which was troublesome and expensive, and three or four hours were needed to fill the great globe.

Balloons are usually supposed to be made of silk, but those which take men up very rarely are. Silk would cost a great deal, and be hardly strong enough. Coarse linen or cotton cloth is cut in long strips, and sewed together (imagine a melon cut in pieces, and then put together again, and you will have an idea of the process) until the whole is in the shape of an egg. The balloon must be so tight that the gas with which it is filled cannot escape. To effect this the pieces are varnished over and over again, particularly where the seams are. The varnish makes the cloth lighter and more yielding, and after layer upon layer has been put on, one drying before another is given, the balloon is found to be air-tight. Then a hole is cut in the top, and a thin block of wood, but somewhat larger than the hole, fitted to it. To the block a cord is fastened, and run through the inside of the balloon down within reach of the man in the car. A netting of strong linen cord, diamond-shaped, is thrown over the balloon, and the ends of the cord below are fastened to a hoop of iron. The car, a large basket usually, is also fastened to the hoop by ropes, and the ball being filled with gas, it is all ready for the voyage. The lower end of the balloon is not tied very tight, for the gas always rises to the top, and there is no danger, therefore, of its escaping at the bottom.

Three or four hours before the balloon is to go up, the process of filling the balloon begins. A large cylinder, generally made of varnished cloth, is attached to the gas-pipes in the street, and the other end is introduced into the mouth of the balloon, which at first lies along the earth on thick canvas to prevent its getting moist. The balloon puffs up a little at first, looking like a great blister on the ground. But as it gets fuller and fuller, it swells and swells until at last it rises up straight. It is of a light yellow color, and resembles a huge pumpkin made so thin that you can nearly see through it. It is kept down by small bags of sand which are tied to the netting I have mentioned. But for them it would dart off, and be lost, for the gas is constantly pushing upward, and struggling to carry it into the air.

When the balloon is full of gas, the ends of the twine are untied from the sand-bags, and fastened to the iron hoop of the car. A number of men cling to the balloon, let it up a little way to see how much power it has, and then pull it down. A portion of the bags of sand, and an iron anchor attached to a strong rope, with a thermometer and barometer, are placed in the car. If the day is windy, the ascension is generally delayed till about sundown, as the wind is apt to die away at that hour.

When I was going up there was quite a gale. The balloon swayed to and fro, and I was afraid the attempt would not be made; for there was danger that the wind would blow the big ball into the trees and houses before it could get above them. Having been disappointed so often, I got into the

car as soon as it was fastened to the balloon, and would not get out. That balloon, at least, should not go up without me.

Professor Lowe had much doubt about the voyage, and kept watching the sky and clouds closely. I expected to hear him say every minute, "We can't go. The weather won't allow it. I must put it off." But at last, about six o'clock, the wind lulled, and he whispered to me that we should start in a few minutes. I was very glad. I could hardly believe it was real. I sat down in a corner of the car, and was very quiet, but anxious to be off. Many of my acquaintances came up and shook hands with me, and wished me a pleasant voyage. Some urged me not to go; said it was foolish and dangerous; while others envied me and wanted to be my companions. Some would have given hundreds of dollars to be in my place, and others would not have been there for any sum of money. I heeded little what was said. All I thought about was going up.

At last, after examining everything, the Professor stepped into the car. At a given signal the men let go of the balloon, which rose very slowly. A sudden gust of wind caught us, and we should have struck the chimney of a building near the enclosure, had we not quickly thrown out a bag of sand, which carried us just above the roof. We missed the chimney by three or four inches, which was fortunate; for we should probably have been hurled out if the car had hit it, and had our necks broken at the very outset of the voyage. We threw out another sand-bag, and we went up rapidly. We were far above all the houses, even above the spire of the Cathedral, one of the highest churches in the city.

There was no consciousness of motion. The city seemed to have dropped away from us just as the houses and woods seem to run from you on a railway train. Looking over the side of the car, — it was necessary to keep very quiet, for the smallest movement made the car and the whole balloon rock, — we appeared to be standing still, and the earth slipping away faster and faster. It impressed me as if I were in a balcony and seeing the ground fall farther and farther from me.

The journey was very pleasant, and I enjoyed it greatly; but it lacked the excitement I had expected. I had supposed my blood would move rapidly, and my pulses throb as we whirled through the air. I had fancied the feeling would be something like riding on a locomotive with the wind singing through my hair, and all objects flying past me as if vast giants were throwing the world at my head. It was not, though. It was a very calm and restful feeling. I could have gone to sleep in the car, and believed I was lying on a sofa at home, so quiet was the journey.

After we had been up five or ten minutes, the view was very grand. We saw the whole city, the Ohio River, the Mill-Creek Valley, the hills about Cincinnati, and those in Kentucky, with the Licking River and the towns of Newport and Covington, all spread out below us. The cities looked exactly like the little wooden houses and trees that children have for playthings. The men and women in the streets, and the horses and wagons, seemed like ants and mice, and soon disappeared altogether. We could hear voices and

all sounds very plainly, though we had no idea where they came from. The wind changed our course from the northeast to the southeast, and as we passed over the Newport barracks the military band was playing, and we recognized the tunes very distinctly. They were much sweeter than they would have been otherwise, for the distance softened them.

We crossed and recrossed the Ohio River several times, and when we were three quarters of a mile high the water seemed corrugated, to have a thick oily surface as if it were boiling oil. All the fields appeared very regularly laid out, and the rail-fences looked like lattice-work. The whole country was a garden to the eye. We still sailed on and sailed higher, and fifteen minutes after we had left the earth we were a mile above it. We could not tell when we were going up or going down, except by dropping out pieces of tissue-paper we had brought along. If we were ascending, the bits of paper would fall like lead. If we were descending, they would fly up like feathers. When we were going down we would throw out a little sand from one of the open bags. Even a handful would change our direction, and three or four handfuls would send us up rapidly.

At a mile and a half's distance we felt chilly, and the air became rarefied. We lost all trace of objects on the earth, whose roundness began to be visible. We could see greenness of color and uneven places and hollows in the soil, when the clouds did not interfere. The clouds did interfere, though, very often, and everything below looked misty. The Professor had with him some bottles of soda, and, cutting the strings, the corks flew out with a noise that sounded loud as a musket in the rarefied atmosphere. Our lowest voices seemed like huzzahs at a political meeting, and so strange that I could hardly recognize my own.

The Professor wanted to go still higher, and we threw out a whole bag of sand. Then the pieces of tissue-paper dropped out of the car fell so fast we could hardly see them after they left our hands. It grew very cold. The mercury in the thermometer was down to 30°, and I felt a pressure upon my lungs. The air was so thin I could not breathe easily. The sun had set twice already, and we now saw it set a third time, for the higher we went, of course, the better view we got of the horizon. The red globe of fire once more sank in the gray sea-like haze of the far west, and the Professor thought we had better descend before it was dark.

I wanted to stay up all night; but he said he had n't made preparations for doing so, and it was safest to go down while it was yet light. I was very sorry, for I knew it would be pleasant to be up when the stars came out, and the moon, which was already hanging very pale in the sky, had brightened into shining silver. I had often fancied myself floating through the heavens in this way in the quiet night at the rate of a mile a minute, out of the world actually, but still a part of it, the globe revolving under my feet, as if I were a spirit that had left it, and yet breathed, and retained my consciousness and memory.

The Professor pulled the rope that was fastened to the hole in the top of the balloon, — the valve they call it, — and we began to descend. I soon

saw the gas escaping like smoke. We threw out the tissue-paper, and it flew up in a straight line. We were going down too fast. At that rate, we should be dashed to pieces against the earth. So he let go of the valve, and we went slower. The clouds flitted by us, and sometimes were in our faces. We were still descending rapidly and continued until we were only about a mile high, as we knew from the state of the barometer, the pressure of the atmosphere on the mercury giving us the means of judging. We could see the various farms below us, and we heard persons shouting to us, as we had the first half-hour of our ascension.

Some of the country people brought out their guns and fired at us as they had before. There was little danger of their hitting anybody at that distance, or of injuring the balloon, though I could n't see any special fitness in their making targets of us. The Professor said they always amused themselves in that way; that it was their manner of showing us welcome and of celebrating the event of seeing a balloon.

"Come down to supper," they cried, and "How are you?" "How do you feel up there?" "Do you like your ride?"

By this time we were not more than half a mile up, and in a few minutes we had diminished the distance to a quarter of a mile. We were now looking for a good place to alight. A large open field was the best place, as trees were dangerous, and likely to tear the balloon. We found just such a field while we were scudding along. The Professor threw out the anchor, and it caught in a fence, but the rail slipped, and we lost our security. Next we noticed two or three persons, one a woman, in the field, — they were evidently farm-hands, — and we shouted to them to catch hold of the anchor. They were afraid; but they ran after us, and after telling them a number of times to seize the anchor all together — it was dragging on the ground — they obeyed in part by striking one end of the iron into a stump, and then clutching the rope.

"Pull!" we cried, and they pulled with all their might. The balloon went down violently — we were holding to the car, and crouching so as not to be jarred too much by the shock — and bounded up a hundred feet. Then they pulled it again. Down it went; bounded about fifty feet, and was at last on the earth, the farm-hands holding it firmly until we got out.

They had never seen a balloon before, but had heard of one often. When they first noticed it in the air they were alarmed, fancying it some monster. But they concluded in a few minutes it must be a balloon. They were afraid it would take them up if they caught the rope; but one said he would if the other would, and so they gave each other courage. They were very proud of what they had done. The entire neighborhood had been watching us, and in a short time men, women, and children were on the spot, gazing with open eyes and mouths at the wonderful balloon.

The Professor determined to wait till the next morning, and make another ascent. The people brought large stones, and filled the car. Several intelligent and wealthy farmers invited us to their houses in the vicinity to take supper and spend the night. We accepted one of the invitations, for there

MORNING-GLORY.

WONDROUS interlacement !
Holding fast to threads by green and silky rings,
With the dawn it spreads its white and purple wings ;
Generous in its bloom, and sheltering while it clings,
Sturdy morning-glory.

Creeping through the casement,
Slanting to the floor in dusty, shining beams,
Dancing on the door, in quick fantastic gleams
Comes the new day's light, and pours in tideless streams,
Golden morning-glory.

In the lowly basement,
Rocking in the sun, the baby's cradle stands.
Now the little one thrusts out his rosy hands ;
Soon his eyes will open ; then in all the lands
No such morning-glory.

MORNING-GLORY.

DRAWN BY MISS LUCY GIBBONS.] [THE POEM BY H. H.

was no hotel thereabout, and we were five or six miles from any town or village. The farmer who had secured us seemed to be happy. We went to his house and were kindly and generously treated. The next morning the Professor — he said he wanted to go alone — went up again, but landed within two hours, finding he was sailing in a direction he did n't like.

Our journey had lasted an hour and a half only, and in that time we had gone two miles and a half high, and about seventy from the point from which we had started.

I went back to Cincinnati by stage and railway, and found the travel very dull after the balloon.

I was very glad to have made the trip I had dreamed of and wished for so long, and have felt quite satisfied on that one subject ever since. It was good for me ; it made me believe we can do almost anything we keep trying to do.

Junius Henri Browne.

A STRANGE DISH OF FRUITS.

"WE must all eat our peck of dirt at some time in our lives," laughingly said Mr. Blake one day to his wife, as they were looking at a neighbor's child playing in the dirt at making "mud-pies," as children will sometimes do, and who had very much soiled his face as well as his clothes. "I suppose Tommy wants to finish his meal early," Mr. Blake added, and his wife and he had a good laugh to themselves, for the children who were standing by them did not understand his meaning, and did not see what there was to laugh at.

"What do you mean by eating a peck of dirt, papa ?" said Minnie, looking up at Mr. Blake, as did also her brother Willie, whom I hope our Young Folks will remember as having asked a great many questions about wrecks and wreckers. But Willie did not say anything, though he was much puzzled by what his father had said. He was a little more considerate than his sister, — probably because he was a little older, — and he did not ask questions of other people without first trying to think out the answers for himself.

I hope all who read this are like him in this regard, for there is nothing more unpleasant or wrong in young people and old than the asking of questions unnecessarily, — that is, such as a little thought would have found an answer for. Very few young persons ever think of asking their friends or parents to make out their sums for them without having first tried to do them

alone; but they often ask the meaning of things they hear and read, before they have tried to understand them. It is wrong to be too quick in asking questions, because it is not just to ask people to spend their time in giving you knowledge you have not tried to earn for yourself; it is just the same as beggary. It is often impolite, because you sometimes interrupt others' conversation by asking them to explain what they say, when, if you listen patiently until they finish talking, you will probably learn, by what is afterwards said, the meaning of what you did not at first understand. It is a bad habit for another reason; it robs the many children who have it of a very large part of their schooling, by making them thoughtless. There is no use in listening or reading about anything, if you do not think about what you hear and read afterwards. You may not understand this now, but when you get older, you will find out that, after all that is said about education and its advantages, its best purpose is to make you think for yourself. It is not necessary only that you should read books to be wise, but you must think over what you read, and find out something new on the same subject. The wisest men and women have been those who thought and observed for themselves, not mere readers of books. If you have a habit of asking questions as Minnie did, without first thinking about the matter, you ought for all these reasons to break yourself of it at once.

Mr. Blake told his little daughter something of this sort in a much kinder and pleasanter way than I have perhaps, and then he said to her, —

"Now, Minnie, I want you and Willie to think over this until I come home to dinner this afternoon. If you do not understand it, and cannot tell me what I meant, I will explain it to you after we have finished dinner."

And, bidding the children and his wife good by, Mr. Blake went to his office and the children to their school.

Willie and Minnie thought all day very intently over what their father had said, and wondered if and how and why we must all eat a peck of dirt in our lives; but when they came home to dinner they were no wiser than before. How many of those who read this can explain the remark of Mr. Blake before reading any further, and can write it out? They may thus do themselves a benefit by giving their brains a little exercise; for thought is the exercise which is as necessary to the health and strength of the mind as walking and leaping and running and all the gymnastic exercises are to the body; and as, in the one case, the more exercise you take, the bigger the "dumb-bells" and "Indian clubs" which you can handle, so the more you think and study, the greater the ideas which you will be able to comprehend.

But if you write out your explanation of the words which Mr. Blake used on the margin of this page, be sure to do it with a lead pencil, for the paper used in this and most books is soft, and ink will spread and blot. But as pencil-marks will soil the page, I would advise you to write your ideas in ink on a separate sheet of paper, and when you read further you can compare your explanation with that which Mr. Blake is going to give his children. And I advise you, in *all* your reading, to pursue this same plan. When you come across anything which you do not clearly understand, stop and think

and write about it. The habit of thinking can be cultivated in this way, just as well as many others, — such as habits of temperance and industry, — and you can strengthen your mind by this sort of wrestling with ideas, as well as you can strengthen your muscles by wrestling with other boys.

Willie and Minnie were unable to find any satisfactory explanation of the remark, though it puzzled them all through school-hours, and the words seemed to stare up at them from their books. As soon as the dinner was over and the family had gathered around the table in the sitting-room, they told their father that they were very curious to know his meaning. Mr. Blake had not been unmindful of his promise, and during the day had drawn some pictures and made a few notes which he now took out of his pocket and laid on the table, before beginning to explain to the children what he had meant.

"I am afraid," he began, "that you have taken the expression which I used too literally, — that is, as if it meant precisely what was said, and that each and every person in the world has really to eat a peck of earth in his or her lifetime. I do not know who first used it, but the expression is a sort of proverb now. The idea that is meant is, that there is nothing we use which does not contain some matter in itself dirty and unfit for food, — that we cannot have anything good without some dross. When your mother cooks a round of beef you would hardly suppose that it is chiefly water she is cooking. You would not eat starch if it was put on the table in the shape of the dry, white, tasteless particles that you see the laundress use, yet every time you eat flour biscuit, or baker's bread, or hot rolls, you are simply eating what is more than half starch, partly gum, and some sugar. The delicious honey which mother gives you occasionally would in many instances poison you, if somebody or something had not already eaten it, and taken away the poison or foul matter. Whom do you suppose that somebody is?"

And Mr. Blake stopped to give the children an opportunity to guess at the mysterious personage; but they only looked up at their mother as if they suspected her.

"It is the bee who makes the honey, of course," said their father. "The bees often suck the sugar or sweet matter from very poisonous and offensive flowers, that you could not think of putting to your mouth or even your nose; but after they have stowed it away in their honey-bags, and worked it over, it becomes sweet and fit for use. But even then it is not entirely pure, for with the sweet part there is a tasteless wax and some very unpleasant acid; but this *dirt* is so small a part of the honey that you do not taste it. You would naturally suppose that an egg was very clean eating, but it contains a very large quantity of dirt, or at least substances which you would not think of eating, if given to you in the shape you usually see them in. You would not think of going to where the lime men have burned stones into white lime and eating a piece of that, would you? Yet in the yolk or yellow of every egg there is a piece of lime."

"Lime in eggs!" exclaimed Minnie. "How does it get there, papa?"

"Ah! that is one of the things I shall have to let you find out for yourselves, for I do not know. Besides these there are many other kinds of food which we eat that contain dirt or unclean and unnutritious properties. I will tell you of some of the most singular of them. If at dinner I had asked you if you would have another dish of poison, you would have been very much shocked, and would, perhaps, have lost your appetite. Yet I saw you eat, as if you liked it, a very good dish of poisoned pudding."

"Poisoned pudding!" exclaimed Minnie. "Why, papa, it was tapioca!"

"So you call it now, because it has been given a new name and shape, but in the West Indies and South America, where it grows, it is known to be one of the most poisonous as well as most pleasant of vegetables. It is the root of a tree called Manioc, and the juice of the root, if pressed on your hands, will stain them. If you drink this juice, it will kill you. Yet these roots are not only prepared and sold to us as tapioca for making puddings, but they are also made into bread by the natives who grow them. They dig up a root five or six times as big as your head, and carefully scrape the bark off, and then crush it as we would apples in a cider-press until the juice is pressed out. What is left looks like white sawdust. This is put in an oven or on a gridiron, and baked as if it were bread. The little poisonous juice left after the pressing dries up in the baking, and the remainder, in the baked state, is sold to us as tapioca, or eaten as bread."

"I never heard of tapioca bread," said Minnie.

"Yet it is a very delicious bread," said their father, "and quite a luxury to the natives of the countries where it grows, and who have no other bread than that which grows on trees. In the country where tapioca is found there is also a bread-fruit tree, on which the bread grows in loaves, and which is capital eating. And the same people regularly grow their butter on trees."

"Butter growing on trees!" exclaimed Willie. "I have heard of bread-trees, papa, but never of butter-trees."

"Oh! I can tell you of others which grow pots and kettles and dishes and spoons. But first about the butter-trees. We would not call it very good butter, but it is the best they have in their country. It is what we would call, from its shape, a pear, only that its meat is so soft. It grows in five or six pound lumps, as large as your head, and is a soft yellow substance under a green leathery sort of skin. It is called the Avocado pear. And the cabbages of the same people are another curious dish. You have often seen cabbage-heads growing on a short stalk not longer than your hand. Well, the cabbages of the West Indians grow on the top of palm-trees fifty feet high. The leaves are eaten just as ours are, but the palm cabbage-heads of the West Indies are two or three times larger than ours. The trees which grow pots and kettles are called calabash-trees. The fruit is larger than our pumpkin or watermelon, and has a hard rind something like that of a cocoanut. Out of this rind the natives make all their cooking utensils, which are as useful to them, and a great deal cheaper, than ours are to us."

"I thought, papa," said Willie, "that the fruits which grow in the hot countries were different from ours."

"So they are, — always different either in kind or quality. The people who live in the torrid or hot zone do not know what raspberries, cherries, apples, peaches, or strawberries are, just as we know nothing of many of their fruits except in a preserved state. But there are many fruits which both countries have in common, but of a very different quality and size. We have quinces, and the hot countries grow guave, which are the same in kind, but smaller in size. They have bananas, while we have a very inferior fruit of the same kind growing wild in the woods, and called pawpaws. You have often eaten apricots, and you remember what a delicious fruit they are. They also grow in the hot countries, but are very much larger than our apricots, growing to the size of a man's head. At the same time they are not so sweet and eatable as ours. The trees form most beautiful shades, as ours do; but they are not used as such because it is dangerous to sit under them. Can you tell why?"

"For fear the fruit might fall on you," suggested Willie.

"Yes, partly, but also for another reason which you will never guess. It is for fear that the parrots will throw the big apricots at you."

The children did not know what to think of this, and said nothing while they waited for their father to explain.

"You know what a mischievous bird the parrot is," he said, after a moment's search among his papers. "Well, parrots are as plentiful in the West Indies as blackbirds and sparrows are here. In the towns almost every house has a parrot or two, and they fly in the woods in great flocks. If you go into a town in Hayti, or St. Domingo, or Jamaica, you will hear yourself so often greeted from the houses with "Good day, sir," spoken in very good French, that you will think the people whom you cannot see are the most polite in the world; but after a visit or two you will find that it is the parrots from their perches in the windows who greet you so politely. But in the woods the wild parrots are more mischievous than polite; and if a traveller is unlucky enough to get under an apricot-tree, they will go in flocks to the tree and shake and bite off the fruit until it falls down upon him, and he is compelled to run away for safety."

"While I was down town to-day," resumed their father, "thinking about what I was to tell you, I saw a wagon loaded with nice articles which I thought you might like to eat, and which I could tell you something interesting about. And so I bought you each a — but you must promise me to eat it."

"O, we will, we will!" exclaimed the children, seeing their father hesitate.

"What is it, papa?" asked Willie, eagerly.

"Do tell us what it is, papa," begged Minnie, impatiently.

"A nice round cake of the best natural soap!" answered their father.

"Soap! Soap to eat?"

"Certainly. Why not? It is a little sour, but I know of children who are fond of soap-pies, — of the kind I mean. Here is a small cake for each of you"; and Mr. Blake handed them each a small yellow ball.

"Why, papa, they are lemons!" said Willie.

"Exactly. But they are also excellent soap, and are used for that purpose in many countries where they grow. When a gentleman in the West Indies wants to wash his hands, he squeezes the juice of the lemon on them and rubs them briskly in water until they are clean. There is an acid in the lemon similar to that used in soap, and hence it is a sort of natural soap. I see you do not like soap even in that shape, and I won't ask you to keep your promise to eat yours, but you may try to wash your hands with them. I thought you would find them too sour, so I bought you a sweeter parcel which you must promise me not to eat until morning. I have in my pocket, and am going to give you each, a nice, large, sweet, and wholesome box of blacking!"

"Eat blacking!" exclaimed Minnie.

"O papa, you are making fun of us now," said Willie.

"If you do not like shoe-blacking, I 'll eat it," said Mr. Blake, as he pulled from his pockets two yellow balls, larger than the others which he had called cakes of soap. "There," he said, holding them up, "what do you think of that sort of blacking?"

"They 're oranges!"

"Of course they are, but they are also very good for blacking your boots, though rather expensive. But in the countries where they grow in great

plenty country gentlemen use the worst kinds for blacking their boots. The orange is cut in two, and the juicy side of one half is rubbed on the soot of an iron pot and then on the boot. Then it is rubbed with a soft brush, and a bright polish at once appears."

The children did not object to eating this sort of blacking, and laid their oranges away to eat, and their lemons were put aside to wash their hands with. They had not done wondering at the strange stories their father had told them, when he began again.

"You did not much relish the idea of eating after the bee, when I spoke about honey. How would you like to eat your food after the rats and serpents?"

"Eat after rats and serpents!"

"Yes; many people do. There is a fruit which is often found pickled on our tables in this country called the mango. It grows in the West Indies on what may be called a rat's nest and serpent's den. The mango is a large tree, with long branches and wide leaves, and in the West Indies, where it grows, it is the usual hiding-place of rats and serpents. The rats build their nests by pasting the leaves together in the strange ways which certain little animals and birds have, and here they live and hatch their young. The serpents live in the hollow places, like squirrels; and though serpents and rats are sometimes in the same trees, they do not fight and quarrel, but live like peaceful neighbors or a happy family. Of course they do not injure the fruit, but it is not always pleasant to reflect when eating a mango, even after it has been pickled, that the rats may have had a taste of it first, or that the serpents may have crawled over it."

The children looked at their father when he had finished this story, as if they did not know whether he was joking or not; but Mr. Blake, when trying to interest his children in any subject, did not tell them anything untrue. Nor, strange as all these stories may have seemed to them, were they the strangest things which he might have told them. If any young readers of this should get interested in the study of botany, — that is, of plants and flowers, and trees and vegetables, — they will find that there are a great many more curious things to be learned than Mr. Blake has told his children. They can learn from the study of botany how flowers breathe and sleep, and how their blood or sap circulates in their veins; how they mark time like a clock; how they travel from country to country; how they kiss and caress each other; and how and why some of them carry umbrellas over their pretty little heads, or wear hoods; and many other strange things, which they will find much pleasure in studying, and which will make them wiser and also better men and women; for the wiser one gets by study, the more he learns to love his fellow-creatures and the God who made them all.

Major Traverse.

Sea bottom covered with corals.

A DAY ON CARYSFORT REEF.

I PROMISED to write you, my young friends, from the Florida Reefs, and perhaps I cannot do better than to give you the narrative of a single excursion, — one which you would have enjoyed as much as we did, could I have invited you to share our holiday. Do you remember that in a former chapter I spoke of a channel lying between the Reef and the Keys, called the "Ship Channel"? I told you that it made a very quiet anchorage, and that, when there was a storm in the Gulf of Mexico, vessels were very glad to find shelter in this channel, and wait till the blow was over.

This was our case. We had started from Key West some days before, on board the steamer Bibb, for a cruise in the Gulf Stream off the Florida coast. We were intending to make soundings, — that is, to ascertain the depth of the water in certain parts of the Stream, and to see what was the strength and direction of the currents, and at the same time to dredge on the ocean bottom for any animals which might be living there.

I say *we*, because I was looking on, and so it seemed to me as if I were helping, which is the way with a great many people who stand and look on and feel as if they did all the work. But in truth I did nothing at all, except to follow the operations with a great deal of interest, as I dare say you would

have done; watching, especially when the dredge came up, to see what beautiful things it brought from the ocean depth. The dredge is a strong net fastened upon an iron frame, so heavy that it will sink very far in the water, and when loaded may fall even to a depth of several thousand feet. Being thrown over the side of the vessel it drags on the bottom, and scoops up whatever comes in its way.

I wish you could have taken a peep with me sometimes into the glass bowls, where, after the contents of the dredge were assorted, we kept the living animals. Sometimes you would have seen corals which you would surely have taken for flowers rather than animals. Their pure white cups, occasionally mounted on shells, were so frail and delicate that you would scarcely believe them to be hard till you touched them. Their soft tentacles gently stirring in the water only confirmed the deception. Here you have a picture of some of them, but you do not see their tentacles, because all their soft parts die and shrivel up when they are taken from the water. When the tentacles are spread out in the living animal they form a delicate fringe, extending beyond the edge of the cups, and are in constant motion. When drawn in, they lie folded like a colored lining against the inner side of the cup.

Rhizotrochus.

Then I should have shown you little shrimps of a bright red color, with large blue eyes, and tiny cuttle-fishes, and crimson, orange, or purple sponges, and feather stars as many tinted as the rainbow. Or look at this minute sea-urchin who has come up in a bit of rock, where he just fits into a little hole which he has worn for himself. That is the way he makes his house. I wonder whether when he grows bigger, as all young folks must do, he will enlarge his house to suit his dimensions. Now he is packed into it so snugly that there is no room to spare.

We had often beautiful sea-anemones also, though these did not usually come up in the dredge, but were caught when we made boating excursions to the land or to the shoals of the reef. Sometimes the body was orange color, while the tentacles were bright green; in other cases the whole animal was green; in others, pink or red. I remember two crimson ones which interested us especially, because they lived for many days, and we used to watch them. One day, some exceedingly small fishes, not more than a third of an inch in length, were caught in the hand-net, and chanced to be thrown alive into the glass bowl where these anemones were kept. They had not had anything to eat for some time, and I suppose they felt hungry, for presently I saw one of the anemones spread out his soft, treacherous feelers. Instantly one of the little fishes seemed to be stranded against them, entan-

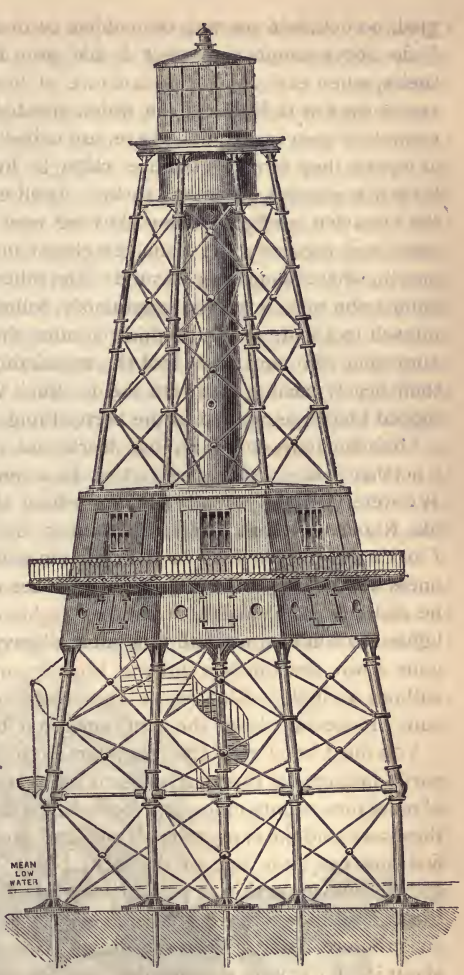
gled, no doubt, in the web of invisible cords thrown out from their lasso cells. I do not remember whether I told you about these singular weapons of theirs, when explaining the structure of the sea-anemone. Their tentacles are covered with little cells in which threads or whips, so delicate that they cannot be seen by the naked eye, are coiled up. When they desire to catch any prey they throw out these whips by hundreds, and no doubt the poor little fish was caught among them. At all events, it lay for a moment upon the tentacles, a slight quiver showing once or twice that it was not quite dead, and presently the tentacles closed in with it and drew it down to the mouth, where it soon disappeared. The other sea-anemone, observing that his companion was dining so sumptuously, followed his example and also helped himself to a fish, which disappeared after the same fashion. For some days after that our anemones looked remarkably well and thriving. Evidently their hearty meal agreed with them. Such were a few of our specimens, but indeed there was no end to the pretty things which we collected daily.

Unfortunately, however, our work was interrupted by what is called a "norther" in these regions; that is, a very strong blow from the north. We were very glad to take shelter behind the reef, in a harbor called "The old Rhodes," which is entirely shut in by keys, as all islands about the Florida coast are called, and is therefore very quiet. We had been prisoners here for several days; we had exhausted all the excursions which could be undertaken in small boats in the neighborhood, and therefore we were delighted to wake up one morning after a heavy rain, and find that the sea had gone down, the sun was shining brightly, and the surface of the water was without a ripple. Glad to be once more on our way, we left old Rhodes, and, proceeding down the reef, anchored before Carysfort Lighthouse.

You must know that the Carysfort Light is a beacon famous on the reef, partly because its ray penetrates so far that sailors recognize it at a distance of more than twenty miles, and feel safe, for they know that, guided by its light, they can avoid the dangerous shore; and partly because its foundations strike fast and deep into one of the most beautiful and extensive fields of coral growth known on this or perhaps on any other coast. This field we wanted to see, and therefore we anchored very near the lighthouse. It is a singular structure, rising, as you see, directly from the ocean, without a foot of land about it; for you must remember that our coral field is under the sea. The light is lifted on a solid shaft a hundred feet above the surface of the water. This shaft is strengthened on the outside by an iron framework of columns slanting outward, and the rooms occupied by the keeper are built in between the shaft and the outside columns at about half height, standing perhaps some forty or fifty feet above the water.

After breakfast we rowed to the lighthouse, and, arriving under the columns, stepped from our boat on to a perpendicular ladder somewhat steep to climb, which brought us to a rough flooring. From this point there was a spiral staircase, by which we reached the rooms of the lighthouse-keeper. He was glad enough to see us, for he and his two assistants live a lonely life out on the reef, with no soul to speak to except each other, and noth-

ing to do but to trim and feed the lamp on which so many lives depend, and watch the sails go by. He was an old man, who had led a seafaring life himself, and he told us that forty years ago he was wrecked on the very spot where Carysfort Light now stands. I dare say that sometimes, when he lights up his huge lantern at dusk, and sets the lamp revolving within the great glass lenses which multiply its brilliancy a hundred-fold, he remembers the night when, if such a glowing eye had shone upon his track, he would have been saved from great disaster and loss.



Carysfort Lighthouse.*

This was not the only lighthouse we had visited on our cruise. A few weeks before we had stopped at one which was built on a rock in the ocean, so barren that Carysfort itself, with no land at all about it, seemed to me cheerful in comparison. I mention it because I think you will be surprised to hear that on this desolate rock there lived a family of children with their father and mother. Do you not think it must be a sad life? And yet they looked bright and happy, though they never have any other children to come and play with them, never see a green field or a flower, and never know what it is to run and play at will as children do on land, because the rock is so small, and is pierced with so many holes and caverns, that their parents fear to let them go about alone. I wished I had had some playthings, some pretty books or pictures, for them. But as it was, instead of my giving them anything, they loaded me with presents, bringing me, in a shy, affectionate way, all the pretty shells and stones which are their substitutes for playthings, and insisting upon my accepting them. But let us go back to

* I owe this sketch to the courtesy of Colonel Blunt, of the U. S. Corps of Engineers.

Carysfort. I am forgetting the subject of our talk in telling you about those solitary little people anchored so far away from all your amusements and pleasures.

After we had talked with the lighthouse-keeper for a while, he invited us to step out upon a sort of ledge or balcony which runs around his rooms on the outside, and is protected by a railing. From this perch we looked down into the sea, and I want you to look down with me. If you do not, I am afraid you will hardly believe what I tell you.

As far as the eye could reach, the coral field stretched out around the lighthouse, and so transparent was the water, that we saw the ocean bottom as we might have seen a garden spread out beneath us. This comparison may, however, mislead you, and I think I have perhaps misled you already, when in a former chapter I compared the appearance of a growing coral reef to a shrubbery of waving, many-colored plants. When I wrote that I had never seen, and hardly expected to see, a coral reef, and I described its appearance as I had understood it from the descriptions of others. But Nature is not poor in invention. She does not simply repeat the grace and loveliness of her fields when she spreads her ocean floor with a beauty all its own. And though I confess that there is something in the branching, leaf-like growth of the corals, as well as in their motion and color, which reminds one of plants, yet I think there is a glory of the sea as there is a glory of the land, and they are not the same.

The coral field consisted, in a great degree, of what are called leaf-corals

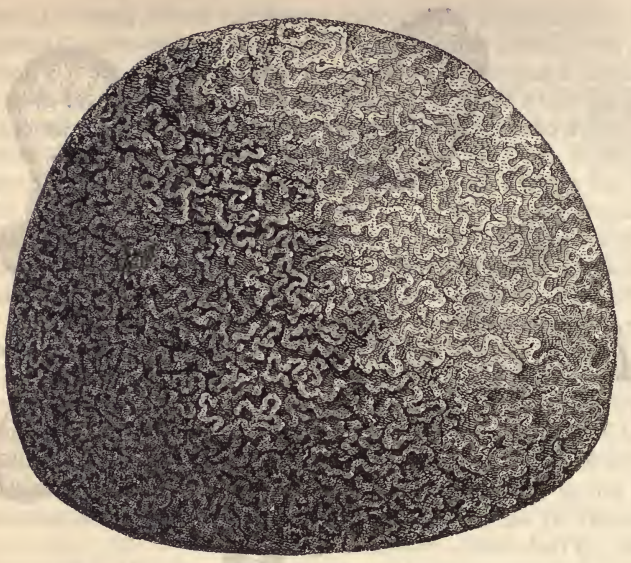
Leaf-Coral (Madrepora palmata), with a Sea-fan (Gorgonia) growing upon it.

(*Madrepora palmata*). They often, though not always, grow in spirals, their broad, flat branches rising tier upon tier, one above the other. Looking down upon them, I understood where the animals living upon the reef make their homes and find a shelter. Between the almost level floors of these expansions, which often stretch for many yards in circumference on one single stock, there are hundreds of protected recesses, little holes and shady nooks and corners, which seem, I dare say, like large caves to the small animals which inhabit them.

Numbers of fishes were playing among these spreading branches. Darting, shooting, winding in and out between the corals, seen one moment, hidden the next, chasing one another as if in a game of hide-and-seek, or following in shoals of twenty or thirty, as if bound on some special errand, they all seemed as busy and as happy as birds in a wood. Most of them were very brilliant in color. In some, the whole body was of the most vivid blue, others were blue and black, others, again, red and green, others black banded with yellow, and one, the most beautiful of all, was a bright canary color on the lower side, and dark violet above. Now and then some large fish, a garupa or a barracuda, or even a shark, would pass by, and then all the smaller fry scattered, hiding themselves under the coral, and were seen no more till their enemy was out of sight.

We passed a couple of hours in the lighthouse, watching this strange and beautiful spectacle. We then returned to the ship for lunch, but started again in boats in the afternoon, for the purpose of floating over the whole expanse of the reef, and collecting coral. This was, if possible, more interesting, for, being almost on a level with the water, we could see every object beneath it with even greater distinctness than from the lighthouse, though at that height we had, of course, a more extensive view.

I have mentioned especially the leaf-coral, because that was the most conspicuous at first sight; but there were many heads of brain-coral, or Mæandrina, of Astræa, commonly called Star Coral, and of Porites, ranging in size from little tufts not bigger than your fist to enormous masses from six to ten feet in diameter. There were many also of the more delicate branching kinds, known as finger-corals, and great numbers of the so-called sea-fans. These latter resemble plants so much, that in seeing them you cease to wonder at the frequent comparison of coral-beds to gardens or shrubbery. The broad expansions of the leaf-coral spread horizontally, and are perfectly rigid and motionless, the soft parts of the animals composing the mass being very small in comparison to the solid portions of which the whole structure is built. The fan-corals, on the contrary, are elastic and flexible. They stand upon the ocean bottom on a sort of root, or at least upon a solid base which resembles a root, and their spreading leaves rise lightly in the water and wave with its motion as if stirred by the wind. They are of many colors, — various shades of brown, green, and purple, the latter being especially predominant. Mingled as they often are with a kind of vegetable coral called coralline, resembling sea-weed, and with the bright red, purple, or orange-colored sponges which abound along the Florida coast, you



Head of Brain-Coral (Mæandrina).

may well be reminded, when looking down upon them, of a brilliant flower-bed.

We could not have had a better day for our excursion than the one we had chosen. It happened to be a season of spring tides, so that the ebb tide was remarkably low. In some places large masses of coral were left exposed, and indeed there were portions of the reef over which one might walk, not dry shod certainly, but springing from one coral stock to another. Other portions were still covered, even at the lowest tide, by six or eight feet or even three or four fathoms of water. I am sure that all the boys who read this would gladly have shared in the fun of that afternoon. We had three or four boats, and the greater part of the ship's company were in them. All had come dressed for aquatic adventures, and soon there was scarcely a man left in the boats. In every variety of rough and picturesque costume, they were stalking about on the reef, — sometimes wading up to their waists or their shoulders, sometimes swimming in the deeper places, sometimes diving after a desirable specimen. Armed with boat-hooks, crow-bars, logs of wood, or whatever else they could lay their hands upon, all were engaged in dislodging the more solid and heavier masses, or in breaking off the delicate fans and the finger-corals. It was a play-day for all. I doubt if ever before the reef had resounded to such gayety, — the shouts and laughter of the men echoing on every side as they plunged and tumbled about in the water. Now and then the mirth was varied by cries of another kind, when some one, by mistake, laid hold of the sharp spines of a sea urchin, or got a sting from the so-called sea-worm. But these incidents were not numerous, and, after all, raised a laugh in the end.

Fan-Coral (Rhipidigorgia flabellum).

At last, when all were fairly tired out with work and play, we returned to the vessel, rowing back in the sunset over a sea so calm that no ripple, except those made by our oars, broke its surface. Such was our day at Carysfort Reef, and if I have told my story well, I think you will admit that it was one to be pleasantly remembered. In my next article I shall tell you something of the different kinds of coral when alive, as I saw them during our cruise, and explain the reefs and keys of Florida more at length.

Elizabeth C. Agassiz.

HOW TO DO IT.

IV. HOW TO READ.

1. *The Choice of Books.*

YOU are not to expect any stories this time. There will be very few words about Stephen, or Sibyl, or Sarah. My business now is rather to answer, as well as I can, such questions as young people ask who are beginning to have their time at their own command, and can make their own selection of the books they are to read. I have before me, as I write, a handful of letters which have been written to the office of "The Young Folks" asking such questions. And all my intelligent young friends are asking each other such questions, and so ask them of me every day. I shall answer these questions by laying down some general rules, just as I have done before; but I shall try to put you into the way of choosing your own books, rather than choosing for you a long, defined list of them.

I believe very thoroughly in courses of reading, because I believe in having one book lead to another. But, after the beginning, these courses for different persons will vary very much from each other. You all go out to a great picnic, and meet together in some pleasant place in the woods, and you put down the baskets there, and leave the pail with the ice in the shadiest place you can find, and cover it up with the blanket. Then you all set out in this great forest, which we call Literature. But it is only a few of the party, who choose to start hand in hand along a gravel-path there is, which leads straight to the Burgesses' well, and probably those few enjoy less and gain less from the day's excursion than any of the rest. The rest break up into different knots, and go some here and some there, as their occasion and their genius call them. Some go after flowers, some after berries, some after butterflies; some knock the rocks to pieces, some get up where there is a fine view, some sit down and sketch the stumps, some go into water, some make a fire, some find a camp of Indians and learn how to make baskets. Then they all come back to the picnic in good spirits and with good appetites, each eager to tell the others what he has seen and heard, each having satisfied his own taste and genius, and each and all having made vastly more out of the day than if they had all held to the gravel-path and walked in column to the Burgesses' well and back again.

This, you see, is a long parable for the purpose of making you remember that there are but few books which it is necessary for every intelligent boy and girl, man and woman, to have read. Of those few, I had as lief give the list here.

First is the Bible, of which not only is an intelligent knowledge necessary for your healthy growth in religious life, but — which is of less consequence, indeed — it is as necessary for your tolerable understanding of the literature, or even science, of a world which for eighteen centuries has been under

the steady influence of the Bible. Around the English version of it as Mr. Marsh * shows so well, the English language of the last three centuries has revolved, as the earth revolves around the sun. He means, that although the language of one time differs from that of another, it is always at about the same distance from the language of King James's Bible.

Second, every one ought to be quite well informed as to the history of the country in which he lives. All of you should know the general history of the United States well. You should know the history of your own State in more detail, and of your own town in the most detail of all.

Third, an American needs to have a clear knowledge of the general features of the history of England.

Now it does not make so much difference how you compass this general historical knowledge, if, in its main features, you do compass it. When Mr. Lincoln went down to Norfolk to see the rebel commissioners, Mr. Hunter, on their side, cited, as a precedent for the action which he wanted the President to pursue, the negotiations between Charles the First and his Parliament. Mr. Lincoln's eyes twinkled, and he said, "Upon questions of history I must refer you to Mr. Seward, for he is posted upon such things, and I do not profess to be. My only distinct recollection of the matter is, that Charles lost his head." Now you see it is of no sort of consequence how Mr. Lincoln got his thoroughly sound knowledge of the history of England, — in which, by the way, he was entirely at home, — and he had a perfect right to pay the compliment he did to Mr. Seward; but it was of great importance to him that he should not be haunted with the fear that the other man did know, really, of some important piece of negotiation of which he was ignorant. It was important to him to know that, so that he might be sure that his joke was — as it was — exactly the fitting answer.

Fourth, it is necessary that every intelligent American or Englishman should have read carefully most of Shakespeare's plays. Most people would have named them before the history, but I do not. I do not care, however, how early you read them in life, and, as we shall see, they will be among your best guides for the history of England.

Lastly, it is a disgrace to read even the newspaper, without knowing where the places are which are spoken of. You need, therefore, the very best atlas you can provide yourself with. The atlas you had when you studied geography at school is better than none. But if you can compass any more precise and full, so much the better. Colton's American Atlas is good. The large cheap maps, published two on one roller by Lloyd, are good; if you can give but five dollars for your maps, perhaps this is the best investment. For the other hemisphere, Black's Atlas is good. Rogers's, published in Edinburgh, is very complete in its American maps. Stieler's is cheap and reliable.

When people talk of the "books which no gentleman's library should be without," the list may be boiled down, I think — if in any stress we should be reduced to the bread-and-water diet — to such books as will cover these

* Marsh's Lectures on the English Language: very entertaining books.

five fundamental necessities. If you cannot buy the Bible, the agent of the County Bible Society will give you one. You can buy the whole of Shakespeare for fifty cents in Dicks's edition. And, within two miles of the place where you live, there are books enough for all the historical study I have prescribed. So, in what I now go on to say, I shall take it for granted that we have all of us made thus much preparation, or can make it. These are the central stores of the picnic, which we can fall back upon, after our explorations in our various lines of literature.

Now for our several courses of reading. How am I to know what are your several tastes, or the several lines of your genius? Here are, as I learn from Mr. Osgood, some seventy-six thousand five hundred and forty-three Young Folks, be the same more or less, who are reading this paper. How am I to tell what are their seventy-six thousand five hundred and forty-three tastes, dispositions, or lines of genius? I cannot tell. Perhaps they could not tell themselves, not being skilled in self-analysis; and it is by no means necessary that they should be able to tell. Perhaps we can set down on paper what will be much better, the rules or the system by which each of them may read well in the line of his own genius, and so find out, before he has done with this life, what the line of that genius is, as far as there is any occasion.

Do not try to read Everything.

That is the first rule. Do not think you must be a Universal Genius. Do not "read all Reviews," as an old code I had bade young men do. And give up, as early as you can, the passion, with which all young people naturally begin, of "keeping up with the literature of the time." As for the literature of the time, if one were to adopt any extreme rule, Mr. Emerson's would be the better of the two possible extremes. He says it is wise to read no book till it has been printed a year; that, before the year is well over, many of those books drift out of sight, which just now all the newspapers are telling you to read. But then, seriously, I do not suppose he acts on that rule himself. Nor need you and I. Only, we will not try to read them all.

Here I must warn my young friend Jamie not to go on talking about renouncing "nineteenth century trash." It will not do to use such words about a century in which have written Goethe, Fichte, Cuvier, Schleiermacher, Martineau, Scott, Tennyson, Thackeray, Browning, and Dickens, not to mention a hundred others whom Jamie likes to read, as much as I do.

No. We will trust to conversation with the others, who have had their different paths in this picnic party of ours, to learn from them just the brightest and best things that they have seen and heard. And we will try to be able to tell them, simply and truly, the best things we find on our own paths. Now, for selecting the path, what shall we do, — since one cannot in one little life attempt them all?

You can select for yourself, if you will only keep a cool head, and have your eyes open. First of all, remember that what you want from books is

the information in them, and the stimulus they give to you, and the amusement for your recreation. You do not read for the poor pleasure of saying you have read them. You are reading for the subject, much more than for the particular book, and if you find that you have exhausted all the book has on your subject, then you are to leave that book, whether you have read it through or not. In some cases you read because the author's own mind is worth knowing; and then the more you read the better you know him. But these cases do not affect the rule. You read for what is in the books, not that you may mark such a book off from a "course of reading," or say at the next meeting of the "Philogabblian Society" that you "have just been reading Kant or Godwin." What is the subject, then, which you want to read upon?

Half the boys and girls who read this have been so well trained that they know. They know what they want to know. One is sure that she wants to know more about Mary Queen of Scots; another, that he wants to know more about fly-fishing; another, that she wants to know more about the Egyptian hieroglyphics; another, that he wants to know more about propagating new varieties of pansies; another, that she wants to know more about "The Ring and the Book"; another, that he wants to know more about the "Tenure of Office bill." Happy is this half. To know your ignorance is the great first step to its relief. To confess it, as has been said before, is the second. In a minute I will be ready to say what I can to this happy half; but one minute first for the less happy half, who know they want to read something because it is so nice to read a pleasant book, but who do not know what that something is. They come to us, as their ancestors came to a relative of mine who was librarian of a town library sixty years ago; "Please, sir, mother wants a sermon book, and another book."

To these undecided ones I simply say, now has the time come for decision. Your school studies have undoubtedly opened up so many subjects to you that you very naturally find it hard to select between them. Shall you keep up your drawing, or your music, or your history, or your botany, or your chemistry? Very well in the schools, my dear Alice, to have started you in these things, but now you are coming to be a woman, it is for you to decide which shall go forward; it is not for Miss Winstanley, far less for me, who never saw your face, and know nothing of what you can or cannot do.

Now you can decide in this way. Tell me, or tell yourself, what is the passage in your reading or in your life for the last week which rests on your memory. Let us see if we thoroughly understand that passage. If we do not, we will see if we cannot learn to. That will give us a "course of reading" for the next twelve months, or if we choose, for the rest of our lives. There is no end, you will see, to a true course of reading; and, on the other hand, you may about as well begin at one place as another. Remember that you have infinite lives before you, so you need not hurry in the details for fear the work should be never done.

Now I must show you how to go to work, by supposing you have been

interested in some particular passage. Let us take a passage from Macaulay, which I marked in the Edinburgh Review for Sydney to speak, twenty-nine years ago, — I think before I had ever heard Macaulay's name. A great many of you boys have spoken it at school since then, and many of you girls have heard scraps from it. It is a brilliant passage, rather too ornate for daily food, but not amiss for a luxury, more than candied orange is after a state dinner. He is speaking of the worldly wisdom and skilful human policy of the method of organization of the Roman Catholic Church. He says: —

"The history of that Church joins together the two great ages of human civilization. No other institution is left standing which carries the mind back to the times when the smoke of sacrifice rose from the Pantheon, when camelopards and tigers bounded in the Flavian amphitheatre. The proudest royal houses are but of yesterday, when compared with the line of the Supreme Pontiffs. That line we trace back in an unbroken series, from the Pope who crowned Napoleon in the nineteenth century, to the Pope who crowned Pepin in the eighth; and far beyond the time of Pepin the august dynasty extends, till it is lost in the twilight of fable. The Republic of Venice came next in antiquity. But the Republic of Venice was modern when compared with the Papacy; and the Republic of Venice is gone, and the Papacy remains. The Papacy remains, not in decay, not a mere antique, but full of life and youthful vigor. The Catholic Church is still sending forth to the farthest ends of the world missionaries as zealous as those who landed in Kent with Augustin; and still confronting hostile kings with the same spirit with which she confronted Attila. . . . .

"She was great and respected before the Saxon had set foot on Britain, before the Frank had passed the Rhine, when Grecian eloquence still flourished at Antioch, when idols were still worshipped in the temple of Mecca. And she may still exist in undiminished vigor, when some traveller from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's."

I. We will not begin by considering the wisdom or the mistake of the general opinion here laid down. We will begin by trying to make out what is the real meaning of the leading words employed. Look carefully along the sentence, and see if you are quite sure of what is meant by such terms as "The Roman Catholic Church," "the Pantheon," "the Flavian amphitheatre," "the Supreme Pontiffs," "the Pope who crowned Napoleon," "the Pope who crowned Pepin," "the Republic of Venice," "the missionaries who landed in Kent," "Augustin," "the Saxon had set foot in Britain," "the Frank had passed the Rhine," "Grecian eloquence still flourished at Antioch," "idols in Mecca," "New Zealand," "London Bridge," "St. Paul's."

For really working up a subject — and this sentence now is to be our subject — I advise a blank book, and, for my part, I like to write down the key words or questions, in a vertical line, quite far apart from each other, on the first pages. You will see why, if you will read on.

II. Now go to work on this list. What do you really know about the organization of the Roman Catholic Church? If you find you are vague about it, that such knowledge as you have is only half knowledge, which is no knowledge, read till you are clear. Much information is not necessary, but

good, as far as it goes, is necessary on any subject. This is a controverted subject. You ought to try, therefore, to read some statement by a Catholic author, and some statement by a Protestant. To find out what to read, on this or any subject, there are different clews.

1. Any encyclopædia, good or bad, will set you on the trail. Most of you have or can have an encyclopædia at command. There are one-volume encyclopædias better than nothing, which are very cheap. You can pick up an edition of the old Encyclopædia Americana, in twelve volumes, for ten or twelve dollars. Or you can buy Appleton's, which is really quite good, for sixty dollars a set. I do not mean to have you rest on any encyclopædia, but you will find one at the start an excellent guide-post. Suppose you have the old Encyclopædia Americana. You will find there that the "Roman Catholic Church" is treated by two writers, — one a Protestant, and one a Catholic. Read both, and note in your book such allusions as interest you, which you want more light upon. Do not note everything which you do not know, for then you cannot get forward. But note all that specially interests you. For instance, it seems that the Roman Catholic Church is not so called by that church itself. The officers of that church might call it the Roman church, or the Catholic church, but would not call it the Roman Catholic church. At the Congress of Vienna, Cardinal Consalvi objected to the joint use of the words Roman Catholic church. Do you know what the Congress of Vienna was? No? then make a memorandum, if you want to know. We might put in another for Cardinal Consalvi. He was a man, who had a father and mother, perhaps brothers and sisters. He will give us a little human interest, if we stop to look him up. But do not stop for him now. Work through "Roman Catholic Church," and keep these memoranda in your book for another day.

2. Quite different from the encyclopædia is another book of reference, "Poole's Index." This is a general index to seventy-three magazines and reviews, which were published between the years 1802 and 1852. Now a great deal of the best work of this century has been put into such journals. A reference, then, to "Poole's Index" is a reference to some of the best separate papers on the subjects which for fifty years had most interest for the world of reading men and women. Let us try "Poole's Index" on "The Republic of Venice." There are references to articles on Venice, in the New England Magazine, in the Pamphleteer, in the Monthly Review, Edinburgh, Quarterly, Westminster and De Bow's Reviews. Copy all these references carefully, if you have any chance at any time, of access to any of these journals. It is not, you know, at all necessary to have them in the house. Probably there is some friend's collection or public library where you can find one or more of them. If you live in or near Boston, or New York, or Philadelphia, or Charleston, or New Orleans, or Cincinnati, or St. Louis, or Ithaca, you can find every one.

When you have carefully gone down this original list, and made your memoranda for it, you are prepared to work out these memoranda. You begin now to see how many there are. You must be guided, of course, in your

reading, by the time you have, and by the opportunity for getting the books. But, aside from that, you may choose what you like best, for a beginning. To make this simple by an illustration, I will suppose you have been using the old Encyclopædia Americana, or Appleton's Cyclopædia and Poole's Index only, for your first list. As I should draw it up, it would look like this: —

Cyclopædia.	Poole's Index.
ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH.	
See (for instance)	Eclectic Rev., 4th S. 13, 485.
Council of Trent.	Quart. Rev., 71, 108.
Chrysostom.	For. Quart. Rev., 27, 184.
Congress of Vienna.	Brownson's Rev., 2d S. 1, 413; 3, 309.
Cardinal Consalvi.	N. Brit. Rev., 10, 21.
THE PANTHEON.	
Built by Agrippa. Consecrated, 607, to St. Mary ad Martyros. Called Rotunda.	
THE FLAVIAN AMPHITHEATRE.	
The Coliseum, *b.* by T. Flavius Vespasian.	
SUPREME PONTIFFS.	
Popes. The line begins with St. Peter. A. D. 42. Ends with Pius IX., 1846.	New-Englander, 7, 169.
	N. Brit. Rev., 11, 135.
POPE WHO CROWNED NAPOLEON.	
Pius VII., at Notre Dame, in Paris, Dec. 2, 1804.	For. Quar. Rev., 20, 54.
POPE WHO CROWNED PEPIN.	
Probably Pepin le Bref is meant. But he was not crowned by a Pope. Crowned by Archbishop Boniface of Mayence, at the advice of Pope Zachary. *b.* @ 715. *d.* 768.	
REPUBLIC OF VENICE.	
452 to 1815. St. Real's History.	Quart. Rev., 31, 420.
Otway's Tragedy, Venice Preserved.	Month. Rev., 90, 525.
Hazlitt's Hist. of Venice.	West. Rev., 23, 38.
Ruskin's Stones of Venice.	
MISSIONARIES IN KENT.	
	Dublin Univ. Mag., 21, 212.
AUGUSTIN.	
There are two Augustins. This is St. Austin, *b.* in 5th century, *d.* 604–614.	
Southey's Book of Church.	
Sharon Turner's Anglo-Saxons.	
Wm. of Malmesbury.	
Bede's Ecc. History.	
SAXON IN BRITAIN.	
Turner as above.	Edin. Rev., 89, 79.
Ang.-Saxon Chronicle.	Quart. Rev., 7, 92.
Six old Eng. Chronicles.	Eclect. Rev., 25, 669.
FRANK PASSED THE RHINE.	
Well established on west side, at the beginning of 5th century.	For. Quart. Rev., 17, 139.
GREEK ELOQUENCE AT ANTIOCH.	
Muller's Antiquitates Antiochianæ.	Greek Orators. Ed. Rev., 36, 62.

IDOLS IN MECCA.

Burckhardt's Travels.
Burton's Travels.

NEW ZEALAND.

3 islands, as large as Italy. Discovered, 1642: taken by Cook for England, 1769.	N. Am. Rev., 18, 328.
Gov. sent out, 1838.	West. Rev., 45, 133.
Thomson's Story of N. Z.	Edin. Rev., 91, 231; 56, 333.
Cook's Voyages.	N. Brit. Rev., 16, 176.
Sir G. Gray's Poems, &c. of Maoris.	Living Age,

LONDON BRIDGE.

5 elliptical arches. "Presents an aspect unequalled for interest and animation."

ST. PAUL'S.

Built in 30 years between 1675 and 1705, by Christ. Wren.

Now I am by no means going to leave you to the reading of cyclopædias. The vice of cyclopædias is that they are dull. What is done for this passage of Macaulay in the lists above is only preliminary. It could be easily done in three hours' time, if you went carefully to work. And when you have done it, you have taught yourself a good deal about your own knowledge and your own ignorance, — about what you should read and what you should not attempt. So far it fits you for selecting your own course of reading.

I have arranged this only by way of illustration. I do not mean that I think these a particularly interesting or particularly important series of subjects. I do mean, however, to show you that the moment you will sift any book or any series of subjects, you will be finding out where your ignorance is, and what you want to know.

Supposing you belong to the fortunate half of people who know what they need, I should advise you to begin in just the same way.

For instance, Walter, to whom I alluded above, wants to know about *Fly-Fishing*. This is the way his list looks.

FLY-FISHING.

Cyclopædia.	Poole's Index.
(For instance)	Quart. Rev., 69, 121; 37, 345.
W. Scott, Redgauntlet.	Edin. Rev., 78, 46, or 87; 93, 174, or 340.
Dr. Davy's Researches, 1839.	Am. Whig. Rev., 6, 490.
Cuvier and Valenciennes, Hist. Naturelle des Poissons, Vol. XXI.	N. Brit. Rev., 11, 32, or 95: 1, 326; 8, 160; or Liv. Age, 2, 291; 17, 1.
	Blackwood, 51, 296.
Richardson's Fauna Bor. Amer.	Quar. Rev., 67, 98, or 332; 69, 226.
	Blackwood, 10, 249; 49, 302; 21, 815; 24, 248; 35, 775; 38, 119; 63, 673; 5, 123; 5, 281; 7, 137.
De Kay, Zoölogy of N. Y.	
Agassiz, Lake Superior.	
	Fraser, 42, 136.

See also,

Izaak Walton, Compleat Angler. (Walton and Cotton first appeared, 1750.)
Humphrey Day's Salmonia, or The Days of Fly-Fishing.
Blakey, History of Angling Literature.
Oppianus, De Venatione, Piscatione et Aucupio. (Halieutica translated.) Jones's English translation was published in Oxford, 1722.
Bronner, Fischergedichte und Erzählungen (Fishermen's Songs and Stories).
Norris, T., American Angler's Book.
Zouch, Life of Iz. Walton.

Salmon Fisheries. Parliamentary Reports. Annual.

"Blackwood's Magazine, an important landmark in English angling literature." See Noctes Ambrosianæ.

H. W. Beecher, N. Y. Independent, 1853.

In the New York edition of Walton and Cotton is a list of books on Angling, which Blakey enlarges. His list contains four hundred and fifty titles.

American Angler's Guide, 1849.

Storer, D. H., Fishes of Massachusetts.

Storer, D. H., Fishes of N. America.

Girard, Fresh-Water Fishes of N. America (Smithsonian Contributions, Vol. III.).

Richard Penn, Maxims and Hints for an Angler, and Miseries of Fishing, 1839.

James Wilson, The Rod and the Gun, 1840.

Herbert, Frank Forester's Fish of N. America.

Yarrel's British Fishes.

The same, on the Growth of Salmon.

Boy's Own Book.

Please to observe, now, that nobody is obliged to read up all the authorities that we have lighted on. What the lists mean are this; — that you have made the inquiry for "a sermon book and another book," and you are now thus far on your way toward an answer. These are the first answers that come to hand. Work on and you will have more. I cannot pretend to give that answer for any one of you, — far less for all those who would be likely to be interested in all the subjects which are named here. But with such clews as are given above, you will soon find your ways into the different parts that interest you of our great picnic grove.

Remember, however, that there are no royal roads. The difference between a well-educated person and one not well educated is, that the first knows how to find what he needs, and the other does not. It is not so much that the first is better informed on details than the second, though he probably is. But his power to collect the details at short notice is vastly greater than is that of the uneducated or unlearned man.

In different homes, the resources at command are so different that I must not try to advise much as to your next step beyond the lists above. There are many good catalogues of books, with indexes to subjects. In the Congressional Library, my friend Mr. Vinton is preparing a magnificent "Index of Subjects," which will be of great use to the whole nation. In Harvard College Library they have a manuscript catalogue referring to the subjects described in the books of that collection. The "Cross-References" of the Astor Catalogue, and of the Boston Library Catalogue, are invaluable to all readers, young or old. Your teacher at school can help you in nothing more than in directing you to the books you need on any subject. Do not go and say, "Miss Winstanley, or Miss Parsons, I want a nice book"; but have sense enough to know what you want it to be about. Be able to say, — "Miss Parsons, I should like to know about heraldry," or "about butterflies," or "about water-color painting," or "about Robert Browning," or "about the Mysteries of Udolpho." Miss Parsons will tell you what to read. And she will be very glad to tell you. Or if you are not at school, this very thing among others is what the minister is for. Do not be frightened. He will be very glad to see you. Go round to his house, not on Saturday, but

at the time he receives guests, and say to him: "Mr. Ingham, we girls have made quite a collection of old porcelain, and we want to know more about it. Will you be kind enough to tell us where we can find anything about porcelain. We have read Miss Edgeworth's 'Prussian Vase' and we have read 'Palissy the Potter,' and we should like to know more about Sevres, and Dresden, and Palissy." Ingham will be delighted, and in a fortnight, if you will go to work, you will know more about what you ask for than any one person knows in America.

And I do not mean that all your reading is to be digging or hard work. I can show that I do not, by supposing that we carry out the plan of the list above, — on any one of its details, and write down the books which that detail suggests to us. Perhaps VENICE has seemed to you the most interesting head of these which we have named. If we follow that up only in the references given above, we shall find our book list for Venice, just as it comes, in no order but that of accident, is: —

St. Real, Relation des Espagnols contre Venise.
Otway's Venice Preserved.
Shakespeare's Merchant of Venice.
Howells's Venetian Life.
Blondus. De Origine Venetorum.
Muratori's Annals.
Ruskin's Stones of Venice.
D'Israeli's Contarin Flemiing.
Contarina, Della Republica di Vinetia.
Flagg, Venice from 1797 to 1849.
Crassus, De Republica Veneta.
Jarmot, De Republica Veneta.
Voltaire's General History.
Sismondi's History of Italy.
Lord Byron's Letters.
Sketches of Venetian History, Fam. Library, 26, 27.
Venetian History, Hazlitt.
Dandolo, G. La Caduta della Republica di Venezia (The Fall of the Republic of Venice).
Ridolfi, C., Lives of the Venetian Painters.
Monagas, J. T., Late Events in Venice.
Delavigne, Marino Faliero, a Historical Drama.
Lord Byron, The same.
Smedley's Sketches from Venetian History.
Daru, Hist. de la Republique de Venise.

So much for the way in which to choose your books. As to the choice, you will make it, not I. If you are a goose, cackling a great deal, silly at heart and wholly indifferent about to-morrow, you will choose just what you call the interesting titles. If you are a girl of sense, or a boy of sense, you will choose, when you have made your list, at least two books, determined to master them. You will choose one on the side of information, and one for the purpose of amusement, on the side of fancy. If you choose in "*Venice*" the "Merchant of Venice," you will not add to it "Venice Preserved," but you will add to it, say the Venetian chapters of "Sismondi's Italy." You will read every day; and you will divide your reading time into the two departments, — you will read for fact and you will read for fancy. Roots must have leaves, you know, and leaves must have roots. Bodies must have spirits, and, for this world at least, spirits must have bodies. Fact must be lighted by fancy, and fancy must be balanced by fact. Making this the principle of your selection, you may, nay, you must, select for yourselves your books. And in our next paper I will do my best to teach you

HOW TO READ THEM.

Edward E. Hale.

GARDENING FOR GIRLS.

CHAPTER IX.

WILLIE'S strawberry-patch had done remarkably well this year, and as soon as the bearing was over the plants began to put out long runners, which took root at every joint. Had the Grays desired to raise more plants, they would have had sufficient to stock several acres; but the bed they had was large enough for all their present purposes; so these strong runners were cut off, like the robbers or unfruitful branches of the grape-vines which take too much strength and sap from the fruit-bearing ones.

Both Willie and his father had learned a great deal about the treatment of these fruits from agricultural books and papers. It was somewhat bewildering, it is true, to beginners. One gardener would recommend that the strawberry-beds should be carefully weeded the first thing in the spring, so as to be clean and nice before fruit time, while another would advise having the grass and weeds remain until after the crop was over. Now this was very puzzling, for who shall venture to decide when farmers disagree? but Mr. Gray thought the best way would be for them to experiment for themselves. This year they had followed the first rule, and nowhere around was there a cleaner bed to be found than this little patch, which did as well as need be, and paid for all the labor bestowed upon it; then, when the runners had been cut off, and a second weeding was accomplished, the bed needed no further attention. Next year they intended to try the other plan, and see which worked best.

The dwarf pear-trees had been planted last year, and were now so full of fruit, that it soon became necessary to prop them up in order to prevent the limbs from breaking. It was strange to see these little trees bearing so much, and such large fruit. As the season advanced it grew round and mellow, and, had they wished to sell their pears, they would have brought from ten to twenty cents apiece.

The cherry-trees were of the white or amber variety, and furnished enough both for eating and preserving. Then there were the grape-vines, which shaded the sunny side of the house so delightfully, and in the spring sent forth a delicious perfume, which pervaded every room in the cottage. Soon little clusters were seen on the vines, at first only about the size of small beads; but they grew very fast, and by the Fourth of July they began to look like real bunches of grapes.

While they were very small, Willie determined to try an experiment of which he had read. Having procured a large-sized bottle with a short, narrow neck, he selected one of the most compact, and perfectly shaped clusters, and without much trouble pushed it into the bottle, the stem being just long enough to allow the bunch to reach into the bulging part. The bottle itself was then suspended by strong pieces of twine tied around the

neck, and fastened to the wood-work of the trellis, so as not to press or weigh upon the imprisoned cluster.

Of course, the grapes grew rapidly, and even in a few days it would have been impossible to remove them without breaking off the berries; indeed, the grapes in the bottle, like all fruit raised under glass, grew faster and finer than those upon the open vine. When the grapes attained their full size and color they completely filled the bottle; and then the stem was cut, and the strings also. Willie felt quite proud of his success, and carried the grapes into the city, and around amongst his acquaintances, who were amazed at the sight of a large cluster enclosed in a narrow-necked bottle. To those who could not guess how it had been done he did not feel bound to explain the secret.

About midsummer there came a long season of dry weather; the sky was clear and cloudless, the sun rose red and hot, and shone with such power that everything in farm or garden became scorched and withered. The little girls walked around the flower-beds night and morning, bewailing the unpromising appearance of their favorite plants, and wished and longed for rain; but for three weeks no rain came. With watering-pots they could not do more than moisten the surface, and revive the drooping leaves for the time, next day the sun baked the ground harder than ever.

At length one evening they spied a few little clouds, light and fleecy overhead, and as Daisy was looking up at them with many anxious longings for a shower, she thought she felt a drop on her nose; then presently another and another. In half an hour other clouds came following up after the first

one, and the drops began to fall faster and faster, until everything was thoroughly watered.

"This reminds me of the story we read the other day," said Daisy, "about the rain-drops whose example the rest all followed."

"What story 's that?" asked Willie, who came in just then, pretty wet, and caught his little sister's words.

"I 'll go and get the paper," answered Daisy, and up she ran to where it lay folded on her mother's work-basket. "Here it is," she cried; "and I will read it to you."

"There was once a farmer who had a large field of corn; he ploughed it, and planted the corn, and harrowed it, and weeded it with great care, and on his field he depended for the support of his family. But after he had worked hard he saw the corn begin to wither and droop for rain, and he thought he should lose his crop. He felt very sad, and went out every day to look at his corn, and see if there was any hope of rain.

"One day, as he stood, almost in despair, looking at the sky, two little rain-drops up in the clouds over his head saw him, and one said to the other, 'Look at that poor farmer; I feel sorry for him; he has taken so much pains with his field of corn, and now it is all drying up; I wish I could do him some good.'

"'Yes,' said the other, 'but you are only a little rain-drop; what can you do? You can't even wet one hillock.'

"'Well,' said the first, 'I can't do much, but I can cheer the farmer a little, at any rate, and I 'm resolved to do my best. I 'll try. I 'll run to the field to show my good-will, if I can do no more; so here I go!' And down went the rain-drop, and came pat on the farmer's nose. 'Dear me,' said the farmer, putting his finger to his nose, 'what 's that? A rain-drop. Where did that come from? I do believe we shall have a shower.'

"The first rain-drop had no sooner started for the field than the second one said, 'Well, if you are going down, I believe I will go too. Here I come,' and down dropped the rain-drop on a stalk of corn.

"By this time a great many rain-drops had come together to hear what their companions were talking about, and when they heard, and saw them going to cheer the farmer, and water the corn, 'If you 're going on so good an errand,' said one, 'I 'll go too'; and down he came. 'And I,' said another, 'And I,' 'And I,' and so on till a whole shower of them came; and the corn was watered, and it grew, and ripened, all because that first little rain-drop determined to do what it could."

"Sensible little rain-drops!" remarked Willie. "And the improvement in our own gardens will be seen very plainly by to-morrow morning; and then pretty soon, girls, we shall have some work to do, for the weeds will grow again faster than ever."

"And so will the flowers," said Bessie, who generally saw the bright side; "weeds are not the only things to grow, that 's a comfort. And there 's my new rose-bush, that beautiful white mycrophylla, that I have watered so carefully, how it will grow after this! I wish I had thought of measuring it just before it began to rain."

"I don't believe anything will show it sooner than my pop-corn," said Willie. "Look, I can see it nodding away in the rain, even from here, and the long leaves look clean and glossy already. By the by, Daisy, I wonder if that was pop-corn that the farmer had in the story."

"I don't know," answered Daisy; "I 'm watching my cypress-vines now. I know they like it; see how green they look, and the flowers are all shut up to keep the inside dry till the rain is done."

"It seems we 're all interested in this shower," exclaimed Maggie; "my grafts will be likely to succeed splendidly, and the cuttings too; I was afraid they would be lost."

"Yes," said Mr. Gray, "it is a merciful rain, and we are indeed favored to have it come so gently, and yet so copiously; it will increase the harvest of many a poor man, and keep his family from want."

They watched the rain from the windows until it grew dark, and then heard it pattering steadily down upon the roof as long as they were awake, after which they dreamed of their refreshed gardens, and saw all sorts of flowers and fruits. Next morning, although it was not quite clear, everything looked refreshed. Instead of baked and dried-up ground, the earth was dark and moist, and the leaves were glossy and fresh. A few of the taller plants were drooping with the weight of water, and required to be raised and tied to stronger sticks, but these matters were soon attended to, and then all looked right again.

As the summer went on, there was a succession of fruits as well as flowers, for the raspberries produced enough for their own table, and the Lawton blackberries even more. The grape-vines hung full of clusters, and by the first of September began to grow purple and juicy.

"What a fine crop we shall have!" said Mrs. Gray, as she counted the bunches,—"at least a dozen for each vine. By next year they will be in perfection."

Thus the season drew toward its close, yet the interest in gardening increased rather than abated.

At the time that Willie trimmed his strawberries, and took off the runners, he had hesitated about throwing them quite away. He knew they were fine plants of an excellent kind, and had he then known any one to whom he might give them, he would have done so freely. But they had been covered up in a shady place, where the rains could water them occasionally, and that had kept them quite fresh. He had no present plan in regard to them, yet as they were in nobody's way, they still remained safe and snug in the corner unnoticed and forgotten. The time was approaching, however, when they would come into use.

Before the middle of October an incident occurred which wrought some important changes in the neighborhood, and greatly interested the Grays. A gentleman from the city, in search of a pleasant and convenient home for his family, came out to see this section of the country. First, he called at Mr. Gray's, and inquired very civilly whether they were willing to sell their establishment; he admired it more than any of the neighboring cottages,

and said that if they were disposed to sell, he was ready to purchase it, at the same time offering a price which was more than double the original cost. As the gentleman talked with Mrs. Gray, and persuaded her to consider the offer, tears came into the children's eyes.

"O mother," cried Daisy, "I don't want to go away from all our pretty flowers."

"No, indeed," added Bessie and Susie together, "we should not like to leave our vines and roses now. Next year they 'll look so beautiful."

Just at this juncture Maggie came in with her garden hat and gloves, and her hands full of cuttings, which she was preparing to set out in her little box-bed of sand, that Willie had only yesterday fitted up with a nice sash covering. "Maggie," said her mother, "this is Mr. Fisher, from Philadelphia, who would like to buy our place and come here to live. Would you be willing to part with it and go back to town again?"

Maggie's countenance fell as she heard this. "Dear mother," she exclaimed, "you certainly do not mean it; you would not wish to part with all these pleasant things, would you?"

"I only wanted to know how you felt about it," was the answer; "I know it is a hard thing to propose to you young gardeners, and as the thought of parting with our little home has come upon us so unexpectedly, suppose we reserve our decision until we have taken time to think of it, and consult with your father."

"Certainly," said Mr. Fisher, "I will wait with pleasure as long as you say. The fact is, my family are all anxious for a little more elbow-room, and my children, two little girls about the ages of these two of your own,"—pointing to Susie and Daisy,—"are growing so pale and puny that I think a home in the country, where they can have plenty of out-door exercise and fresh air, is just what is needed to make them as rosy and chubby as these. If you are willing to sell, I am prepared to conclude the purchase and take possession at once: if not, I will look elsewhere."

"How would the next cottage answer?" suggested Mrs. Gray, pointing to Mr. Patton's; "that is for sale."

"O, that is too bare and desolate looking," he answered; "the house looks very much like this, but the surroundings are so very different, so barren and unattractive."

"And yet, Mr. Fisher, two years ago ours looked quite as unpromising as that does now."

"Impossible!" he exclaimed in surprise. "And have all these vines and this shrubbery grown since then?"

"Yes, we have planted and trained them as you see, and have taken great delight in the work, I do assure you, while it has given us health and pleasure."

"But it has probably cost you a large sum of money in addition to the work you have done yourselves."

"No, indeed; you would be surprised to learn how little we have expended, and really we have received it all back again in the fruit and flowers already enjoyed."

"And has all this taken but *two* years to accomplish?" he asked.

"Precisely two years ago we came out to look at this place. It was then just finished, with the remains of the builders' rubbish still visible. It did not look very inviting *then*, I can assure you; but I knew very well how soon we could bring it into shape, and so we bought it, and now you see it as it is. Had the Pattons done the same with theirs, it would have looked as well as ours."

Mr. Fisher began to look more attentively at the house in question. Much to the relief of the children, he took up his hat, saying that he would step over to look at it, and return again to report his decision.

"He 's a nice-looking man," remarked Maggie, as he closed the gate, "and perhaps they 'd be pleasant neighbors for us; but O, don't let him have our place! I 'd rather work hard to help him fix that one up, than to part with all we 've done here."

"Well, Maggie," said her mother, "I don't think we 'll do it. At first I was struck with his liberal offer, and of course we must speak to your father about it; but don't be distressed until there is occasion."

Smiles came back to the children's faces as they heard this, and they watched eagerly for Mr. Fisher's return call.

He came at last. Mrs. Patton, who had determined to sell at a very moderate price, was so glad to see a cash purchaser actually within reach, that she did her best to recommend the place, and finally offered to sell at a price that astonished her visitor. If he had not first heard Mrs. Gray's experience and felt sure that time would improve the looks of the bare spot, he would never have thought of taking it. As it was, he asked the favor of a few days' refusal, and, wishing her a good morning, came back to see Mrs. Gray once more; and after another brief conversation with her, he decided to purchase the Pattons' place.

CHAPTER X.

Before the day was over, Mr. Fisher had called upon Mr. Patton at his office in the city, and concluded the purchase, possession to be given at once. Next day he brought his wife to view the premises, and in less than two weeks there were men at work, laying out the grounds, and ploughing up the portions that were to be planted in fruit.

Willie's strawberry-plants now found a customer, and were soon transplanted into their new places. As the Grays' had been two years before, the bed was made ready in the autumn, so that the plants would be nicely settled and rooted by spring.

Mr. Fisher did not propose to remove his family to the country until April, for he knew how lonely his wife would be during the winter; but they came out now very often, to direct the workmen, who were planting a large number of ornamental trees. He was resolved upon following the advice of the Grays, and under their instruction much of the planning was settled. The lawn was marked out very much like theirs, and groups of evergreens,

purple beech and laburnum, weeping willows, and maples were planted. Then flower-beds, with box edgings, were laid out, and made ready for spring, while carpenters were busy in the various repairs needed about the house, and in adding grape-arbors and lattice-screens wherever they seemed to be appropriate. The dilapidated fence was replaced by another, very neat and pretty, and a pigeon-house was built just over the barn-door. So matters progressed rapidly, and before the weather became really wintry all was completed. A coat of light-brown paint, to cover up the glaring white of former days, was to finish the transformation, and that would be done before moving time.

Now all these matters were subjects of interest to the Grays. They seemed as much pleased with the changed appearance and prospects of that place as if they held some kind of ownership in it themselves. Their plants, seeds, and cuttings were to be divided with the Fishers, and all sorts of prospective experiments were talked of in connection with the new place. In fact, it seemed almost as if they had increased the size of their own grounds by the embellishment of these adjoining ones.

November is generally a dark and dreary month, with cold winds whistling among the trees, and whirling the dry leaves in all directions. Frosts come at night that kill the tender plants, and make even the roses look pinched and pale. But prudent gardeners do not wait for these signs before taking up their house-plants, and preparing their winter gardens. By the 10th of October the Grays had begun to pot such of the geraniums and verbenas as they wished to keep in the house, and thus the plants had ample time to recover themselves before being brought in-doors. Besides these, there were pots planted with oxalis-bulbs, and a few hyacinths in glasses, while the beautiful ferns and lycopodiums were green and vigorous under a large bell shade. Then the hanging-baskets were replenished and renovated, and, with the addition of a few choice plants, looked as fresh as ever. Thus the wide bay-window of the south parlor would be quite well furnished with flowers; the approach of winter would not deprive them entirely of their favorite pursuits.

There were, however, several large plants — geraniums, scarlet sages, and pomegranates — for which it was impossible to find accommodation in the parlor or sitting-room; yet it was hard to see them die, when they would be so valuable for another summer, so these were taken up just before the first heavy frosts, and placed in boxes, the roots well covered with earth, and then carried to the cellar, where there would be sufficient light and warmth to keep them alive, an occasional watering being all the further care required.

But Maggie Gray was resolved upon an experiment with some of her large geraniums. She had read of another way to keep such plants, and meant to test it for herself; and as they had at least a dozen of the large scarlet varieties, she could easily afford to lose a few in case of failure. She therefore took them up, and tying up the roots in large cloths, with a ball of earth attached, they were suspended from the cellar ceiling, top downwards. By

this method the sap is thus sent down into the branches, and the plant nourished by its own juices until spring, an occasional sprinkling being all that is necessary. Most of the leaves drop off in course of time, and nothing but bare sticks remain; but there is still life in the dry stalks, and when planted in the ground again they revive and flourish.

"There 's nothing like trying," said Maggie, as the wiseacres shook their heads at her experiment; "one wants to know whether these things are actually true; and if I do succeed the laugh will be on my side."

The love of flowers brought with it a love of all beautiful things. The bright autumn leaves that fall in such endless variety at our feet, how many pretty fancies do they suggest to an ingenious mind! Then the wood lichens and mosses that grow in such perfection in every shady nook, on trees and stumps and fences, — what exquisite beauty they possess for eyes delicate enough to perceive it.

> "Little wild-wood mosses, springing by the way,
> Threads from Nature's carpet, beautiful and gay;
> Growing by the hedges, — how we pass them by;
> Yet to make the smallest, could not, if we try."

The Grays had collected quite a choice variety of all these things, and they were very busy, just before Christmas, making pretty gifts for their friends. The brilliant leaves had been pressed in large books and then laid carefully into boxes ready for use. A coat of thin white varnish, applied with a camel's-hair brush, brought out the colors beautifully, and then by tying them to long stems, they were easily disposed among the dried grasses, that had been preserved for a winter bouquet. A few scarlet berries of the mountain-ash were interspersed, and also a few grasses crystallized with alum to look like frozen dew-drops.

The little Grays were quite expert at that, and produced beautiful sprays by merely suspending the stems from a stick laid across the top of a deep, wide-mouthed jar, in which was a very strong solution of alum in water. The water was hot when the grass was put in, and the tops extending downward were entirely covered. Soon the little crystals began to form upon every part, and by the time the water had grown cold the sprays were withdrawn and placed where they could dry. If laid before the fire they dried white like frost or snow, but if left in a cold place became transparent like ice; thus there was quite a pretty variety among them.

There were also many graceful designs of crosses, baskets, and cornucopias, composed of fine mosses with bright miniature leaves, and delicate seed-vessels and grasses variously arranged, all of which formed very pretty and appropriate gifts. Then on Christmas eve the house was dressed with evergreens, festooned in tasteful wreaths from window to window, and around the pictures and door-frames. This year, the words "A MERRY CHRISTMAS," formed of ferns and green mosses, were placed upon the wall opposite the hall-door, and seemed to breathe a spirit of good-will and welcome to every one who entered, while the usual Christmas-tree, upon which were hung all sorts of offerings, small and great, superseded the stockings in

the chimney-corner. Thus their holidays were indeed a very happy, merry season, and the parents enjoyed their children's pleasures as highly as if they were themselves still young.

But the winter wore on, the short days grew longer, and, almost before they knew it, spring drew near. The first of April brought a few warm, open days, and the snow-drops and crocuses began to blossom among the rubbish and dead leaves that still covered the garden-beds; bluebirds made their accustomed appearance upon the trees and trellises near the house; frogs croaked merrily in the ditches around, and down in the garden was heard the buzzing sound of bees, — all announcing that spring had come again.

Mr. Fisher had been out with painters and paper-hangers, to put everything into proper order for the moving, which was now near at hand. In a day or two, all the household goods were brought out, and before long things were quite in order. The pretty furniture and neat curtains made everything look very tasteful, and, even on her first visit to Mrs. Fisher, Mrs. Gray saw that she was a person of refinement and good taste. Pictures upon the walls, and many odd and original conceits in fancy-work attracted her attention, and as Mrs. Fisher was very cordial, and inclined to be communicative, they formed very pleasant impressions of their new neighbors.

Before they had been long settled Maggie discovered that Mrs. Fisher was quite an adept in various kinds of beautiful work. The elegant bouquet of skeleton leaves that graced her parlor table was of her own arrangement, and no sooner had she perceived Maggie's desire and interest in regard to it, than she promised to instruct her in the difficult art. "Only wait, Maggie," she said, "until the leaves are matured, and then we will begin the business."

In the Grays' garden, the same routine of spring work was to be accomplished this year as in the last, and although they had heretofore found employment enough in their own garden-work, yet this season they lent a helping hand to their neighbors besides. The generous always have time to spare for their friends; and the Grays were also free in sharing their seeds and plants with Mrs. Fisher and her little girls, who were but beginners at the business, and needed considerable instruction. They did not know when or where they had better plant certain flowers, or which were tall, and which creeping; so the advice and experience of the others were very useful, and as gladly accepted as they were freely given.

Maggie's roses were in fine order for bedding, and as Mr. Fisher was about to buy twenty or thirty plants for his new beds, he made her a liberal offer for an assortment of her choice ones. She consented to part with as many as he might want, and they were accordingly distributed over the smooth new beds of that once-neglected garden. So matters prospered on both sides of the hedge, and by the first of June the Pattons would not have recognized their former habitation, so great was the change wrought by a little taste and judicious labor.

Author of "Six Hundred Dollars a Year."

BERRYING SONG.

Words by Lucy Larcom. Music by F. Boott.

Allegretto.

mf

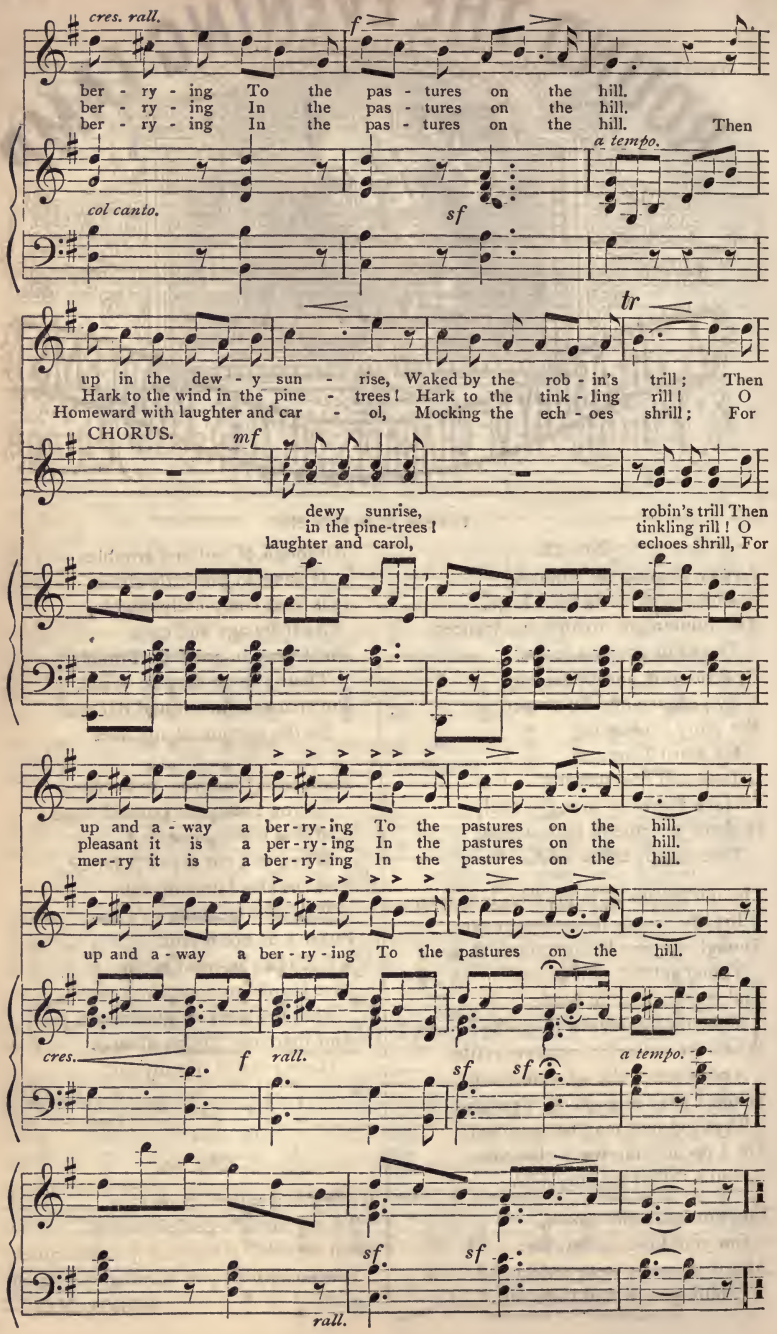
1. Ho! for the hills in summer! Ho! for the rock - y
2. Red lil - ies blaze out of the thicket Wild ro - ses blush here and
3. We'll garland our baskets with blossoms, And sit on the rocks and

mf

shade, Where the ground-pine trails under the fern - leaves,
there: There's sweetness in all the breezes, There's
sing, And tell one an - other old sto - ries, Till the

Deep in the moss - y glade. Up in the dew - y sun - rise,
health in each breath of air. Hark to the wind in the pine - trees!
trees long shad - ows fling. Then homeward with laughter and car - ol,

Waked by the rob - in's trill; Up and a - way a
Hark to the tink - ling rill! O pleasant it is a
Mocking the ech - oes shrill; For mer - ry it is a


cres. rall.
f
ber - ry - ing To the pas - tures on the hill.
ber - ry - ing In the pas - tures on the hill.
ber - ry - ing In the pas - tures on the hill. Then
a tempo.
col canto.
sf
tr
up in the dew - y sun - rise, Waked by the rob - in's trill; Then
Hark to the wind in the pine - trees! Hark to the tink - ling rill! O
Homeward with laughter and car - ol, Mocking the ech - oes shrill; For
CHORUS.
mf
dewy sunrise, robin's trill Then
in the pine-trees! tinkling rill! O
laughter and carol, echoes shrill, For
up and a - way a ber - ry - ing To the pastures on the hill.
pleasant it is a per - ry - ing In the pastures on the hill.
mer - ry it is a ber - ry - ing In the pastures on the hill.
up and a - way a ber - ry - ing To the pastures on the hill.
cres.
f
rall.
sf
sf
a tempo.
sf
sf
rall.

CHARADES.

No. 48.

I PRAY to good St. Francis,
  And I pray on bended knee,
Till in midnight dreams and trances
  The saint appears to me.
By scourging and by fasting,
  By penance and by prayer,
For glory everlasting
  My spirit I prepare.
If fasts and flagellations
  Have power to save the soul,
If there 's virtue in half-rations,
  Then happy is my *whole*.

Though friends at home who love thee
  Breathe frequent, earnest prayer,
Though my *first* is blue above thee,
  Young soldier, still beware!
And fear my *first* in battle
  More than cannon's blighting breath,
When the volleying muskets rattle
  And it sends the wingéd death,
While I pray to good St. Francis
  That thy foes may be accursed,
For I do not like war's chances,
  And I rather fear my *first*.

I do not know my *second*,
  But you, kind reader, do;
And if its years were reckoned,
  I think you 'd find them few.
Although of toil and trouble
  It has had but little share,
It is bent completely double,
  As if by age and care.
But I pray to good St. Francis
  That it never may be vexed,
But that merriment and dances
  Be the portion of my *next*.

Perhaps my *last* you 're stroking
  As you rack your puzzled head;
And was n't it provoking
  When you cut it and it bled?
Perhaps this latter distich
  May lack meaning to a few,
But if it is not mystic
  I 'll tell you what to do.
Give thanks to good St. Francis,
  That the work of guessing 's past,
And that your prying glances
  Have puzzled out my *last*.

CARL.

No. 49.

My *first* is a sailor; a *stick;*
  To my *second* a perfect match,
From my *whole* (O so sour!) hasten quick,
  It is something you 'd rather not catch.

MINNIE MAY.

A BEHEADED CHARADE.

No. 50.

(BEFORE BEHEADING.)

O, I 'm a tender little thing!
Sometimes I roll, sometimes I spring.
If once you let me drop, in vain
You strive to pick me up again.
"Us," it should be, instead of "me,"
For we 've always travelled in company,
Since Adam and Eve, with weeping eyes,
Looked back on the gates of Paradise!
Now, though we 're so tender, so weak, and so small,
And philosophers say we 're of no use at all,
Yet just in the melting process alone
We 're as powerful agents as anything known.
For when running together so gently and still,
We work just like magic, if managed with skill!
Quite plentiful are we always found,
And in time of the war still more did abound.
Ah, if from us mankind were free,
What a blissful spot this earth would be!

(AFTER BEHEADING.)

I 'm of various tints, — white, black, yellow, brown.
In some places I stand, in others droop down.
I 'm at home in a noise, and am nothing loath
To carry a drum and a trumpet both.
'T is a shame, but I 'm often stabbed by those
Who ought to know better, one would suppose!
Without me, no song could ever be sung,
And the beautiful harps would all be unstrung.
Even the cannon would cease to roar,
And the thunder's roll be heard no more.
And yet some people make of me
A place to hang their jewelry!

A. M. D.

SUBSTITUTIONS.

No. 51.

(*Change a letter in the first word required, making the second.*)

1. Change to disprove, leaving to reject.
2. Change an enemy, leaving a dandy.
3. Change a farming tool, leaving a part of a ship.
4. Change a heathen god, leaving a market.
5. Change to commit, leaving to make enduring.
6. Change a haven, leaving a prop.

EMPIRE STATE.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS. — No. 52.

ANSWERS.

42. He who is far from home is near to harm.
43. Murmur.
44. Humbug.
45. Timepiece.
46. The Alphabet.
47. Y (why). B (bee). E E (ease). G (gee). P (pea). T (tea). Q (queue).

Rebus in Letter Box. —
A race of (pail) pale-faces.

ONLY one month after this, boys and girls, for preparing your prize-compositions. You remember that they were all to be in by the first of October.

The following is the *verbatim* production of a young man in one of the Freedmen's schools at the Southwest. It is not offered as a specimen which our young competitors must equal, but merely to show them that it is better to begin early than late to learn how to write.

"TRUTH.

"I will commence by saying i do not tell the truth as often as i would like to but i do try sometimes to tell the truism. And i think that a truism is an undoubted truth while it is truly certain really that there are some right thruthful people in the world. Schoolmates why cant we be truthfull as other truthfull people are. You are none to young to tell the truth — for please look at george washington when his father ask him who cut that beautifull apple tree there in the garden then george ponder for a moment and respond in answer to reply a short anthem and said father you know i cant tell a lie i cut it now dont you know that done his father good from the end of his toe to the crown of his head. i think schoolmates that truth always shames the devil so if you want to shame the devil tell the truth and it make him run. I think truth posesses great fackleties."

EDITORS OF "OUR YOUNG FOLKS":—

In answer to a request in your "Letter Box" I send the following descriptions of two interesting and instructive games. Both of them develop the bodily and strategic powers of boys. In "Prison Bar," particularly, a boy's abilities to obey and to command are equally brought into play.

In England, after the Wars of the Roses, the people were so much taken up with "Prison Bar" and similar games, that Parliament passed a law compelling them to exercise in Archery. This was about the year 1500.

Prison Bar is quite a complicated game, but can be readily learned.

"Yard the Sheep," * commonly called "Yard Sheep," is commenced by choosing a boy by lot. There are several ways of doing this, familiar to "Our Young Folks." This boy is the shepherd, generally called the one that 's *it*. He takes care of the "yard," which is a stick two or three feet long, to be set on end against the side of a building or fence. The play is commenced by one of the sheep, or those who are *out*, throwing the stick (yard) to a distance. The one who is *it* gets the stick and replaces it as soon as possible, while those who are *out* endeavor to hide before the yard is in its place. As soon as the yard is replaced, the shepherd tries to find a sheep; to do which he needs only to see him. When he sees one, he cries, "I yard John Smith," — calling the name of the one he sees. Then he runs and touches the yard, and John Smith is "yarded" or "caught"; but if John Smith can touch the yard first, he is not "caught," but throws the stick, crying, "Yard 's down," and the game commences again with the same one for shepherd. At any time any one who is *out* can run in and "put the yard down," crying, "Yard's down," and throwing as above.

The shepherd can "yard" any number at a time. But it is always necessary that he should see and call by the right name those whom he "yards." Of this rule advantage is sometimes taken by those who are *out* exchanging hats or coats. If the shepherd calls the wrong name it is the same as if the yard was down.

When the yard is down all can hide, those who are "yarded" as well as others. When the shepherd succeeds in yarding all, the game commences again with the one who was first yarded, *since the yard was down last*, as shepherd, — that is, one

* There is a game somewhat like this which I have played in Brooklyn, N. Y., but have not seen elsewhere, neither have I ever seen a description of it. I must spell the name after my own fancy; although I think the first two words must be a corruption, I have been unable to satisfy myself of what. The game is called Woolly Woolly Wolf.

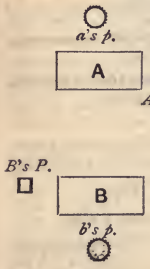
may be yarded first after the game commences; but if the yard is put down he will not have to be shepherd.

When the number of those playing is large, it is almost impossible to yard all the sheep. In this case a certain number of sheep to be yarded before there shall be a change of shepherds is agreed upon, — generally five.

Prison Bar, Prison Bars, Prisoners' Base, or "Goal" (pronounced "gool" by some boys), is played by "sides," and can be played on the ground or in skates on the ice. On a large pond, with quite a number of players, it is most exciting, as one can skate much faster than he can run.

All "young folks" know how to "choose sides." In Prisoners' Base it is almost absolutely necessary that each side should have a captain to direct the movements of the members of his force. A good captain, by well-directed movements of a small or inferior force, can capture a much larger one not so well managed. And if it is necessary to have a captain, it is equally necessary that his orders should be implicitly obeyed.

The sides being chosen, two *Goals* are made. The lines of the goals should be well defined, that there may arise no dispute as to one's being in or out of his goal. The distance of the goals apart should depend upon the size of the boys and the nature of the ground. The goals should not be too large, for, when the number on one side has been reduced by capture, a large goal will be difficult to defend from "goaling." There are also two prisons to be made (though these are sometimes dispensed with, as I shall explain before I close), one for each side; these can either be made like the goals, or a tree or corner of a fence will answer. The prisons should not be too far from their goals. Generally, a prison is put no farther from the opposite goal than the goals are apart. Sometimes the prisons are placed directly behind the goal, but always at a little distance. If from the nature of the ground there should be an advantage in favor of one goal, the choice can be tossed-up for between the captains. The following diagram will show the position of the goals and the prisons: —



A and B are the two sides and their goals. The usual place for the prisons is at *A's P.* and *B's P.* (A's prison and B's prison), while they may be placed at *a's p.* and *b's p.*

Now for the game. Each side being in its goal, the captain of one side sends out a boy towards the other goal. He may either be a slow runner, and instructed to return, as soon as chased, to his own goal, or he may be a fast runner, who will run off and lead a long chase. Suppose this boy to be sent from A, — Captain B then sends a boy to catch him, which he must do before a boy from A, leaving A after he left B, catches *him.* If he cannot catch the boy from A he should return to his goal B. A boy from A can only be caught by a boy who left B after he left A and *vice versa.* When a boy is caught, he cannot be rescued till he has been imprisoned, and the captor can return without being liable to be caught until he has again left his goal. A captive being imprisoned can be rescued by a boy who comes over and touches his hand, when they are both at liberty to return without being liable to be caught. Of course a boy attempting to rescue a prisoner can be chased and caught by one of the other side. A boy who has left his goal can catch but one or rescue but one prisoner before returning. When there are no prisons a boy being caught becomes one of the other side. It is difficult to play in this way, as there are always some boys who will not play as well on one side as the other, and will allow themselves to be caught so as to return to their own side. A boy doing this should, by common consent or the decision of an umpire, be ruled out of the game. Should a captain be caught, he sends any one of his side that he pleases to the other's side or prison. If a boy can get into the other goal without getting caught, he is as safe as if he was in his own goal, and has a chance to catch one of the other side returning or just leaving his goal.

Thus, suppose a boy to have left A, he must be caught outside of either A or B, and can go into either. Suppose he goes into B, when a boy belonging to B attempts to come in, he can catch him; but he must do so while that boy is outside of his goal.

Or suppose a B boy should start out from B, the A boy, starting from B after the B boy did, can catch him; but the A boy is himself liable to be caught by one of the other side leaving B (or even A, if he should happen to be there) after he did, and he cannot again enter B until after he has returned to his own goal. When he attempts to go into B it is not necessary for a boy to leave B in order to catch him. He can do so by reaching outside of the goal; so a boy being in another's goal can reach out to catch a boy returning. That is, a boy *must* be caught *outside* a goal, while his captor *may* be *inside.* He can either rescue a prisoner, catch one of the enemy, or return to his own goal after leaving the enemy's goal. This occupying the enemy's goal is called "goaling them."

ROSLICHEN.

We have two other descriptions of the above games, by "M." and "Puer." "Roslichen's" is more complete than either of them, however.

AT CROQUET.

DRAWN BY MISS JESSIE CURTIS.]

[See the Poem.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

An Illustrated Magazine

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

VOL. V. SEPTEMBER, 1869. No. IX.

THE STORY OF A BAD BOY.

CHAPTER XVII.

HOW WE ASTONISHED THE RIVERMOUTHIANS.

SAILOR BEN'S arrival partly drove the New Orleans project from my brain. Besides, there was just then a certain movement on foot by the Centipede Club which helped to engross my attention.

Pepper Whitcomb took the Captain's veto philosophically, observing that he thought from the first the governor would n't let me go. I don't think Pepper was quite honest in that. But to the subject in hand.

Among the few changes that have taken place in Rivermouth during the past twenty years there is one which I regret. I lament the removal of all those varnished iron cannon which used to do duty as posts at the corners of streets leading from the river. They were quaintly ornamental, each set upon end with a solid shot soldered into its mouth, and gave to that part of the town a picturesqueness very poorly atoned for by the conventional wooden stakes that have deposed them.

These guns ("old sogers" the boys called them) had their story, like everything else in Rivermouth. When that everlasting last war — the war of 1812, I mean — came to an end, all the brigs, schooners, and barks fitted out at this port as privateers were as

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by FIELDS, OSGOOD, & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

eager to get rid of their useless twelve-pounders and swivels as they had previously been to obtain them. Many of the pieces had cost large sums, and now they were little better than so much crude iron, — not so good, in fact, for they were clumsy things to break up and melt over. The government did n't want them; private citizens did n't want them; they were a drug in the market.

But there was one man, ridiculous beyond his generation, who got it into his head that a fortune was to be made out of these same guns. To buy them all, to hold on to them until war was declared again (as he had no doubt it would be in a few months), and then sell out at fabulous prices, — this was the daring idea that addled the pate of Silas Trefethen, "Dealer in E. & W. I. Goods and Groceries," as the faded sign over his shop-door informed the public.

Silas went shrewdly to work, buying up every old cannon he could lay hands on. His back-yard was soon crowded with broken-down gun-carriages, and his barn with guns, like an arsenal. When Silas's purpose got wind it was astonishing how valuable that thing became which just now was worth nothing at all.

"Ha, ha!" thought Silas; "somebody else is tryin' tu git control of the market. But I guess I 've got the start of *him*."

So he went on buying and buying, oftentimes paying double the original price of the article. People in the neighboring towns collected all the worthless ordnance they could find, and sent it by the cart-load to Rivermouth.

When his barn was full, Silas began piling the rubbish in his cellar, then in his parlor. He mortgaged the stock of his grocery-store, mortgaged his house, his barn, his horse, and would have mortgaged himself, if any one would have taken him as security, in order to carry on the grand speculation. He was a ruined man, and as happy as a lark.

Surely poor Silas was cracked, like the majority of his own cannon. More or less crazy he must have been always. Years before this he purchased an elegant rosewood coffin, and kept it in one of the spare rooms in his residence. He even had his name engraved on the silver-plate, leaving a blank after the word "Died."

The blank was filled up in due time, and well it was for Silas that he secured so stylish a coffin in his opulent days, for when he died his worldly wealth would not have bought him a pine box, to say nothing of rosewood. He never gave up expecting a war with Great Britain. Hopeful and radiant to the last, his dying words were, *England — war — few days — great profits!*

It was that sweet old lady, Dame Jocelyn, who told me the story of Silas Trefethen; for these things happened long before my day. Silas died in 1817.

At Trefethen's death his unique collection came under the auctioneer's hammer. Some of the larger guns were sold to the town, and planted at the corners of divers streets; others went off to the iron-foundry; the balance, numbering twelve, were dumped down on a deserted wharf at the foot of

Anchor Lane, where, summer after summer, they rested at their ease in the grass and fungi, pelted in autumn by the rain, and annually buried by the winter snow. It is with these twelve guns that our story has to deal.

The wharf where they reposed was shut off from the street by a high fence, — a silent, dreamy old wharf, covered with strange weeds and mosses. On account of its seclusion and the good fishing it afforded, it was much frequented by us boys.

There we met many an afternoon to throw out our lines, or play leap-frog among the rusty cannon. They were famous fellows in our eyes. What a racket they had made in the heyday of their unchastened youth! What stories they might tell now, if their puffy metallic lips could only speak! Once they were lively talkers enough; but there the grim sea-dogs lay, silent and forlorn in spite of all their former growlings.

They always seemed to me like a lot of venerable disabled tars, stretched out on a lawn in front of a hospital, gazing seaward, and mutely lamenting their lost youth.

But once more they were destined to lift up their dolorous voices, — once more ere they keeled over and lay speechless for all time. And this is how it befell.

Jack Harris, Charley Marden, Harry Blake, and myself were fishing off the grass-grown wharf one afternoon, when a thought flashed upon me like an inspiration.

"I say, boys!" I cried, hauling in my line hand over hand, "I 've got something!"

"What does it pull like, youngster?" asked Harris, looking down at the taut line and expecting to see a big perch at last.

"O, nothing in the fish way," I returned, laughing; "it 's about the old guns."

"What about them?"

"I was thinking what jolly fun it would be to set one of the old sogers on his legs and serve him out a ration of gunpowder."

Up came the three lines in a jiffy. An enterprise better suited to the disposition of my companions could not have been proposed.

In a short time we had one of the smaller cannon over on its back and were busy scraping the green rust from the touch-hole. The mould had spiked the gun so effectually, that for a while we fancied we should have to give up our attempt to resuscitate the old soger.

"A long gimlet would clear it out," said Charley Marden, "if we only had one."

I looked to see if Sailor Ben's flag was flying at the cabin door, for he always took in the colors when he went off fishing.

"When you want to know if the Admiral 's abroad, jest cast an eye to the buntin', my hearties," says Sailor Ben.

Sometimes in a jocose mood he called himself the Admiral, and I am sure he deserved to be one. The Admiral's flag was flying, and I soon procured a gimlet from his carefully kept tool-chest.

Before long we had the gun in working order. A newspaper lashed to the end of a lath served as a swab to dust out the bore. Jack Harris blew through the touch-hole and pronounced all clear.

Seeing our task accomplished so easily, we turned our attention to the other guns, which lay in all sorts of postures in the rank grass. Borrowing a rope from Sailor Ben, we managed with immense labor to drag the heavy pieces into position and place a brick under each muzzle to give it the proper elevation. When we beheld them all in a row, like a regular battery, we simultaneously conceived an idea, the magnitude of which struck us dumb for a moment.

Our first intention was to load and fire a single gun. How feeble and insignificant was such a plan compared to that which now sent the light dancing into our eyes!

"What could we have been thinking of?" cried Jack Harris. "We 'll give 'em a broadside, to be sure, if we die for it!"

We turned to with a will, and before nightfall had nearly half the battery overhauled and ready for service. To keep the artillery dry we stuffed wads of loose hemp into the muzzles, and fitted wooden pegs to the touch-holes.

At recess the next noon the Centipedes met in a corner of the school-yard to talk over the proposed lark. The original projectors, though they would have liked to keep the thing secret, were obliged to make a club matter of it, inasmuch as funds were required for ammunition. There had been no recent drain on the treasury, and the society could well afford to spend a few dollars in so notable an undertaking.

It was unanimously agreed that the plan should be carried out in the handsomest manner, and a subscription to that end was taken on the spot. Several of the Centipedes had n't a cent, excepting the one strung around their necks; others, however, were richer. I chanced to have a dollar, and it went into the cap quicker than lightning. When the club, in view of my munificence, voted to name the guns Bailey's Battery I was prouder than I have ever been since over anything.

The money thus raised, added to that already in the treasury, amounted to nine dollars, — a fortune in those days; but not more than we had use for. This sum was divided into twelve parts, for it would not do for one boy to buy all the powder, nor even for us all to make our purchases at the same place. That would excite suspicion at any time, particularly at a period so remote from the Fourth of July.

There were only three stores in town licensed to sell powder; that gave each store four customers. Not to run the slightest risk of remark, one boy bought his powder on Monday, the next boy on Tuesday, and so on until the requisite quantity was in our possession. This we put into a keg and carefully hid in a dry spot on the wharf.

Our next step was to finish cleaning the guns, which occupied two afternoons, for several of the old sogers were in a very congested state indeed. Having completed the task, we came upon a difficulty. To set off the battery by daylight was out of the question; it must be done at night; it must

be done with fuses, for no doubt the neighbors would turn out after the first two or three shots, and it would not pay to be caught in the vicinity.

Who knew anything about fuses? Who could arrange it so the guns would go off one after the other, with an interval of a minute or so between?

Theoretically we knew that a minute-fuse lasted a minute; double the quantity, two minutes; but practically we were at a stand-still. There was but one person who could help us in this extremity, — Sailor Ben. To me was assigned the duty of obtaining what information I could from the ex-gunner, it being left to my discretion whether or not to intrust him with our secret.

So one evening I dropped into the cabin and artfully turned the conversation to fuses in general, and then to particular fuses, but without getting much out of the old boy, who was busy making a twine hammock. Finally, I was forced to divulge the whole plot.

The Admiral had a sailor's love for a joke, and entered at once and heartily into our scheme. He volunteered to prepare the fuses himself, and I left the labor in his hands, having bound him by several extraordinary oaths — such as "Hope-I-may-die" and "Shiver-my-timbers" — not to betray us, come what would.

This was Monday evening. On Wednesday the fuses were ready. That night we were to unmuzzle Bailey's Battery. Mr. Grimshaw saw that something was wrong somewhere, for we were restless and absent-minded in the classes, and the best of us came to grief before the morning session was over. When Mr. Grimshaw announced "Guy Fawkes" as the subject for our next composition, you might have knocked down the Mystic Twelve with a feather.

The coincidence was certainly curious, but when a man has committed, or is about to commit, an offence, a hundred trifles, which would pass unnoticed at another time, seem to point at him with convicting fingers. No doubt Guy Fawkes himself received many a start after he had got his wicked kegs of gunpowder neatly piled up under the House of Lords.

Wednesday, as I have mentioned, was a half-holiday, and the Centipedes assembled in my barn to decide on the final arrangements. These were as simple as could be. As the fuses were connected, it needed but one person to fire the train. Hereupon arose a discussion as to who was the proper person. Some argued that I ought to apply the match, the battery being christened after me, and the main idea, moreover, being mine. Others advocated the claim of Phil Adams as the oldest boy. At last we drew lots for the post of honor.

Twelve slips of folded paper, upon one of which was written "Thou art the man," were placed in a quart measure, and thoroughly shaken; then each member stepped up and lifted out his destiny. At a given signal we opened our billets. "Thou art the man," said the slip of paper trembling in my fingers. The sweets and anxieties of a leader were mine the rest of the afternoon.

Directly after twilight set in Phil Adams stole down to the wharf and

fixed the fuses to the guns, laying a train of powder from the principal fuse to the fence, through a chink of which I was to drop the match at midnight.

At ten o'clock Rivermouth goes to bed.

At eleven o'clock Rivermouth is as quiet as a country churchyard.

At twelve o'clock there is nothing left with which to compare the stillness that broods over the little seaport.

In the midst of this stillness I arose and glided out of the house like a phantom bent on an evil errand; like a phantom I flitted through the silent street, hardly drawing breath until I knelt down beside the fence at the appointed place.

Pausing a moment for my heart to stop thumping, I lighted the match and shielded it with both hands until it was well under way, and then dropped the blazing splinter on the slender thread of gunpowder.

A noiseless flash instantly followed, and all was dark again. I peeped through the crevice in the fence, and saw the main fuse spitting out sparks like a conjurer. Assured that the train had not failed, I took to my heels, fearful lest the fuse might burn more rapidly than we calculated, and cause an explosion before I could get home. This, luckily, did not happen. There 's a special Providence that watches over idiots, drunken men, and boys.

I dodged the ceremony of undressing by plunging into bed, jacket, boots, and all. I am not sure I took off my cap; but I know that I had hardly pulled the coverlid over me, when "BOOM!" sounded the first gun of Bailey's Battery.

I lay as still as a mouse. In less than two minutes there was another burst of thunder, and then another. The third gun was a tremendous fellow and fairly shook the house.

The town was waking up. Windows were thrown open here and there and people called to each other across the streets asking what that firing was for.

"BOOM!" went gun number four.

I sprung out of bed and tore off my jacket, for I heard the Captain feeling his way along the wall to my chamber. I was half undressed by the time he found the knob of the door.

"I say, sir," I cried, "do you hear those guns?"

"Not being deaf, I do," said the Captain, a little tartly, — any reflection on his hearing always nettled him; "but what on earth they are for I can't conceive. You had better get up and dress yourself."

"I 'm nearly dressed, sir."

"BOOM! BOOM!" — two of the guns had gone off together.

The door of Miss Abigail's bedroom opened hastily, and that pink of maidenly propriety stepped out into the hall in her night-gown, — the only indecorous thing I ever knew her to do. She held a lighted candle in her hand and looked like a very aged Lady Macbeth.

"O Dan'el, this is dreadful! What do you suppose it means?"

"I really can't suppose," said the Captain, rubbing his ear; "but I guess it 's over now."

"BOOM!" said Bailey's Battery.

Rivermouth was wide awake now, and half the male population were in the streets, running different ways, for the firing seemed to proceed from opposite points of the town. Everybody waylaid everybody else with questions; but as no one knew what was the occasion of the tumult, people who were not usually nervous began to be oppressed by the mystery.

Some thought the town was being bombarded; some thought the world was coming to an end, as the pious and ingenious Mr. Miller had predicted it would; but those who could n't form any theory whatever were the most perplexed.

In the mean while Bailey's Battery bellowed away at regular intervals. The greatest confusion reigned everywhere by this time. People with lanterns rushed hither and thither. The town-watch had turned out to a man, and marched off, in admirable order, in the wrong direction. Discovering their mistake, they retraced their steps, and got down to the wharf just as the last cannon belched forth its lightning.

A dense cloud of sulphurous smoke floated over Anchor Lane, obscuring the starlight. Two or three hundred people, in various stages of excitement, crowded about the upper end of the wharf, not liking to advance farther until they were satisfied that the explosions were over. A board was here and there blown from the fence, and through the openings thus afforded a few of the more daring spirits at length ventured to crawl.

The cause of the racket soon transpired. A suspicion that they had been sold gradually dawned on the Rivermouthians. Many were exceedingly indignant, and declared that no penalty was severe enough for those concerned in such a prank; others — and these were the very people who had been terrified nearly out of their wits — had the assurance to laugh, saying that they knew all along it was only a trick.

The town-watch boldly took possession of the ground, and the crowd began to disperse. Knots of gossips lingered here and there near the place, indulging in vain surmises as to who the invisible gunners could be.

There was no more noise that night, but many a timid person lay awake expecting a renewal of the mysterious cannonading. The Oldest Inhabitant refused to go to bed on any terms, but persisted in sitting up in a rocking-chair, with his hat and mittens on, until daybreak.

I thought I should never get to sleep. The moment I drifted off in a doze I fell to laughing and woke myself up. But towards morning slumber overtook me, and I had a series of disagreeable dreams, in one of which I was waited upon by the ghost of Silas Trefethen with an exorbitant bill for the use of his guns. In another, I was dragged before a court-martial and sentenced by Sailor Ben, in a frizzled wig and three-cornered cocked hat, to be shot to death by Bailey's Battery, — a sentence which Sailor Ben was about to execute with his own hand, when I suddenly opened my eyes and found the sunshine lying pleasantly across my face. I tell you I was glad!

That unaccountable fascination which leads the guilty to hover about the spot where his crime was committed drew me down to the wharf as soon as I was dressed. Phil Adams, Jack Harris, and others of the conspirators were already there, examining with a mingled feeling of curiosity and apprehension the havoc accomplished by the battery.

The fence was badly shattered and the ground ploughed up for several yards round the place where the guns formerly lay, — formerly lay, for now they were scattered every which way. There was scarcely a gun that had n't bursted. Here was one ripped open from muzzle to breech, and there was another with its mouth blown into the shape of a trumpet. Three of the guns had disappeared bodily, but on looking over the edge of the wharf we saw them standing on end in the tide-mud. They had popped overboard in their excitement.

"I tell you what, fellows," whispered Phil Adams, "it is lucky we did n't try to touch 'em off with punk. They 'd have blown us all to flinders."

The destruction of Bailey's Battery was not, unfortunately, the only catastrophe. A fragment of one of the cannon had carried away the chimney of Sailor Ben's cabin. He was very mad at first, but having prepared the fuse himself he did n't dare complain openly.

"I 'd have taken a reef in the blessed stove-pipe," said the Admiral, gazing ruefully at the smashed chimney, "if I had known as how the Flagship was agoin' to be under fire."

The next day he rigged out an iron funnel, which, being in sections, could be detached and taken in at a moment's notice. On the whole, I think he inwardly gloated over the demolition of his brick chimney. The stove-pipe was a great deal more ship-shape.

The town was not so easily appeased. The selectmen determined to make an example of the guilty parties, and offered a reward for their arrest, holding out a promise of pardon to any one of the offenders who would furnish information against the rest. But there were no faint hearts among the Centipedes. Suspicion rested for a while on several persons, — on the soldiers at the fort; on a crazy fellow, known about town as "Bottle-Nose"; and at last on Sailor Ben.

"Shiver my timbers!" cries that deeply injured individual. "Do you suppose, sir, as I have lived to sixty year, an' ain't got no more sense than to go for to blaze away at my own upper riggin'? It does n't stand to reason."

It certainly did not seem probable that Mr. Watson would maliciously knock over his own chimney, and Lawyer Scratch, who had the case in hand, bowed himself out of the Admiral's cabin convinced that the right man had not been discovered.

People living by the sea are always more or less superstitious. Stories of spectre ships and mysterious beacons, that lure vessels out of their course and wreck them on unknown reefs, were among the stock legends of Rivermouth; and not a few people in the town were ready to attribute the firing of those guns to some supernatural agency. The Oldest Inhabitant remembered that when he was a boy a dim-looking sort of schooner hove to in the offing one foggy afternoon, fired off a single gun that did n't make any report, and then crumbled to nothing, spar, mast, and hulk, like a piece of burnt paper.

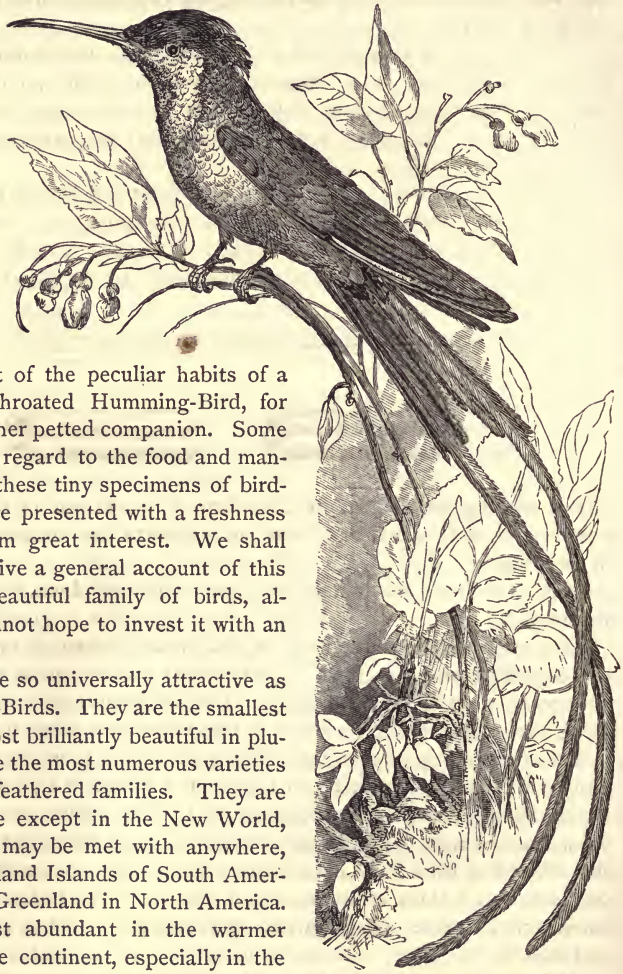
The authorities, however, were of the opinion that human hands had something to do with the explosions, and they resorted to deep-laid strategems to get hold of the said hands. One of their traps came very near catching us. They artfully caused an old brass field-piece to be left on a wharf near the scene of our late operations. Nothing in the world but the lack of money to buy powder saved us from falling into the clutches of the two watchmen who lay secreted for a week in a neighboring sail-loft.

It was many a day before the midnight bombardment ceased to be the town-talk. The trick was so audacious and on so grand a scale that nobody thought for an instant of connecting us lads with it. Suspicion at length grew weary of lighting on the wrong person, and as conjecture — like the physicians in the epitaph — was in vain, the Rivermouthians gave up the idea of finding out who had astonished them.

They never did find out, and never will, unless they read this veracious history. If the selectmen are still disposed to punish the malefactors, I can supply Lawyer Scratch with evidence enough to convict Pepper Whitcomb, Phil Adams, Charley Marden, and the other honorable members of the Centipede Club. But really I don't think it would pay now.

T. B. Aldrich.

ABOUT HUMMING-BIRDS.



ALL the readers of Our Young Folks must remember Mrs. Stowe's charming sketch of Hum the Son of Buz, which appeared in its first number. It was an interesting account of the peculiar habits of a young Ruby-throated Humming-Bird, for several weeks her petted companion. Some novel facts in regard to the food and manner of life of these tiny specimens of bird-kind were there presented with a freshness that gave them great interest. We shall endeavor to give a general account of this wonderfully beautiful family of birds, although we cannot hope to invest it with an equal charm.

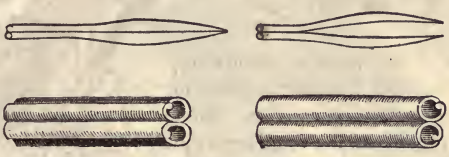
No birds are so universally attractive as the Humming-Birds. They are the smallest in size, the most brilliantly beautiful in plumage, and have the most numerous varieties of any of the feathered families. They are found nowhere except in the New World, but here they may be met with anywhere, from the Falkland Islands of South America almost to Greenland in North America. They are most abundant in the warmer portions of the continent, especially in the West India Islands and in Central America and the northern states of South America.

More than three hundred different kinds of Humming-Birds have been already described, and our best-informed naturalists believe that not less than four hundred exist. So far as men of science have studied their habits, it has been found that all these different varieties have very nearly the same peculiarities, modified chiefly by the differences in their places of

residence. Some Humming-Birds, like our common Ruby-throat, are found scattered over a very large extent of country. This variety occurs in all the United States, and as far north as the Arctic regions; other kinds are found only in small lonely islands. Some Humming-Birds remain all the year in the same localities; others only visit certain parts of America during the warm season.

The food of Humming-Birds is now known to consist almost entirely of insects. They were once supposed to subsist chiefly on the sweets they obtained from honey-bearing flowers, and in confinement they have been made to live partly upon sweetened water; but the honey of plants is not alone their natural food, and is insufficient for them.

In order to obtain its insect-food the Humming-Bird is provided with a tongue of very peculiar structure, the anterior portions of which are made up of two long and hollow thread-like tubes. These unite behind and are closed at the end, as represented, magnified, in the figures below. This



forked and hollow tongue the bird thrusts in and out of the tube-shaped flowers with the rapidity of a flash, and captures the minute insects lodged in their depths.

These tiny birds are adorned with more brilliant plumage than any other family of the whole feathered tribe. It is impossible to give our young readers any adequate description of the beauty and variety of the bright colors of nearly all Humming-Birds. These colors excite wonder and admiration, even when prepared for exhibition in ornithological collections; but when living the brilliancy of their colors is far greater than when dead.

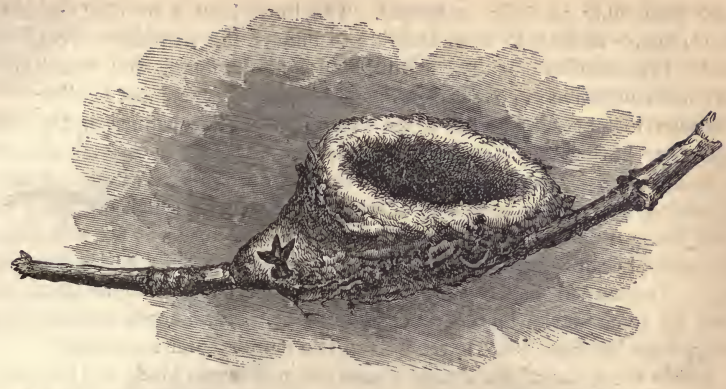
Travellers who have seen them flitting about like beams of variously tinted light in the dark green woods of their native forests tell us they know nothing in nature that can be compared with them. Even the colors of the topaz, the emerald, the ruby, and the amethyst, to which the bright tints of the Humming-Birds have been likened, pale in the comparison. The various hues of all these gems are often seen combined in the plumage of the same bird, now one appearing and now another, with the changes of light and shade.

Without attempting to give a learned account of the different classes into which naturalists now divide Humming-Birds, we will mention only a few of the more marked differences which distinguish them. Some have perfectly straight bills; others have bills very much curved. These are nearly all tropical varieties, living the year round in the same climate. A few varieties have bills which curve upwards in a very singular manner,—an admirable adaptation for reaching up into flowers growing in the forms

of pendent tubes or bells. Formerly all Humming-Birds were divided into two classes, — those with straight bills and those with curved bills. But later writers have subdivided the straight-billed into two classes and the curved-billed into three. The first two are those with short rounded tail-feathers, and those with very long and forked tails. These are all or nearly all birds

of temperate climates, migrating from them in the colder season. The three varieties of the curved-billed birds are those with long centre tail-feathers, those with curious sabre-like wing-feathers and rounded tails, and those with very short tails and very much rounded bills.

In the tropical regions of America Humming-Birds in great number and variety swarm throughout the forests. In other portions of the same country, where the forests have been cut down and the land tilled, the Humming-Birds equally abound, and seem to delight in the society of man. As we recede from the warm regions their numbers decrease. Some are found in very high northern latitudes, others in equally far southern regions, while others seem to prefer high mountains, where the temperature is quite low. We have the nest of a South American Humming-Bird, which the late Captain Couthouy found on the eastern slope of Mount Pichincha, at a height of ten thousand five hundred feet. Another traveller met with Humming-Birds flying about in a snow-storm near the Straits of Magellan.



The habits of all Humming-Birds are so very nearly alike that a description of the peculiarities of one will serve for them all. They are almost always on the wing, moving with great rapidity and ease. They flit about in short, quick flights. Like flashes of light they dart now this way and now that. Their wings are so constructed as to give them the power of hovering over a flower and keeping themselves in this position a long time; some writers say, for hours.

Their boldness and intrepidity is surprising in birds so small. They do not hesitate to attack birds greatly their superiors in strength that approach too near their nests, or even to fly in the face of any intruder when they have young. This boldness and anxiety is often fatal, betraying their nests to the naturalist seeking them for his collection.

The nests of Humming-Birds are built with exquisite delicacy, of soft materials, and are warm, compact, and strong. They are placed on the horizontal branches of trees, a few feet from the ground, and are usually made of silky vegetable down. Over this they fasten, with their saliva, a strong covering of gray moss. This appears to be an instinctive endeavor to conceal their nest by making it resemble the moss-covered limb on which it is built. It is a curious fact that often this mossy covering is not put on until after the female has occupied the nest, her mate busying himself with completing the moss-work while she is sitting upon her eggs.

But the nests of Humming-Birds are not alike. Some vary in their materials, others in their shape. One kind builds a hanging nest under a large leaf. It is curiously wrought of spiders' webs, and has its opening underneath. The smallest known bird of this family is found in the island of Jamaica. It is only two inches long, and its outstretched wings are only three inches across. Its nest is not larger than a thimble, and is woven of spiders' threads and silk and covered on the outside with fine moss. The eggs are very small, looking like little white homœopathic pills. The Humming-Bird's eggs are always white, and only two in number.

Many attempts have been made to domesticate Humming-Birds, but these

have been only partially successful. The birds have soon died, probably from change of diet, or from inability to endure the extremes of cold and heat. If a substitute for their natural food could be found, they would probably live and thrive in confinement, and become very tame and familiar.

Several instances are known of their being kept in this manner, and in every case they have been, like Mrs. Stowe's pet, very docile and affectionate. A young Englishman, as he was about to sail from Jamaica, caught a Mango Humming-Bird on her nest, and, cutting off the twig on which the latter was built, brought nest, eggs, and parent on board. The bird was fed with honey and water, became tame, and hatched out two young birds during the passage. The mother died, but the young birds were brought to England, and were for some weeks in the possession of Lady Hammond, readily taking honey from her lips. One of them lived two months after its arrival.

Within the limits of the United States seven different kinds of Humming-Birds are found, though two of them are very rare and may not belong here. These are the *Black-throated* or *Mango Humming-Bird*, one of the curved-billed or tropical forms. This is a common West-Indian variety, and is only found in our most southern State, Florida, and rarely there. Its plumage is resplendent with a metallic lustre of green and gold.

The common *Ruby-throat* is familiar to us all.

The *Black-chinned Humming-Bird* of California is similar to our common variety.

The *Red-backed Humming-Bird* is the most common kind in the States on the Pacific, and is found from the Gulf of California to Nootka Sound. It is very prettily marked, but is not a brilliant bird, having very little lustre in its plumage.

The *Broad-tailed Humming-Bird* is only found in Texas, and is also very much like the common *Ruby-throat.*

Our most beautiful variety, the *Anna Humming-Bird*, — so called in honor of Anna, Duchess of Rivoli, a lady greatly distinguished for her love of natural history, — is very abundant in California. Its entire head, neck, and throat are covered with feathers of a bright metallic amethystine red color. One other variety, with no common name, about which little is known, has been found on the southern borders of California. It most resembles the Anna Humming-Bird.

T. M. Brewer.

AT CROQUET.

OVER the way,
Day after day,
I sit in my window
And watch the croquet.

I know there 's a blue
And a yellow ball too,
Yet I see but the pink,
Whatever I do.

For (prithee take care,
Little bird in the air,
Not to tell!) there was never
A face so fair

As I see bending over
The grass and the clover,
To bring this pink ball
Out safely a rover.

Her aim is so true,
Look out, silly Blue,
There 's a light little foot, —
All is over with you.

And a laugh of such glee
Ripples over to me, —
Ah, wondrously glad
Must little Pink be!

So over the way,
Day after day,
As I sit in my window
And watch the croquet,

I think and I think,
Would gay little Pink,
If I were poor Blue,
Send me off in a wink?

L. G. W.

DISCOVERY OF THE MADEIRA ISLANDS.

I HAVE to begin with a love story, which is so strange and romantic that it was long supposed to be a fiction. But it turns out to be true.

More than four hundred years ago — a century, almost, before the discovery of America — a young Englishman named Robert Machin fell in love with a nobleman's beautiful daughter. He courted her and won her affections. He was a young man of respectable family, but of a rank so inferior to that of the young lady whom he loved, that her parents could not think of permitting her to marry him. The lover, however, was known to be resolute and brave, and there was some danger of his carrying her off from her father's castle. So the nobleman laid the matter before the king, who had poor Robert Machin put in prison, and promised to keep him there until the lady should be safely married. Her parents lost no time in marrying her to Lord D'Arfet, and he, as soon as the nuptial knot was tied, took her with him to his country-seat near the famous seaport of Bristol.

They then thought the young lady perfectly safe, and Robert Machin was

set free. But as he was a young fellow of high spirit, he was angry at his unjust confinement, and being still in love with the lady, he set on foot a plan to gratify at once his revenge and his passion. To Bristol he went, with some of his friends, who felt that he had been badly treated, and were determined to help him. One of them, putting on the dress and manners of a servant, obtained employment as groom in the family of Lord D'Arfet, and it thus became part of his duty to attend Lady D'Arfet when she rode out into the country on horseback.

Robert Machin, meanwhile, got ready a small vessel, on board of which he went. The gentleman groom, obtaining an interview with Lady D'Arfet when no one was within hearing, told her all about her lover's plan, which was to take her with him in the vessel and sail away for France, where they would live happily together all their lives. The lady, who had been so cruelly separated from her lover and forced to marry another man, willingly consented, and nothing remained but to carry the scheme into execution.

On the day appointed, early in the afternoon, she ordered her horse to be saddled, and told her groom to get ready to attend her, as she was going alone. She mounted her horse and rode toward the banks of the river Avon, near where it enters the Severn. At a certain spot on the shore a small boat was waiting. The lady and groom dismounted, fastened their horses to a tree, entered the boat, and were conveyed on board the vessel, where the lovers had a joyful meeting after their long separation. The anchor was instantly hoisted; the vessel dropped down the stream into the broad Severn; and, spreading all her sails, was soon beyond sight and pursuit in the Bristol Channel.

If you look at the map of Europe you will see that these lovers, in order to clear Land's End, had to go a good way out into the ocean, and then turn again toward the east to get into the English Channel, and so land on the coast of France. If all had gone well, they ought to have made a French port in about fifty hours. But they were destined never to see fair France. In the night the wind rose. It increased to a tempest, which blew them far out into the Atlantic. When the day dawned they found themselves in the midst of a tempestuous ocean, out of sight of land, and with no pilot on board who knew enough of navigation to guide the ship toward a port. It is not likely that they had so much as a compass on board, for compasses were not then in general use, and every vessel kept as close to the shore as possible.

All day the tempest raged. The wind came out of the northeast, and therefore blew them toward the southwest, past the Scilly Isles, past the jutting northwest corner of France, and down past the Bay of Biscay. Day after day they could only scud before the wind, and they were driven down by Spain, past the long line of the Portuguese coast, and still farther south, until they were off the unknown coast of Africa. For thirteen days they were driven before this merciless gale. But at last it died away, and they tossed about all one night on those great waves which continue to heave long after a storm has subsided.

The morning of the fourteenth day dawned. Away toward the south the sailors fancied they saw a low dark line upon the sea that looked like land. The sun rose. It *was* land! Trees were soon discerned, and several kinds of birds which they had never seen before came from the land and perched in the rigging without showing any fear.

As soon as they were near enough, a boat was hoisted out, and several of the adventurers went on shore, wondering what country this could be, and doubtless not without fear that they might have come to the land of the infidels, and might be made slaves. When they stepped on shore, a beautiful prospect opened before them, of hills and valleys, of dense forests, and streams of fresh water. No inhabitants appeared, and no animals except such as were small and harmless.

Returning on board the vessel, the sailors gave such a favorable account of the land that the lovers too came on shore. Walking into the interior, they came at last to a pleasant hill, upon the summit of which there was a large and most beautiful tree, affording delicious shade from the heat of the sun. The spot was so agreeable that they determined to live there for a while, and rest after the fatigues and terrors of their voyage. So they cut large boughs from the tree, and made some bowers in which they slept at night. In the daytime they roamed about the country, observing its curious trees, plants, stones, birds, and insects, always wondering where they were, and to whom this curious and beautiful land belonged. Part of the company, especially the sailors, continued to live on board the vessel, while the lovers and their friends remained on shore.

Three days passed pleasantly enough. In the afternoon of the third day a gale sprung up from the northeast, which increased during the night. When the lovers and their friends rose in the morning you may be sure they looked most anxiously to see how it had fared with their little vessel, upon which depended their only chance of ever again living in a Christian land.

She was gone! The storm had driven her from her anchorage, and no trace of her could be seen on the ocean, which was covered with white-crested waves.

It was a terrible blow. The poor lady, whose health had been shattered by the agonizing perils of the voyage, upon seeing herself cut off forever from home and country and friends, was struck dumb with horror. In three days she breathed her last, and they buried her under the beautiful tree.

Robert Machin could not be comforted. He lingered five days, and then died, beseeching his comrades to bury his body in the same grave with hers. His last request was complied with, and over the grave of the lovers was set up a large wooden cross, and near by an inscription was placed which gave an account of their coming to this unknown land, and concluded with a prayer, addressed to any Christians who might ever come to the spot, asking them to build a church upon that hill, and dedicate it to Jesus the Saviour.

The land upon which these unhappy lovers were driven was the beautiful

Island of Madeira. The part of the coast where their vessel anchored was named by subsequent explorers Machico, after Machin, and this name it retains to the present hour. The island had been seen, and perhaps visited, several years before, but it had never been settled, and its existence was only known to a few persons very learned in geography.

After the death of Robert Machin, his companions, in haste to leave the fatal spot, set sail for England in their small boat; but they were driven before a northeasterly wind, and thrown upon the coast of Morocco, where they were captured by the Moors, and sent to prison. What was their astonishment to find in this prison the crew of the vessel in which they had sailed from England. It had been borne by the gale to the same coast!

In those times the Moors derived great profit from the Christian prisoners whom they captured on land and sea. It seems as if almost every ship was a kind of pirate then, and almost all captains thought it right to capture a ship that was smaller than their own. Certainly, no *Moor* had any scruples about capturing a ship owned and manned by Christians; and, consequently, all along the coast of Morocco there were jails filled with Christian captives, who were kept until they were ransomed by their friends or country.

Common sailors and poor people were usually sold as slaves as soon as they were brought on shore; but captains, merchants, and passengers of rank were usually kept in confinement until they were ransomed. All over Europe, but especially at seaports, there used to be collections taken in churches for the ransom of Christian captives in Morocco. It was a custom also for rich people to leave money in their wills for this purpose, and there were some orders of Monks who went about begging money for the ransom of Christian captives. There were also societies of ladies and others, who used to make costly articles of needlework, and sell them for the benefit of captives, who had no friends rich enough to pay their ransom. It is necessary to bear this in mind in order to understand how it came to pass that the sad adventure of Robert Machin and Lady D'Arfet led to the real discovery and settlement of the Island of Madeira.

For some years the friends of Machin languished in a Moorish prison, with hundreds of other unhappy captives, longing for the hour of their deliverance. Among other persons confined with them was a certain John de Morales, a skilful and famous Spanish pilot and navigator. To him they naturally told the strange tale of the unhappy lovers, and described the beautiful land where they had died. Now, Captain de Morales, being an experienced navigator and a good geographer for that day, listened with intense curiosity to their descriptions of the unknown country, and, I have no doubt, questioned them closely as to the direction in which it lay, and how many miles it was from the coast. Prisoners have not many kinds of amusement at their command, and we may be quite sure that this good Spanish pilot heard the lovers' story over and over again, and longed to be free that he might join once more in the exploration of the ocean.

The time arrived at last. In the year 1416 died Prince Sancho, the youngest son of the King of Aragon, and left a large sum of money for the

ransom of Spanish captives in Morocco. Accordingly, a ship was sent from Spain to a port in Morocco, where she was soon filled with captives rejoicing in their deliverance, and in the expectation of soon seeing again their friends and country.

I suppose the happiest people in the world are those just let out of prison after long confinement. I remember, during the war, coming home from the army once in a flag-of-truce boat, upon which were three hundred and fifty wounded officers and soldiers released from prison in Richmond after a confinement of several months. They were so happy that the least thing made them giggle like school-girls; and although most of them had to be carried on board the steamboat, yet, after being on board thirty hours, they were well enough, when the boat reached Annapolis and the band on the wharf struck up Hail Columbia, to walk on shore and toddle off to the hospital. Of course the good food they had on the boat, and the kind treatment they received, had much to do with this sudden cure. But, after all, the medicine which really restored them was the joy of being among friends once more, and of knowing that they were going home.

The Spanish ship full of captives sailed away from Morocco, and had got as far as the Straits of Gibraltar, when, O Horror! three Portuguese vessels came in sight; and in another hour they were all prisoners again!

Not that Spain and Portugal were at war; but the two kings of those countries, we are told by the old chroniclers, had had "a little misunderstanding," and so the commander of the Portuguese fleet felt perfectly justified in taking all these poor captives prisoners again. Imagine their feelings upon their hopes being so suddenly and bitterly disappointed. Luckily for them, the Portuguese commodore was a kind-hearted man, as well as a good Catholic, and therefore, taking pity upon them, he gave up their ship and let them go,—all except one man.

That one man was the good Spanish pilot, John de Morales, of whom I have spoken above. And, strange to say, De Morales was perfectly willing to go with the Portuguese, instead of returning to Seville, where he lived. Now, in order to understand this mystery, I must tell you who those Portuguese were that were crossing the Straits of Gibraltar, and whence they had come, and whither they were going. And now we have another curious story, almost as strange as that of the two English lovers.

In my last number I told you about Prince Henry, the Navigator who never navigated, and how, after returning from the capture of Ceuta, he settled upon the promontory of Sagrez, and built a mansion there, and intended to devote all his life and all his money to sending out ships to discover what land there was beyond the country of the Moors. Every summer he sent out two or three vessels, which crept along down the African coast, each captain satisfied if only he went a few miles farther south than any one else had gone.

Two or three summers were employed in this way before anything very interesting was found out; but in the summer of 1418 a most important discovery was made. In that year two brave young knights of Prince Henry's

household, named Zarco and Vaz, who had fought valiantly under him at Ceuta, entreated him to let them try their fortune in exploring the terrible African coast. The Prince consenting, they crossed the straits, and went carefully along the coast for some little distance, — perhaps two hundred miles, — when a terrible storm rose, which blew them right out to sea. Of course they gave themselves up for lost; but when the storm abated, they came in sight of an island, six or seven miles long and three wide. This was Porto Santo, an island twenty-five miles to the northeast of Madeira, three hundred and eighty miles from Africa, and six hundred and sixty miles from their native Portugal.

After gazing at this island awhile they ventured on shore, fearing it might be inhabited by warlike savages like those who lived upon the Canaries. Great was their joy to find that it was not inhabited at all. Upon discovering this they put on board their vessel specimens of its stones, shells, woods, and plants, and made all sail to convey the great news to Prince Henry; knowing what a great help it would be to him, in exploring unknown regions, to have this fine island for the repair and supply of his ships.

The Prince was, indeed, overjoyed. It was his first success, and, that success being accidental, he regarded it as the direct blessing of Heaven upon his labors, and a divine command to continue them. He fitted out three vessels, filled them with implements, seeds, and other materials, placed them under the command of the discoverers and another knight, named Perestello, and sent them to plant and settle the island. Perestello was to govern the colony, and Zarco and Vaz were to return with their vessels to Portugal.

A curious thing happened to this colony, which is all that I can here relate respecting the adventures of Perestello. On the voyage out a tame rabbit on board of Perestello's ship had young ones, which with the mother were turned loose upon the Island of Porto Santo. These rabbits increased so fast that the whole island was soon overrun with them. They devoured everything which the colonists planted, and proved so great an evil that, after contending with these little enemies and other misfortunes for two years, Perestello gave up the struggle and went home to Portugal. He returned to the island, however, soon after, at the request of Prince Henry, and succeeded at last in founding a colony. But they had terrible work with the rabbits. So numerous were the little creatures that as many as two thousand were destroyed in one day, and it was all the colonists could do for a while to keep them under.

But to return to the gallant knights, Zarco and Vaz. I want you to know next how they became acquainted with the Spanish pilot, John de Morales.

In 1420 Prince Henry fitted out another fleet of three small vessels, and placed them under the command of Zarco, Vaz being one of his captains. *This* was the fleet which in crossing the Straits of Gibraltar fell in with the Spanish ship that was loaded with captives. The pilot De Morales told the Portuguese the interesting story of the English lovers, described the beautiful land to which they had been driven, and offered his services in attempt-

ing to rediscover it. Zarco, knowing the fame of De Morales as a pilot, accepted this offer, and, having dismissed the Spanish ship and her load of captives, sailed back to Prince Henry with the precious intelligence thus obtained.

I can fancy how eagerly that gallant and intelligent Prince listened to the tale of the lovers, and to the description of the country they had found, as given him by John de Morales. His resolve was instantly taken. He sent Zarco and De Morales to Lisbon to tell the same strange story to the King, his father, and to ask the King's assistance in fitting out a larger vessel than the Prince could afford, for the purpose of striking out boldly into the ocean in search of the unknown land.

At court the two navigators did not succeed very well. Some of the noblemen about the King objected to spending so much money for such a purpose, saying that in Portugal there was plenty of waste land, and that there was no need of sending ships roaming about the ocean in quest of more.

"Besides," said they, "are there not widows enough already in Portugal, that we should send more sailors to find a grave in the deep?"

The Prince, hearing of these objections, mounted his horse, and, accompanied by a few of his knights, went himself to Lisbon, and talked the matter over with the King. All difficulties melted away in the presence of this enthusiastic Prince; and soon Zarco, Vaz, and De Morales, with a brave company of knights and mariners, put to sea in a stout ship of the Portuguese navy, attended by an oared galley. They were to touch first at Porto Santo, little thinking that that island was only twenty-five miles from the land of which they were in search, — the land where the two lovers reposed side by side under their beautiful tree.

A few days of pleasant sailing brought them to Porto Santo, where the adventurers landed for a short period of repose before setting out in search of the land unknown. Perestello had not yet returned, and the island was still peopled only by his enemies the rabbits. Zarco and Vaz, however, and several of their comrades were familiar with the island, and pointed out to De Morales the curiosities they remembered.

Among other things Zarco called the attention of the Spanish pilot to a strange appearance on the horizon, far away to the southwest, which he had noticed on his first visit, and which had been often spoken of among Perestello's colonists. A thick darkness hung over the sea like a huge black cloud. But it could not be a cloud, for it never grew less, nor larger; and the clearer the sky was the plainer it was seen.

A strange natural object is apt to be a terrible one. Some of those simple souls thought the dark object was the smoky mouth of a bottomless abyss; others supposed it to be the horrid entrance into hell; and a few of the more intelligent maintained that it was a mysterious island, forever hidden under a veil of cloud, to which the Christian saints and bishops who had escaped from Moorish prisons had been miraculously conveyed, and where they were now living in a heaven upon earth.

But the bold De Morales believed none of these things. He looked fearlessly upon that dark appearance in the southwestern sky.

"It is the land we are in search of," said he.

And he held fast to this opinion, and convinced several of his comrades of its truth. The whole company gathered to consult upon the matter, and they agreed at last that they would wait until the moon changed, and see what effect that would have upon the cloud. The moon changed; but the cloud remained motionless, vast, and dark as before. Upon perceiving this a panic seized them, and they would have hurried on board ship, and made all sail for home, but for the firmness and good sense of the Spanish pilot. He declared again and again that, according to what the Englishmen had told him, the lovers' land could not be far off. They told him, he said, that the soil of that unknown country was shaded by lofty trees, standing close together, which alone, he thought, would cause a vapor continually to rise, and that vapor would naturally spread over the sky, and take the appearance of a great cloud.

Frightened men are hard to convince. In all the company there was only one man who remained of the pilot's opinion; but that man was Zarco, commander of the expedition. So, one morning, without telling anybody but the pilot where he was going, Zarco ordered all hands aboard, got up the anchor, and, crowding all sail, stood straight for the mysterious cloud.

The reader, I hope, is aware that the Island of Madeira is little more than a huge volcanic mountain, the highest point of which is six thousand one hundred feet high; and this mountain, as just remarked, was then covered with enormous trees. Of course, then, the nearer these poor trembling sailors got to the island, the more awful it looked; and when at last they were near enough to hear the roaring of the sea, as it broke upon the rocky shore, some of them fell upon their knees, others cried out in an agony of terror, and many gathered round the captain, entreating him to change his course and save them from destruction.

Happily, the commander was a man of courage. He made a speech to the panic-stricken sailors, giving them good reasons for believing that behind that veil of dark mist there was solid land, and no abyss at all. Not venturing yet to go close in, they sailed for some distance, every eye fixed intently upon the huge unknown object. Some of the sailors declared that they saw through the gloom giants of awful stature, which they found afterwards were only high rocks upon the shore. Erelong they came to a point which plainly was nothing else than land; and, thus encouraged, they stood in closer, and it was soon apparent to all that land was before them.

An hour or two after they came to a bay which, the pilot said, was exactly such a bay as the Englishmen had described; and there he went ashore. Upon walking a little way into the interior the brave pilot was overwhelmed with joy to discover the tree-crowned hill upon which the lovers had died; and upon its summit he found the tomb, the tall wooden cross, the inscription, and all the other marks which his fellow-captives in Morocco had mentioned.

Exulting in this discovery, he hurried on board the large ship, and told the news to Zarco and Vaz, who instantly came on shore, and took possession of the country in the joint names of King John and Prince Henry.

Need I say that they were enchanted with their discovery? They had found one of the most delightful of all the islands in the world, as well as one of the most productive, — an island where an invalid can sleep out-of-doors almost every night of the year, and where the heat of the sun is most agreeably tempered by breezes from the sea. So productive was the soil there that it yielded sixty fold, and the bunches of grapes were formerly two or three spans long, and sometimes four.

After exploring the island a little, the adventurers sailed for Portugal, eager to convey such glorious news to their beloved Prince. He was the happiest of men, and at once set about planting and settling the land. Dividing it into two unequal parts, he made Zarco lord of the larger, and Vaz of the smaller. He freighted vessels with vine-cuttings, plants, vegetables, seeds, and tools, and sent great numbers of men and some families to possess and people the island.

The first settlers, it appears, had great difficulty on account of the dense forests with which the island was covered. In fact, the island was named *Madeira* (which means timber), from the enormous quantity of the wood upon it. At last, one of the settlers, thinking to make short work of the forest, set it on fire, and, the season being dry, the fire raged with such violence that Captain Zarco and all his family, it is said, were obliged to wade out into the sea, and remain up to their necks in water for two days and two nights. The old historians also say that this fire continued to burn for seven years. The ground was indeed cleared by the fire, but Prince Henry, when he heard of it, regretted very much the loss of so much good timber.

Before the island had been settled long, a boy was born in it, whom his father named Adam. The next child born happened to be in the same family, and her parents named her Eve. On the hill where the lovers were buried Zarco immediately erected an altar, and after a few years he built a church upon the spot, in the choir of which he placed their bodies.

As to the grape-cuttings which Prince Henry sent to be planted in Madeira, they took root and flourished exceedingly, and have supplied the world ever since with an important part of its wine. It is agreed, I believe, that the best Madeira is the best wine the earth produces. Another interesting fact is, that the family of Zarco still exists in Portugal. I am informed that Madame da Camara, the governess of the present Queen of Portugal, is a lineal descendant of the brave man who commanded the expedition that discovered Madeira.

Encouraged by this second and still greater success, Prince Henry redoubled his efforts to discover new countries. In future numbers we shall see how it fared with other brave navigators who sailed under his orders.

James Parton.

GARDENING FOR GIRLS.

CHAPTER XI.

WHEN Maggie Gray's geraniums were brought up out of the cellar in the spring, they were truly unpromising specimens. The leaves of the previous season had withered and dropped off, while at the ends of the branches were little tufts of half-opened leaf-buds, looking so white and sickly that she despaired of their ever reviving. That was only because they had grown in the dark, for it is sunlight that gives to leaves their rich color. But it would not do to abandon the experiment at this stage; it was something to find that they were even alive, and so, when the proper time came, they were set in their appointed places in the open border, where, to the delight and astonishment of all our young gardeners, the bare branches soon put forth new leaves, green and vigorous as before.

The roses, little slips, set out in sand last summer and fall, were now fine plants, and had already bloomed in the house. They only needed setting out in rich soil to grow into large bushes, and bloom all summer long. Maggie's friends complimented her on her success, and even John the gardener declared she could distance him both in the number and variety of her plants. This was a great concession on his part, but as Maggie was really a sort of pupil of his, he loved to praise her. In this way he took much credit to himself.

As the summer passed on, the plants and shrubs added many feet of green wood to their growing branches, until the vines quite covered the house, and formed a complete bower around the doors and windows. Indeed, considerable trimming and training was needed to prevent the runners from forcing themselves between the joints of the frames, or creeping in at the open windows. The wistaria had grown to the upper cornice of the cottage, and was stretching itself along the eaves in graceful festoons, whilst the lower part of its twisted stalk had almost attained the dimensions of a tree, and became in turn the leader and supporter of several other clinging vines which entwined themselves very closely around it, and mingled their different leaves and blossoms with its own glossy green. Then there were birds innumerable, as usual, and often, when Mrs. Gray or the children were quietly seated inside, these timid little creatures would come and perch upon the window-sill to anoint their feathers, or pick up the crumbs placed there for their benefit.

Their sagacity, of which I will give you an instance, was very curious.

Early in April Mr. Fisher's lawn had been nicely graded, and sown thickly with grass-seed, which should have produced a fine show of young grass in May; but, strange to say, the blades came up very scatteringly, and certainly not more than one seed out of a hundred could have sprouted at all. This was a disappointment, as the Grays wished to get their place in good order as early as possible. What could be the reason, when the seeds were

known to be of the best quality? None could answer; but the surest remedy seemed to be to plant more without delay; perhaps the next would do better.

It was quite warm weather when this second sowing took place, and Mrs. Gray was seated at her chamber window, where she could see the hired man, as he went up and down over the mellow ground, and scattered handful after handful until the whole surface was covered with seed. Presently she heard a peculiar note from a sparrow that had built in the top of a tree out on their own lawn, and then down flew the bird upon the newly planted ground. After picking a few moments, he flew up again to the tree, and there set up a chirping which was surely a note of invitation to his particular friends, for in a short time there came several other sparrows, and back they all went to the grass-plot, and began to eat up the seeds as fast as they could, at the same time keeping up the same peculiar chirping. I suppose they were calling the other birds, and telling them to come quickly and share in the grand feast the gardener had just spread for them, for pretty soon there was gathered quite a company of hungry fellows, perhaps the very ones that had eaten up the previous planting. No wonder the grass had never grown! The cunning sparrows had remembered the former feast, and lost no time in coming to this one.

Mrs. Gray could not help laughing at the performance, but hastened to call her neighbors' attention to the robbery then going on.

"What shall we do about it?" asked Mr. Fisher, who was in a quandary at this new turn of affairs.

"You must set up a scare-pole," said Willie, "just as I did for the crows; perhaps that 'll drive them away. But they 've had a good feast already."

"No doubt of it, and I shall make sure by sowing a few more quarts of seed."

"Suppose I bring my scarce-crow," said Willie; "that will answer, I think, and as my corn is up I can spare it very well." So saying, he went to bring it, and soon the uncouth-looking creature was fluttering in the breeze, as a warning to the sparrows to keep off the premises and be satisfied with their bugs and caterpillars. It was one of his own manufacture, and consisted of a pole with a cross-piece, on which was placed an old coat and hat with some white streamers to flutter in the wind. Many a bird had mistaken it for the master of the establishment, and thus the corn missed one of its enemies.

"'Spect they thought it was *sparrow-grass*," said the waggish gardener to himself as he went over the ground again and sowed another apronful of seed, then sung a couplet of the old song: —

> "One for the blackbird, and one for the crow;
> Two for the cut-worm, and three to grow."

"It was such a fortunate thing for us that you saw the robbers," said Mr. Fisher to Mrs. Gray when the green blades did at last make their appearance thick and close all over the lawn. "And as for the old 'scare-crow' himself, I have quite a respect for him; he was certainly a highly useful individual."

This, of course, set Dora and Fanny to laughing, as they had done repeatedly while the tall fellow, whom they had nicknamed "Uncle Sam," occupied his place as sentinel in the middle of the lawn. But their father told them never to despise useful people, even if they were as ugly as "scare-crows." "Uncle Sam" had done them good service, and accordingly he was to be put away carefully in a safe corner of the barn, ready for any future exigency.

Maggie's acquaintance with Mrs. Fisher had been a source of great enjoyment, and promised to lead to much future profit. The new neighbor was not only fond of all beautiful things relating to home embellishment, and expert in the manufacture of many of them, but was also ready to explain and teach the secrets of her art to others. Unlike some selfish persons who like to keep private everything pretty they are making or doing, lest some one else should learn to do it, she offered to instruct Maggie, so that she might prepare specimens of her own. Among these accomplishments was the art of making or preparing "skeleton leaves," then newly introduced into this country, and by no means common. Maggie had already seen and admired these bouquets as they were exhibited in the city stores, but had never hoped to make one for herself. No wonder, then, that Mrs. Fisher's offer was most thankfully accepted.

The first operations were begun in June, when some of the leaves had become fully grown, yet before the ravages of insects had made marks upon

the green tissues. Had Maggie been working alone, she would not have known how to select from the great variety to be found in forest and garden; for not all leaves are capable of being skeletonized. But here was Mrs. Fisher, with two or three seasons' experience, ready to assist her. June, she said, was as early as it would be worth while to commence, and only a few species of leaves were ready so early in the summer; they could, however, make a beginning, adding others as they matured. A large jar was first provided, and into it were placed some leaves of the swamp magnolias, which grew in the edge of a neighboring wood. Next were added Norway maples, silver poplars, and ivy leaves, and, a little later, other maples, Chinese magnolias, and deutsias, with a few willows, and English ash, which quite filled the jar. A weight was needed to keep them under the water, and the jar itself was then carried as far from the house as possible, — a very necessary precaution, as before many days it had become very offensive.

When the time came to examine it there was indeed a disgusting task before them, for the whole mass seemed putrid; but Mrs. Fisher went bravely at it one cool, breezy day, first pouring off all the bad water, and then adding fresh water repeatedly, until the mass had been pretty well washed. This of course removed the most offensive part, although what remained was sufficiently disagreeable. "Now, Maggie," she said, "the only tools to use are our hands, unpleasant as it may be, if we ever hope to bring a bouquet out of all this corruption."

"It certainly does n't look much like one now," said Maggie, beginning to roll up her sleeves.

A basin of clean warm water was before her, and a towel over her arm, and into the former she put two or three leaves from the top, letting them float upon the surface, at the same time pressing gently with finger and thumb until by degrees the green substance that is always to be found between the outer and inner portions of a leaf disappeared, and the perfect lacy fibres began to show themselves. In some leaves these tissues were as fine and close as the most exquisite book-muslin, whilst in others they were like the network meshes of lace. Sometimes the framework was firm and strong, but in other specimens so frail that it was impossible to remove them from the water. As they were thus freed from the slime, and laid in another basin of clean water, they floated upon the surface, almost invisible in their exceeding frailness, but Mrs. Fisher, whose fingers seemed just suited for such work, took them upon the palms of her hands, and pressing them firmly upon a towel, dexterously removed them, without a break, to the box prepared to receive them. This was, in substance, the process by which the leaves were in time prepared, while in another jar was stored a variety of seed-vessels undergoing the same decomposition, and waiting their turn to be washed and dried in much the same manner.

But of course, as there was a vast difference in the texture of all these leaves and seed-vessels, there was a difference likewise in the time required to skeletonize them. Some were ready for washing in a few weeks, while others were all summer in softening, and, indeed, it was not until October

that the last leaves of the tough swamp magnolia were finally laid away in the boxes. Yet this was not all. The leaves in their present condition would have looked very shabby in a bouquet, for they were far from white, and had for the most part lost their stems. They must be whitened next, and then mounted upon a cushion of dark velvet.

The bleaching required only a few days, a portion of the proper preparation being added to a jar of soft water, the leaves placed in it, then covered tightly, and set in a warm place. When they had become entirely white they were rinsed through two or three waters, in order to wash off the lime and chlorine, which might destroy the fine fibres if suffered to remain. And then, when all were carefully dried upon a towel, the leaves were spread smoothly between the leaves of a book. If that were not done, they would curl up in drying, and so look very ugly in a bouquet. A few delicate fern sprays, that had been well dried by pressing, were also bleached, and when the whole were arranged these were made to droop over gracefully among the leaves, adding greatly to the beauty of the finished group. As for the missing stems, a few pieces of spool-cotton, made quite stiff with gum-arabic, were made to supply their places, and Mrs. Fisher fastened them so neatly along the under sides of the midribs of the leaves, that no one could tell them from natural ones. So Maggie completed her bouquet of phantom flowers, and they were placed in a conspicuous position in the parlor.

While preparing these leaves Maggie had learned a great deal in regard to their formation and texture. Some were formed with woody fibres, while others were soft and pulpy. In some the veins extended outward from the centre, with other smaller ones crossing them in regular square network, while in others the fibres extended lengthwise along the leaves, being merely held together by the fine cobweb tissue that formed long diamond-shaped openings all over their surface. Some contained so much tannin that the water would make no impression upon them, though they were steeped for a year, and others, which appeared strong and firm when taken from the plant, would turn to worthless pulp in a few days. All these observations, and many more, had shown her that considerable science was involved in the production of so small an item as a skeleton leaf.

But while we have been busying ourselves with Maggie's affairs we have quite overlooked the two little girls, Dora and Fanny Fisher. I have before said that they were of very nearly the same age as Bessie and Daisy, only quite different in appearance. Dora, the elder, was much taller than Bessie, very slender and delicate, with dark eyes and black hair that curled around her head. She was a very quiet child, and loved to read better than to play, although she did join in the games of her companions whenever occasion offered. But her parents thought that open-air exercise in the garden would be of more advantage to her now than so much reading. So when the new garden had been put into proper shape, and the flower-beds planted, Dora, without knowing or intending it, became intensely interested in watching for the sprouting seeds. Of course she did not know the names of the little seedlings, since all looked alike to her, until they had put forth a few leaves;

but here were Susie and Bessie close at hand to tell her what they were. It seemed very strange to them that any one could mistake the broad leaves of the beans for the long ones of the phlox, or the rounder ones of the asters or nasturtiums. I fear they forgot, however, that they had once been equally stupid, and that equal time must be allowed their little neighbors to become as wise as themselves.

As for Fanny, Daisy's friend, she was a very bright, cheerful little body, and not a day passed without several visits to each other's garden. The plants themselves had a very hard time to grow, for the two little gardeners were digging away nearly all the time; but whenever there came a rainy day, which kept the two within doors, the flowers did their best to make up for it. The gardens, therefore, flourished in spite of excessive cultivation, and fortunately there were enough plants to spare from other portions of the grounds to supply the places of any that died. I am afraid the dolls were somewhat neglected in those days, there was so much entertainment out of doors. The children were so deeply engrossed with their business, that when they met in the morning, instead of saying "How do you do?" as in former times, they generally substituted "How is your garden?" or "Are your flowers in bloom yet?"

Willie, who was now a tall boy, and quite manly in his appearance, had finished his school-days, and was in quest of a good opening for business. He had not said it in so many words, but he did not at all like the idea of going to the city, and, as no suitable place offered as yet, he had continued to busy himself in the garden. But as he dug, and hoed, and raked up the weeds, his thoughts were by no means idle. "What do I care for being a merchant?" he said to himself; "it is at best an uncertain way of making a living, and scarcely a month passes without hearing of some one's failure. Besides, I have no taste for the book-keeper's desk, or the yard-measure. I 'd rather be a farmer, after all, and I wonder why I cannot just as well think about that as anything else. See, here are five acres adjoining us, which would make a nice little patch to begin with, to put in small fruits and garden vegetables. I 'm sure I could make a living, if I should not exactly grow rich. I 'll speak about it anyhow, and see what father and mother think." So, one evening, as his parents sat together on the piazza, Willie proposed the thing, and urged it upon their consideration with a good deal of warmth.

"You see, father," he said, "I can get the land on accommodating terms, for the owner will sell that back lot at a low price, and I can pay for it by degrees out of my profits."

"Have you talked to him about it?" inquired Mr. Gray.

"O yes; he has often told me that his land ought to belong to our place, and I know that I 've enough plants to stock it at once."

"And could you work it all yourself? Remember, hiring runs away with the profits."

"I would try," answered Willie; "perhaps I might want a little help in the beginning, but after that I 'd manage it myself."

"Well, then," said his father, "I 'll see the owner and talk to him about it; if we can agree about the terms, I will take it, — it will be a safe investment, I think, in any case."

Willie's mind was so bent upon the purchase that he took care to look up the owner and bring him to his father before many days, and the matter was soon settled between them. Mr. Gray bought the five acres for a thousand dollars, and Willie was to have the opportunity of buying it himself at the same price as soon as he was able. In the mean time he could still enjoy the privilege of living at home, which was a great comfort to his mother, who grieved over the prospect of a coming separation.

Now, as all this took place in the summer, too late to set out the fruit, our young farmer concluded to plough up his land, and put in potatoes for the present, leaving room between the rows for the blackberries and other fruit which could be planted in the autumn, before the potatoes would be ready for digging. That was a good arrangement, as the sequel proved, for the field yielded him eighty or ninety bushels to the acre, and paid a profit of about two hundred dollars in money. So Willie was well pleased with this beginning, especially as he had also managed to set out fruit which would be in nice growing order for spring, as previous experience had shown.

CHAPTER XII.

THE next three years passed on very much in the same manner as those I have described. Willie's farm did well, and fulfilled all that was expected of it. Maggie continued to raise roses, and many other choice plants, and so great was her present reputation as a florist that she could always find sale among her neighbors for as many of them as she chose to part with. The proceeds, carefully saved, had paid for the little conservatory which had been added to the south end of the parlor, and the winter always found it well stocked with vigorous plants.

Their neighbors, the Fishers, had proved themselves friends of the most desirable sort. The two matrons had found so much pleasure and profit in each other's society that neither missed or desired the gayer scenes of city life, while Maggie, now grown to woman's size, was ever learning lessons in some pretty fancy-work from her generous friend. There were several picture-frames in the parlor, and little rustic flower-stands, and hanging-baskets whose designs Mrs. Fisher had furnished. Many things heretofore considered useless and worthless had, through her ingenious suggestion, been converted into wonders of beauty and utility.

Then you may be sure that three years had made great changes in the children. Daisy was a stout girl of eleven, and all five of the younger girls were attending school near by. Maggie was of course a young lady, and assistant housekeeper as well as head gardener, while Dora Fisher had become as hale and rosy as her parents could desire. Thus matters seemed very prosperous with these two happy families, and they looked forward to a long season of pleasant and unbroken intercourse.

But, alas! it often happens that, when all things seem most promising, trouble is very near, and the stroke we most dread may be about to descend. So it was with our friends, the Grays. This third winter was to witness a sad change in their prospects, and the suddenness of the affliction made it still harder to be borne. Mr. Gray was seized with an alarming illness, and after a week of intense suffering this good husband and father was taken from his sorrowing family. It was a severe blow to them, for he had always been strong and healthy, — never sick a day in his life, and gentle and loving in all his intercourse with his children.

Those were sad days indeed before the funeral, when the rooms were darkened, and no one could bear to speak aloud. They looked at the cold remains, as they lay in the coffin, and tried hard to realize that it was their kind and loving father lying before them, who would never speak to them again. Poor children! they were too young to know what changes it might bring to them. The days passed on, and they laid him in that lovely city of the dead, sweet, quiet Laurel Hill, where the Schuylkill River flows calmly past, and the birds sing around his grave all the day long.

It was early in the spring when this sad event occurred, and the cemetery was but a short walk from home. It was a new employment now to bring the choicest flowers to plant or scatter upon their dear father's grave. Perhaps he would see these love-tokens from his happy, heavenly home above, and smile upon his children's offerings; so they wearied not of coming, until the little enclosure grew daily more beautiful and fragrant with its fresh blossoms.

But the loss of this good father had brought other very different subjects to the mother's thoughts; she had lost not only her husband's love and companionship, but she now found herself alone, with a family dependent upon her, and with very limited means for their future support. The serious question of their daily bread must now be met, for the house and garden, with a few hundred dollars beside, were all she had of worldly wealth. The strictest economy would be required, but money must be found to provide the necessaries of life.

Some of her friends advised her to sell the place at once, and live upon the proceeds, but that, she felt, must be a last resort indeed, while the children, one and all, begged her to try one season, and see whether the profits of the garden would not be as much as the income of the money it would produce if sold, — if so, they greatly preferred to stay. Maggie had five hundred roses ready for sale, to say nothing of her other plants, — geraniums, mignonettes, verbenas, and petunias, and she was resolved to do her best with them. As soon as it was known that her fine collection was to be sold, the neighbors came from all quarters to make their selections; these in turn told others, until her customers promised to become quite numerous.

It was a blessed thing that a busy season was at hand, for it left them less time to dwell upon their trouble and bereavement. They had health, that first of blessings, and Willie, now nearly nineteen, began to feel that the

present year must decide the momentous question of whether or not his few acres of fruit could support them all. This year the berries would come into full bearing, and as to their sale, that was certain, as there was a market quite near, with a daily demand for much more than he could produce. So he cultivated his ground, and in due season his two acres of strawberries began to ripen.

At first there were few to be gathered, although he went over the whole patch, — only a dozen quarts; but then they were among the first in the market, and Willie carried them directly to one of the large hotels, where the best price was always paid for early fruit. A dollar a quart was obtained for these, and the hotel-keeper was glad to get them at that, for they were in nice condition. Then two days afterwards he gathered four dozen, and disposed of them in the same way, only that by this time the price had fallen to seventy-five cents, because they were becoming more abundant. But that paid well enough, and Willie felt a satisfaction he had never before known when he laid the proceeds of these first sales in his mother's hand. "That is only the beginning, mother," he said; "to-morrow we shall pick again."

Next time they gathered seventy-five quarts, and so on nearly every day for over two weeks, until in all they had sold twelve hundred quarts of fine berries off his little two-acre patch. The prices had of course fallen greatly since the first sales, but they averaged thirty cents for every box, after the expenses of picking were paid, and brought three hundred and sixty dollars in money. Willie felt as if this was doing very well, and had barely time to weed his strawberry-bed, and hunt up his stray boxes before the raspberries began to ripen.

If the strawberries had done well, these promised even better, and although just then came a season of dry, hot weather, the raspberry plantation produced him three hundred dollars clear. Now this was certainly doing well enough, even if nothing else had come, but hurrying on after the others came the blackberries, — great shining fellows of the New Rochelle variety, — and added one hundred dollars more to our farmer's receipts. Thus Willie satisfied himself and many others that even five acres well cultivated could be made nearly to support a family.

The fruit in his mother's garden had done well also, and as they had determined to sell whatever would bring them a high price, even the grapes and pears in their season were turned to profitable account, and brought them in exchange many necessary articles of living. Willie sold enough of his extra plants to pay for all the manure needed for the year, leaving his cash receipts clear gain; and Maggie had done so well by her plants and flowers that an addition to her conservatory was absolutely needed if she would continue or increase her business. This was accordingly made, and paid for entirely from the sale of some of her beautiful phantom bouquets, which were in constant demand, and in due time there were hundreds of newly started roses blooming under the sashes. Besides this, people had learned where to apply for cut flowers and bouquets, and many a choice collection

LAWRENCE Public Library, LAWRENCE, MASS.

LOST AT SEA.

DRAWN BY EDWIN FORBES.] [See the Story.

for weddings, and also for funeral occasions, had already been furnished from that little greenhouse.

Maggie had taken pains to study the arrangement of the popular pyramidal bouquets furnished by professed florists, and could now, by the same ingenious management, make a very few flowers show to better advantage than many would have done when grouped together carelessly.

Maggie's naturally good taste enabled her to succeed well in these graceful nosegays, and without any great effort of her own she had really established herself in an agreeable and profitable business. The children were able to assist her greatly in many ways, — in the care of the greenhouse, and watering and moving the plants. Indeed, they desired no better employment than this.

Through all the Grays' trouble Mr. Fisher and his wife had proved themselves true friends, and in settling up, and attending to the few items of business after Mr. Gray's death, the former had been a very judicious adviser. He had scarcely hoped to see them so successful in turning their little place to good account, but now gave them the most unqualified praise for their enterprise and industry. It was very clear to him that this love for gardening, which, in these children, had shown itself at such an early age, and been developed so profitably, was worthy of indulgence, — a talent valuable and beautiful, which was already securing to them an honorable independence.

My story is ended now, for I have told you all that was intended, and proved that a real love of flowers may lead to excellent results. It is several years since I last called at the two cottages, but I know they are still standing in the midst of a bower of vines and ornamental trees. In full view are to be seen the greenhouses and hot-beds, and generally you may see some of the family at work among the shrubbery. Within the house everything is neatness itself, and many a pretty thing is there which these daughters' tasteful fingers have contrived.

Willie still believes in his "little farm well tilled," and I believe has added a few more acres to his domain. And there they all live together in the old way, a happy and united family, rich because contented.

Author of "Six Hundred Dollars a Year."

LOST AT SEA.

THERE he lay in the sunshine, a great black, noble animal, with his work in this world done. I was standing at his side looking at him when my friend came up and joined me.

"Are you trying to make friends with our old Brutus?" he said to me. "Ah, he does n't care much for making new friends now. He would only like to find the *old* friends again that he buried long ago in that mysterious past of his."

My friend stooped as he spoke, and stroked the great soft head. "Poor Brutus!" he said, "poor old faithful dog!"

It was not much of a story, yet it was rather curious. About five years ago my friend and his family were staying during the summer at a little sea-side town on the north coast of France. It was a quiet and rather dull place, except that its harbor was always lively with the coming and going of fishing-boats and collier brigs, and such-like craft, the watching of which was quite an endless delight to the children, who, indeed, spent every moment they could steal from morning to night down at the quay, staring with all their might, and as often as they could doing more than staring, at all that went on there.

It was a fine great open sea, that even in summer was pretty rough at times, coming tumbling often in great waves over the beach, and covering all the pier with showers of spray. Charlie and Willie were always in a state of huge delight whenever those big waves came rolling landward. They used every morning, as soon as they were out of bed, to run to their bedroom window, with little shoeless feet and bare legs, to see whether the white crests were there.

Of course they never thought of anything — for they were very small creatures — but of the fun that it was to see the leaping and rolling water, and of the delight of being sent scampering up the beach when some bigger wave than all the rest would run after them as it broke upon the sands, as if it were resolved to catch them and wet their stockings and shoes at least, let their little legs fly as fast as they would. "It must be rough weather at sea," their father and mother used to say sometimes in their hearing, especially during one week, when the north wind blew with a strange, wild roaring, and down about the pier the fishermen stood looking through their glasses out to sea, anxiously shaking their heads now and then; but Willie and Charlie only grew merrier as the wind blew stronger; they thought that to be out upon the beach when they could not keep their footing, and when the very air was white with spray, was the finest fun that they had ever had in all their lives.

"I wish it would blow like this forever!" Charlie would say.

And then Willie, who was the youngest, and who never liked to be outdone, would cap Charlie's speech, and cry with enthusiasm, "I wish it would blow ten times harder!"

(For they were a pair of little geese, you know; but then it is only in the nature of things that children *should* be geese; and indeed, for my own part, I don't think I should be inclined to like *any* young creatures much who talked at ten as if they had the sense of twenty.)

Well, it had been rough weather for near a week, and then soft south breezes came back, and the wild waves calmed themselves, and the fishing-boats that for several days had been doing almost no work put out again to sea. There was a great deal going on in the harbor after the wind went down, and Charlie and Willie, watching it, were as happy as the day was long. One morning they were in the midst of it all as usual, pushing their prying little feet and faces everywhere, getting a good-natured fisherman now to take them for half an hour in his boat, now playing about the masts and rigging of the little brigs, and gabbling away in their broken French to the sailors, many of whom by this time knew the two lads and were kind to them.

It was a bright, warm summer day, with just wind enough to make a little curl upon the waves, and to fill the sails as the fishing-boats put out. There were vessels coming in this morning as well as leaving the harbor. Several brigs that had been expected for some days, and that the storm had delayed, got into port to-day. But there was one especially that amongst all the rest attracted the boy's attention. It was an English collier, standing on whose deck, as she came near, they saw a great black, noble Newfoundland dog. The creature was standing upon his four feet, taking no notice of any one, but slowly moved his head from side to side, as if he was vainly looking for something that he could not find, — standing quite still, so passive that even when the boat touched the quay, and people came up and stroked and spoke to him, he merely let them do it, and never moved so much as the tip of his tail in answer to them.

The children had caught sight of him with a shout of delight. "O, see what a big dog!" Willie had cried, and, clapping their joyful little hands, they started forward to get as near to the brig as they could. They saw several people gather round the creature presently, and upon that they pushed their way into the boat too, squeezing in cleverly between the sailors' legs, till they got quite close to where the dog was, with the master of the brig standing by his side, and telling this sad little story: —

In the gray of the summer morning, he was saying, almost as the French coast was coming into sight, one of the crew of the brig had seen a little black speck dancing on the water far away. They could not tell what it was, — it was too indistinct for that, — but they knew it might be a drowning man; so they lowered their little boat at once, and made for him as hard as they could pull. But it was no man. When they came near they found nothing but this poor lost dog, floating on a bit of wreck, the spar of some vessel that had probably foundered in the storm, and gone silently down with all her crew. They took him into their boat and brought him back with them. This was all his story.

Here he stood now, — dazed, half-starved, bewildered, looking with strange

eyes at each strange face about him, — dumb through it all. As the master of the collier told the little story, more than one pitying hand was put forward to stroke the big black head; but the creature took no notice of any one of them, only stood quite still, piercing through the little group with those sad, eager, human eyes of his. "Poor fellow! Poor dog!" they said.

The children stood a little from him with grave, touched faces. They were gazing so earnestly at him that they did not see their father, who had come down to the quay — as he came often — to give a momentary eye to his young monkeys, and see that they were not drowning themselves or getting into any other hopeless mischief, and who was standing now behind them, and had been listening while the master told his tale. They only knew that he was there when they suddenly heard his voice.

"What are you going to do with him? Will you part with him?" he called out to the master. Then the lads turned round with a little cry. "O father!" they exclaimed; and their hearts leaped to their mouths. They were afraid to say anything more, — afraid to utter another word; they stood with their lips parted with eagerness as they waited for the master's answer.

"Well, sir, I 'm open to an offer for him," the man said, after a moment's silence, and then the children burst into a shout of delight.

Ten minutes afterwards they were walking home with the noble beast between them. They chattered away as they went of all that they would do with him, what they should call him, how he should go everywhere with them, how many things they would teach him; they held him by the ear, and stroked his head, and clapped his back, and gambolled round him. Who can tell what *his* thoughts were all the time? Who could tell them, as he walked on with those dumb, wondering, patient eyes of his, with the new faces round him, and the new voices in his ears, and all the *old* world and the *old* life gone from him like a dream?

"We brought him home with us in a week or two," my friend said to me (we had been walking up and down the lawn while he told me the little story), "and the boys soon grew very fond of him; but it is a curious thing that, during all these five years he has been with us now, he has never grown more than half at home here. I think he has been as happy with us as he would have been anywhere, and a more docile, patient, kindly natured beast than he is you never knew; but yet he has always to me been like a dog living with a broken heart. I don't believe for my part that he has ever forgotten that old master of his, whoever he may have been, for a day or an hour since he lost him. Look at him now. Look what a fine human pathos there is about that tragic, silent face of his. Depend upon it he is thinking of the old story at this moment, puzzling it all out again, remembering, perhaps, how he saw the boat go down, and heard his master's last cry, — if, indeed, it *was* his last. Perhaps he may doubt even yet whether it was. I sometimes think he has still at moments a kind of forlorn hope that the lost days will come back again, and the lost eyes look into his once more."

We went up to him again where he lay, and stood looking at him. He was dozing, with eyes half closed in the sunshine, his black coat grown a little rusty now, his ears drooping, his senses, perhaps, beginning to be dulled by age, for he was old; he was not likely to live very much longer, my friend said.

As we stood so he took no notice of us; he was thinking of other things, — perhaps in a half-waking dream living the old life again. "Poor Brutus!" I said once, and stooped down to smooth his grand old head, but still he did not move or look up.

"Ah, he does n't care for that name," my friend said. "He will answer to it sometimes, but he knows very well that he had another name once quite different from "Brutus." We have never been able to find out what it was; *it* is buried, too, with all the rest of his history.

We heard the boys' voices coming towards us merrily, and their footsteps on the gravel under the chestnut-trees. For a moment Brutus opened his eyes at the sound of them, and gently moved his bushy tail; then, stretching out his great fore-paws with a peaceful sigh, he laid his head down on them and dozed again. We left him lying so, slumbering calmly in the sunshine, with his doggish, faithful thoughts, and perhaps gone dreamily back to the old days, and hearing in sleep the old voices that were lost to him forever in that sorrowful night when the unknown ship went down at sea.

Georgiana M. Craik.

THE APOSTLE OF LAKE SUPERIOR.

"ALLOUEZ — 3."

That was all. Who was Allouez? What was Allouez? Where was Allouez? Why should Allouez be marked as 3? Three what, — years old, pounds' weight, or dollars' worth?

It was on a scrap of newspaper that had somehow found its way into my pocket, the fag-end and remainder of a larger scrap which at some time I had placed there under the impression that it contained something I wanted to preserve, and which had long since been forgotten, whilst the paper had been twiddled into bits when walking and thinking with my hands in my coat pockets, — a bad habit I try to break myself of.

But about Allouez.

I asked my friend Boodle. My friend Boodle is in the produce commission business. Boodle did n't know. Never heard of the article. Some foreign goods, he supposed.

I inquired of Jorkins. He is in the banking business, and consequently knows all about bonds and stocks and preferences and "ex-div.," and can

translate all the mysterious initials and still more mysterious figures and comments to be found in that part of the newspaper which Jorkins reads first, and you and I scarcely ever look at, — the "financial and commercial" column.

"Allouez? Pooh! mining affair."

"Mining affair? — where? — what kind of mine? Tell us all about it."

"Don't know much. Small matters; most part in State Street, Boston, I fancy, and the rest somewhere in Lake Superior. Among the coppers, I reckon. Want to get any?"

By good luck I met Captain Trenoodle, one of the best practical miners and discoverers of mines on Lake Superior. To him I put the question concerning the location of Allouez, and why so called. Trenoodle is a Cornishman and spoke with a slight Cornish accent.

"Allouez? Of coose. Up in Keewenaw County. Tidy little mine enough, ef she gets started well. Are n't doing much though, as she 's young yet. Well, look 'ere; as to the name I can't jestly say, never having heerd on it afore. Why could n't they call it Wheal Betsey, or Wheal Ann, or Wheal Jenkins, and ha' done wi' it? S'pose it 's some new-fangled scientific name or other them Boston chaps got."

That was not entirely satisfactory, so I turned into the rooms of the Historical Society and asked the Professor about it. The Professor went to a book-shelf, took down several old volumes printed in French that would trip up some of you in the French class with its unfamiliar words, and adorned with odd-looking maps and engravings. With his forefinger inserted between the leaves of one of the books, he looked at me over his spectacles and told all about it. And I will tell you. When I finish you will probably agree with me, as I agreed with the Professor, that it is not creditable that the memory of a man so intimately connected with the early history of civilization and Christianity on Lake Superior, and to whose labors the Northwest owes so much, should be perpetuated only in the scene of his labors by the name of an obscure mine, of which few have any knowledge, while of these few but a small proportion have ever heard of the man whose name it bears.

Father Ménard perished in the woods in 1661, whilst on his way to the miserable remnant of the Huron tribe that had sought security from the fierce Iroquois upon the southwestern shore of Lake Superior. The news of his death reached Quebec two years later, and carried grief and consternation to the hearts of the Jesuit missionaries there. Who should take up the work that had dropped from the dead hands of the aged priest? Who would follow his footsteps in the thorny path that led to martyrdom? Claude Allouez offered himself for the perilous duty, and to his great joy he was accepted.

A journey to the Northwest in those days could not be undertaken at an hour's notice, as at present. Now the tourist or the man of business can form a sudden resolution to visit Lake Superior, pack his valise, and in less than an hour after deciding on the journey be rattling westward on the cars

at thirty miles an hour, or pacing the deck of a swift-sailing steamer headed in the same direction. Then the priest who proposed setting out on the toilsome journey waited months for a favorable opportunity, held a solemn parting service in the church, bade farewell to his friends and associates, and set out for a journey of weeks, perhaps months, with a strong probability of never reaching his destination. The summer of 1664 passed away, and no opportunity for the journey presented itself. It was August, 1665, before Allouez set out.

The Iroquois, according to custom, were prowling along the banks of the Ottawa River, ready to pounce upon any stray party of Indians not of their tribe, rob them of the merchandise obtained at the French trading-posts in exchange for furs, and carry off their scalps to adorn Iroquois lodge-poles. The Hurons, Ottawas, Chippewas, and other tribes of the Northwest who came down for their annual trade, waited at Three Rivers until a party was formed large enough to daunt the Indian freebooters of the forest. On the 8th of August, 1665, such a party, numbering over four hundred, set out in their canoes from Three Rivers for the ascent of the Ottawa. With them went Father Allouez and six French attendants in a canoe of their own.

The Indians were suspicious of the "Black Robe" and his attendants. They suspected the latter of a design to interfere with their monopoly of hunting and trading. Of the priest they had a graver suspicion, and therefore eyed him with special disfavor. The Jesuits were anxious to save as many savage souls as possible. The work of conversion and baptism among the adult savages was very slow, and the missionaries consoled themselves by baptizing the children whenever they obtained an opportunity. But as they feared that when the child grew up to manhood he would adopt the idolatrous practices of his fellow-savages, in spite of his infant Christianity, they preferred baptizing children at the point of death, that their souls might go to heaven unstained by sin. The savage witnesses of these practices confounded cause and effect, and believed that death almost invariably following baptism resulted from the rite; that the water was poisonous, or that the sprinkling was a form of deadly incantation. It was no wonder that they looked with distrust upon the missionary, and that they carefully kept their children from his presence.

For a short distance the savages allowed the Frenchman's canoe to keep them company, but held no communication with its occupants. When about to turn into the Ottawa they changed their tactics. Surrounding the Frenchmen, the Indians endeavored to dissuade them from proceeding farther on the journey. They pointed out the dangers of the way, the fierce rapids, the terrible cataracts, the long and painful portages, the peril from the dreaded Iroquois, — common foe alike of Indian and white man, — the risk of starvation: all these, the Indians said, were looked forward to with dread by the Indians familiar with them; to the unpractised white man they would be doubly terrible. But the missionary meekly replied that he was ready to endure all this, and more, in the cause of his holy religion. With a grunt of dissatisfaction they resumed their paddles and proceeded on their voyage.

At the first rapids the Frenchmen met with a serious misfortune. Their canoe struck on a rock and was badly damaged. It was hauled out on the bank and attempts made to repair it. Some of the other canoes required looking to, so the whole party halted three days to prepare for the toils and dangers of the journey, the worst of which lay before them. The canoe in which the Frenchmen had come thus far was so much injured that it was declared unserviceable, and they were again urged to abandon the journey and go home. But Allouez was not to be turned back by accidents or threats. He at length persuaded the Indians to take himself and his party, by distributing them among the different canoes, and it was with great satisfaction that the missionary saw the canoes leave with his comrades safe on board. But one canoe remained, that to which Allouez had been assigned, and the priest waded out to it, but was rudely thrust back by the occupants, who told him there was no room. In vain the priest reproached them with their broken promises and threatened them with the anger of the French governor. They merely replied, "There is no room for the Black Robe," and rapidly paddled away.

Thus abandoned in a strange land, a wilderness of woods all around him filled with savage beasts and far more savage men, Father Allouez thought his hour had come. He knelt on the bank and prayed earnestly that the sins of the inhuman savages might be forgiven, and that his life might be accepted as a sacrifice for the salvation of their souls. Whilst he prayed he heard a shout, and was surprised by the return of some of the canoes, having on board three of his countrymen, who were then put ashore and abandoned. The congratulations of the Frenchmen at their reunion were short. Their only hope of escape lay in the broken canoe, and they worked rapidly to patch her so as to bear them a little way until they could overtake the Indians.

The Frenchmen had seen enough of forest life to know some of the expedients used in forest travel. Fresh bark was stripped from a birch-tree, sewn over the fracture in the canoe and the seams neatly pitched. Then they launched their frail craft once more, and pulled rapidly after the canoe fleet, now hours out of sight.

Soon they heard the rushing of waters, which increased in force until they rested on their paddles in awe and alarm at the foot of the foaming and tumbling waters of the Saut des Chats. To ascend that terrific cataract was impossible, but there was no landing-place visible; no sign of a portage through the dense woods. Despair seized the companions of Allouez, but he never lost courage. Praying earnestly for aid, he told his companions to push the canoe to the opposite shore, and there, as if in answer to his prayer, he found two canoe-loads of Indians preparing to make the portage. Following their example, the Frenchmen unloaded the canoe, shouldered it and its cargo, and trotted as swiftly as their unpractised feet allowed after the savages to the other end of the portage, where six other canoes were found.

At the sight of the faithless Indians who had so cruelly deserted him

Allouez lost patience, bitterly upbraided them with their perfidy, and threatened them with the vengeance of the French commander at Quebec, whose favor they courted because of his presents and whose vengeance they also dreaded. The savages professed a great desire to comply with the wishes of the French commander, but again urged Allouez to return lest worse should befall him in the new dangers about to be encountered. Finding their arguments of no avail, it was at length agreed that the priest should be taken on board an Indian canoe. But the Indian who sullenly consented to receive him refused to take his parcels, and finally objected to taking the Black Robe at all. Once more the missionary, beholding himself abandoned of men, sought consolation in prayer.

He returned to the river-bank, to find the savage had relented, taken his parcels on board, and now with friendly words and signs invited him to come. With joyful haste Allouez entered the frail canoe, but no sooner was the shore left behind than the Indian became haughty and insolent. Putting a paddle in the hands of the priest, he told him to row, for, being himself a great chief, it would not comport with his dignity to work. The missionary took the paddle. All day long and far into the night he paddled, laboring hard to please the Indians, who mocked, abused, and maltreated him. They stole his robe, and would have stolen his broad hat, to which they had an especial dislike, had he not begged hard that it might be spared to protect his head from sunstroke. At night, when they landed to rest, his boat-fellows robbed him of his blanket, and left him to sleep with no pillow but a rock, and no covering but leaves.

Unaccustomed to the toils of the route, and faint from weariness and hunger, the poor priest plied the paddle with trembling arms, and at the numerous portages he staggered feebly amid the rocks and fallen trees that obstructed the path. He was scarcely able to support himself, yet the Indians compelled him to carry the largest packages, and when he fainted and fell, exhausted with fatigue and hunger, they railed at him. "See," said they, "the infant who cannot carry his bundle, but who would teach the warriors to be like himself!" To these mockings Allouez made no reply, but took up his burden uncomplainingly. Patient endurance like this at length touched even savage hearts, and, when the priest was unable to bear his load and keep up with the company, some friendly Indian was sure to relieve him.

Fifteen days of suffering like these were passed before Lake Huron was reached. All day long, and far into the night, Allouez and his savage companions pushed on, by canoe or on foot. Sometimes they rested but two or three hours at night, throwing themselves, supperless, on the bare earth to snatch a short sleep, and then rise to renew, breakfastless, their toilsome journey. At length Lake Nepissing was passed, and the flotilla of canoes descended the little stream now known as French River. The worst of the journey was over. Soon the broad waters of Georgian Bay would receive them, and their course would lie among the many islands that divide that inland sea from Lake Huron. The Indians relaxed their persecutions of the Frenchmen, and Allouez plied his paddle with renewed vigor and hope.

Hark! Strange cries broke the stillness of the wooded wilderness. Fierce screams and deep groans, and amid them a wild chant, now loud and defiant, now low and plaintive. It was an Indian death-chant sung by several voices. At first the Indians sat silent in superstitious awe, but when the nature of the cries were realized they paddled hastily in that direction. On turning a bend of the river the cause of the lamentations was before them. Eight Indians lay writhing in agony, horribly burned and blackened, and mingling the notes of their death-song with the shrieks and groans wrung by the anguish of their wounds. They had been sitting around a barrel of gunpowder into which a spark fell, and the explosion that followed had mangled and burned them so that four lay in danger of death.

Here was an opportunity for the missionary priest. Heedless of the scowls and threats of the surrounding savages, Allouez baptized the four who were most badly burned, and administered the last rites of the church. But the wounded Indians begged their fellows not to leave them to perish alone in the woods, and they were accordingly taken into the canoes and carried to the lake, where the fleet arrived August 24th, to the number of one hundred canoes.

The first care of the party was the cure of the sufferers. The medicine-men of the tribes were assembled and prepared their incantations. In the night the slumbers of the priest were disturbed by chants and cries more fearful than those with which the wounded men filled the air in the woods of French River. Rising from his bed of spruce boughs, he followed the sounds till he reached the shore, where he was horrified by the spectacle before him.

On a rocky point jutting out into the lake lay one of the wounded Indians before a huge fire, surrounded by about a dozen fantastically decorated medicine-men. The red flames, leaping and crackling, threw a lurid light upon the hideously painted figures of the medicine-men, and rendered more ghastly their horrible contortions. They danced furiously; beat and gashed themselves until they foamed at the mouth and bled from their wounds; sang wild songs, and howled like demons. Then they sank exhausted, and lay quiet whilst the oldest and chief among them addressed a long harangue to the deities to be propitiated.

Allouez stood in doubt. If he allowed those superstitious rites to proceed unmolested, he would be unfaithful to the cause he had undertaken. If he interfered, the Indians might become irritated and refuse to allow him to proceed on his journey. An indication that the violent demonstrations of the conjurers were about to be renewed, determined him. Striding boldly into their midst, he forbade the medicine-men to proceed with their incantations, declared them to be superstitious follies, and offered prayers to God for the cure of the sick man. The medicine-men were furious. They threatened the daring priest with death, and, finding he was not to be deterred by threats, they rushed off in a body with loud yells and hacked his canoe to pieces with their tomahawks.

Two weeks were spent at the mouth of French River and in coasting up

through the North Channel to the St. Mary River. It was the first week in September when Allouez reached the Saut, and saw for the first time the waters of that great inland sea, whose banks were to be the scene of his future labors. He was much impressed with the stories told by the Indians of its vastness, its depth, and its marvellous clearness. The Ojibways were in the habit of offering sacrifices to Lake Superior, looking upon it as a great divinity, to whom they were indebted for stores of delicate white fish. This was almost the sole support of the tribes dwelling on its banks, there being but little game in the woods. Full of gratitude for having been allotted to such a glorious field for missionary enterprise, Allouez determined that hereafter the lake should bear the name of the French commandant, M. de Tracy, in token of the obligations the people of that region were under to him.

Three times a mission had been established at the Saut, and three times it had been abandoned almost as soon as established. Father Allouez yearned to set up the standard of the cross once more by the side of those tumbling waters; but his field of labor lay beyond, and he pushed on. During the whole of September his canoe crept along the southern coast of the lake, past the white sand-heights of the Point au Sable (Sand Point), past the Pictured Rocks, past Grand Island and the bay now known as Marquette. The first morning after launching their canoe on the waters of Lake Superior Father Allouez and his Frenchmen landed, and in the silent solitude of the woods the priest celebrated the offices of his church, for the first time since he left Three Rivers, more than a month previous. Refreshed and inspired by this religious observance, the good priest returned to the boat, and at the water's edge found two sick children, left by their Indian parents to die. He baptized them and returned to the canoe, full of hope for his mission from this auspicious omen. He wrote down his delight at this incident. All his fatigues were as nothing; his hunger and sufferings were all repaid on that happy day.

This is the date of the first recorded intimation of the mineral riches of Lake Superior. The Indians who accompanied Allouez on his voyage showed him pieces of copper found on the banks of the lake, or in the water. They told him of other pieces, weighing from ten to twenty pounds. These they esteemed as divinities, or as presents from the gods who dwell beneath the water, given them to promote their happiness. They were kept with religious care, wrapped in articles of highest value, and in some families had been treasured as domestic gods from generation to generation. There was a tradition of a rock rising out of the water a short distance from the shore, from which the Indians cut masses of copper, but it had disappeared. They said it was a divinity that had vanished, for reasons they were not willing to explain; but Allouez believed it had been overwhelmed by sand in a furious tempest. Whether it was a mere tradition without foundation has never been settled, but no exploration has revealed a trace of the copper rock in the lake.

Another happy surprise greeted the missionary. Landing one day in the bay of St. Theresa he was joyfully greeted by two women, who sought his

blessing. The good father gave it, but was astonished at such a request in that wild, pagan country. The women explained that they had been converted to the true faith by Father Ménard. They were evidences of the success of his mission. The delighted priest called his Frenchmen around him and performed the office of the mass for the benefit of the two Christian women.

Nearly two months after leaving the quiet station on the St. Lawrence the Frenchmen paddled their canoe, on the first of October, into the peaceful waters of Chagwamegong Bay, hereafter to be known in Jesuit missionary annals as the Bay du Saint Esprit, or Bay of the Holy Ghost.

The good father's eyes wandered with keen interest over the beautiful scene. Away to the right stretched the thickly wooded Apostle Islands, gorgeous in the rich hues of a Lake Superior autumn. Framed in a setting of similar glowing hues, on the main-land, was the town of La Pointe, the greatest Ojibway town on the lake, where, too, were gathered the remnant of the Hurons, to seek whom Ménard had sacrificed his life. In large clearings were the cornfields for the support of the population of the town, — a population made up of seven different tribes dwelling peacefully together and numbering eight hundred fighting-men. Here was the place he had sought. Here he would found a mission that should be the centre of civilization and Christianization for the Western Indians. Hastily running his canoe inshore, Father Allouez landed, took possession of an empty hut, dressed his chapel for service, and commenced his missionary service by proceeding to the lodge, where a large assemblage of chiefs were in solemn council.

Never could he have arrived at a more opportune time. From far and near the Ojibways were gathered to plan a cruel and relentless campaign against their perpetual foes, the Sioux. The Sioux towns were to be destroyed and all their inhabitants slaughtered. The hate that for generations had rankled in their hearts was to be drowned in blood. The crimes of the Sioux were to be atoned for by their annihilation.

The council was at its height when the missionary, in his long black robe, with crucifix in his raised hand, entered the lodge. The chiefs stared in wonder. In a few words Allouez explained his character and his authority, both as a representative of the French crown and as a Christian priest. He said he had heard the nature of their deliberations and would say a few words on the subject. He pleaded earnestly for peace. The chiefs were impatient and dissatisfied at this. He told them of the majesty and power of the French king; of the greatness of M. de Tracy, the French governor, and of his determination to repress quarrelling and violence. Then he drew a glowing picture of the advantages to be gained from the practice of the Golden Rule. In the end the council was broken up, the meditated raid on the Sioux abandoned, and Father Allouez welcomed as a great Christian "medicine-man."

At La Pointe Allouez remained more than two years, laboring in every way to convert the fierce savages to Christianity. His courage, endurance, and fearlessness won the respect of the Indians, who held such qualities in high

esteem. His fame spread, and soon large parties of Indians, of different tribes, came up to La Pointe to see and hear the fearless Black Robe who defied their demons and deities. Pottawatomies, Sacs, Foxes, and Illinois from the lands far to the south, came up, listened to the discourses of the missionary, examined curiously the decorations of his humble chapel, and then went home to discourse of the pale-face "medicine-man" around their camp-fires.

Occasionally scouting-parties of the Ojibways brought in a wandering hunter of the Sioux tribe, who had ventured too far east and fallen into the hands of his foes. In his endeavors to save these captives from the cruel fate to which they were destined by Ojibway law, Allouez learned enough concerning the tribe to which they belonged to make him desirous of further knowledge. At a favorable time he made a journey to the head of Lake Superior, where the Sioux gathered in numbers at certain seasons. His kindness to the Sioux captives insured him a friendly reception.

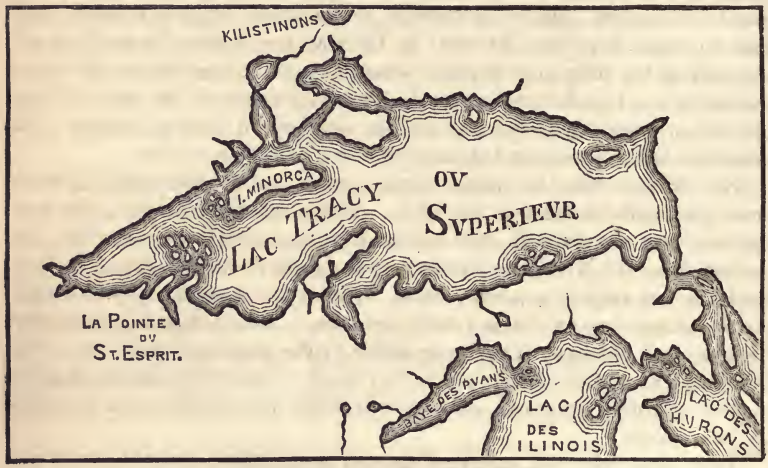
Far different from the half-civilized Hurons and the fish-eating Ojibways were these wild hunters of the West. The Sioux built no huts, cultivated neither corn nor tobacco, and disdained to spend their time catching and curing fish. They had no firearms, and exhibited neither dread of those weapons nor anxiety to possess them. Their chief weapon was the bow and arrow, which they used with deadly precision. Their sole occupations were hunting and fighting. They were skilful in the chase and ferocious in war. They had no settled place of abode, but wandered over the country, as game became plentiful or scarce, carrying with them the tent-poles and deerskins of their lodges.

Their land, they said, stretched leagues upon leagues away to the West, where there were neither mountains nor forests. Over the broad prairies roamed vast herds of game of many kinds, and the hunter had little trouble in keeping his lodge full of meat. They knew nothing of planting or reaping. The Great Spirit had given them plenty of game, and in the swamps and ponds he had grown for them the wild rice, and taught them how to prepare it. Through their land rolled a mighty river, the great Mes-sipi, which came no man knew whence and went no man knew whither. But Indians who had been farther to the setting sun, and other Indians who had been towards the sun at noon, told of a great river that came from the land of the Sioux and fell into the great sea whose waters were salt.

Eagerly Father Allouez questioned the Sioux further concerning this great river. Did it go towards the setting sun? Could one go by it to the great sea on the west? Had any one ever heard of a land in that direction where gold and rich gems were found? These were questions the Sioux could not understand, or were unable or unwilling to answer. The conference was broken up, and Allouez turned homeward towards La Pointe, full of the important news he had learned concerning the whereabouts of the great river of which so many vague stories had been told, and revolving in his mind the possibility of exploring it to its mouth.

But whilst dreaming of great discoveries and a new field for missionary

work in the far West, Allouez did not neglect his present scene of duty. He coasted the north shore nearly, if not quite the entire distance, visiting a tribe known as the Kilistinons, on Neepigon Bay, and also a remnant of the once powerful Nepissings, a Christianized tribe driven from their home in the land of the Hurons and compelled to seek shelter in the inhospitable wilds north of Lake Superior. It was in these long and hazardous voyages that he acquired the knowledge that enabled him, with the assistance possibly of Father Marquette, who was afterwards his associate on Lake Supe-



rior, to draw the map of the great lake, which is wonderfully correct, considering the few facilities these early explorers had for making an accurate chart of the coast.

On his visit to the Kilistinons Allouez heard of the great river farther to the north that ran eastward to Hudson's Bay, and was told by an old man that he had seen a ship at the mouth of that river, and that other Indians had seen a house, built of wood by Europeans, on the bank of the stream. Strange stories were told, too, of the people in that wild country. They were man-eaters, revelling in raw flesh, but were in turn eaten by ferocious bears, hideously red, and armed with prodigiously long nails. These Allouez thought were lions. The Kilistinons themselves were extremely docile, having a better disposition than any other barbarians met with. They were wanderers, having neither villages, fields, nor fixed place of abode, but following the chase.

About the middle of the summer of 1667 Allouez returned from a long voyage to the north coast of the lake and found a flotilla of canoes about to start for Quebec. Filled with the importance of his discoveries around the great lake, and especially of the information obtained from the Sioux concerning the mighty "Mes-sipi," he embarked and once more braved the perils and hardships of the Ottawa route, lessened this time by the friendli-

ness of the Indians, whose respect, if not affection, he had gained during his stay on Lake Superior. He reached Quebec on the 4th of August, told his story, pleaded for aid in spreading the faith over the vast territory that lay unvisited, and urged the importance to France of the great river of the West, should it prove to be the passage to the Indies so long sought. On the sixth he was again ascending the St. Lawrence, with a party of returning Ojibways, and with him went Father Louis Nicholas and a lay brother of the same order.

The remainder of the life of Allouez was spent in unceasing endeavors to spread Christianity among the Indians of the West. One year more was spent on Lake Superior, and then he was transferred to other missions, in that part of the West now Wisconsin and Illinois. Twenty-two years were devoted to his labors in these missionary fields, and then the good father died, full of years well employed, and lamenting that he was no longer permitted to teach his beloved Indians.

Much as he desired it, Allouez never saw the great river which had so strongly excited his interest. Once he was far on the route by which the discovery was at last made, but turned back unconscious of what he had narrowly missed. The honor of finding the great river and opening to civilization a new empire, was reserved for another Jesuit missionary, the warm friend and associate of Allouez, the brightness of whose fame has too much overshadowed the services of the Apostle of Lake Superior.

J. H. A. Bone.

LITTLE SWEET PEA.

OF all the flowers the summer brings,
Little Sweet Pea with unfolded wings
And a delicate perfume that from them springs,
Is sweetest and best to me.

Her sober brown seeds in the ground I place,
Then wait for the sight of her rosy face,
And little tendrils with clinging grace;
A pleasant sight to see.

Little Sweet Pea is brave and bold;
Early she lifts her head from the mould;
And though the winds are searching and cold,
Never a fear has she.

Though April laughs and cries like a child,
And even May can be rude and wild,
She knows that June will be friendly and mild,
So she toils on patiently.

Her neighbors all are at her command;
Glad to offer a helping hand;
"You are young," they whisper, "alone to stand."
"Lean upon me — and me."

She clasps their fingers upon her way,
And so climbs upward day by day,
Till June with a steady, comforting ray
Cheers the heart of Sweet Pea,

And makes it so glad and happy and light,
That she breaks into blossoms fragrant and bright,
Like rosy butterflies ready for flight, —
A joy to all who see.

Constant and true is Sweet Pea; and though
Early to come, she is late to go;
She stays till the clouds are heavy with snow
And all alone is she.

She shivers with cold in the autumn gale;
Her wings are turning purple and pale;
The strength departs from her fingers frail;
"It is time to go," says she.

The loving friends that helped her to rise
Look in her face with sorrowful eyes.
"I will come back again," she cries,
"Good by," says little Sweet Pea.

R. S. P.

LAWRENCE AMONG THE IRON-MEN.

"WHAT 'S the programme for this evening?" said Mr. Clarence, as he entered the reading-room of the hotel with his new friend after supper.

With his cane under his arm, and a toothpick in his mouth, and his hat tipped gayly upon one side of his head, he was looking quite fresh and spirited, after the day's adventures. So, too, was Lawrence, though his manner was by no means so light and airy as that of his vivacious friend. No one, to have seen them after their thorough washing and brushing and refreshment, would have suspected that they had so lately come out of a coal-mine.

"I think," said Lawrence, "I 'll write a letter to my little coz, and tell her about the mines and the miners, and how I made your acquaintance."

"Capital!" said Mr. Clarence. "And I believe I 'll write to *my* little coz, and tell her about *you*."

So the young gentlemen got some note-paper and pens, and seated themselves at the table, the showy Mr. Clarence on one side and the more solid-looking Lawrence opposite him, with a very large inkstand between them. They shoved the newspapers aside, dipped their pens (Mr. Clarence said it was like dipping into a well), and then dated their letters.

"*Scranton, October*," wrote Mr. Clarence, with characteristic flourish, and then stopped. "What 's the day of the month?"

Lawrence told him, and in his turn inquired whether Pennsylvanians wrote the abbreviation of the name of their State *Penn.* or *Pa.*

"We write it both ways; it is the same thing," said Mr. Clarence; adding, with a comical smile, "*Penn* was the *Pa* of this State, you know; and that 's the reason of it, I suppose."

"You made me laugh, and joggled me," said Lawrence, throwing aside the sheet he had begun on, and taking another.

Mr. Clarence began to flourish again, but stayed his hand before touching pen to paper.

"I never wrote to my little coz in my life. How do you start off?"

"*My dear little Cousin Ethel*, — that 's my style," said Lawrence, writing.

"Tip-top! You are my Complete Letter-Writer. *My — dear — little — Cousin — Eth*— No! hold on! My cousin's name is Jessie. Now *I* shall have to take a new sheet. *My dear little Cousin Jessie*, — that 's all right; a fine opening, as the miners say. Now which way do you carry your drift? In other words, what next?"

Lawrence scratched his ear and looked solemnly at the great inkstand. Mr. Clarence looked cheerfully at Lawrence. Then Lawrence read over the first line of his letter — "*My dear little Cousin Ethel, — My dear little Cousin Ethel*" — three or four times, — something like a fisherman trolling

his line for a bite, hoping that an idea would rise and hook itself on at the end of it. He could think of things enough to write, but could n't get hold of just the right thing first. It may be added that the consciousness of his friend's eyes upon him did not help him much.

"I 've a plan!" said Mr. Clarence at last. "We 'll both write the same things to our dear little cousins. You think of a sentence, and we 'll both write it; then I 'll think of one, and give you the benefit. Division of labor, you know."

"Well, you think of a sentence first."

"How 's this? *My dear little*, and so forth: *I have to-day made the acquaintance of a splendid young fellow*, which means you."

"But when I write it 't will mean you," said Lawrence, laughing.

"In that way we shall make an even thing of the compliments. I don't object to being called a splendid young fellow; do you? Have you got it down?"

"I 've written it *capital fellow*, — did you say *splendid?*"

"Never mind. Don't change it. Only underline *capital*, so as to make it even. What 's your sentence?"

"*His pleasant face is before me while I write*," suggested Lawrence.

"Excellent! Don't you see how admirably it works? Only — will a slight amendment be in order?"

"Certainly."

"Then permit me to suggest that we might employ a rather stronger epithet than *pleasant face;* might n't we? Suppose we make it *handsome face?* Can you conscientiously?"

Lawrence thought he could, but laughed so that he did not trust his hand to write for about a minute. Then he noticed that he had already written *pleasant.*

"Never mind, make it *pleasant and handsome;* I think I can stand it," said Mr. Clarence. "*He is here in company with his uncle, the distinguished* — Here write in the names of our respective uncles. Now it 's your turn again."

"*And while his uncle and mine are talking of the business that brought them here, in the corner* —" Lawrence went on.

"Brought them here in the corner?" queried Mr. Clarence. "That don't sound just right."

"I mean, while they are talking in the corner about the business that — But it 's a bad sentence, any way. I 'm afraid I never can write a decent letter in this way."

"Yes, you can. Push ahead! Don't you know the secret of fluent composition? It 's this: never stop to think. If you stop to think you 're lost."

Just then the little dog Muff jumped up on the table, and scrambling on the newspapers, stretched his chin out on his fore-paws between the two friends, with his nose near the inkstand.

"I never can go on with that wagging tail before my eyes!" said Lawrence.

"In other words, you think our letter-writing will be curtailed," said Mr. Clarence.

"I think Muff will be responsible for the final paws we have come to," replied Lawrence, — for that is the way with young fellows: if one makes a pun his companion is sure to feel called upon to match it, if not with a fresh one, then with one not quite so fresh.

"Here, Muff! hold our pens while we scratch our heads for ideas," said Mr. Clarence.

The dog took the pens by the handles, and held them with all the gravity of a lord chancellor, while the two letter-writers scratched industriously for the ideas that did not come. Soon Lawrence leaned his head on the table, pillowing it on his arms. The truth is, he was tired and sleepy. Mr. Clarence followed his example; and there they sat, or rather lay, head to head, with their elbows squared at each other and with just the ink-stand and the lord chancellor between them. In three minutes they were fast asleep.

At the end of about an hour Lawrence lifted his head with remarkable suddenness, opened his eyes very wide, and looked wildly about him. Mr. Clarence, with his head still down, and with cataracts of hair over his arms, was gently snoring. There was nobody else in the room, except the lord chancellor, and he, too, had fallen into a snooze, with his muzzle on his paws, and with the pens beside it on the table.

"Hello!" said Lawrence.

"Hello!" said Mr. Clarence, starting up, and tossing back the cascade of hair from his face, wide awake in an instant.

"I thought I was chasing rats in a coal-mine, and I had got my face in a mule's manger, and could n't get it out," said Lawrence, feeling his neck, which had suffered.

"I did n't imagine you were asleep!" said Mr. Clarence. "I was n't; I 've been thinking what to write."

"You were snoring, any way."

"O no! I make that noise in my head sometimes when I am thinking pretty hard. It 's the rumbling of the mill, you know." And the miller arranged his tangled hair. He was one of those persons who can never be convinced that they have slept on irregular occasions; and Lawrence let the matter pass with a laugh.

"It 's after nine; you have been thinking over an hour. Where are our uncles?"

"Oh! they? They have walked out," said Mr. Clarence, glancing about the room. "This seems to be letter-writing under difficulties. Let 's walk out too. I am as much refreshed as if I had had a nap. Come, Muff!" taking the lord chancellor under his arm. "He 's a dog of steady habits. Goes to bed early. The porter will take care of him while we go in search of adventures."

Muff having been disposed of, the young gentlemen walked out of the hotel arm in arm. It was a still, moonlight evening. The streets were

almost deserted. Mr. Clarence looked up at the sky with a sentimental air, and said, pensively, —

"Behold the moon! how she spreads her silver mantle over the silent world! Did you ever think of it? She has shone upon the earth just so thousands of nights before, and where were you and I? She will shine just so again, a year from now, — ten years from now, — a hundred years from now, — and where will you and I be? O moon! I pause for a reply," added Mr. Clarence, theatrically.

He did not pause a great while, however (the moon evidently having no intention whatever of replying), but said presently, —

"I 'll tell you where let 's go! To the iron-works! — to see the blast furnaces by night!"

Lawrence eagerly accepted the suggestion. They walked briskly up the street, and soon came in sight of the flaming furnace throats, and of the black figures of workmen passing to and fro before them.

The furnaces of the Lackawanna Iron-Works are built on the side of the steep right bank of Roaring Brook. They are large and tall; their immense foundations are laid in the foot of the bank, while their throats roar and flame over its summit fifty feet above. It was at that elevation, on a sort of high, dim platform, that the lads saw the human figures defined against the glow of the fires.

"They 're feeding the furnaces up there," said Mr. Clarence.

The boys found a cart-track which took them up a short slope to an open shed, covering great piles of what appeared to be stones and rocks and anthracite coal; a gang of laborers were at work shovelling up these materials and wheeling them off in small iron carriages. The rocks in some of the piles were in rough blocks, just as they came from the quarries; but in others they seemed to have been broken up into sizes suitable for making macadamized roads. It was from these latter piles, and from the piles of coal, that the carriages were filling; and the lads, watching the men, saw that they wheeled their loads directly into the glare of the furnace throats, which lighted up the scene.

"This is certainly stone!" said Lawrence, picking up a fragment from a pile where a man was shovelling.

"Sure it is," said the man, — "limestone."

"What do you do with it?"

"Cast it in with the charge."

"What is the charge?"

"Go with that carriage, and you will see."

Another laborer coming with an empty carriage left it, and taking the one the shovellers had just filled, wheeled it out across the platform. The lads followed, advancing into the terrible heat and glare of the furnace throats.

The furnaces were four in number; but only their tops were here visible, — huge, funnel-shaped necks, somewhat higher than a man's head, ranged along the edge of the platform, above the roof of the casting-house which enclosed the bodies of the furnaces below. There were iron doors in the

sides of the funnels; into these the contents of the carriages were cast; and through these, as also through the circular openings in the funnel-tops, roared the flames, as if spouted from nose and mouth by so many young volcanoes.

Lawrence was at first almost terrified at the position in which he found himself. He looked down into the fiery gulf into which the man dumped his load with a loud clang of the iron carriage striking the iron plates. There the furnace enlarged like a yawning crater below its comparatively narrow throat. At first he could see only an abyss of many-colored, dazzlingly beautiful flames; but presently he could distinguish, heaped high in the midst of them, and only a few feet lower than the charging-plates on which he stood, the top of a dark mound. It was composed of the freshly dumped materials from the piles under the shed. Around and over them, and through every chink between the lumps, the flames swept and darted and surged.

Another laborer came, and dumped a carriage-load of coal — great lumps of anthracite — into the throat. Then a third came with a load of what seemed another kind of stone. Then the door was closed.

"But this is n't stone!" cried Lawrence, seizing a lump, and retreating with it from the intolerable glare of the fire. "This must be the ore."

"Ore it certainly is," said Mr. Clarence. "Ore, limestone, coal, — they all go into the furnace together, as you see."

"How, then, is the iron ever separated from the earthy matters?" said

Lawrence, puzzled and astonished. "I should think it would be full of ashes and dirt. And what is the use of the limestone?"

"Perhaps we can find some person who will be able to tell us," said Mr. Clarence. "But look here!"

They had retreated to the edge of the platform. They were on a spot which overlooked the roofs of buildings below, and the firelit waters of Roaring Brook pouring over a high dam, in a beautiful cascade, and rushing along its rocky bed under steep ledges, in light and shadow, at the base of the hill. Surrounding this bright flame-picture was the still moonlit night, silvering peacefully the country and the town. Lawrence thought he had never looked upon so strikingly wild and picturesque a scene, and he stood gazing at it wonderingly until Mr. Clarence pulled him away.

"Ask one of these men about the limestone," said Mr. Clarence, as they returned to the shovellers at one of the piles. And he himself put the question in his polite way.

"The loimestone?" said the man, staring at him. "Why, we could n't do onything, mon, but for the loimestone."

"But what 's the use of it?"

"The use of it? The use, when we could n't get a blast without it! It 's loike ahsking the use of the air ye breathe."

"I know something of the use of the air we breathe: it gives oxygen to the blood," said Lawrence. "Now what does the limestone do to the furnace."

"Mayhap it gives what ye call oxygen to the furnace loike," said the man, grinning with his hard face over his short stump of a pipe; and he returned to his shovelling with the air of one who had rendered a reason.

"I can tell you what you want to know," said another laborer, leaning on his shovel. "The limestone physics the furnace." But that was hardly a satisfactory explanation.

Another said, "The lime helps the flow of the iron."

A fourth said, "It makes the flux."

"No doubt, my friends," said Mr. Clarence. "But there 's more in it than all that. We 'll find out by and by. Let 's take a look at the boilers."

There were twenty of these, and they were ranged in order over an extensive fire-chamber, a door of which was opened by a good-natured attendant, that the visitors might look in. No fuel was visible, but billows of flame filled the space, undulating far away out of sight, under the boilers, which they enveloped.

"Where do the flames come from?" Lawrence asked, surprised at the beautiful display.

"From the furnaces," said the man. "They are a part of the waste heat."

"Then it don't all come out of the furnace throats?"

"Only a little of it. Below the throats are flues, which you can't see. There are pipes from the flues that bring some of the heat here. The rest of it goes to the hot-blast ovens."

"What are those?"

"The chambers where the cold air is heated before it is driven into the furnaces. It would n't do to drive in such a quantity of air cold."

"It would cool the furnaces," suggested Lawrence.

"Besides," added Mr. Clarence, "cold air don't burn like hot air. Hot air strikes the gases, and makes instantaneous combustion. But cold air has to get partly heated before it burns much; and they could n't begin to get so intense a heat with it."

"But I don't understand yet the use of the boilers," said Lawrence.

"Why," said Mr. Clarence, "the boilers drive the engines, that drive the fan, that drives the air, that drives the fires and makes the blast. They are blast-furnaces, you know."

"Where they make flint-glass," replied Lawrence, "they have tall chimneys, by which they get draft enough without any such apparatus."

He had no idea of the power of the blast until he went to look at the engines. There were four, of one thousand horse-power each. The immense fly-wheels ("They regulate the motion of the machinery, you know," said Mr. Clarence) almost completely filled the space between the floor and the roof of the building. The weight of the largest of them, the engineer said, was forty thousand pounds. The silence and swiftness of these huge, whirling wheels was something wonderful. "And is n't it curious to think of that quiet man with the newspaper being the master of all this tremendous machinery?" said Lawrence.

"Yes; man is little, but he is the trump-card on this planet," replied Mr. Clarence.

The air was forced by the engines through huge iron pipes, — "blowing cylinders," the engineer called them, — and such was the power of the blast that it entered the furnaces under a pressure of eight or nine pounds to the square inch.

"Think of a tall chimney making a draft equal to that!" said Mr. Clarence. "A chimney would have to be powerful enough to lift itself up by the straps of its boots! Iron is n't glass; and you see the smelting furnace has to be constructed on an entirely different principle. Now let 's go down to the casting-house."

Half-way down the hillside, they passed a large reservoir of water, its still surface lit up like a little lake, by the furnace fires above. Farther on they descended a steep flight of steps to the road-way between the base of the hill and Roaring Brook. Along this road was laid an iron track for cars, leading into the casting-house.

This was a spacious, high-raftered, depot-like building, open on the side of the brook. On the other side were massive piers of masonry supporting the great furnaces. In the shadowy background could be seen the iron pipes that brought down the hot-air blast. In front of each furnace was an enclosed space filled with sand, — something like the arena of a circus, except that it was divided into two "floors" by a passage-way running down the centre. One of the floors in each arena appeared to be ready for cast-

ing, being laid out in regular, smooth channels, as if careful impressions of a giant's gridiron had been taken on the deep, fine sand. The other floors were either in a tumbled condition, just as the iron of the last casting, when taken up, had left them, or laborers were engaged in laying down in them the wooden patterns by which the gridiron impressions were made. The sand was shovelled upon these, and packed about them; and it seemed to be just moist enough to retain the mould, in clean, handsome shape, after they were removed.

"Those are the pig beds," said Mr. Clarence. "Of course you have heard of iron pigs! Well, this is where they are littered. Here are, in each of these floors, eight or ten pig beds. To each bed there is what they call a sow. That's the main channel that runs across the floor. You'll see presently how that nourishes the pigs," — for Mr. Clarence saw by the signs that the men were preparing to cast.

A gang of a dozen or more were lounging about the hearth of one of the furnaces, leaning on iron bars, or sitting on benches, as if waiting for something. The boys went up where they were, and asked how long before they were going to cast.

"In a few minutes," said one. "We are just waiting for the fellers to come down with the word from up above. You'd better keep back on the far side. You'll see better there, and be out of danger."

The boys accordingly withdrew to the foot of the arena, on the side of the brook, — Mr. Clarence smiling at the idea of danger, but saying, airily, "We shall be out of the way, though."

They turned to look at the brook; and Lawrence noticed that there were cavernous openings in the steep ledges opposite, into which the waters rushed.

"Those are old coal-openings," said Mr. Clarence; "for here was a good coal-mine once. But it got on fire, and burnt I don't know how long, till they turned the brook into it and put it out."

The "fellers" had now come down from "up above"; and there were forty or fifty men in the casting-house. Then one who had been leaning on an iron bar grasped it with both hands, and began to drive it with sharp clicks against the hearth of the first furnace.

"He is drilling out the clay that stops the iron," said Mr. Clarence. "You'll see it spirt soon!"

Just then a furious roaring sound filled the building.

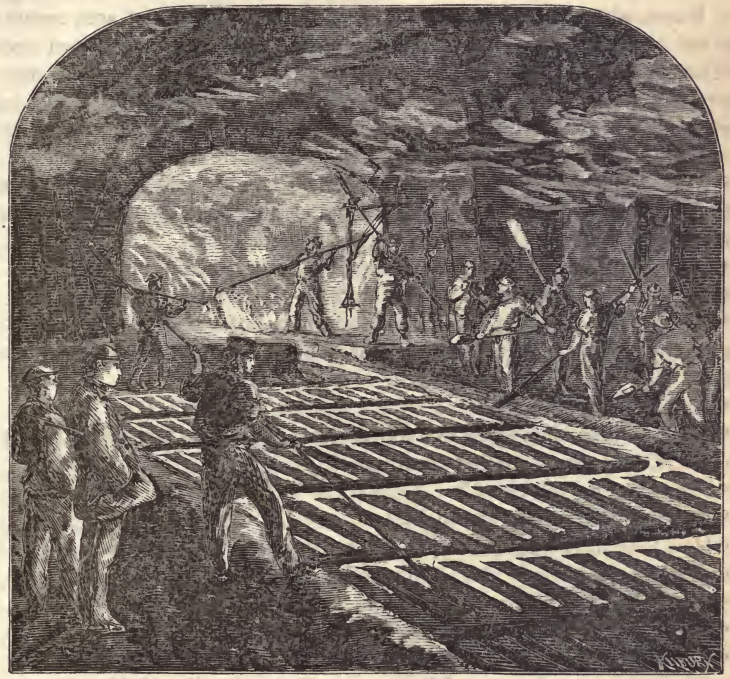
"That is the blast; it is let off from the furnace when they cast."

At the same time sparks began to fly, and dazzling spatters of molten metal followed each stroke of the drill.

"It's coming now!" cried Mr. Clarence, while Lawrence stood thrilled with expectation.

At the word out gushed the terrible molten torrent. The men were active and alert about it in an instant, shouting and springing to and fro, eager to guide and control the fearful flood. Some threw shovelfuls of sand upon it, to check its too rapid rush, while it poured down a channel prepared for it and

began to fill the pig-beds in the upper part of the floor. It filled the mould of the "sow" first, then flowed down into the pigs, filling one after the other as it crept along. As soon as one pig-bed was filled, gates of clay, called



"shutters," placed across the channel leading to it, were suddenly driven down by men with heavy sledge-hammers, and the fiery stream was turned into the next sow below. There was just slope enough to the floor to give a sufficient fall to the running metal. Sand, as I have said, was thrown upon it, and the gates were driven down when it came too fast; and when it moved too sluggishly in any direction it was helped along by means of long, thin strips of wood or slender poles, which the men drew before it, very much as a child encourages a stream of water-drops by leading it with his finger. The poles were often on fire, and were as often quenched in the moist sand.

So floor after floor was cast, three of the furnaces being tapped in quick succession. The streams of molten metal lighting up the night, the sparks flying off from them and shooting hither and thither in little explosive showers, the flaming poles, the heat, the glare, the deafening roar of the blast, the animation of the workmen, their swift movements and loud cries, and finally the floors covered with enormous red-hot gridirons, and the sight of men walking quickly but unconcernedly over them, — all combined to make up a scene of the most vivid interest to the mind of Lawrence.

As soon as a floor was cast, sand was shovelled all over the beds of glowing metal; then water from a hose-pipe was thrown on copiously, filling the air with clouds of steam. Then men, stripped for the work, — naked to their waists, with clogs on their feet, — went on to the floors with sledges and levers, with which they broke up the iron while it was yet soft, separating the pigs from the sows, and dividing the sows into pig-shaped bars. ("Though I don't see why they were ever called pigs," Lawrence wrote afterwards to his little Cousin Ethel. "They don't look at all like young porkers, but are just rough pieces of cast-iron as big as my leg, and almost as tall, when they are stood up, as I am.)

"I should think you would suffocate," Mr. Clarence said to one of these men, who emerged from the stifling cloud and heat of one of the floors, and came out for a breath of air where the boys stood.

"I am used to it. I shall put all that iron on cars before midnight."

"How many pigs are there on that floor?"

"About three hundred. They weigh from a hundred to a hundred and twenty-five pounds apiece. As soon as they cool a little, I begin to handle them."

"Do you work all night?"

"No; my time is up when that job is done. There are two sets of hands; when this set goes off another comes on."

"How often do you cast?"

"Every six hours, day and night."

"How long after the ore is put in at the charging-doors above before it comes out melted iron?" Mr. Clarence inquired.

"Three days," said the man.

"And how much does one of those furnaces hold?"

"Six hundred tons of stock."

"That means coal, ore, and limestone, all together," said Mr. Clarence. "Six hundred tons, my lad!" and he tapped Lawrence on the shoulder with his cane. "Can your glass-works beat that?"

"They are drawing off the iron again!" said Lawrence, seeing another stream of fiery liquid gushing from the furnace.

"That's the cinder," said the man. "It comes from another opening higher up than the tapping-hole for the iron."

"Let's go up and look at it," said Mr. Clarence.

They drew near, and saw the dazzling stream pour down through a channel prepared for it, to a spout, where it fell into a flaring pan, as large as a cart-box, which had been brought up on a car, along a branch of the railway track, to receive it. When the pan was nearly full, the flow was stopped, and the car, loaded with the glowing mass, was drawn away by a mule.

Observing a person who seemed to be a sort of overseer, Lawrence asked him what the cinder was, and what it was good for.

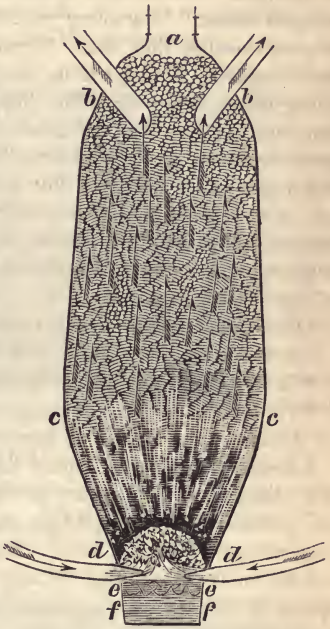
"It is good for nothing. It is the slag."

"What is it made of? Ashes, for one thing, I suppose."

"Yes; but the limestone makes a good part of it."

"Now," said Mr. Clarence, in his polite way, "I see we have found an intelligent man; and perhaps he will kindly inform us what the limestone is used for."

"I can tell you a little. Do you know anything about the construction of a blast-furnace?" and, the boys confessing their ignorance, the speaker continued: "It is built up of fire-clay inside that solid stone-work, which is made very solid and strong, and bolted together, as you see, in order to support such a tremendous pressure. The furnace is shaped something like an egg standing on its big end. It is fifty feet high, from the hearth to the throat. It is eighteen feet broad in the boshes, — that is, through the thickest part of the egg. It is kept nearly full all the time. It is fed at the throat above, — that is, at the little end of the egg. The materials thrown in there have room to swell, as the heat expands them, and they settle down into the larger part. The hearth is the chamber, or reservoir, in the bottom of the furnace for receiving the melted metal and flux. Just over the hearth are the tweers; step here, and I will show you where the blast is driven in."



a, throat; *b*, *b*, flues; *c*, *c*, boshes; *d*, *d*, tweers; *e*, *e*, flux; *f*, *f*, iron in the hearth.

"Tweers! what a word! It must be from the French *tuyère*, which means a pipe," observed Mr. Clarence.

"Very likely, for it is a tapering aperture that receives the blast from the ends of these pipes, and carries it into the furnace. There are six of these tweers; and it is through these we blow the fires." And the man proceeded to explain the operation going on within the furnace.

"Crude iron ore," said he, "is always more or less oxidized; that is, it contains a quantity of oxygen. It also contains a good deal of earthy matter. Now, in the furnace, the ore soon begins to soften, and to part with its oxygen, which unites with the carbon of the coal, and with the oxygen of the air-blast helps make the fire. At the same time the ore absorbs carbon from the coal, which gives it the quality of cast-iron. The ore does not actually melt until it almost reaches the hearth. It is in a sort of pasty condition, when it comes within the direct influence of the blast; then it flows at once. The limestone begins to flow first, and it helps the flow of the iron. Then the iron being the heaviest of all the materials in the furnace, it goes to the bottom of the hearth, and everything else floats on top of it."

"I see now how it is separated from the ashes and other materials!" cried Lawrence. "It is by its own weight."

"That is it. But there is another thing; we have n't got through with the limestone yet. The melted lime makes the flux, which acts like a filter to the iron. The metal is at the bottom, and the flux floats on top of it, like oil upon water. Now every particle of iron that melts and comes down has to pass through this flux. If you could look in you would see the melted metal trickling through it in drops, or little streams, something like rain falling through the air. The lime takes out the earthy impurities of the iron, and gathers the coal-ashes as they come down. To keep the flux in good condition, we have to draw it off, as it becomes loaded with impurities, and make room for fresh flux to fill its place. Here it comes out, as you see, in what we call slag, or cinder. The flux has still another use. Covering the melted metal as it does, it protects it from the continued direct action of the blast, which would soon oxidize it again, and make a different quality of iron of it altogether."

"How much pig-iron do you make here in a year?"

"A thousand tons a week, — over fifty thousand tons a year."

"Where does your ore come from?"

"From New Jersey. It is dug out of the mountains, where it lies in beds all the way from two feet to thirty-five feet thick."

Lawrence thought he would like to visit the iron-mines. His curiosity was also excited with regard to the processes by which this coarse pig-iron was afterwards converted into all the various shapes and qualities of cast-iron, wrought-iron, and steel. But Mr. Clarence said, "I suspect our affectionate uncles would like to hear something about us by this time"; and, thanking their new acquaintance, while they took leave of him, they hastened back to the hotel.

J. T. Trowbridge.

DREAM OF THE LITTLE BOY WHO WOULD NOT EAT HIS CRUSTS.

ONE night at supper Peter ate the soft of his slice, but put the crust, the upper crust, under the rim of his plate. Then he bent low and whispered to his knife and fork, —

"Now don't tell!"

Next he tucked the bottom crust under the other side of his plate, and bent low again, and whispered to his spoon and napkin-ring, —

"Now don't tell!"

And that night he dreamed of seeing his plate on the chamber floor, and that the two long crusts crept out towards him like two long caterpillars. And they every moment grew longer and longer.

"What two funny things you are?" cried Peter.

Then the two things turned and crept slowly, slowly, on towards the door.

And there they stretched out and stood up on end and looked at Peter and spoke. And the sound of their voices was dry and coarse, like the crackling of crusts between sharp teeth. And they said, —

"O you dainty boy! So you would eat only the soft! come now and be punished!"

"I won't do so again," said Peter.

"How do we know that?" said the two things. "Come quick! Do as we do! Do as we do!"

Then the two things crept down stairs, and along the entry, and through the front-yard, and up the street, and across the gutter, while Peter in his red flannel night-gown, on his hands and knees, went creeping behind. But when they crept up a high board fence Peter said, —

"O, I can never do that! — never, never!"

At that moment a Pepper-Box in uniform that stood near called out, —

"Stand! you are my prisoner! Follow me! Now! Straight! Forward! March!"

Then Peter stood up straight and marched behind.

"So you would n't eat the crusts, dainty boy!" cried the Pepper-Box in uniform, turning about with a fierce look. It shook its head sternly at Peter and at every shake the pepper flew into his eyes causing the tears to run, run, run, like two rivers.

"Oh! Oh! I wonder who told!" cried Peter. "I wonder who told! My tears! My tears! Sweet, good mamma, come wipe my tears!"

"They will do to soak your crusts in!" said some fine, silvery voices near.

Peter looked behind to see where so many voices came from, and beheld all the napkin-rings rolling, hopping, skipping along, one after another, and all making fun of him. And the head one was his own!

"Tell-tale! Tell-tale!" called out Peter.

"Order in the ranks!" shouted the Pepper-Box in uniform. "Quick! Forward! To Prison! Make way there! Disperse the crowd!"

"What crowd!" asked Peter.

"Look and see!" cried the Pepper-Box in uniform.

Then Peter heard a great whispering and hubbub. And he saw presently that all the knives and forks were standing about talking privacy together, — all but the carving-knife; that had lain down to rest. The whispering went on.

"Who is this!"

"Peter."

"Where is he going?"

"To prison."

"What for?"

"To learn."

"Learn what?"

"To eat."

"Eat what?"

"His crusts."

Then there was a loud tittering and laughing.

"O dear!" cried Peter, "I begged them not to tell! I bent my head low and begged them not to. But oh! they went and told! Mean! Mean!"

"Order in the ranks!" cried the Pepper-Box in uniform.

They kept marching on and soon came to three bright, smiling, shining rows, one above another. In the first row were the grandmothers. These were the big spoons. In the second row were their daughters. These were the teaspoons. In the third row were their granddaughters. These were the salt and mustard spoons.

They spoke not a word, but only smiled coldly upon him as he passed, as much as to say, —

"Yes, we know; we know all about it."

And among them Peter saw his own, marked "Petie." Then he groaned and said, —

"O, how could you? How could you go and tell?"

His own spoke not a word but only smiled that same cold smile

And just then the Baker came along.

"O, I am so hungry!" cried Peter.

"Well, here is a loaf!" said the Baker.

Peter took it gladly. It smelled nice and was a beautiful color. But upon taking a bite he found it was crust all the way through.

"That or none!" called out the Baker from the back end of his cart.

"It's very hard!" cried Peter, with the tears in his eyes. And he felt for his jackknife. But his night-gown had no pocket in it.

"His teeth want sharpening, that they do!" cried a voice near by.

Peter looked up and saw a tall man dressed in yellow standing there. He had a cap on shaped like a long-necked squash, with the neck hanging down behind.

"His teeth want sharpening!" cried Squash Cap. "But who 'll turn the grindstone?"

"I will!" cried a short, fat man in a white apron.

"And who are you?" said Squash Cap.

"I 'm the French cook," said the white-aproned man. "I make good pies; and I 'll turn the grindstone."

"But who 'll pour on the water?" cried Squash Cap.

"I know his tricks! I 'll pour on the water!" cried a little barefooted boy.

"And who are you?" cried Squash Cap. "Who are you, running about in your shirt-sleeves, with your too short breeches and your peaked paper cap?"

"I 'm the jolly Baker's boy!" said he. "I know his tricks; and I 'll pour on the water!"

Then Squash Cap held poor Peter over, while the fat French cook turned the handle and the jolly Baker's boy poured on the water.

And all the while those three bright rows, the unfeeling grandmothers and daughters and granddaughters merely looked on and smiled!

"Release the prisoner!" the Pepper-Box in uniform shouted out suddenly.

Then Peter was dropped; for whatever is in uniform must be obeyed.

"Forward! March! Stand! The prison! Enter!"

"Bang! Clang! Whang!" went the iron doors, and Peter sat down in prison, all alone. But down the wall near him came creeping the two things.

"I am very glad to see you," said Peter. "This is a dismal place. I am lonely, very. How did you get here?"

"By creeping along," they said. "Creeping, creeping, over and under, over and under. These walls are made of crusts. You will have to eat your way out. Good by. We are going."

Then Peter sat down and cried, "O dear! O dear! O dear! O dear!" as loud as he could.

"Do you like pies?"

Peter wiped his eyes with his night-gown sleeve, and then turned to see who asked him the question. And there stood the fat French cook with a rolling-pin in his hand.

"Do you like pies?" he asked, sternly.

"Very much," answered Peter.

"Which part do you like best, the outside part or the middle part?"

"The middle part," said Peter, very quickly.

"Well, then come with me to the kitchen," said the French cook, with a grim smile.

In the kitchen great fires were burning, and the ovens were well heated. The French cook took his rolling-pin and rolled out pie-crust enough to line a very large platter. He then laid Peter in, right side up with care, and covered him over with the upper crust.

"Now you have the middle part!" cried the French cook. "This dough is all made of the crusts you left at table, done over!"

"O, now I am punished! Now I am punished!" cried Peter. "But, O Mister French Cook, pie covers have always holes pricked in them to breathe through!"

"Very true," said the French cook. "And I will now prick the holes."

So he took the toasting-fork, and at every prick Peter squirmed and jumped, which made the upper crust look very bunchy.

"Quiet inside there!" shouted the French cook. "Do you prefer a quick oven, or a slow oven? Put your mouth to the holes and answer."

So Peter put his mouth to the holes and called out, "A slow oven!"

"You shall be gratified," said the French cook. "Here you, boy! — you barefooted, short-trousered, peaked-paper-capped, jolly Baker's boy, help me here with this big pie. 'T is a new sort of pie. 'T is called a Peter-pie!"

But Peter found even the slow oven to be much too hot for his feelings. And he turned and rolled, and rolled and turned, and at last he rolled out of the platter.

He dreamed that he rolled out of the platter, but in reality he rolled out of his bed in his chamber, and came down bang! upon the floor.

"O dear! O dear! oo! oo! oo! ou! ou! wou! wou! wou! hoo! woo!" bellowed Peter.

Then all the people came running up stairs.

"What's the matter? What's the matter? What's the matter?"

"I — don't — want — to — be — baked!" said Peter, crying.

"Baked, indeed!" cried his mother. And she stripped off three quilts and a blanket.

"Where did you bump you?" cried Tom.

"Have — you — seen — the — caterpillars?" answered Peter, sobbing.

Then everybody laughed.

The next morning at breakfast, it was wonderful to see the way Peter ate the brown-bread crusts.

"Have you had your teeth sharpened in the night?" asked his mother, laughing.

"Yes, ma'am," said the little boy quite soberly.

"But how did she know?" he whispered to himself. Then he looked towards the big spoons who were there bright and smiling with their daughters and their granddaughters about them.

But not one of them spoke a word.

A. M. Diaz.

SWING AWAY

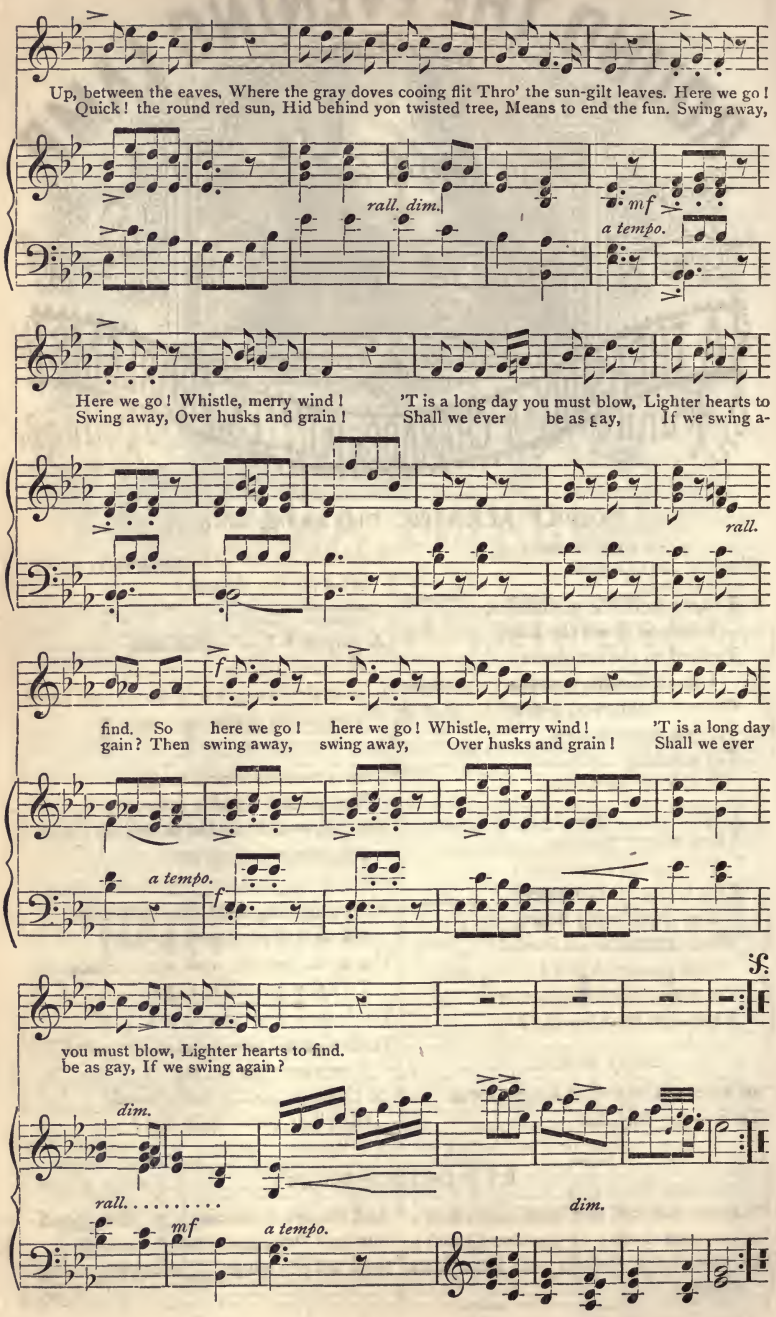
Words by LUCY LARCOM. Music by F. BOOTT.

Allegro vivace.

f *sf.* *mf*

1 Swing away, swing away, From the great cross-
2 Swing away! swing away! Sweep the rough barn-

beam, Hid in heaps of clover-hay, Scented like a dream. Higher yet! higher yet!
floor, Looking thro' on Arcady Framed in by the door! One, two, three! one, two, three!


Up, between the eaves, Where the gray doves cooing flit Thro' the sun-gilt leaves. Here we go!
Quick! the round red sun, Hid behind yon twisted tree, Means to end the fun. Swing away,
rall. dim.
mf
a tempo.
Here we go! Whistle, merry wind! 'T is a long day you must blow, Lighter hearts to
Swing away, Over husks and grain! Shall we ever be as gay, If we swing a-
rall.
find. So here we go! here we go! Whistle, merry wind! 'T is a long day
gain? Then swing away, swing away, Over husks and grain! Shall we ever
f
a tempo.
f
you must blow, Lighter hearts to find.
be as gay, If we swing again?
dim.
rall.
mf
a tempo.
dim.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC CHARADE.—No. 53.

FOUNDATION WORDS.

I.

I CAME from the mountains,
I danced down the hills,
I called to the fountains,
I laughed with the rills.
Grown mighty and powerful,
I run without rest,
Till reaching my *second*
I sink on its breast.

II.

I link distant nations,
Yet friends I can part;
Rich treasure uncounted
Lies deep in my heart.
What is there more fearful
And savage than I?
Yet whose smile is sweeter
Beneath the blue sky?

CROSS WORDS.

Poor lover! 't was thy hapless docm
To find thy lady fair
Laid cold in her untimely tomb:
Alas for thy despair!

A patriarch I, of olden time,
My sire and son the same;
Our wealth was great in flocks and herds:
You surely know my name.

I am a restless, fickle thing,
Yet should I stable grow,
You all would call me worthless then,
And truly find me so.

Fair, gracious, saint-like little child,
All hearts are drawn to thee;
Far up in heaven, dost thou rejoice
To know the slave is free?

Hail, rightful sovereign of the mind!
If to each just decree
Of thine we paid a better heed,
How fast would folly flee!

RIDDLE.—No. 54.

I 'm short and tall, and large and small;
I 'm thin and thick; of glass and brick;
I 'm sometimes square, and sometimes round;
And though to smoke I 'm often found,
Yet do I "the vile weed" eschew.
Now tell my name; 't is known to you.

MAY.

ENIGMAS.

No. 55.

HISTORICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 21 letters.

My 19, 9, 21, 20, 10, 15 was a mountain in Gaul.

My 2, 14, 15, 13, 16, 17, 5 was the son of Pelias.

My 6, 7, 21, 2, 16, 9, 13 were a people of Aquitania.

My 9, 1, 9, 16, 10, 15 was a city of the Volsci.

My 5, 7, 8, 2, 14, 11, 15 was the goddess of the sea.

My 1, 7, 14, 4, 21 was the son of Vulcan.

My 3, 20, 18, 17, 13 was the son of Æneas.

My 10, 12, 19, 18, 4, 5 was a Roman surname.

My 21, 9, 8, 9, 20, 1, 11, 2 was the capital of the Parthians.

My 15, 14, 1, 7, 19, 3, 2 was a Roman feast.

My 14, 15, 9, 10, 9 was a city of Etruria

My 9, 6, 11, 17, 13 was a surname of Bacchus.

My 3, 18, 11, 7 was the daughter of Numitor.

My 10, 2, 9, 16, 3, 15 was a country north of the Po.

My 6, 7, 1, 14, 2 was a river of Lusitania.

My 8, 11, 1, 4, 5 was a river in Vindelicia.

My *whole* was a Roman poet.

SKATES.

No. 56.

GRAMMATICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 15 letters.

My 7, 13, 8 is a personal pronoun.

My 5, 9 is a pronoun.

My 10, 3 is a preposition.

My 12, 2, 15 is a noun.

My 13 is one of the vowels.

My 6, 5, 14 is a noun.

My 11, 2, 4 is an adverb.

My 10, 1, 12 is a conjunction.

My *whole* is one word, but contains three parts of speech, and four syllables.

No. 57.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 17 letters.

My 5, 7, 17, 11 is a city in Italy.

My 8, 16, 15, 4 is a river in Egypt.

My 17, 4, 2, 6, 1 is a town in Portugal.

My 15, 1, 12, 13, 4, 14, 15, 1 is a town in Mexico.

My 1, 10, 1, 15 is a sea of Asia.

My 15, 13, 17, 4, 2, 5, 9 is a city in Switzerland.

My 5, 7, 3, 9, 2 is a river in Africa.

My 12, 2, 1, 3, 13, 11 is a city of Bohemia.

My 6, 16, 14, 9, 10 is a river in Italy.

My *whole* is a part of South America.

QUIZ.

No. 58

BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

I am composed of 27 letters.

My 16, 11, 9, 27, 13, 17, 23 was a learned Englishman.

My 19, 6, 1, 22, 25, 14, 3 was a much-wronged princess.

My 12, 26, 8, 2, 1, 5, 15 was a German writer.

My 24, 26, 4, 18 was the father of a Jewish ruler.

My 5, 7 is mentioned in the Bible.

My 11, 21, 25, 17, 10, 20 was the favorite of a sovereign.

My *whole* has cost many lives, years of time, and millions of money.

No. 59.

I am composed of 32 letters.

My 25, 31, 6, 15, 27 is the name of a constellation.

My 14, 19, 21, 7 is only a sensation.

My 11, 1, 31, 22, 20, 5, 26, 8, 17, 28 is an adjective.

My 2, 24, 30, 14, 21, 32 is a product of cold.

My 4, 9, 29, 13, 10, 26, 2, 23, 7, 32, 27 is the name of a poem.

My 12, 16, 3 is a name for a witch.

My 18, 4, 16, 27, 32 is Saxon for landholder.

My *whole* is the name of one of Jean Ingelow's poems.

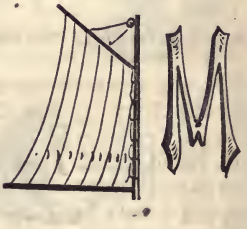
ILLUSTRATED GEOGRAPHICAL REBUSES.

No. 60.

No. 61.

No. 62.

No. 63.



No. 64.

CHARADES.

No. 65.

They stood and leaned across my *first*,
Both thinking of my *second*.
The clover into bloom just burst,
But so much hay they reckoned.
They stood and talked until the sun
Went down in mellow shade;
Then one my *second* well had won,
And both my *whole* had made.

No. 66.

My *first*, my dear reader, you 'll never find out;
My *second* a goddess, without any doubt;
My *whole* you will see (for I 'm easily guessed)
Is a part of the country away in the West.

HAUTBOY.

PUZZLE.—No. 67.

My *first* is in frolic, but not in prank.
My *second* is in mound, but not in bank.
My *third* is in gander, but not in goose.
My *fourth* is in tight, but not in loose.
My *fifth* is in abbot, but not in priest.
My *sixth* is in festival, but not in feast.
My *seventh* is in bundle, but not in box.
My *eighth* is in stones, but not in rocks.
My *ninth* is in barn, but not in shed.
My *tenth* is in lounge, but not in bed.
My *eleventh* is in green, but not in brown.
My *twelfth* is in adjective, but not in noun.
My *thirteenth* is in luck, but not in chance.
My *whole* is a royal palace in France.

SIMPLE SIMON.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 68.

WILLY WISP.

TRANSFORMATIONS.—No. 69.

By the change of a letter, transform

1. A ruler into a piece of gold.
2. A murderer into the one he murders.
3. A fool into a token of honor.
4. An idiot into a place where he may drown himself.
5. A very young man into a state of perfect happiness.
6. A bad man into a feast.
7. A good man into mere outside show.

CONUNDRUMS.—No. 70.

1. What chemical substance invites a celebrated cow to eat grass?

2. What spring flower ought to be an editor?

3. What musical instrument describes a miserable tavern?

4. What kind of picture tells what a good sword would do?

5. If any one should say he had discovered a misprint in this magazine, what would the editors call for?

ANSWERS.

48. Capuchin.
49. Tartar.
50. Tear. Ear.
51. Refute. Refuse.
Foe. Fop.
Plow. Prow.
Mars. Mart.
Perpetrate. Perpetuate.
Port. Post.
52. Every heart has its own bitterness.

"Hitty Maginn" has sent us a version of the riddle the Fox once put to the Hen. Here it is: —

REYNARD'S RIDDLE.

"Who 'll guess me a riddle?" the sly Fox cried.
"Pray tell it, I will," the Hen replied.
So she knowingly cocked her innocent head
To hear what the cunning rascal said.
"Shrewd wit and an oily tongue hath he,
And a palate as dainty as needs to be.
And he comes — *so!*
And jumps — so!!
And grabs you — SO!!!"
"O dear Mr. Fox, you are choking me — Oh-h!"

Poor little Bantie! She ought to have been
A little more cautious; for foxes are keen.
When hens play with foxes, — it always is so, —
They lose both their heads and the game, you know.

"Herbert" misunderstands us. We did not say that we should print no more answers to correspondents, but only those which seem likely to interest a sufficient number of our readers. We are glad to receive all the letters that come, whether they contain questions, praises, sympathy, or fault-finding; and we get all kinds. Whenever we think it best, and have room, we shall make selections from them for the Letter-Box.

There are many questions about reading, which Mr. Hale's papers will answer more satisfactorily than anything we could say. The subject of "Behavior" is also proposed for discussion, and this we hope will be treated by the same kind friend of "Our Young Folks" by and by.

Will the author of "Debby's Wedding" send us her address?

T. B. S. asks about one or two things which are still a puzzle to other heads besides his. He says: —

"First, — I wish to know by what rule the works of authors are criticised. Some books that I thought very good I have been told were mere trash, and that others were very fine, when I could not see the difference. I would like to know by what standard books are judged, or if there is no standard.

"Secondly, — Has it ever been found who the man in the iron mask was?"

The last question we will leave for our correspondents to collect authorities upon. The first? — Well, we know who the "standard" poets, novelists, and essayists are, and we also know that others, which are not "standards," are more popularly read than these. Addison used to be considered a perfect standard of English style; but the English that people like to read to-day is very different from Addison's; and in some respects it is better than his. In choosing books, people will be influenced by their own taste and temperament. Some despise fairy-tales, and some cannot endure a "story with a moral." Some like plain prose, and some prefer flowery verse. Yet there are excellent things written in both ways.

When a book is denounced as "trash," the first thing to decide is, whether the opinion of the person who says so is worth anything. Most people judge from their prejudices. It takes a wise person to understand wisdom, and a good person to appreciate goodness, inside or outside of books.

But no books are perfect, — as there are no perfect authors or critics. Still, there are good, better, and best among them, besides heaps of rubbish which do not rise so high as a degree of comparison. You learn to judge correctly by reading only what is really good; and almost every one has some literary friend whose advice he can trust to set him on the right road. But it is not to be expected that everybody will like the same books.

However, we have never yet seen anybody who does not like the "Dotty Dimple" stories. Lee and Shepard have published two more of them, about Dotty "At School" and "At Play." Miss Dotty is as funny as ever, and does not lose her habit of getting into trouble almost every hour in the day. In her unsuccessful endeavors to be a good girl at school, she unconsciously gives her teacher a lesson which other teachers may well profit by.

Jean Ingelow has another nice book for chil-

dren, — a fairy tale, this time, published by Roberts Brothers, as usual. It is called "Mopsa the Fairy," and is prettily illustrated. Perhaps the best of it is that it contains some charming new poems by Miss Ingelow. It is late to speak of "Little Women," the second part of which has appeared. Few can help getting interested in "Jo," and her grown-up history. Everything about the story is "as natural as life."

"The Wonders of Heat" is a book which boys and girls will enjoy reading, after the summer days are over. Like the rest of the "Illustrated Library of Wonders," which Messrs. Scribner & Co. are translating, it describes every-day marvels which we live in the midst of, almost without knowing it. The translations of the Erckmann-Chatrian novels, by the same publishers, will be relished by such of our older young readers as enjoy stories of a historical cast, which recall the glories and the miseries of war. "Waterloo" follows "The Conscript" and "Madame Therese," and is a life-like picture of the times of the first Napoleon.

Messrs. Scribner & Co. also publish Guyot's series of Geographies, which our readers have been inquiring for since Mrs. Agassiz mentioned them in her "Coral" articles.

Some one wishes to know about the Acting Charades by S. Annie Frost, promised at the close of last year. One has recently been received from her, and more will doubtless follow soon. They will be varied by Charades and Dialogues from other hands. But we doubt whether any one will excel "William Henry." His Charade in the July number is a capital one, and is easily acted, the children say.

By the way, that pet boy of ours is about as great a favorite as our "Bad Boy" is. A gentleman of note tells us that he considers himself personally wronged when "William Henry" has no letter in "Our Young Folks." We have a packet or two waiting for those who are impatient to hear from him again. But we fear he will grow up and be off our hands soon, — a natural progress of events which our readers will regret as much as we. Still, boys cannot be boys forever, either in books or in their mothers' homes.

We wish our magazine were as elastic as an omnibus, — that it would always hold the one article more we want to get in. We are often forced to disappoint ourselves and our readers, because we have not room enough for all our good things. Almost every month we add four or six pages to the regular number. We are not disposed to complain of our riches, but contributors and subscribers must have patience with us, seeing how the matter stands.

Look for the answer to this puzzle in King Lear, Act Third: —

THE SWANS.

DRAWN BY EDWIN FORBES.]

[See "THE SWAN STORY."

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

An Illustratd Magazine

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

VOL. V. OCTOBER, 1869. No. X.

THE STORY OF A BAD BOY.

CHAPTER XVIII.

A FROG HE WOULD A-WOOING GO.

IF the reader supposes that I lived all this while in Rivenouth without falling a victim to one or more of the young ladies attending Miss Dorothy Gibbs's Female Institute, why, then, all I have to say is the reader exhibits his ignorance of human nature.

Miss Gibbs's seminary was located within a few minutes' walk of the Temple Grammar School, and numbered about thirty-five pupils, the majority of whom boarded at the Hall, — Primrose Hall, as Miss Dorothy prettily called it. The Primroses, as we called *them*, ranged from seven years of age to sweet seventeen, and a prettier group of sirens never got together even in Rivermouth, for Rivermouth, you should know, is famous for its pretty girls.

There were tall girls and short girls, rosy girls and pale girls, and girls as brown as berries; girls like Amazons, slender girls, weird and winning like Undine, girls with black tresses, girls with auburn ringlets, girls with every tint of golden hair. To behold Miss Dorothy's young ladies of a Sunday morning walking to church two by two, the smallest toddling at the end of the procession like the bobs at the tail of a kite, was a spectacle to fill with tender emotion the least susceptible

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by FIELDS, OSGOOD, & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

heart. To see Miss Dorothy marching grimly at the head of her light infantry, was to feel the hopelessness of making an attack on any part of the column.

She was a perfect dragon of watchfulness. The most unguarded lifting of an eyelash in the fluttering battalion was sufficient to put her on the lookout. She had had experiences with the male sex, this Miss Dorothy so prim and grim. It was whispered that her heart was a tattered album scrawled over with love-lines, but that she had shut up the volume long ago.

There was a tradition that she had been crossed in love; but it was the faintest of traditions. A gay young lieutenant of marines had flirted with her at a country ball (A. D. 1811), and then marched carelessly away at the head of his company to the shrill music of the fife, without so much as a sigh for the girl he left behind him. The years rolled on, the gallant gay Lothario — which was n't his name — married, became a father, and then a grandfather; and at the period of which I am speaking his grandchild was actually one of Miss Dorothy's young ladies. So, at least, ran the story.

The lieutenant himself was dead these many years; but Miss Dorothy never got over his duplicity. She was convinced that the sole aim of mankind was to win the unguarded affection of maidens, and then march off treacherously with flying colors to the heartless music of the drum and fife. To shield the inmates of Primrose Hall from the bitter influences that had blighted her own early affections was Miss Dorothy's mission in life.

"No wolves prowling about my lambs, if *you* please," said Miss Dorothy. "I will not allow it."

She was as good as her word. I don't think the boy lives who ever set foot within the limits of Primrose Hall while the seminary was under her charge. Perhaps if Miss Dorothy had given her young ladies a little more liberty, they would not have thought it "such fun" to make eyes over the white lattice fence at the young gentlemen of the Temple Grammar School. I say perhaps; for it is one thing to manage thirty-five young ladies and quite another thing to talk about it.

But all Miss Dorothy's vigilance could not prevent the young folks from meeting in the town now and then, nor could her utmost ingenuity interrupt postal arrangements. There was no end of notes passing between the students and the Primroses. Notes tied to the heads of arrows were shot into dormitory windows; notes were tucked under fences, and hidden in the trunks of decayed trees. Every thick place in the boxwood hedge that surrounded the seminary was a possible post-office.

It was a terrible shock to Miss Dorothy the day she unearthed a nest of letters in one of the huge wooden urns surmounting the gateway that led to her dovecot. It was a bitter moment to Miss Phœbe and Miss Candace and Miss Hesba, when they had their locks of hair grimly handed back to them by Miss Gibbs in the presence of the whole school. Girls whose locks of hair had run the blockade in safety were particularly severe on the offenders. But it did n't stop other notes and other tresses, and I would like to know what can stop them while the earth holds together.

Now when I first came to Rivermouth I looked upon girls as rather tame company; I had n't a spark of sentiment concerning them; but seeing my comrades sending and receiving mysterious epistles, wearing bits of ribbon in their button-holes and leaving packages of confectionery (generally lemon-drops) in the hollow trunks of trees, — why, I felt that this was the proper thing to do. I resolved, as a matter of duty, to fall in love with somebody, and I did n't care in the least who it was. In much the same mood that Don Quixote selected the Dulcinea del Toboso for his lady-love, I singled out one of Miss Dorothy's incomparable young ladies for mine.

I debated a long while whether I should not select *two*, but at last settled down on one, — a pale little girl with blue eyes, named Alice. I shall not make a long story of this, for Alice made short work of me. She was secretly in love with Pepper Whitcomb. This occasioned a temporary coolness between Pepper and myself.

Not disheartened, however, I placed Laura Rice — I believe it was Laura Rice — in the vacant niche. The new idol was more cruel than the old. The former frankly sent me to the right about, but the latter was a deceitful lot. She wore my nosegay in her dress at the evening service (the Primroses were marched to church three times every Sunday), she penned me the daintiest of notes, she sent me the glossiest of ringlets (cut, as I afterwards found out, from the stupid head of Miss Gibbs's chamber-maid), and at the same time was holding me and my pony up to ridicule in a series of letters written to Jack Harris. It was Harris himself who kindly opened my eyes.

"I tell you what, Bailey," said that young gentleman, "Laura is an old veteran, and carries too many guns for a youngster. She can't resist a flirtation; I believe she 'd flirt with an infant in arms. There 's hardly a fellow in the school that has n't worn her colors and some of her hair. She does n't give out any more of her own hair now. It 's been pretty well used up. The demand was greater than the supply, you see. It 's all very well to correspond with Laura, but as to looking for anything serious from her, the knowing ones don't. Hope I have n't hurt your feelings, old boy," (that was a soothing stroke of flattery to call me "old boy,") "but 't was my duty as a friend and a Centipede to let you know who you were dealing with."

Such was the advice given me by that time-stricken, care-worn, and embittered man of the world, who was sixteen years old if he was a day.

I dropped Laura. In the course of the next twelve months I had perhaps three or four similar experiences, and the conclusion was forced upon me that I was not a boy likely to distinguish myself in this branch of business.

I fought shy of Primrose Hall from that moment. Smiles were smiled over the boxwood hedge, and little hands were occasionally kissed to me; but I only winked my eye patronizingly, and passed on. I never renewed tender relations with Miss Gibbs's young ladies. All this occurred during my first year and a half at Rivermouth.

Between my studies at school, my out-door recreations, and the hurts my vanity received, I managed to escape for the time being any very serious attack of that love fever which, like the measles, is almost certain to seize

upon a boy sooner or later. I was not to be an exception. I was merely biding my time. The incidents I have now to relate took place shortly after the events described in the last chapter.

In a life so tranquil and circumscribed as ours in the Nutter House, a visitor was a novelty of no little importance. The whole household awoke from its quietude one morning when the Captain announced that a young niece of his from New York was to spend a few weeks with us.

The blue-chintz room, into which a ray of sun was never allowed to penetrate, was thrown open and dusted, and its mouldy air made sweet with a bouquet of pot-roses placed on the old-fashioned bureau. Kitty was busy all the forenoon washing off the sidewalk and sand-papering the great brass knocker on our front-door; and Miss Abigail was up to her elbows in a pigeon-pie.

I felt sure it was for no ordinary person that all these preparations were in progress; and I was right. Miss Nelly Glentworth was no ordinary person. I shall never believe she was. There may have been lovelier women, though I have never seen them; there may have been more brilliant women, though it has not been my fortune to meet them; but that there was ever a more charming one than Nelly Glentworth is a proposition against which I contend.

I don't love her now. I don't think of her once in five years; and yet it would give me a turn if in the course of my daily walk I should suddenly come upon her eldest boy. I may say that her eldest boy was not playing a prominent part in this life when I first made her acquaintance.

It was a drizzling, cheerless afternoon towards the end of summer that a hack drew up at the door of the Nutter House. The Captain and Miss Abigail hastened into the hall on hearing the carriage stop. In a moment more Miss Nelly Glentworth was seated in our sitting-room undergoing a critical examination at the hands of a small boy who lounged uncomfortably on a settee between the windows.

The small boy considered himself a judge of girls, and he rapidly came to the following conclusions: That Miss Nelly was about nineteen; that she had not given away much of her back hair, which hung in two massive chestnut braids over her shoulders; that she was a shade too pale and a trifle too tall; that her hands were nicely shaped and her feet much too diminutive for daily use. He furthermore observed that her voice was musical, and that her face lighted up with an indescribable brightness when she smiled.

On the whole, the small boy liked her well enough; and, satisfied that she was not a person to be afraid of, but, on the contrary, one who might be made quite agreeable, he departed to keep an appointment with his friend Sir Pepper Whitcomb.

But the next morning when Miss Glentworth came down to breakfast in a purple dress, her face as fresh as one of the moss-roses on the bureau up stairs, and her laugh as contagious as the merriment of a robin, the small boy experienced a strange sensation, and mentally compared her with the

loveliest of Miss Gibbs's young ladies, and found those young ladies wanting in the balance.

A night's rest had wrought a wonderful change in Miss Nelly. The pallor and weariness of the journey had passed away. I looked at her through the toast-rack and thought I had never seen anything more winning than her smile.

After breakfast she went out with me to the stable to see Gypsy, and the three of us became friends then and there. Nelly was the only girl that Gypsy ever took the slightest notice of.

It chanced to be a half-holiday, and a base-ball match of unusual interest was to come off on the school ground that afternoon; but, somehow, I did n't go. I hung about the house abstractedly. The Captain went up town, and Miss Abigail was busy in the kitchen making immortal gingerbread. I drifted into the sitting-room, and had our guest all to myself for I don't know how many hours. It was twilight, I recollect, when the Captain returned with letters for Miss Nelly.

Many a time after that I sat with her through the dreamy September afternoons. If I had played base-ball it would have been much better for me.

Those first days of Miss Nelly's visit are very misty in my remembrance. I try in vain to remember just when I began to fall in love with her. Whether the spell worked upon me gradually or fell upon me all at once, I don't know. I only know that it seemed to me as if I had always loved her. Things that took place before she came were dim to me, like events that had occurred in the Middle Ages.

Nelly was at least five years my senior. But what of that? Adam is the only man I ever heard of who did n't in early youth fall in love with a woman older than himself, and I am convinced that he would have done so if he had had the opportunity.

I wonder if girls from fifteen to twenty are aware of the glamour they cast over the straggling, awkward boys whom they regard and treat as mere children? I wonder, now. Young women are so keen in such matters. I wonder if Miss Nelly Glentworth never suspected until the very last night of her visit at Rivermouth that I was over ears in love with her pretty self, and was suffering pangs as poignant as if I had been ten feet high and as old as Methuselah? For, indeed, I was miserable throughout all those five weeks. I went down in the Latin class at the rate of three boys a day. Her fresh young eyes came between me and my book, and there was an end of Virgil.

> "O love, love, love!
> Love is like a dizziness,
> It winna let a body
> Gang aboot his business."

I was wretched away from her, and only less wretched in her presence. The especial cause of my woe was this: I was simply a little boy to Miss Glentworth. I knew it. I bewailed it. I ground my teeth and wept in secret over the fact. If I had been aught else in her eyes would she have smoothed my hair so carelessly, sending an electric shock through my whole

system? would she have walked with me, hand in hand, for hours in the old garden? and once when I lay on the sofa, my head aching with love and mortification, would she have stooped down and kissed me if I had n't been a little boy? How I despised little boys! How I hated one particular little boy, — too little to be loved!

I smile over this very grimly even now. My sorrow was genuine and bitter. It is a great mistake on the part of elderly ladies, male and female, to tell a child that he is seeing his happiest days. Don't you believe a word of it, my little friend. The burdens of childhood are as hard to bear as the crosses that weigh us down later in life, while the happinesses of childhood are tame compared with those of our maturer years. And even if this were not so, it is rank cruelty to throw shadows over the young heart by croaking, "Be merry, for to-morrow you die!"

As the last days of Nelly's visit drew near, I fell into a very unhealthy state of mind. To have her so frank and unconsciously coquettish with me, was a daily torment; to be looked upon and treated as a child was bitter almonds; but the thought of losing her altogether was distraction.

The summer was at an end. The days were perceptibly shorter, and now and then came an evening when it was chilly enough to have a wood fire in our sitting-room. The leaves were beginning to take hectic tints, and the wind was practising the minor pathetic notes of its autumnal dirge. Nature and myself appeared to be approaching our dissolution simultaneously.

One evening, the evening previous to the day set for Nelly's departure, — how well I remember it! — I found her sitting alone by the wide chimney-piece looking musingly at the crackling back-log. There were no candles in the room. On her face and hands, and on the small golden cross at her throat, fell the flickering firelight, — that ruddy, mellow firelight in which one's grandmother would look poetical.

I drew a low stool from the corner and placed it by the side of her chair. She reached out her hand to me, as was her pretty fashion, and so we sat for several moments silently in the changing glow of the burning logs. At length I moved back the stool so that I could see her face in profile without being seen by her. I lost her hand by this movement, but I could n't have spoken with the listless touch of her fingers on mine. After two or three attempts I said "Nelly" a good deal louder than I intended.

Perhaps the effort it cost me was evident in my voice. She raised herself quickly in the chair and half turned towards me.

"Well, Tom?"

"I — I am very sorry you are going away."

"So am I. I have enjoyed every hour of my visit."

"Do you think you will ever come back here?"

"Perhaps," said Nelly, and her eyes wandered off into the fitful firelight.

"I suppose you will forget us all very quickly."

"Indeed I shall not. I shall always have the pleasantest memories of Rivermouth."

Here the conversation died a natural death. Nelly sank into a sort of dream, and I meditated. Fearing every moment to be interrupted by some member of the family, I nerved myself to make a bold dash.

"Nelly."

"Well."

"Do you — " I hesitated.

"Do I what?"

"Love any one very much?"

"Why, of course I do," said Nelly, scattering her revery with a merry laugh. "I love Uncle Nutter, and Aunt Nutter, and you — and Towser."

Towser, our new dog! I could n't stand that. I pushed back the stool impatiently and stood in front of her.

"That 's not what I mean," I said angrily.

"Well, what do you mean?"

"Do you love any one to marry him?"

"The idea of it!" cried Nelly, laughing.

"But you must tell me!"

"Must, Tom?"

"Indeed you must, Nelly."

She had risen from the chair with an amused, perplexed look in her eyes. I held her an instant by the dress.

"Please tell me, Nelly."

"O you silly boy!" cried Nelly. Then she rumpled my hair all over my forehead and ran laughing out of the room.

Suppose Cinderella had rumpled the Prince's hair all over *his* forehead, how would he have liked it? Suppose the Sleeping Beauty, when the king's son with a kiss set her and all the old clocks agoing in the spell-bound castle, — suppose, I say, the young minx had looked up and coolly laughed in his eye, I guess the king's son would n't have been greatly pleased.

I hesitated a second or two, and then rushed after Nelly just in time to run against Miss Abigail, who entered the room with a couple of lighted candles.

"Goodness gracious, Tom!" exclaimed Miss Abigail, "*are* you possessed?"

I left her scraping the warm spermaceti from one of her thumbs.

Nelly was in the kitchen talking quite unconcernedly with Kitty Collins. There she remained until supper-time. Supper over, we all adjourned to the sitting-room. I planned and plotted, but could manage in no way to get Nelly alone. She and the Captain played cribbage all the evening.

The next morning my lady did not make her appearance until we were seated at the breakfast-table. I had got up at daylight myself. Immediately after breakfast the carriage arrived to take her to the railway station. A gentleman stepped from this carriage, and greatly to my surprise was warmly welcomed by the Captain and Miss Abigail, and by Miss Nelly herself, who seemed unnecessarily glad to see him. From the hasty conversation that followed I learned that the gentleman had come somewhat unexpectedly to

conduct Miss Nelly to Boston. But how did he know that she was to leave that morning? Nelly bade farewell to the Captain and Miss Abigail, made a little rush and kissed me on the nose, and was gone.

As the wheels of the hack rolled up the street and over my finer feelings, I turned to the Captain.

"Who was that gentleman, sir?"

"That was Mr. Waldron."

"A relation of yours, sir?" I asked, craftily.

"No relation of mine, — a relation of Nelly's," said the Captain, smiling.

"A cousin?" I suggested, feeling a strange hatred spring up in my bosom for the unknown.

"Well, I suppose you might call him a cousin for the present. He's going to marry little Nelly next summer."

In one of Peter Parley's valuable historical works is a description of an earthquake at Lisbon. "At the first shock the inhabitants rushed into the streets; the earth yawned at their feet and the houses tottered and fell on every side." I staggered past the Captain into the street; a giddiness came over me; the earth yawned at my feet, and the houses threatened to fall in on every side of me. How distinctly I remember that momentary sense of confusion when everything in the world seemed toppling over into ruins.

As I have remarked, my love for Nelly is a thing of the past. I had not thought of her for years until I sat down to write this chapter, and yet, now that all is said and done, I should n't care particularly to come across Mrs. Waldron's eldest boy in my afternoon's walk. He must be fourteen or fifteen years old by this time, — the young villain!

CHAPTER XIX.

I BECOME A BLIGHTED BEING.

When a young boy gets to be an old boy, when the hair is growing rather thin on the top of the old boy's head, and he has been tamed sufficiently to take a sort of chastened pleasure in allowing the baby to play with his watch-seals, — when, I say, an old boy has reached this stage in the journey of life, he is sometimes apt to indulge in sportive remarks concerning his first love.

Now, though I bless my stars that it was n't in my power to marry Miss Nelly, I am not going to deny my boyish regard for her nor laugh at it. As long as it lasted it was a very sincere and unselfish love, and rendered me proportionately wretched. I say as long as it lasted, for one's first love does n't last forever.

I am ready, however, to laugh at the amusing figure I cut after I had really ceased to have any deep feeling in the matter. It was then I took it into my head to be a Blighted Being. This was about two weeks after the spectral appearance of Mr. Waldron.

For a boy of a naturally vivacious disposition the part of a blighted being

presented difficulties. I had an excellent appetite, I liked society, I liked out-of-door sports, I was fond of handsome clothes. Now all these things were incompatible with the doleful character I was to assume, and I proceeded to cast them from me. I neglected my hair. I avoided my playmates. I frowned abstractedly. I did n't eat as much as was good for me. I took lonely walks. I brooded in solitude. I not only committed to memory the more turgid poems of the late Lord Byron, — "Fare thee well, and if forever," &c., — but I became a despondent poet on my own account, and composed a string of "Stanzas to One who will understand them." I think I was a trifle too hopeful on that point; for I came across the verses several years afterwards, and was quite unable to understand them myself.

It was a great comfort to be so perfectly miserable and yet not suffer any. I used to look in the glass and gloat over the amount and variety of mournful expression I could throw into my features. If I caught myself smiling at anything, I cut the smile short with a sigh. The oddest thing about all this is, I never once suspected that I was *not* unhappy. No one, not even Pepper Whitcomb, was more deceived than I.

Among the minor pleasures of being blighted were the interest and perplexity I excited in the simple souls that were thrown in daily contact with me. Pepper especially. I nearly drove him into a corresponding state of mind.

I had from time to time given Pepper slight but impressive hints of my admiration for Some One (this was in the early part of Miss Glentworth's visit); I had also led him to infer that my admiration was not altogether in vain. He was therefore unable to explain the cause of my strange behavior, for I had carefully refrained from mentioning to Pepper the fact that Some One had turned out to be Another's!

I treated Pepper shabbily. I could n't resist playing on his tenderer feelings. He was a boy bubbling over with sympathy for any one in any kind of trouble. Our intimacy since Binny Wallace's death had been uninterrupted; but now I moved in a sphere apart, not to be profaned by the step of an outsider.

I no longer joined the boys on the play-ground at recess. I stayed at my desk reading some lugubrious volume, — usually "The Mysteries of Udolpho," by the amiable Mrs. Radcliffe. A translation of "The Sorrows of Werter" fell into my hands at this period, and if I could have committed suicide without killing myself, I should certainly have done so.

On half-holidays, instead of fraternizing with Pepper and the rest of our clique, I would wander off alone to Grave Point.

Grave Point — the place where Binny Wallace's body came ashore — was a narrow strip of land running out into the river. A line of Lombardy poplars, stiff and severe, like a row of grenadiers, mounted guard on the water side. On the extreme end of the peninsula was an old disused graveyard, tenanted principally by the early settlers who had been scalped by the Indians. In a remote corner of the cemetery, set apart from the other mounds, was the grave of a woman who had been hanged in the old colonial times

for the murder of her infant. Goodwife Polly Haines had denied the crime to the last, and after her death there had arisen strong doubts as to her actual guilt. It was a belief current among the lads of the town, that if you went to this grave at nightfall on the 10th of November, — the anniversary of her execution, — and asked, "For what did the magistrates hang you?" a voice would reply, "Nothing!"

Many a Rivermouth boy has tremblingly put this question in the dark, and, sure enough, Polly Haines invariably answered nothing!

A low red brick wall, broken down in many places and frosted over with silvery moss, surrounded this burial-ground of our Pilgrim Fathers and their immediate descendants. The latest date on any of the headstones was 1780. A crop of very funny epitaphs sprung up here and there among the overgrown thistles and burdocks, and almost every tablet had a death's-head with cross-bones engraved upon it, or else a puffy round face with a pair of wings stretching out from the ears, like this: —

These mortuary emblems furnished me with congenial food for reflection. I used to lie in the long grass, and speculate on the advantages and disadvantages of being a cherub.

I forget what I thought the advantages were, but I remember distinctly of getting into an inextricable tangle on two points: How could a cherub, being all head and wings, manage to sit down when he was tired? To have to sit down on the back of his head struck me as an awkward alternative. Again: Where did a cherub carry those necessary articles (such as jack-knives, marbles, and pieces of twine) which boys in an earthly state of existence usually stow away in their trousers-pockets?

These were knotty questions, and I was never able to dispose of them satisfactorily.

Meanwhile Pepper Whitcomb would scour the whole town in search of me. He finally discovered my retreat, one afternoon, and dropped in on me abruptly while I was deep in the cherub problem.

"Look here, Tom Bailey!" said Pepper, shying a piece of clam-shell indignantly at the *Hic jacet* on a neighboring gravestone, "you are just going to the dogs! Can't you tell a fellow what in thunder ails you, instead of prowling round among the tombs like a jolly old vampire?"

"Pepper," I replied, solemnly, "don't ask me. All is not well here" — touching my breast mysteriously. If I had touched my head instead, I should have been nearer the mark.

Pepper stared at me.

"Earthly happiness," I continued, "is a delusion and a snare. You will never be happy, Pepper, until you are a cherub."

Pepper, by the by, would have made an excellent cherub, he was so chubby.

Having delivered myself of these gloomy remarks, I arose languidly from the grass and moved away, leaving Pepper staring after me in mute astonishment. I was Hamlet and Werter and the late Lord Byron all in one.

You will ask what my purpose was in cultivating this factitious despondency. None whatever. Blighted beings never have any purpose in life excepting to be as blighted as possible.

Of course my present line of business could not long escape the eye of Captain Nutter. I don't know if the Captain suspected my attachment for Nelly. He never alluded to it; but he watched me. Miss Abigail watched me; Kitty Collins watched, and Sailor Ben watched me.

"I can't make out his signals," I overheard the Admiral remark to my grandfather one day. "I hope he ain't got no kind of sickness aboard."

There was something singularly agreeable in being an object of so great interest. Sometimes I had all I could do to preserve my dejected aspect, it was so pleasant to be miserable. I incline to the opinion that people who are melancholy without any particular reason, such as poets, artists, and young musicians with long hair, have rather an enviable time of it. In a quiet way I never enjoyed myself better in my life than when I was a Blighted Being.

T. B. Aldrich.

SUMMER'S DONE.

ALONG the wayside and up the hills
The golden-rod flames in the sun;
The blue-eyed gentian nods good by
To the sad little brooks that run;
And so Summer's done, said I,
Summer's done!

In yellowing woods the chestnut drops;
The squirrel gets galore,
Though bright-eyed lads and little maids
Rob him of half his store;
And so Summer's o'er, said I,
Summer's o'er!

The maple in the swamp begins
To flaunt in gold and red,
And in the elm the fire-bird's nest
Swings empty overhead;
And so Summer's dead, said I,
Summer's dead!

The barberry hangs her jewels out,
And guards them with a thorn;
The merry farmer boys cut down
The poor old dried-up corn;
And so Summer's gone, said I,
Summer's gone!

The swallows and the bobolinks
Are gone this many a day,
But in the mornings still you hear
The scolding, swaggering jay!
And so Summer's away, said I,
Summer's away!

A wonderful glory fills the air,
And big and bright is the sun;
A loving hand for the whole brown earth
A garment of beauty has spun;
But for all that, Summer's done, said I,
Summer's done!

Lily Nelson.

THE SWAN STORY.

NEVER was there so lonely a little lake! There were other lakes not far away, but it could not know that, because it must stay still in one place. To be sure, it was always sending out messengers; blue waves, big and little, that went till the river which ran out from the lake took them and carried them far away to a broader stream, which never stopped for a word, but flowed on and on to the great sea.

All day and every day the little lake waited, but never a wave came back to tell what it had seen of the wide world; and as the springs below and the rains above were always busy pouring in more water, the lake thought sometimes, either that her messengers had never started, or else had all come back again, too tired with the journey to say a word.

It was not worth while to ask many questions either, because there was so much going on both day and night that it took all one's time to listen and watch. There was wild rice at the head of the lake, where the birds came in autumn and told such stories that the messengers were sent faster than ever to find out if they could be true. There were lilies too, — white water-lilies, — and when they bloomed the lake kept still as it could, so that at night the stars shining down could be plainly seen in it. The lake knew very well they were only images, and that the real stars were far off, but the lilies did not.

Every night the deer came down to drink, and to eat the broad green lily-pads lying still on the water, and often with the leaves they took a flower. So the lilies, as they looked about next morning and saw one, two, or three gone, said each to themselves, "Ah! the stars have taken them, and now they will never fade; it will be our turn next"; and then they shut up tight, that when night came they might have all the more sweetness to give out.

There were one or two very old lilies who knew better, because the cat-fish, who was always watching, had told them about the deer; but the younger lilies never believed a word of it, and would have nothing to do with the cat-fish, who was always meddling, they said, with things he knew nothing about. So the lilies lived and died happy, because they were always expecting to be taken by the stars, you know; and even when their lovely white crowns faded and shrivelled, they did not care, for they said, "We shall be here again another summer; there is time enough still."

The lake only smiled a little, and listened to all that went on, and though just the same things had happened at just the same time for nobody knows how many hundred years, everything was always new; because the lake forgot every day all that it had seen the day before, and was always just as much surprised as though such things had never been heard of before. The great snapping-turtle who lived at the bottom remembered everything, but said nothing, though the cat-fish continually asked him questions. It is not of him, though, that I want to tell you, or indeed of the lake either,

but of the one swan that lived there year after year, and could never fly away to find his relatives, because his wing and leg were both broken. The turtle knew about this too, but never told, and so I must do it for him.

Care and trouble had made our swan forget almost everything about the first year or two of his life. Here on this little lake, where winter was never known, it seemed to him that he could remember both the snow and ice of which the birds talked when they came; but he was never sure. He knew he had flown day after day with his flock, till they settled down on this lake, where they were to stay till summer heats drove them northward again. How well he remembered now! — for was there not one swan by whose side he flew, and with whom he talked, through the long days, of the nest they would build when they went northward once more? There was a rival too, — a great swan with gray feathers in his tail and wings, and a neck three inches longer than our swan's. What fierce eyes he had! How strong he was! and oh! that dreadful battle in the reeds! The snapping-turtle could have told you every word about it. He knew just how it began. He saw our swan and the pretty white one floating off toward the reeds, where the little green frogs lived. He saw the gray swan, almost bursting with jealousy, swim after. He saw the great wings beating, and the water thrown high, as the two struggled. He saw the gray swan hold our swan's head under the water, and then —

Well, to this day the snapping-turtle cannot tell how it was that he bit the wrong leg. He was on our swan's side. He hated the gray swan; he meant to bite him, and yet it was *our* swan's leg that cracked when his strong jaws closed on it. The wing had been broken before, and one eye put out. Now the gray swan was satisfied, and the little white one sailed away with him. The snapping-turtle dived down into the mud, and hardly put his head out for a week, he was so sorry; and that was the end of everything.

Our swan lay in the reeds, with his beautiful white neck stretched out and bleeding, and all the other swans would have fallen upon him and killed him, for that is swan-nature, only the little white one said, "No; let him alone; he will soon die."

So they did not kill him, but only flew far away, and left him in the lonely little lake, which he never would leave again, and he lay there in the reeds with broken bones, and thinking his heart was broken too. The little green frogs were so sorry for him, that they were almost ready to sit down just where he could eat them without any trouble; but they could never quite make up their minds to this. They did, instead, what was just as well, perhaps; for, a tree-toad having come down to the shore to look at the great white bird, they pushed him into the water, and our swan, seeing it struggling and kicking, never stopped to think whether it were frog or toad, but swallowed it at once. He felt better then, and almost wished there were another.

By the next day he raised his head and looked around. All alone there! but the lake lay blue in the sunshine, and the lilies, asleep on their long stalks, were waiting for starlight.

"I did mean to die," said our swan; "but I will not. I will get well, and follow the wicked gray swan. He is older and stronger than I, but I will grow older and stronger too, and then we shall see."

So now he ate all the little green frogs that showed their heads above water, besides a whole shoal of the cat-fish's grandchildren, who had been sent to see if he was any better. After this he grew strong very fast, but the broken wing still trailed by his side in the water, and he could swim only a stroke or two because his leg hurt him so. He held up his head, though, like a true swan, and a flock of hooded-ducks, who stopped here one day for a bath on their way south, said he was the handsomest swan they had ever seen. He swam as far as he could without screaming, and when they asked him why one wing trailed, he said his branch of the swan family carried their wings so, that they might be always ready to strike any enemy who came against them.

The ducks did not stay long, for they were in a hurry; and when they had flown our swan was more lonely than ever, and went away among the reeds to mourn a little while. One duck who had started with the others, but left them all to come back again, was glad of this, because she thought if the beautiful swan was so sad, he would not be angry if even a duck should offer to stay with him.

So by and by, when our swan raised his head once more, and looked out over the water, he saw not far off the little duck, who hardly dared come near, but was ready to fly away at once, if he wanted her to. He did not, you may know. There were not many words, for our swan had been silent so long that he had almost forgotten how to talk, but the little duck saw very plainly that he was glad to have her there, and so stayed.

Every day our swan thought, "Soon I shall be well, and can seek the gray swan"; and in the mean time he talked more and more, and as he talked his memory came back, and he told her all his life, from the very beginning in the great nest, whence, through the short Arctic summer, he looked out on the tall icebergs floating away, and saw the green grass spring out of the melting snow, down to that dreary day of which I have told you. Every day the little duck loved him better, and every day our swan said, "Soon I shall be strong, and can seek the gray swan."

No ducks came again to the lake. Perhaps they had forgotten the way, but the little duck did not care, and wanted nothing but to stay here as long as she lived. So the seasons went by. Our swan grew no stronger, but hoped always that he should; and that is almost the same thing, you know. He was growing older, too; but he did not know it, for the lake was unchanged, and the lilies blossomed just the same. The snapping-turtle came out sometimes, but his head was black as ever, and as polywogs were all the time turning into little green frogs, how should any one know but that they had always been there?

But one day came a change. Overhead, so far up that they seemed only a dark letter V drawn against the sky, flew a flock of swans. Our swan knew them well, for the strong trumpet-cry of the leader was plainly heard. He

answered, but the old call was almost forgotten. The flock passed swiftly on, and our swan, who thought none heard, tried to rise, but fell back in pain and hid his head in the lily-leaves. Then a white swan, who had left the others and dropped softly down among the reeds, swam to him and laid her head by his, and our swan, looking up, knew now that there was no need to seek the gray swan, for his own had come to him again. He forgot then that she had once left him; he hardly cared to know that the gray swan was dead; he only thought that his mate had come, and he should never be alone again.

So when the little duck, glad and sorry too, swam toward them, the white swan, who did not know what good right she had to be there, struck at her with her bill. Our swan, just happy enough to think only of himself, looked only at the new mate, and had no eyes for his old companion. The little duck paddled away to the reeds, and sat there still all the day. At first she thought she would fly away and try to find the old flock, but they, she knew, were gone long ago; the new ones would not know her; she had almost forgotten how to fly. She went to the shore next day, and, sitting there, watched the swans, who, side by side, were talking of old times and new times. She felt old and weak. The thrush in the tree overhead sang loud and sweet, but the notes seemed far off. The snapping-turtle came to the bank and looked at her, and asked if he should bite the new swan.

"No," the little duck said; "I am going to sleep now"; and she put her head under her wing.

That was the last. The snapping-turtle came again the next day, but she never stirred. The thrush sang to her, and two wrens tried to pull her head from under her wing, but could not. Then they knew she was dead.

The burying-beetles came and looked at her, but they had never even tried to bury so large a bird, and did not think of it now, till the snapping-turtle crawled out, and told them all the story. The mole listened. I think he cried, though one could not see enough of his eyes to say whether there were truly tears in them or not. The field-mouse did, I know; and altogether they made a little grave, and covered her up, so that no wicked fox could carry her away. The crickets came as mourners, and the thrush sang her sweetest songs; if you listen to her notes, you can hear this very story.

Did the swan ever think of her again? Ask the thrush.

Helen C. Weeks.

THE GHOSTS OF THE MINES.

"WILLIE, Willie, that will do, that will do," said Mr. Blake to his son one evening of the last winter, as that bright little fellow was throwing more coal on the already bright and cheerful fire. "That will be enough coal for the whole evening, and you may now sit down and enjoy it."

And Willie sat down, and for a time they all enjoyed the blue flame, while Mr. Blake worked away at some drawings. At length Mrs. Blake, who was a very economical and thrifty housewife, broke the silence by asking, —

"What is coal worth now, husband?"

"Coal is cheap this winter," answered Mr. Blake. "The last ton I bought cost only seven dollars in money; but," he added, sighing, "Heaven only knows how much it cost in blood!"

Mr. Blake said this in a very quiet, matter-of-fact way, as if it was a common thing to calculate and speak of the cost of coal in blood. But the children, and Mrs. Blake too, did not take the announcement in the same quiet way, for they started up in astonishment.

"Blood, papa!" they exclaimed in chorus; "does coal cost blood?"

"Indeed it does. Each scuttle of coal which we use costs a terrible price in human blood."

"O papa! do tell us what you mean," pleaded Willie.

"Well, children, I will. Come gather around the table; wait until I can get my papers and sketch-book, and I will tell you all about the cost of coal."

Mr. Blake was not long in getting his papers ready; he soon sat down at the table, and at once began with his story of how coal is mined out of the earth, and how much sorrow and suffering and labor and life it costs to get it into our grates for burning.

"To begin with, children," he said, "you must know that there is no life in the world which is fuller of adventure and danger than that of the miner. There are miners all the world over; miners in America and England and all Europe, in Siberia and Japan and China; miners in coal, lead, copper, salt, silver, iron, and gold; but of all miners the collier runs the greatest risks and meets with the most terrible disasters. The miners of gold and silver and lead are often lost in descending to and ascending from the mines; huge masses of falling rocks sometimes bury them alive; but they have no unseen enemies to battle with as have the coal-miners. It requires as much courage to work daily in a great coal-mine as it does to go into a great battle; perhaps even more, for in battle the soldier can sometimes see his enemy, and always feels that he is as strong as his foe; but the collier who goes down into the mine knows that he is surrounded by hidden enemies, against whom he is almost powerless, and from whom he can only run away. He cannot always do even that.

"You know that coal is taken out of the earth, and that in the old mines which have been worked for many years, the miners have to go down many hundred feet. Of course there is very little fresh air to be found in the deep mines, and fresh air is one of the things which a man cannot live without. Sometimes men who are engaged in digging wells not more than forty or fifty feet deep, are smothered by the foul air which collects at the bottom. Before they go down into a well, it is usual for well-diggers to let down a candle to test the air. If the light of the candle is extinguished, the workmen refuse to go down into the well, because they know that a man cannot live where a candle will not burn. If there is foul air forty or fifty feet down in a well, you can easily imagine that there would be much more of it several hundred feet down in a coal-mine. In England the mines have been worked for so many years, and have been pushed so far down into the earth, that they are very foul, and are ventilated by machinery, — that is, they have fresh air forced into them by pumps. There is one coal-mine in England, called the Ferndale Colliery, which requires three hundred and fifty men and boys, and thirty-eight horses, to work the pumps which force the pure air through the mines. The foul air often kills the workmen before they can get out of the mines, and many have been the means employed to furnish pure air for them to breathe. A French gentleman named Galibert has invented an apparatus by which the miner carries on his back a bag of air for the supply of his lungs; but the air, of course, soon gets fouled, and has to be replenished. Two pipes, you will see, communicate the air from the bag to the man's mouth; but as he has to breathe this air back into the pipes and bag, it soon renders the air impure and poisonous. You do not know, perhaps, that almost the foulest, most poisonous thing in the world is the air which you expel from your mouth after it has passed through your lungs. It is so foul that if you had to breathe it over again it would soon kill you.

"There is also another invention similar to this made by another Frenchman named Rougnayral, which consists of a strong metallic case filled with air and carried as the soldier carries his knapsack. This is an improvement on the first, because the air, after being breathed by the man, is not forced back into the reservior of pure air to poison it, but is expelled directly from the mouth and nostrils. But as this soon exhausts the pure air in the case, it is by no

means a satisfactory mode of saving life, and it is used only to explore foul mines.

"But," continued Mr. Blake, "though the foul vapors of the mines are so deadly, and cost the lives of so many good men every year, the most terrible enemies that the colliers have to encounter in the mines are the ghosts."

"The ghosts!" exclaimed the children in a breath, looking at their father in astonishment.

"O papa! how strange a story it is you are telling us!" said Willie, looking uneasily behind him, as if afraid he should see a ghost come to haunt him. He did not know that there was one at that moment in the room glaring fiercely at him through one great, bright eye!

"Strange, Willie, but true for all that."

"Do you mean, papa, that the miners are murdered by ghosts, — real ghosts?"

"Real ghosts, Willie," answered his father, — "the original ghosts, and ghosts of the most fearful character. They are invisible to the eye, but they make their terrible presence felt by all the other human organs. They issue from the caverns with a loud cry or a continued hissing that is horrible to hear; they smell ghastly and grave-like; you can feel their clammy presence on your brow, and if you inhale their breath you must die. They fly swifter than the birds; and, pursuing their victims, they surround them and slowly smother them or else blow them instantly into atoms."

"O husband! you will frighten the poor children out of their wits," exclaimed Mrs. Blake, as she put her arms around little Minnie, who had nestled closer to her, while Willie looked uneasily about him.

"They need not be afraid," said Mr. Blake, reassuringly. "The ghosts have been tamed, and will not hurt us here."

Willie took courage at this and urged his father to go on with the story, for it began now to get very interesting.

"Don't be impatient," said his father, "or you will not understand all I am going to say. This foul air of which I have just told you is called choke-damp, because it suffocates or chokes; there is another more terrible enemy of the miner, which is called fire-damp, because it explodes and burns. When these explosive fire-damps were first discovered, — it was about two hundred and fifty years ago, — a famous old German chemist named Van Helmont called them "geists," which is the German for ghosts. Since that day we have originated another word, derived from the same German term, and have called these ghosts of the mines gases; and it is these gases which are the real terrible ghosts which the miners have to encounter.

"It would be impossible for you to understand how this gas is formed in the coal-mines, but when you are older it will form a very interesting study. In some coals it is very plentiful and dangerous. Sometimes it lies between the crevices of the coal in the mine; oftener it is in the coal itself, and is not released until the coal is burned. If you have ever seen bituminous coal burning, you have noticed the little bright jets of gas burning with a hissing

noise. When the coal is laid bare by the miner's pick, the fire-damp, or gas, or ghost inside, is set free and comes out with a hissing sound and a bad smell. This is what the miners call 'singing-coal,' and it sings many a poor

fellow to his last sleep. When a crevice between the different lumps of coal is struck, the fire-damp bursts forth in a great body, and fills up the mine so suddenly that the men cannot escape or extinguish their lights, and thus explosions take place. Sometimes these crevices connect with others, and thus there is a continuous flow of gas for months at a time. Then the mines are filled with gas to such an extent that the miners dare hardly approach the entrance, and it is almost certain death to go down in them, even provided with fresh-air reservoirs like those I have shown you. There was a mine worked some years ago in Nova Scotia, which was so strongly charged with fire-damp that whenever the miner struck a vein with his pick it escaped with a loud report like that of a pistol. This mine was partly dug under a small river, and once, when a large vein of gas was opened, the water of this river was violently agitated, and it was found that the gas from the mine had worked through the earth and water, and now, turned to oil, was floating on the surface of the stream. One of the miners then applied a match to it and set the river on fire."

"O papa!" exclaimed Willie, "what strange stories you are telling us about ghosts and setting the river on fire."

"Not strange stories, Willie, but strange facts. When you have lived as long as I have, you will find that facts are often stranger than any fiction you could possibly invent. It was, of course, not the water in the river which

burned, but the floating gas or oil. This fire-damp explodes just like powder, and even with more terrible effect sometimes, for the whole air of the mines is then converted into one white cloud of flame. It fires the timbers and loose coal of the mines, and consumes them. When this flaming gas is exhausted, it is followed by the choke-damp, which fills the mine again until the ventilating engines can be put to work and pump a purer atmosphere into it.

"Now how many lives do you suppose are lost every year in coal-mines all the world over by fire and choke damp? You will never guess that the number is at least two thousand."

The children could only express their amazement by looking at their father and at each other.

"We have not had many disasters in this country, because our mines are not deep down in the earth like those of England and Belgium and Germany, which have been worked for hundreds of years. Still, there have been explosions and loss of life in America, mainly in the Virginia mines. In 1839 there was an explosion in Heath's mines which killed fifty-three out of fifty-six miners. In 1841 and 1844 and 1854 there were other terrible explosions, in which many hundreds of lives were lost. In another explosion in England, one hundred and ninety-six men out of two hundred in the mines were killed. Thus you see that few of the miners escape when the ghosts are abroad. The reports of the collieries of England show that for many years past one thousand men have been killed every year while engaged in mining coal; and in the year 1866 fourteen hundred and eighty-four lives were lost in the mines.

"Of course," continued Mr. Blake, after a pause, "many things have been done to guard against such terrible disasters; but it seems that they are unavoidable, and none of the inventions are perfect successes. The best of them sometimes go wrong and fail; explosions still frequently occur; and so you see," added Mr. Blake, taking a bit of coal from the scuttle and holding it up, — "and so you see that each one of these 'black diamonds' costs almost enough blood to color it as red as a ruby or coral."

The children were again surprised at this statement, and wondered what their father meant by calling a lump of coal a diamond.

"Papa," said Minnie, "we don't know what you mean when you call this dirty, sooty thing a diamond."

"It is n't a diamond like the one in mamma's wedding-ring," cried Willie.

"No," said their father, comparing the coal with the diamond which glittered on Mrs. Blake's finger; "they are not precisely alike, yet they belong to the same family."

"The same family!" exclaimed Willie. "Do diamonds have families?"

"Coal and diamonds belong to the same mineral family just as all human beings belong to the same human family. The diamond is one of the aristocrats of the mineral kingdom, while coal belongs to the democracy. The diamond is the purest of all minerals, while coal belongs to the lowest order; but you will find that it is far more useful than its beautiful cousin, for the

diamond, like a great many other aristocrats, is not a very useful member of society. The diamond is only made to be admired, while there is no material which serves so many good purposes as coal. It not only warms us in winter, but from it is made the gas which gives us light at night. When mother is faint and sick, she puts a bottle of coal to her nose and calls it 'smelling-salts.' She wears a white silk dress to a party and gets it soiled and has it dyed blue, or crimson, or green, and never suspects that the dyes came from coal. She has the toothache, and sends Willie for some creosote to ease the pain, and never thinks that she is putting a lump of coal in her mouth, and a pretty big lump at that. Paraffine, paraffine-oil, naphtha, pitch, Prussian blue, and many other useful articles, are made of coal. So you see that 'black diamonds' and real diamonds are nearly akin, and that the useful democrat is the more valuable of the two.

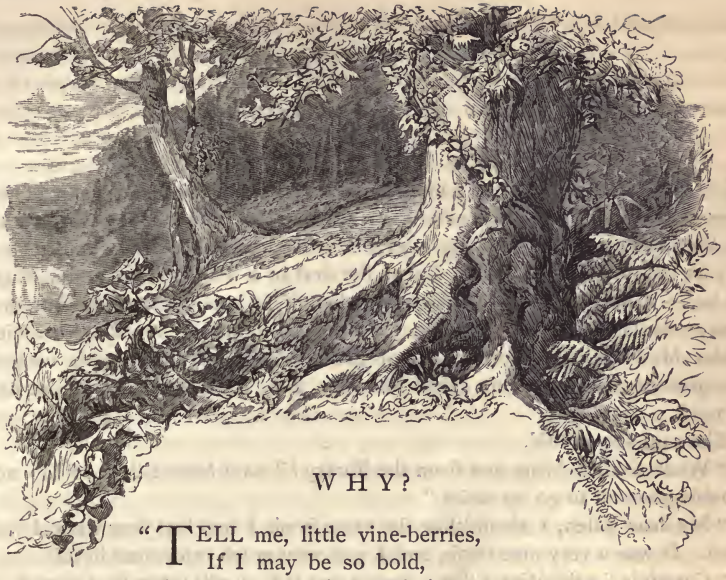
"But come, we must put an end to this long lesson. It is time you and Minnie were in bed; so ring for the nurse and have her bring the ghosts to your rooms."

"Ghosts in our rooms!" exclaimed the children, looking around, half terrified.

"The only real ghosts in the world," said their father; "but they will do you no harm. They are your servants, not your enemies now. Years ago some wise men thought it would be a good thing to save the gas which is in the coal and which escapes when the coal is heated, and so they devised means by which to separate the coal from the gas and save both. They put the coal into great tanks and cooked it, *boiled* it in fact, until the gas came out of the coal and collected in the top of the tank while the coal settled at the bottom. Then the gas was drawn off and put in a reservoir to cool; while the coal, which in its new condition was called coke, was used again for heating. Then the gas or ghost which was put up in the great reservoirs, was led through long pipes through the streets and into the houses, and there burned. And thus we have ghosts in our houses, under complete control, and they are such useful ghosts that I don't well see how we could get along without them. So off to bed, lighted by your good ghosts."

And so saying Mr. Blake kissed the children good night and wished them many happy dreams.

Major Traverse.



WHY?

"TELL me, little vine-berries,
If I may be so bold,
Why are you reddest and rarest
'Neath the tree that is bent and old?
And you, little downy spring blossoms,
And fair ferns graceful and green, —
Why do you cluster the sweetest
His gnarled old roots between?
And mosses, O shining mosses,
With your caps of scarlet and gold!
Why do you stay with his lichens,
So withered and gray and old?" —
They only clung closer and looked very wise
Out of their dewy-sweet woodland eyes.

But I came away home to the children, —
Elsie and Winnie and Ned, —
And there was Grandfather, surely,
With his dear and wise gray head,
With his face all laughing wrinkles,
And his voice one shout of glee;
For high on his back rode Elsie,
And the others were climbing his knee,
Pictures and toys all forgotten,
And mother quite out of mind too.
I stood and smiled at the frolic
And the wood-flowers' answer knew, —
Green leaves and blossoms with dew-drops pearled,
"Grandfather's grandfather, all through the world."

L. G. W.

HOW TO DO IT.

V. HOW TO READ.

Second Paper.

LISTON tells a story of a nice old lady — I think the foster-sister of the godmother of his brother-in-law's aunt — who came to make them a visit in the country. The first day after she arrived proved to be much such a day as this is, — much such a day as the first of a visit in the country is apt to be, — a heavy pelting northeaster, when it is impossible to go out, and every one is thrown on his own resources in-doors. The different ladies under Mrs. Liston's hospitable roof gathered themselves to their various occupations, and some one asked old Mrs. Dubbadoe if she would not like to read.

She said she should.

"What shall I bring you from the library?" said Miss Ellen. "Do not trouble yourself to go up stairs."

"My dear Ellen, I should like the same book I had last year when I was here. It was a very nice book, and I was very much interested in it."

"Certainly," said Miss Ellen; "what was it? I will bring it at once."

"I do not remember its name, my dear; your mother brought it to me; I think she would know."

But, unfortunately, Mrs. Liston, when applied to, had forgotten.

"Was it a novel, Mrs. Dubbadoe?"

"I can't remember that, — my memory is not as good as it was, my dear, — but it was a very interesting book."

"Do you remember whether it had plates? Was it one of the books of birds, or of natural history?"

"No, dear, I can't tell you about that. But, Ellen, you will find it, I know. The color of the cover was the color of the top of the baluster!"

So Ellen went. She has a good eye for color, and as she ran up stairs she took the shade of the baluster in her eye, matched it perfectly as she ran along the books in the library with the Russia half-binding of the coveted volume, and brought that in triumph to Mrs. Dubbadoe. It proved to be the right book. Mrs. Dubbadoe found in it the piece of corn-colored worsted she had left for a mark the year before, so she was able to go on where she had stopped then.

Liston tells this story to trump one of mine about a schoolmate of ours, who was explaining to me about his theological studies. I asked him what he had been reading.

"O, a capital book; King lent it to me; I will ask him to lend it to you."

I said I would ask King for the book, if he would tell me who was the author.

"I do not remember his name. I had not known his name before. But that made no difference. It is a capital book. King told me I should find

it so, and I did; I made a real study of it; copied a good deal from it before I returned it."

I asked whether it was a book of natural theology.

"I don't know as you would call it natural theology. Perhaps it was. You had better see it yourself. Tell King it was the book he lent me."

I was a little persistent, and asked if it were a book of biography.

"Well, I do not know as I should say it was a book of biography. Perhaps you would say so. I do not remember that there was much biography in it. But it was an excellent book. King had read it himself, and I found it all he said it was.

"I asked if it was critical, — if it explained Scripture."

"Perhaps it did. I should not like to say whether it did or not. You can find that out yourself if you read it. But it is a very interesting book and a very valuable book. King said so, and I found it was so. You had better read it, and I know King can tell you what it is."

Now in these two stories is a very good illustration of the way in which a great many people read. The notion comes into people's lives that the mere process of reading is itself virtuous. Because young men who read instead of gamble are known to be "steadier" than the gamblers, and because children who read on Sunday make less noise and general row than those who will play tag in the neighbors' front-yards, there has grown up this notion, that to read is in itself one of the virtuous acts. Some people, if they told the truth, when counting up the seven virtues, would count them as Purity, Temperance, Meekness, Frugality, Honesty, Courage, and Reading. The consequence is that there are unnumbered people who read as Mrs. Dubbadoe did or as Lysimachus did, without the slightest knowledge of what the books have contained.

My dear Dollie, Pollie, Sallie, Marthie, or any other of my young friends whose names end in *ie*, who have favored me by reading thus far, the chances are three out of four that I could take the last novel but three that you read, change the scene from England to France, change the time from now to the seventeenth century, make the men swear by St. Denis, instead of talking modern slang, name the women Jacqueline and Marguerite, instead of Maud and Blanche, and, if Harpers would print it, as I dare say they would if the novel was good, you would read it through without one suspicion that you had read the same book before.

So you see that it is not certain that you know how to read, even if you took the highest prize for reading in the Amplian class of Ingham University at the last exhibition. You may pronounce all the words well, and have all the rising inflections right, and none of the falling ones wrong, and yet not know how to read so that your reading shall be of any permanent use to you.

For what is the use of reading if you forget it all the next day?

"But, my dear Mr. Hale," says as good a girl as Laura, "how am I going to help myself? What I remember I remember, and what I do not remember I do not. I should be very glad to remember all the books I have read, and all that is in them; but if I can't, I can't, and there is the end of it."

No! my dear Laura, that is not the end of it. And that is the reason this paper is written. A child of God can, before the end comes, do anything she chooses to, with such help as he is willing to give her, and he has been kind enough so to make and so to train you that you can train your memory to remember and to recall the useful or the pleasant things you meet in your reading. Do you know, Laura, that I have here a note you wrote when you were eight years old? It is as badly written as any note I ever saw. There are also twenty words in it spelled wrong. Suppose you had said then, "If I can't, I can't, and there's an end of it." You never would have written me in the lady-like, manly handwriting you write in to-day, spelling rightly as a matter of mere feeling and of course, so that you are annoyed now that I should say that every word is spelled correctly. Will you think, dear Laura, what a tremendous strain on memory is involved in all this? Will you remember that you and Miss Sears and Miss Winstanley, and your mother, most of all, have trained your memory till it can work these marvels? All you have to do now in your reading is to carry such training forward, and you can bring about such a power of classification and of retention that you shall be mistress of the books you have read for most substantial purposes. To read with such results is reading indeed. And when I say I want to give some hints how to read, it is for reading with that view.

When Harry and Lucy were on their journey to the sea-side, they fell to discussing whether they had rather have the gift of remembering all they read, or of once knowing everything, and then taking their chances for recollecting it when they wanted it. Lucy, who had a quick memory, was willing to take her chance. But Harry, who was more methodical, hated to lose anything he had once learned, and he thought he had rather have the good fairy give him the gift of recollecting all he had once learned. For my part I quite agree with Harry. There are a great many things that I have no desire to know. I do not want to know in what words the King of Ashantee says, "Cut off the heads of those women." I do not want to know whether a centipede really has ninety-six legs or one hundred and four. I never did know. I never shall. I have no occasion to know. And I am glad not to have my mind lumbered up with the unnecessary information. On the other hand, that which I have once learned or read does in some way or other belong to my personal life. I am very glad if I can reproduce that in any way, and I am much obliged to anybody who will help me.

For reading, then, the first rules, I think, are: Do not read too much at a time; stop when you are tired; and, in whatever way, make some review of what you read, even as you go along.

Capel Lofft says, in quite an interesting book, which plays about the surface of things without going very deep, which he calls *Self-Formation*,* that his whole life was changed, and indeed saved, when he learned that he must turn back, at the end of each sentence, ask himself what it meant, if he believed it or disbelieved it, and, so to speak, that he must pack it away as

* Self-Formation. Crosby and Nichols. Boston. 1845.

part of his mental furniture before he took in another sentence. That is just as a dentist jams one little bit of gold-foil home, and then another, and then another. He does not put one wad on the hollow tooth, and then crowd it all in. Capel Lofft says that this *reflection* — going forward as a serpent does, by a series of backward bends over the line — will make a dull book entertaining, and will make the reader master of every book he reads, through all time. For my part, I think this is cutting it rather fine, this chopping the book up into separate bits. I had rather read as one of my wisest counsellors did; he read, say a page, or a paragraph of a page or two, more or less; then he would look across at the wall, and consider the author's statement, and fix it on his mind, and then read on. I do not do this, however. I read half an hour or an hour, till I am ready, perhaps, to put the book by. Then I examine myself. What has this amounted to? What does he say? What does he prove? Does he prove it? What is there new in it? Where did he get it? If it is necessary in such an examination you can go back over the passage, correct your first impression, if it is wrong, find out the meaning that the writer has carelessly concealed, and such a process makes it certain that you yourself will remember his thought or his statement.

I can remember, I think, everything I saw in Europe, which was worth seeing, if I saw it twice. But there was many a wonder which I was taken to see in the whirl of sight-seeing, of which I have no memory, and of which I cannot force any recollection. I remember that at Malines — what we call Mechlin — our train stopped nearly an hour. At the station a crowd of guides were shouting that there was time to go and see Rubens's picture of ———, at the church of ———. This seemed to us a droll contrast to the cry at our stations, "Fifteen minutes for refreshments!" It offered such æsthetic refreshment in place of carnal oysters, that purely for the frolic we went to see. We were hurried across some sort of square into the church, saw the picture, admired it, came away, and forgot it, — clear and clean forgot it! My dear Laura, I do not know what it was about any more than you do. But if I had gone to that church the next day, and had seen it again, I should have fixed it forever on my memory. Moral: Renew your acquaintance with whatever you want to remember. I think Ingham says somewhere that it is the slight difference between the two stereoscopic pictures which gives to them, when one overlies the other, their relief and distinctness. If he does not say it, I will say it for him now.

I think it makes no difference how you make this mental review of the author, but I do think it essential that, as you pass from one division of his work to another, you should make it somehow.

Another good rule for memory is indispensable, I think, — namely, to read with a pencil in hand. If the book is your own, you had better make what I may call your own index to it on the hard white page which lines the cover at the end. That is, you can write down there just a hint of the things you will be apt to like to see again, noting the page on which they are. If the book is not your own, do this on a little slip of paper, which you may keep separately. These memoranda will be, of course, of all sorts of

things. Thus they will be facts which you want to know, or funny stories which you think will amuse some one, or opinions which you may have a doubt about. Suppose you had got hold of that very rare book, "Veragas's History of the Pacific Ocean and its Shores"; here might be your private index at the end of the first volume: —

Percentage of salt in water, 11: Gov. Revillagigedo, 19: Caciques and potatoes, 23: Lime water for scurvy, 29. Errata, Kanaka, *ἀνηρ*, *ἀνα*? 42: Magelhaens *vs.* Wilkes, 57: Coral insects, 72: Gigantic ferns, 84, &c., &c., &c.

Very likely you may never need one of these references; but if you do, it is certain that you will have no time to waste in hunting for them. Make your memorandum, and you are sure.

Bear in mind all along that each book will suggest other books which you are to read sooner or later. In your memoranda note with care the authors who are referred to of whom you know little or nothing, if you think you should like to know more, or ought to know more. Do not neglect this last condition, however. You do not make the memorandum to show it at the Philo-gabblian; you make it for yourself; and it means that you yourself need this additional information.

Whether to copy much from books or not? That is a question, — and the answer is, — "That depends." If you have but few books, and much time and paper and ink; and if you are likely to have fewer books, why, nothing is nicer and better than to make for use in later life good extract-books to your own taste, and for your own purposes. But if you own your books, or are likely to have them at command, time is short, and the time spent in copying would probably be better spent in reading. There are some very diffusive books, difficult because diffusive, of which it is well to write close digests, if you are really studying them. When we read John Locke, for instance, we had to make abstracts, and we used to stint ourselves to a line for one of his chatty sections. That was good practice for writing, and we remember what was in the sections to this hour. If you copy, make a first-rate index to your extracts. They sell books prepared for the purpose, but you may just as well make your own.

You see I am not contemplating any very rapid or slap-dash work. You may put that on your novels, or books of amusement if you choose, and I will not be very cross about it; but for the books of improvement, I want you to improve by reading them. Do not "gobble" them up so that five years hence you shall not know whether you have read them or not. What I advise seems slow to you, but if you will, any of you, make or find two hours a day to read in this fashion, you will be one day accomplished men or women. Very few professional men, known to me, get so much time as that for careful and systematic reading. If any boy or girl wants really to know what comes of such reading, I wish he would read the life of my friend George Livermore, which our friend Charles Deane has just now written for the Historical Society of Massachusetts. There was a young man, who when he was a boy in a store began his systematic reading. He never left

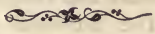
active and laborious business; but when he died, he was one of the accomplished historical scholars of America. He had no superior in his special lines of study; he was a recognized authority and leader among men who had given their lives to scholarship.

I have not room to copy it here, but I wish any of you would turn to a letter of Frederick Robertson's, near the end of the second volume of his letters, where he speaks of this very matter. He says he read, when he was at Oxford, but sixteen books with his tutors. But he read them so that they became a part of himself, "as the iron enters a man's blood." And they were books by sixteen of the men who have been leaders of the world. No bad thing, dear Stephen, to have in your blood and brain and bone, the vitalizing element that was in the lives of such men.

I need not ask you to look forward so far as to the end of a life as long as Mr. George Livermore's, and as successful. Without asking that, I will say again, what I implied in August, that any person who will take any special subject of detail, and in a well-provided library will work steadily on that little subject for a fortnight, will at the end of the fortnight probably know more of that detail than anybody in the country knows. If you will study by subjects for the truth, you have the satisfaction of knowing that the ground is soon very nearly all your own.

I do not pretend that books are everything. I may have occasion some day to teach some of you "How to Observe," and then I shall say some very hard things about people who keep their books so close before their eyes that they cannot see God's world, nor their fellow-men and women. But books rightly used are society. Good books are the best society; better than is possible without them, in any one place, or in any one time. To know how to use them wisely and well, is to know how to make Shakespeare and Milton and Theodore Hook and Thomas Hood step out from the side of your room, at your will, sit down at your fire, and talk with you for an hour. I have no such society at hand, as I write these words, except by such magic. Have you in your log-cabin in No. 7?

Edward E. Hale.



THE GREAT PILGRIMAGE.

JAMES the First was King and Archbishop Bancroft was Primate of England. A pedantic, narrow-minded, insincere monarch filled the throne, and was, in name, the head of the Church. People were no longer sentenced to the rack or the stake for reading the Bible, or refusing to attend mass, but they were punished with fine or imprisonment for objecting to the government of the Established Church, or for listening to preaching by other than a licensed minister of that Church. Officers were on the lookout

for offenders against the church laws, and the magistrates were kept busy imposing penalties.

In the extreme northern part of Nottinghamshire, where the county is pinched up into a narrow point by Yorkshire and Lincolnshire, lived one William Brewster, a man of some repute, who had served at court and travelled in foreign countries. Having been of use to some of the great men of the day, he was now enjoying the reward of his services in the position of postmaster at Scrooby, on the great post-route between London and Berwick. In consideration of his office, the great manor-house — a rambling building of timber and brick, with two court-yards, and surrounded by a moat — was given him to live in. This had been the occasional residence of the Archbishop of York, to which see it belonged. Brewster was dissatisfied with the condition of the Church, and openly encouraged those around him who refused to submit to the harsh edicts of Archbishop Bancroft.

Across the Lincolnshire border, at Gainsborough, a dissatisfied minister, named Smith, had so wrought upon his congregation that they accompanied him to Holland, where they were enjoying that freedom of worship denied them in England.

At Babworth, a small village a few miles from Scrooby, Mr. Clifton, the pastor, was preaching boldly against the corruptions of the Church as by law established, and across the fields every Sunday went postmaster Brewster and others of the Scrooby folk to hear him. Sometimes they were accompanied by a young lad, William Bradford, a farmer's son of Austerfield in Yorkshire, who walked a dozen and more miles each way to hear the preacher of Babworth. The simple farming and laboring folk of the country around were greatly stirred by the preaching of the Babworth minister, and became daily less disposed to conform to the rules of the Church.

By and by came officers and orders from London. The Babworth minister was turned out of his pulpit, and strict command was given that he should neither preach nor teach. The Sunday walks across the fields were at an end. But persecution only served to knit closer the bonds between the scattered members of the Babworth congregation. Postmaster Brewster threw open the wide doors of Scrooby manor-house, and thither every Sunday flocked the farmers, cottagers, and villagers for miles around. A church organization was formed. The Babworth minister was chosen teacher. Postmaster Brewster was made an elder. For pastor was selected a pious, simple-hearted clergyman, one John Robinson, who had come up out of Norfolk to join the Scrooby congregation.

This state of things could not long be permitted; so in September, 1607, Brewster lost his postmastership. Then the officers of the ecclesiastical courts came down to spy about, and arrests and fines harassed the Scrooby congregation.

There was evidently no staying in England, if they wished to remain free in conscience and person, so the members of the new church cast about them for a place of refuge. America, where a few daring adventurers had already attempted a settlement, was suggested; but the way was long and

perilous, and the result of the attempts at colonization hitherto made, sufficient to discourage any but the very sanguine or very desperate.

There was but one country to which the Protestant fugitive for conscience' sake, denied a refuge in England, could turn. The people of Holland had wrested from the sea a great part of the land on which they lived, and to retain it were compelled to keep up an incessant warfare with their old foe. Freedom of conscience and political independence they had in like manner won and maintained by a long and terrible struggle against Spain. Having paid such a price for life and liberty they knew how to value them, and could sympathize with others compelled to pass through similar struggles. Already a number of English exiles for conscience' sake had found safe refuge and welcome there, and the members of the Scrooby church turned their thoughts in the same direction. But the more timid held Holland to be but little better as a refuge than America. "We are simple farming folk," said they, "and Holland is a trading and manufacturing country, where we shall find living costly, and labor for which we are fitted, scarce. In the end we shall either starve or be forced to return in greater misery than we went, as some have done before us."

But the officers of Archbishop Bancroft continued busy, and the members of the little church were harassed more sorely. Brewster had not only lost the favor of those in power, but had been singled out for punishment, and was heavily fined for non-attendance at church. It was finally decided to take refuge in Holland. The next question was how to get away. A royal order forbade departure from England without special license, and particular instructions were given to watch the coasts from which the passage would probably be attempted.

After much cautious inquiry a shipmaster was found in Boston, on the Lincolnshire coast, who agreed that on an appointed day his ship should be at a convenient place in the neighborhood of that port, where the emigrants might safely embark for Holland. The news set the Scrooby neighborhood astir. There was a hurried consultation. It was determined that a large company of men, with their families and such goods as were removable, should make the venture. The leaders of the congregation remained to brave the storm and to keep together those who were left until provision could be made for their escape also.

In the early winter the company set out. Seventy miles of weary travel lay between them and the proposed place of embarkation. Some of the men rode on their farm-horses, the women on pillions behind them, and the children mounted in front. Others tramped sturdily on foot. Their few goods were strapped on pack-horses, that picked their way along in line with jingling bells to warn other pack-trains of their coming. Their way lay mostly through a flat country, much of it little better than a marsh. The roads were horrible, being often but a broad ditch, deep with mud and sown with scattered stones. Progress under these circumstances was slow and tedious.

At last, across the swampy flats, appeared the sea, and the appointed

rendezvous was soon after reached. There a cruel disappointment awaited the travellers. The shipmaster had broken his word. No vessel was there to receive them. At length, after many vexatious delays, which made sad inroads on their slender purses, the ship was brought around. In the darkness of the night the travellers hastily embarked with their goods, and the shipmaster made pretence of putting to sea. But he was a traitor. His delay was only to afford opportunity of selling to the officers of the law information of the fugitives. Whilst he professed to be making sail these officers suddenly boarded the vessel, made prisoners of the passengers and put them into open boats. There they were searched for money. Robbed and insulted, they were taken ashore and marched through the streets to prison, amid the jeers of the populace. They lay in prison a month, when most of them were turned loose to find their way home as they best could. Thus miserably ended the first attempt to set out on the great pilgrimage.

With the following spring came fresh persecutions, and a renewed purpose to escape to Holland, if a way could possibly be found. Some of the congregation being at Hull, on the Humber, found in that port a Dutch ship, homeward bound, and made with the owner an agreement to take as many of their people, with their goods, as the ship could carry. They were to embark at a point on the Lincolnshire coast, between Hull and Grimsby, at the edge of a large common, distant from any town, and a day was set for their departure.

When the time drew nigh a small boat was hired, in which the women and children, with the goods, were placed. These were to find their way down the little river Idle to the Trent, down the Trent to the Humber, and thence out to the appointed place. Meanwhile the men set out for a tramp of fifty miles along muddy roads, across fields, and by bridle-paths, to the same point.

Slowly the little boat crept down the rivers. At length she reached the Humber, sailed past Hull, and turned the point of Skitterness. There she entered the Humber estuary; but the wind being strong, and dead ahead, and the sea rough, she made but little headway. The women became very sick. They begged the master to put into a little creek hard by the place of meeting, and he, fearing to be out at night with his small craft so heavily loaded, gladly did so.

Morning came, bright and clear. The Dutch captain was faithful to his promise. His vessel rode at anchor a short distance from the shore. The men had finished their wearisome tramp, and were pacing the beach awaiting the arrival of the bark with their families and goods. She, unfortunately, was hard aground, and could not be got off until the tide rose at noon. That no time might be lost, the captain of the Dutch ship sent his boat ashore, with the purpose of embarking the men first, and then going to the assistance of the smaller craft. But a new misfortune awaited them. The Boston attempt had warned the officials to keep a closer watch on the Scrooby people, and no sooner had the second company left than the country was raised to capture and bring them back.

FINDING THE CULPRIT.

DRAWN BY LIZZIE B. HUMPHREY.]

[See the Story of "SPOTTY."

The first boat-load of passengers had but just reached the deck of the ship, and the boat was about to push off for more, when over the common came a great crowd of armed men, on foot and on horseback.

The shipmaster weighed anchor and set sail in great haste, mingling his excited orders to the crew with heavy Dutch oaths. The passengers begged with tears that they should be set ashore to share the perils of their families; but he was too anxious to get out of danger himself to heed their entreaties. Those of their companions left on shore fled in different directions, except a few who remained to protect the women and children. These, who were in sore distress at the sudden separation from their husbands and fathers, were seized by the officers, and borne away to prison; but, after much persecution and suffering, they were permitted to find their way across the sea to their relatives.

Those who escaped in the ship were scarcely in better plight than those left behind. Without their families, without money, and without a change of garments, they were about to enter a strange country. To add to their misery, a great storm sprung up. For seven days they drove before the furious gale without seeing the sun; for seven nights there was neither moon nor stars to guide them on their way. Once the ship was on the point of sinking. Huge waves broke over her and drenched those on board. The sailors gave over all for lost, and tossing their arms in despair, cried out, "We sink! we sink!" But the Pilgrims, who had already suffered so much, never lost faith, and above the din of the tempest could be heard their unfaltering voices exclaiming, "Yet, Lord, thou canst save!"

Soon the storm abated, and the ship, which had been driven northward as far as Norway, was headed on her right course once more. Fourteen days after her departure from the Lincolnshire coast, and when all hopes of her safety had been abandoned by those who knew of her sailing, she rode in safety at her quay in Amsterdam.

The news of the safe arrival of their friends, whose fate had been so uncertain, in time reached those of the Scrooby church left in England, and their rejoicing was great. Renewed efforts were made to join them, and before the end of the year 1608 these efforts were successful. All the congregation who desired got safely across, — Elder Brewster and the two ministers, Robinson and Clifton, being among the last to leave. The first important stage in the great pilgrimage had been passed.

In April, 1609, a twelve years' truce was agreed on, between Holland and Spain, and thenceforth the business of the towns and seaports of Holland increased rapidly. Amsterdam and Rotterdam rose to ports of vast commerce. Leyden became as famous for its manufactures of cotton, woollen, and silk as it was already for its university, its men of learning, and its printing-presses. The theological discussions of the Leyden professors engaged the attention of learned men everywhere. The classical books issued from the Elzevir press were eagerly sought for in all parts of Europe for their correctness and typographical beauty. Students and professors gathered there in great number. Numerous factories gave steady employment to

many laborers. The population numbered over a hundred and twenty thousand.

To this hive of industry and learning the English pilgrims came after about a year's stay in Amsterdam, attracted thither partly by the advantages of the university, and partly by the increased opportunities for procuring employment. To these reasons for leaving Amsterdam were added the dissensions that had sprung up among those of their brethren who had fled to Amsterdam in previous years, and who differed among themselves on questions of church discipline.

The members of Pastor Robinson's church shrank from being concerned in the unfortunate controversy and deemed it advisable to withdraw. A few, among whom was their teacher, Richard Clifton, the Babworth preacher, chose to remain in Amsterdam, and were numbered no more among the Pilgrims. Pastor Robinson and Elder Brewster led their flock to Leyden, and with them went the young man Bradford.

Twelve years the English Pilgrims remained in Leyden, finding employment as they could. The men who had all their lives followed the plough now tended the loom, exchanging the free air of their English fields for the stifling atmosphere of a Dutch manufactory. No wonder the labor and confinement grew irksome to them. They pined for an opportunity to resume their old occupations of farmers and field laborers.

The grave elders who had charge of the spiritual welfare of the flock were troubled on other grounds. The temptations of city life were sorely trying the steadfastness of the weaker brethren. The Protestantism of the Hollanders was less strict than that of the English Puritans, and the lax observance of the Sabbath by the Leydeners filled the more devout members of the English congregation with horror. It was evident that if the little church was to grow, or even to maintain its existence, it must be transplanted to more congenial soil than that of Holland. But whither? Again they turned their eyes wistfully to America.

Some progress had been made in the exploration and settlement of the American coasts whilst the English fugitives were pacing the quays of Amsterdam, and weaving silks and woollens in Leyden. Before they left their homes around Scrooby the coast from Labrador to Florida had been visited by English, French, Spanish, or Dutch navigators. Attempts had been made to found permanent colonies at various points, but these had mostly failed, each of the early settlements, from one cause or another, coming to a miserable end.

The question of emigration to America was long and earnestly discussed by the English congregation in Leyden. Some who had become enervated by city life feared to risk the perils of the long voyage and face the terrors of the savage wilderness. To the known hardships and dangers that must be encountered were added others conjured up by the imagination, or by fearful tales of navigators who had visited the savage coasts. If these were passed through in safety, there would follow the miseries of a residence in the unknown wilderness; exposure and the probabilities of sickness and death.

Then came the shipmen's tales of the ferocity of the savages. They were not only cruel and treacherous, but were furious in their rage, and merciless to their captives. The unhappy prisoner was flayed alive with shells of fishes, his limbs hacked off joint by joint; his flesh broiled on the coals and forced upon him for food. What hope was there of a mere handful of men, hampered with women and children, and cut off from all communication with their own race, making head against innumerable savages, fierce as demons, who would look on their arrival as an intrusion, and resent it accordingly?

To this was replied, that, if in the approaching contest with Spain the Dutch should suffer disaster, it were better to trust the mercy of the American savage than of the Spanish soldier, followed, as he would be, by the officers of the Inquisition. Famine and pestilence were as imminent in Holland as in America. So it was at last decided to continue the pilgrimage across the Atlantic, if a way could be found.

Negotiations had already been attempted with the London company, though without success. They were now renewed, and at last a patent was secured, the emigrants promising to go to the north of the Jamestown settlement in order to prevent dissensions, and intending to settle somewhere near the Dutch posts on the Hudson River.

But the Leyden congregation were mostly poor, and it would be impossible for them to found their colony, or even cross the Atlantic, without money. So their agents once more ventured among the merchants of London. They found their task a hard one. The enterprise was one of great risk for cautious men to venture money in, and the bad odor in which the Leyden congregation stood with the English government rendered the merchants doubly cautious about lending them assistance. But at last money was advanced, on terms sufficiently hard.

A joint-stock company was formed, with shares at ten pounds each. Each member of the colony, sixteen years of age, was rated at a single share of ten pounds. Every person between ten and sixteen was to be rated at half a share. For seven years the colonists were to labor for the common benefit and to be maintained at the common expense. Then everything, lands, houses, furniture, property of every description, was to be divided according to the shares held by the colonists and the merchants advancing the money.

For the poor man, who would have nothing but the one share purchased by seven years' toil, these were hard conditions, and there was much murmuring among Pastor Robinson's flock when they were made known. But the London merchants were inexorable, and the contract was at length drawn.

A small Dutch craft, the Speedwell, of sixty tons, was purchased. A larger vessel, the Mayflower, of a hundred and eighty tons, was hired in England to assist in carrying over the emigrants. Captain Reynolds and a ship's company were hired to take the Speedwell across and remain with her one year on the American coast. Captain Jones was to bring back the Mayflower when the colonists had got them a place to live in.

But the Speedwell and the Mayflower both would be insufficient to transport more than a portion of the congregation. Who should go to encounter the perils of the wilderness, and who remain to dare the terrors of war?

After much consultation it was determined that Elder Brewster should lead the first band of Pilgrims, and that Pastor Robinson should remain to keep the remnant together until word came back that a place had been prepared for them. With Elder Brewster was to go William Bradford, the Yorkshire farmer lad, now grown to a thoughtful and active man, of keen observation and sound sense.

Miles Standish, a grim warrior of Lancashire birth, who had done active service against the Spaniard, and who admired the bravery and resolution of the Pilgrims, volunteered to accompany Elder Brewster's band. Though not a member of the church, his services were gladly accepted, as being of use in the probable conflicts with the savages.

A few left their wives behind, and some were unmarried; but the greater number took with them wives and children, fearing to hazard the chances of reunion if separated.

At last all was ready, and the time of separation drew nigh.

The people among whom the Pilgrims had lived were loath to part with them. The magistrates of Leyden bore public testimony that in their twelve years' residence not a suit or accusation had been brought against them. They had feared God and respected the laws.

A day of solemn fast and humiliation was appointed, when all the members of the congregation that had already suffered so much for conscience' sake gathered for the last religious services in which all would unite.

The little meeting-house was crowded. Many of the people of Leyden, who had learned to respect and love the upright, truth-speaking Englishmen, who never defrauded in their dealings or broke a promise, came to testify their sympathy and regret.

The services were long. Pastor Robinson preached from an appropriate text, closing with some parting words of advice. Then the intense sorrow which had been restrained during the services found vent in tears and lamentations. When evening closed in, the congregation slowly left the meeting-house, and wended their way to their homes, from which they were to depart on the morrow.

Before the July sun next morning reddened the old Roman tower that overtopped the Leyden houses, the Pilgrims set out for Delfthaven, twenty-four miles distant, where the Speedwell lay. With them went Pastor Robinson and the older members of the congregation who were to remain until a place had been provided for them. The Leyden people in great number came into the streets to bid them farewell, and some accompanied them to Delfthaven. There they met many of their countrymen and old friends from Amsterdam, who had come for a final greeting.

The night before the embarkation was spent in prayer and conversation. None slept, and though to the night-watcher the morning usually seems

long in coming, that dawn broke too soon on the company that it was to part. With the first light of day, they went in a body to the river-side and crowded on board the ship, examining her accommodations and discussing the voyage. Steadily the tide rose until the Speedwell was fully afloat. The master announced that the hour for sailing had come. Then arose a pitiful cry. Men, women, and children clung to each other with heart-breaking lamentations. The rough sailors were touched with pity. The Dutch on the quay turned with watery eyes from the sorrowful scene.

But a solemn, tear-choked voice stilled the noisy sorrow in an instant. It was the pastor on his knees, praying, with uplifted hands and streaming eyes, that strength might be given to bear this great sorrow, and that those who went and those who stayed might have the Divine blessing and protection. The whole company knelt in reverent silence. Rising from their knees, they embraced hastily, and those who were to remain in Holland departed over the side of the ship, fearing to trust themselves with words. The rope was cast off, the wind filled the sails, and away went the little ship, freighted with the germ of a mighty nation, — down the Maas, across the North Sea, and down the English Channel to Southampton, the wind being fair and passage good. There lay the Mayflower, arrived from London, and having on board some who had not shared in the first stage of the pilgrimage, but who were now ready to accompany the little band in their more adventurous journey.

For some days they lay in harbor at Southampton, arranging the passengers according to the conveniences of the ships, and appointing a governor and assistants for each vessel, aside from the sailing officers.

All things being ready they sailed from Southampton on Saturday, August 15th, with a fair wind.

After some days' running the Speedwell signalled the other ship, and together they put back into Dartmouth on Sunday, August 23d, having made but a hundred and twenty miles on their voyage. Captain Reynolds, of the Speedwell, complained that his ship was leaky, and several days were spent in overhauling her.

On Wednesday, September 2d, they sailed again, but at about a hundred leagues from the Land's End the Speedwell again made signals of distress, and the two ships put back to Plymouth. Here the Speedwell was examined, and pronounced by her officers and men to be unseaworthy. But the fault was not so much in the ship as in the sailors. They had repented their contract, and were determined not to cross the ocean. This was sad news to the Pilgrims, who were now compelled to crowd into one ship, and make new disposition for the voyage. Some became discouraged and remained on shore. A few others joined the company, so that the Mayflower was well filled.

On Wednesday, September 16th, after having been delayed a full month on her voyage by the treachery of the Speedwell's captain and crew, the Mayflower, with one hundred and one passengers, men, women, and children, weighed anchor and sailed out of the harbor. The narrow, steep, and

ill-built streets of Plymouth were the last of English earth trod by the founders of a new empire.

Out of the spacious Sound, and down the English Channel before a brisk east-northeast wind, went the Mayflower. Leaving on her left the Eddystone Rock, the terror of mariners, on which no daring architect had yet dreamed of erecting a lighthouse, she sped past the Land's End, past the Scilly Islands, past the extreme southwest of Ireland, and then out into the mighty Atlantic.

For several days the wind was fair and the voyage prosperous. Then came a succession of storms that tossed the little craft and greatly troubled the crowded passengers. For days the storm was so violent that no sail could be hoisted, and the ship was tossed about with bare poles, at the mercy of the winds and waters. The furious waves dashed against her sides and broke upon her decks, racking her upper works, and sending the water through her opened seams. Once a tremendous wave rose mountain-like over her bulwarks, poised itself a moment, and then came thundering down on deck. There was a shriek of terror. The heart of the stoutest mariner quailed when the ship-carpenter came up with pale face to announce that one of the main beams had broken. The ship was held as no longer seaworthy, and a hasty consultation was had whether to proceed or to turn back.

But sorely as the Pilgrims had been tried, there had always been found for them a way out of their difficulties. One of the passengers had brought from Holland a great iron screw. With this the broken beam was forced back to its place, where it was secured by the carpenter. The weather moderated somewhat, and the ship was once more put on her course.

At daybreak on Thursday, November 19th, the look-out man at the bow raised the joyful shout, "Land!" Passengers and crew crowded to the side of the ship. As the light strengthened, there, sure enough, lay the land, well wooded to the brink, and to the sea-weary eyes of the Pilgrims a sight fair to behold. The master pronounced it to be Cape Cod. This was not the point they expected to reach, and the shipmaster was told to sail southward until he reached the neighborhood of Hudson River, believed to be but a few leagues distant.

They had again been the victims of treachery. The master of the Mayflower, having been bribed by the Dutch to carry his passengers far to the north of their settlements, had deceived the Pilgrims as to his course and the nature of the coast to which he had brought them.

A few miles' sailing to the southward brought them into shoals and navigation so dangerous that they turned back to Cape Cod and cast anchor within the harbor. The shores then were clothed to the water's edge with oaks, pines, juniper, sassafras, and other sweet wood. Whales in great numbers sported and spouted around the ship. Sea-fowl dotted the water and land-birds in flocks rose from the woods. Here, then, the Pilgrims deemed it a fitting place to form a settlement, should a good landing-place be found.

But so far north had they come that they were beyond the limits of South Virginia, and the patent from the London company was therefore worthless. Once on shore they would be without the jurisdiction of any organized government on that side of the ocean, and there were a few, not of the Leyden Pilgrims, but of those who joined at Plymouth, who were disposed to take advantage of this fact by repudiating their obligations to the company at large and setting up for themselves. To prevent this a meeting was held

before the ship came to an anchor, and the heads of families and unmarried adventurers signed an agreement, of which this is a copy: —

"In the name of God, Amen. We whose names are vnderwritten, the loyall Subiects of our dread soveraigne Lord King IAMES, by the grace of God of Great *Britaine*, *France*, and *Ireland* King, Defender of the Faith, &c.

"Having vndertaken for the glory of God, and advancement of the Christian Faith, and honour of our King and Countrey, a Voyage to plant the first Colony in the Northerne parts of VIRGINIA, doe by these presents solemnly & mutually in the presence of *God* and one of another, covenant, and combine our selues together into a civill body politike, for our better ordering and preservation, and furtherance of the ends aforesaid; and by vertue here-

of to enact, constitute, and frame such iust and equall Lawes, Ordinances, acts, constitutions, offices from time to time as shall be thought most meet and convenient for the generall good of the Colony; vnto which we promise all due submission and obedience. In witnesse whereof we haue here-vnder subscribed our names, *Cape Cod* 11. of November, in the yeare of the raigne of our soveraigne Lord King IAMES, of *England, France*, and *Ireland* 18. and of Scotland 54. *Anno Domino* 1620."

Thus on the 11th of November, Old Style, or the 21st according to our present reckoning, which has been observed in the dates given in this narrative, before the foot of one of the Pilgrims had touched land, was formally adopted that principle of self-government on which the American Republic is founded.

One month was spent in exploring the coast in a small boat, seeking a fitting place for the establishment of the colony. Meanwhile winter was rapidly approaching. Frost, snow, and cold winds sowed the seeds of disease that soon carried off many of the Pilgrims, and sorely afflicted others who escaped death. The exploring party, under the lead of the stalwart Miles Standish, fought and dispersed a hostile party of savages.

Whilst the main company on the ship were waiting the result of the explorations the first child, Peregrine White, was born, and the wife of William Bradford fell overboard and was drowned, her husband being absent at the time. On Sunday, the 20th of December, the exploring party rested on Clark's Island, and kept their first Sabbath on American soil.

Next morning they landed upon Plymouth Rock.

One of the party writes: "On Munday we sounded the Harbour, and found it a very good Harbour for our shipping. We marched also into the Land, and found divers corne fields, and little running brookes, a place very good for situation, so we returned to our Ship againe with good newes to the rest of our people, which did much comfort their hearts." A few days later the Mayflower was brought over, and the establishment of the colony was commenced.

A resting-place had at length been found. They had planted their feet upon the rock on which should be reared the grandest structure ever devoted to civil and religious liberty. The Great Pilgrimage was ended.

J. H. A. Bone.

HOW SPOTTY WAS TRIED FOR HER LIFE.

IT rained so hard that day that nobody but a duck or a boy would have thought of going out, if it could possibly be helped.

Arthur and Frank Spencer thought they would never find a better time to make tickets for their "exhibition," which was to come off the next week in the barn; Tom Hay, who lived next door, had waded over to see them; and there was Freddy Spencer, too, — but he was only five years old, while they were ten or eleven, and they made little account of him.

Mamma Spencer had got out an old silk dress to work on, because she felt safe from neighbors dropping in till the rain held up. On the floor, at her feet, lay Pinkie, the baby; she was the fattest, roundest little dumpling of a baby that ever you kissed in your life. If she had any bones about her, nobody could find them, and she rolled one way just as well as another. When she had everything she wanted, — and that was almost always, — she was good as the day was long.

Pinkie's real name was Lurana Isabel, after two of her aunts, but as this was almost as long as she was herself, they called her Pinkie, till she should grow to it.

Pinkie had been trying to get the whole head of her rubber doll into her mouth for some time, and the room was so still that you could hear the purring of Spotty the cat, as she lay asleep on her cushion by the fire.

All at once Mamma found she must go up stairs to look for more pieces for her dress, and she said to Arthur, —

"You must watch Pinkie and keep her out of mischief while I go up stairs; I will come back in a minute."

"Of course I will, mother," said Arthur, who could never bear to be told to do anything; he was always so sure that he should go right of himself.

So he kept his eyes on Pinkie for a little while; but she was very quiet over the doll, and as his mother did not come down in a minute, he turned round again to his tickets.

He was carefully cutting off a long strip of pasteboard, when Pinkie burst out with a terrible cry, and she and Spotty were all mixed up together on the floor, and there was a drop of blood on one of Pinkie's eyes.

"The cat has scratched out Pinkie's eye!" screamed Freddy at the top of his voice, and began to cry louder than the baby.

Jennie Spencer had been ironing her doll's clothes in the kitchen, and she came running in with a little bit of a flat-iron in one hand and a doll's dress, half-ironed, in the other. Mamma rushed down stairs and picked up Pinkie, with only one look at Arthur. There was such a stirring about of people that Pinkie stopped crying to look around her and find out what it all meant; when Mamma had bathed her eye with a soft sponge, she could find nothing but a little scratch on the eyebrow, and in a few minutes Pinkie was on the floor as happy as ever.

Mamma did not say a word to Arthur then, for she never reproved her children when they had company; but Arthur felt very guilty, and knew that he ought to be punished for not watching Pinkie all the time. Spotty was fast asleep again on her cushion.

"See that bad cat," he cried out; "she did n't really do much hurt, but maybe she meant to, and she ought to be punished."

"Let 's have a court and try her," said Tom Hay; "my uncle 's a lawyer, and I know how they do it."

"O, I know about that," said Arthur, "and I 'll be the judge."

"No, you don't," said Frank; "I want to be judge myself."

"I 'm the oldest," said Arthur.

"Only a year," said Frank, "and I weigh a pound more."

"That 's because you 're always eating. You 'll get so fat some time that we shall have to drag you round in Pinkie's wagon."

"O bother!" said Tom Hay, who was always peacemaker between Arthur and Frank. "You can both be judges if you want to, but then who will be lawyer for Pinkie? I am going to be Spotty's lawyer myself. There must be a sheriff, too, to take the folks to jail. Spotty ought to be in jail all this time."

"I say," said Arthur, who never let any one make such a long speech before without putting in his word, "Freddy shall be the sheriff."

Freddy was delighted, and offered to kiss Arthur, who drew back and said judges never kissed anybody.

"Sheriff, bring Spotty to me," said Arthur in a very loud voice. He tied a stout string around her neck. "Now, Sheriff, lead Spotty out by this string and tie her to the first spruce-tree by the gate. Cats hate to be wet, so that will be as good as a jail to her, and, Freddy, — I mean Sheriff, be sure you put mother's water-proof all over you before you go out in the rain.

Freddy trudged out, dragging poor Spotty after him.

"We must have a bench for the judge to sit on," said Tom Hay.

"Margaret's wash-bench will be just the thing," said Frank.

"And there *is* such a thing as a jury, but I don't know what it is, and I guess it don't make much difference whether we have it or not," said Tom Hay.

"No, I never heard of it," said Arthur, as if he had heard of everything worth knowing.

"Jennie, you go back into the parlor; girls never go to court." Jennie's lip began to tremble.

"Yes, yes," said Tom Hay, "let her go; she won't be in the way."

"You are always standing up for her, Tom," said Arthur.

"Well, she ain't to blame for being a girl. I like girls myself."

"That 's because there ain't any at your house; they 're always in the way."

"Come, Jennie," said Tom, "we 'll make believe that you are the jury, whatever it is."

Then they all went out into the wood-room, and Arthur sat down on the

wash-bench, with an old hoe-handle in his hand to keep order with. A small tub was set in front of him, to put the wicked Spotty in while she was having her trial.

"Sheriff, put on the water-proof, and bring her in," said Arthur, in a loud, fierce voice. He was very particular about the water-proof, because he meant to make great show with it when his mother came to deal with him about Pinkie, after Tom Hay should have gone home. Freddy stumbled in, drag-

ging poor pussy by main strength. Spotty was a white cat by nature, with two or three dark spots on her back that gave her her name. She was always very neat and tidy in her habits, but in trying to get free from the string that held her to the spruce tree she had rolled herself over and over in the mud, which stuck to her wet fur, and made her the wickedest-looking cat that ever walked on four legs. She looked very low-spirited too, and dragged her tail behind her as if she had not a friend in the world.

She mewed pitifully all the time, and little streams of water made her fur into pointed fringe. She was put into the tub, and tied to the handle so that she could not jump out.

"Poor Spotty!" said Jennie, "don't tie her too tight."

"Jennie," said Arthur, "you must n't talk in court. You can't stay here if you speak another word."

Frank consented to be Pinkie's lawyer, and went after her, with Freddy, to bring her little willow chair.

Pinkie was a full twenty-five pounder, every ounce, and it made Frank, who was not very lean himself, puff hard to carry her into court; but he did it manfully, and set her down for a minute to get his breath.

"Tie her into her chair," said Arthur. But Pinkie had caught sight of her favorite in the tub and scrambled up to it. She leaned too far over the side, lost her balance, and for half a second she stood on her head in the tub with her little fat legs sticking up straight in the air. Spotty howled worse than ever, but Tom Hay set Pinkie on her feet so quickly that she thought it good fun, and was all ready to do it over again. Her hair was full of gravel, and her pretty white dress, all tucks and ruffles, put on clean that afternoon, was streaked with mud and water; but she patted her fat hands and laughed and crowed as if she had now done the thing of all others that everybody must kiss her for.

If Frank had been judge, Pinkie's funny ways would have broken up the court; but Arthur had hard thoughts of her for bringing him into disgrace with his mother.

So he rapped on the floor with his hoe-handle and said, "Sheriff, take Pinkie out of this court."

Freddy tried hard to mind the judge; but Pinkie liked the court, and made up her mind to stay in it; and the more Frank and Freddy tried to get her away, the stiffer she lay on her back and kicked at them.

At last Tom Hay begged a piece of cake of Margaret, and showed it to Pinkie inside the kitchen-door, which brought her up on all fours again very quickly.

He kept stepping back with it till she had crept into the middle of the kitchen, then he gave her the cake, and scudded out before Pinkie knew where she was.

Tom Hay was one of those uncommon people that are just like the oil they put on wheels to make them go smoothly. He never did much to speak of himself, but he made everybody else feel better and do better when he was with them.

All the boys liked him and wanted to play with him, and perhaps not one of them knew the reason why. He was one of those that the Bible speaks of when it says "Blessed are the peacemakers."

But he did not know that he was any better than other people, and that was the best of him; if he had known it, and been proud of it, it would have spoilt him entirely. Jennie wished every day that he was her brother.

Now all was ready to hold the court, and Spotty's mewing said just as plain as words, that if they were going to hang her she wished they would do it at once and have it over. Arthur fidgeted on his bench, and got very red in the face, and clearly did not know what to do next; but he would have sat there till this time before he would have owned to it.

"A great judge you are!" said Frank; "why don't you do something?"

"The judge don't do the trying," said Tom Hay, just in time to nip a new quarrel in the bud. "It 's the lawyers that talk all the time."

"To be sure," said Arthur.

"You must make a speech and stand up for Pinkie, and then I 'll make one and stand up for Spotty, and the judge says which is the best and tells what shall be the punishment."

"The lawyers say 'your honor' when they speak to the judge, for I heard my mother read Uncle John's speech in court, and it was full of your 'honor,'" said Tom Hay.

"I 'll never call Arthur 'your honor,'" said Frank.

"Then you sha' n't make any speech," said Arthur.

"Well, never mind, I 'll make my speech first."

So Tom stuck up his hair to look taller and began: "Your honor, I just ask you to look at poor Spotty as she stands there dripping and crying in her tub, and see if she don't feel bad enough already for what she has done, without any more punishment. She tells me —"

"That 's a lie," said Frank, who felt that he had been put upon from the first; "a cat can't *tell* anything."

"I know that," said Tom Hay, "but once I heard my uncle say that it 's part of a lawyer's business to tell lies, — they could n't make any money without it. I suppose he was in fun; but we can make believe it 's so, just for once."

"All right," said Arthur; "don't you mind what Frank says; *he* don't know anything about courts. Go on, Tom."

"She tells me, that is, Spotty, that she has always been a better cat than common; she never stole any meat nor fish out of the pantry, nor knocked down any dishes; she never brings in dirt on the carpets, nor takes naps on the spare bed, nor wants to sit in laps when she is shedding her fur. She has had lots of kittens, spotted and striped and all colors that kittens ever are, and she lets you all handle 'em as much as you want to without flying at your face, as some cats do. She says she loves Pinkie dearly, and never would have laid a paw on her if she had been awake; but she was up all last night, and so slept hard, and when something came right down bump on her, she thought it was a big dog, and scratched before she knew it. She is dreadful sorry, and never will do so again. I hope your honor will let her off easy."

"I mean to," said Arthur.

"Now, Frank, it 's your turn," said Tom.

But Frank would not look at Arthur, and would not say "your honor," and all that his speech amounted to was that Pinkie was the best baby in the world, and he thought Spotty ought to be hung for hurting her.

By this time Sheriff Freddy was fast asleep on an old buffalo-robe, but he was waked up to hold the cat while she heard her sentence.

Freddy held her up on her hind legs while Tom Hay held down her ears to make her look meek, and very meek and altogether miserable she did look, I can tell you.

"Now, Spotty," said Arthur, giving her a little rap on the head with his hoe-handle, "I won't hang you this time, because you have been such a good cat always before, and this shall be your punishment; when you have some more kittens, and we have to drown some of 'em, we 'll take you along to see

us do it, and then you will always remember not to hurt Pinkie, whatever she does to you."

Jennie had sat very still up to this minute, but she could not bear this.

"O Arthur, you are the cruelest boy that ever lived. Only think if mamma had to stand by and see Freddie and Pinkie drowned!"

"She would have to do it, if I was a real judge and said so," said Arthur.

"You never will be a real judge; folks would n't have you," said Jennie.

"*You* could n't help it; women don't have anything to do with such things," said Arthur.

"Maybe she will," said Tom Hay; "my Aunt Hope says women are going to vote by and by, and men won't be anywhere then."

"I hope they will," said Jennie, brightening up, "and I never will vote for Arthur to be judge, — never!"

"Nor I either," said Frank.

"Who cares?" said Arthur. "I say this court is done, and I am as hungry as a bear. I vote that we have a piece of pie all round. Freddy, you go and ask mother if we can have a whole pie."

Just then mamma opened the kitchen-door with Pinkie in her arms, all white and clean again, but crying for "Otty, Otty," which was her name for Spotty.

So Spotty got clear of being hung that time, because she had such a good lawyer. They washed and dried her, and took her back to the parlor, and the first thing Pinkie did was to put Spotty's paw in her mouth and bite it with all her strength, and Spotty never so much as put out a claw, which shows plainly that she knew all about her trial, and meant to profit by it.

A long time after that, in the summer-time, mamma was preserving strawberries in the kitchen; Pinkie had learned to walk and talk a little, and she tormented mamma every minute by wanting to taste the strawberries and have the spoon to suck, till she had not a grain of patience left, and told the children to take Pinkie out to the barn to play in the hay. Jennie thought it would be better to leave Pinkie on the barn floor, while they went up on the hay, so she sat her in a bushel-basket, and gave her a lot of corn-cobs to play with.

When Jennie and Frank and Freddy had climbed up the stairs they heard a little faint mewing deep down in the hay, and in a minute they found Spotty and four little soft, lovely kittens, all nestled together. They were so delighted that they forgot all about Pinkie, till Jennie saw her little curly head just peeping up at them over the hay. Pinkie liked corn-cobs well enough, but she liked company better, and when she found herself left alone, she easily tipped over the basket and crept up the stairs. Then they dragged her over the hay to see the kittens, and she crowed and laughed, and finally cried because she could not squeeze them all she wanted to.

Mamma said two of them must certainly be drowned, for she could not have the house overrun with cats.

The boys picked out the two that had the most black about them and put them into a newspaper with a stone, and carried them down to the brook.

Tom Hay went too, and Sheriff Freddy led Spotty by a string round her neck. Jennie was gone away to spend the day.

Arthur threw in the bundle with the kittens in it, and of course the paper broke as soon as it touched the water and the stone sunk to the bottom of the brook; the poor blind kittens were swimming about and mewing to break your heart. Freddy was looking so hard that he forgot about holding the string tight, and before anybody thought of looking to see how Spotty bore it, she had dived bravely into the water and brought one of the kittens safe to land by its neck; then she swam after the other and caught it just as it was sinking, and landed that too.

Then she shook them, and patted them, and behaved so exactly, as Tom Hay said, as his mother did, when he tumbled into the water, that he would not have them drowned at all, but carried them home in his handkerchief, with Spotty following after.

Mamma threatened every day to give them away, but she never did, and they kept growing, and now Pinkie has *five* great cats to play with, and cannot make up her mind which she likes best.

Ella Williams.

THE WILLIAM HENRY LETTERS.

THIRTEENTH PACKET.

William Henry to his Grandmother.

DEAR GRANDMOTHER, —

The puddles bear in the morning and next thing the pond will, and I want to have my skates here all ready. 'Most all the boys have got theirs all ready, waiting for it to freeze. They hang up on that beam in the sink-room chamber. Look under my trainer trousers that I had to play trainer in when I 's a little chap, on that great wooden peg, and you 'll find 'em hanging up under the trousers. And my sled too, for Dorry and I are going to have double-runner together soon as snow comes. It 's down cellar. We went to be weighed, and the man said I was built of solid timber. Dorry he hid some great iron dumb-bells in his pockets for fun, and the man first he looked at Dorry and then at the figures, and then at his weights; he did n't know what to make of it. For I 've grown so much faster that we 're almost of a size.

First of it Dorry kept a sober face, but pretty soon he began to laugh, and took the dumb-bells out, and then weighed over, and guess what we weighed?

The fellers call us "Dorry & Co.," because we keep together so much. When he goes anywhere he says, "Come, Sweet William!" and when I go anywhere I say "Come, Old Dorrymas!" There 's a flower named Sweet

William. There is n't any fish named Dorrymas, but there 's one named Gurrymas. We keep our goodies in the same box, and so we do our pencils and the rest of our traps. His bed is 'most close to mine, and the one that wakes up first pulls the other one's hair. One boy that comes here is a funny-looking chap, and wears cinnamon-colored clothes, all faded out. He is n't a very big feller. He has his clothes given to him. He comes days and goes home nights, for he lives in this town. He 's got great eyes and a great mouth, and always looks as if he was just a-going to laugh. Sometimes when the boys go by him they make a noise, sniff, sniff, sniff, with their noses, making believe they smelt something spicy, like cinnamon. I hope you 'll find my skates, and send 'em right off, for fear the pond might freeze over. They hang on that great wooden peg in the sink-room chamber, that sticks in where two beams come together, under my trainer trousers ; you 'll see the red stripes.

Some of us have paid a quarter apiece to get a football, and should n't you think 't was real mean for anybody to back out, and then come to kick? One feller did. And he was one of the first ones to get it up too. "Let s get up a good one while we 're about it," says he, "that won't kick right out." Dorry went to pick it out, and took his own money and all the rest paid in their quarters, and what was over the price we took in peanuts. O, you ought to 've seen that bag of peanuts! Held about half a bushel. When he found the boys were talking about him he told somebody that when anybody said, "Let 's get up something," it was n't just the same as to say he 'd pay part. But we say 't is. And we talked about it down to the Two Betseys' shop, and Lame Betsey said 't was mean doings enough, and The Other Betsey said, "Anybody that won't pay their part, I don't care *who* they be." And I 've seen him eating taffy three times and more, too, since then, and figs. And he comes and kicks sometimes, and when they offered some of the peanuts to him, to see if he 'd take any, he took some.

Now Spicey won't do that. We said he might kick, but he don't want to, not till he gets his quarter. He 's going to earn it. If my skates don't hang up on that wooden peg, like enough Aunt Phebe's little Tommy 's been fooling with 'em. Once he did, and they fell through that hole where a piece of the floor is broke out. You 'd better look down that hole. I 'm going to send home my Report next time. I could n't get perfect every time. Dorry says if a feller did that, he 'd know too much to come to school. But there 's some that do. Not very many. Spicey did four days running. I could 'a got more perfects, only one time I did n't know how far to get, and another time I did n't hear what the question was he put out to me, and another time I did n't stop to think and answered wrong when I knew just as well as could be. And another time I missed in the rules. You better believe they are hard things to get. Bubby Short says he wishes they 'd take out the rules and let us do our sums in peace, and so I say. And then one more time some people came to visit the school, and they looked right in my face, when the question came to me, and put me out. I should n't think visitors would look a feller right in the face, when he 's trying to

tell something. Dorry says that I blushed up as red as fire-coals. I guess a red-header blushes up redder than any other kind; don't you? I had some taken off my Deportment, because I laughed out loud. I did n't mean to, but I 'm easy to laugh. But Dorry he can keep a sober face just when he wants to, and so can Bubby Short. I was laughing at Bubby Short. He was snapping apple-seeds at Old Wonder Boy's cheeks, and he could n't tell who snapped 'em, for Bubby Short would be studying away, just as sober. At last one hit hard, and W. B. jumped and shook his fist at the wrong feller, and I felt a laugh coming, and puckered my mouth up, and twisted round, but first thing I knew, out it came, just as sudden, and that took off some.

I shall keep the Report till next time, because this time I 'm going to send mine and Dorry's photographs taken together. We both paid half. We got it taken in a saloon that travels about on wheels. 'T is stopping here now. Course we did n't expect to look very handsome. But the man says 't is wonderful what handsome pictures homely folks expect to make. Says he tells 'em he has to take what 's before him. Dorry says he 's sure we look very well for the first time taking. Says it needs practice to make a handsome picture. Please send it back soon because he wants to let his folks see it. Send it when you send the skates. Send the skates soon as you can, for fear the pond might freeze over. Aunt Phebe's little Tommy can have my old sharp-shooter for his own, if he wants it. Remember me to my sister.

Your affectionate Grandson,

WILLIAM HENRY.

Grandmother to William Henry.

MY DEAR BOY, —

Your father and all of us were very glad to see that photograph, for it seemed next thing to seeing you, you dear child. We could n't bear to send it away so soon. I kept it on the mantel-piece, with my spectacles close by, so that when I went past it I could take a look. We sent word in to your aunt Phebe and in a few minutes little Tommy came running across and said his "muzzer said he must bwing Billy's Pokerdaff in, wight off." But I told him to tell his muzzer that Billy's Pokerdaff must be sent back very soon, and was n't going out of my sight a minute while it stayed, and they must come in. And they did. We all think 't is a very natural picture, only too sober. You ought to try to look smiling at such times. I wish you 'd had somebody to pull down your jacket, and see to your collar's being even. But Aunt Phebe says 't is a wonder you look as well as you do, with no woman to fix you. I should know Dorry's picture anywhere. Uncle Jacob wants to know what you were both so cross about? Says you look as if you 'd go to fighting the minute you got up.

Little Tommy is tickled enough with that sled, and keeps looking up in the sky to see when snow is coming down, and drags it about on the bare ground, if we don't watch him.

I had almost a good mind to keep the skates at home. Boys are so venturesome. They always think there 's no danger. I said to your father, now if anything should happen to Billy I should wish we 'd never sent them. But he 's always afraid I shall make a Miss Nancy of you. Now I don't want to do that. But there 's reason in all things. And a boy need n't drown himself to keep from being a Miss Nancy. He thinks you 've got sense enough not to skate on thin ice, and says the teachers won't allow you to skate if the pond is n't safe. But I don't have faith in any pond being safe. My dear boy, there 's danger even if the thermometer is below zero. There may be spring-holes. Never was a boy got drowned yet skating, but what thought there was no danger. Do be careful. I know you would if you only knew how I keep awake nights worrying about you.

Anybody would think that your uncle Jacob had more money than he knew how to spend. He went to the city last week, and brought Georgiana home a pair of light blue French kid boots. He won't tell the price. They are high-heeled, very narrow soled, and come up high. He saw them in the window of one of the grand stores, and thought he 'd just step in and buy them for Georgie. Never thought of their coming so high. I 'm speaking of the price. Now Georgie does n't go to parties, and where the child can wear them, going through thick and thin, is a puzzler. She might to meeting, if she could be lifted out of the wagon and set down in the broad aisle, but Lucy Maria says that won't do, because her meeting dress is cherry-color. Next summer I shall get her a light blue barege dress to match 'em, for the sake of pleasing her uncle Jacob. When he heard us talking about her not going anywhere to wear such fancy boots, he said then she should wear them over to his house. So twice he has sent a billet in the morning, inviting her to come and take tea, and at the bottom he writes, "Company expected to appear in blue boots." So I dress her up in her red dress, and the boots, and draw my plush moccasins over them, and pack her off. Uncle Jacob takes her things, and waits upon her to the table, and they have great fun out of it.

My dear Billy, I have been thinking about that boy that wears cinnamon-colored clothes. I do really hope you won't be so cruel as to laugh at a boy on account of his clothes. What a boy is, don't depend upon what he wears on his back, but upon what he has inside of his head and his heart. When I was a little girl and went to school in the old school-house, the Committee used to come, sometimes, to visit the school. One of the Committee was the minister. He was a very fine old gentleman, and a great deal thought of by the whole town. He used to wear a ruffled shirt, and a watch with a bunch of seals, and carry a gold-headed cane. He had white hair, and a mild blue eye, and a pleasant smile, that I have n't forgotten yet, though 't was a great many years ago. After we 'd read and spelt, and the writing-books and ciphering-books had been passed round, the teacher always asked him to address the school. And there was one thing he used to say, almost every time. And he said it in such a smiling, pleasant way, that I 've remembered it ever since. He used to begin in this way.

"I love little children. I love to come where they are. I love to hear them laugh, and shout. I love to watch them while they are at play. And because I love them so well, I don't want there should be anything bad about them. Just as when I watch a rosebud blooming; — I should be very sorry not to have it bloom out into a beautiful, perfect rose. And now, children, there are three words I want you all to remember. Only three. You can remember three words, can't you?"

"Yes, sir," we would say.

"Well, now, how long can you remember them?" he would ask, — "a week?"

"Yes, sir."

"Two weeks?"

"Yes, sir."

"A month?"

"Yes, sir."

"A year?"

"Guess so."

"All your lives?"

Then some would say, "Yes, sir," and some would say they guessed not, and some did n't believe they could, and some knew they could n't.

"Well, children," he would say at last, "now I will tell you what the three words are: Treat — everybody — well. Now what I want you to be surest to remember is 'everybody.' Everybody is a word that takes in a great many people, and a great many kinds of people, — takes in the washer-women and the old man that saws wood, and the colored folks that come round selling baskets, and the people that wear second-hand clothes, and the help in the kitchen, — takes in those we don't like and even the ones that have done us harm. 'Treat — *everybody* — well.' For you can afford to. A pleasant word don't cost anything to give, and is a very pleasant thing to take."

The old gentleman used to look so smiling while he talked. And he followed out his own rule. For he was just as polite to the poor woman that came to clean their paint as he was to any fine lady. He wanted to make us feel ashamed of being impolite to people who could n't wear good clothes. Children and grown people too, he said, were apt to treat the ones best that wore the best clothes. He 'd seen children, and grown folks too, who would be all smiles and politeness to the company, and then be ugly and snappish to poor people they 'd hired to work for them. A real lady or gentleman, — he used to end off with this, — "A real lady, and a real gentleman will — treat — everybody — well." And I will end off with this too. And don't you ever forget it. For that you may be, my dear boy, a true gentleman is the wish of

Your loving Grandmother.

P. S. Do be careful when you go a skating. If the ice is ever so thick, there may be spring-holes. Your father wants you to have a copy of that

picture taken for us to keep, and sends this money to pay for it. I forgot to say that of course it is mean for a boy not to pay his part. And for a boy not to pay his debts is mean, and next kin to stealing. And the smaller the debts are, the meaner it is. We are all waiting for your Report.

William Henry to his Grandmother.

My dear Grandmother, —

Excuse me for not writing before. Here is my Report. I have n't sniffed my nose up any at Spicey. I 'll tell you why. Because I remember when I first came, and had a red head, and how bad 't was to be plagued all the time. But I tell you if he is n't a queer-looking chap! Don't talk any, hardly, but he 's great for laughing. Bubby Short says his mouth laughs itself. But not out loud. Dorry says 't is a very wide smile. It comes easy to him, any way. He comes in laughing and goes out laughing. When you meet him he laughs, and when you speak to him he laughs. When he don't know the answer he laughs, and when he says right he laughs, and when you give him anything he laughs, and when he gives you anything he laughs. Though he don't have very much to give. But he can't say no. All the boys tried one day to see if they could make him say no. He had an apple, and they went up to him, one at once, and said, "Give me a taste." "Give me a taste," till 't was every bit tasted away. Then they tried him on slate pencils, — his had bully points to them, — and he gave every one away, all but one old stump. But afterwards Mr. Augustus said 't was a shame, and the boys carried him back the pencils and said they 'd done with 'em. Dorry says he 's going to ask him for his nose some day, and then see what he 'll do. I know. Laugh. You better believe he 's a clever chap. And he won't kick. Dorry likes him for that. Not till he 's paid his quarter. Mr. Augustus offered him the quarter, but he said, No, I thank you. Why not? Mr. Augustus asked him. He said he guessed he 'd rather earn it. We expect the teacher heard about it, and guess he heard about that feller that would n't pay his part, and about his borrowing and not paying back, for one day he addressed the school about money, and he said no boy of spirit, or man either, would ever take money as a gift long as he was able to earn. Course he did n't mean what your fathers give you, and Happy New Year's Day, and all that. And to borrow and not pay, was mean as dirt, besides being wicked. He 'd heard of people borrowing little at a time, and making believe forget to pay, because they knew 't would n't be asked for. The feller I told you about — the one that kicks and don't pay — he owes Gapper Sky Blue for four seedcakes. Mr. Augustus says that what makes it mean is, that he knows Gapper won't ask for two cents! Gapper let him have 'em for two cents, because he 'd had 'em a good while and the edges of 'em were some crumbly. And he borrowed six cents from Dorry and knows Dorry won't say anything ever, and so he 's trying to keep from paying. I guess his left ear burns sometimes!

Gapper can't go round now, selling cakes, because he 's lame, and has to go with two canes. But he keeps a pig, and he and little Rosy make tip-top molasses candy to sell in sticks, one centers and two centers, and sell 'em to the boys when they go up there to coast. I tell you if 't is n't bully coasting on that hill back of his house! We begin way up to the tip-top and go way down and then across a pond that is n't there only winters and then into a lane, a sort of downish lane, that goes ever so far. Bubby Short 'most got run over by a sleigh. He was going "knee-hacket" and did n't see where he was going to, and went like lightning right between the horses' legs, and did n't hurt him a bit.

Last night when the moon shone the teachers let us go out, and they went too, and some of their wives and some girls. O, if we did n't have the fun! We had a great horse-sled, and we 'd drag it way up to the top, and then pile in. Teachers and boys and women and girls, all together, and away we 'd go. Once it 'most tipped over. O, I never did see anything scream so loud as girls can when they 're scared? I wish 't would be winter longer than it is. We have a Debating Society. And the question we had last was, "Which is the best, Summer or Winter?" And we got so fast for talking, and kept interrupting so, the teacher told the Summers to go on one side and the Winters on the other, and then take turns firing at each other, one shot at a time. And Dorry was chosen Reporter to take notes, but I don't know as you can read them, he was in such a hurry.

"In summer you can fly kites.

"In winter you can skate.

"In summer you have longer time to play.

"In winter you have best fun coasting evenings.

"In summer you can drive hoop and sail boats.

"In winter you can snow-ball it and have darings.

"In summer you can go in swimming, and play ball.

"In winter you can coast and make snow-forts.

"In summer you can go a fishing.

"So you can in winter, with pickerel traps to catch pickerel and perch on the ponds, and on rivers. When the fish come up you can make a hole in the ice and set a light to draw 'em, and then take a jobber and job 'em as fast as you 're a mind to.

"In summer you can go take a sail.

"In winter you can go take a sleigh-ride.

"In summer you don't freeze to death.

"In winter you don't get sunstruck.

"In summer you see green trees and flowers and hear the birds sing.

"In winter the snow falling looks pretty as green leaves, and so do the icicles on the branches, when the sun shines, and we can hear the sleigh-bells jingle.

"In summer you have green peas and fruit, and huckleberries and other berries.

"In winter you have molasses candy and pop-corn and mince-pies and pre-

serves and a good many more roast turkeys, (another boy interrupting) and all kinds of everything put up air-tight!

"(Teacher.) Order, order, gentlemen. One shot at a time.

"In summer you have Independent Day, and that's the best day there is. For if it had n't been for that, we should have to mind Queen Victoria.

"In winter you have Thanksgiving Day and Forefather's Day and Christmas and Happy New-Year Day and the Twenty-second of February, and that's Washington's Birthday. And if it had n't been for that we should have to mind Queen Victoria."

When the time was up the teacher told all that had changed their minds to change their sides, and some of the Summers came over to ours, but the Winters all stayed. Then the teacher made some remarks, and said how glad we ought to be that there were different kinds of fun and beautiful things all the year round. Bubby Short says he's sure he's glad, for if a feller could n't have fun what would he do? After we got out doors the summer ones that did n't go over hollered out to the other ones that did, "Ho! Ho! Winter killed! Winter killed! 'Fore I'd be Winter killed! Frost bit! Frost bit! 'Fore I'd be Frost bit!"

I should like to see my sister's blue boots. I am very careful when I go a skating. There is n't any spring-hole in our pond. I don't know where my handkerchiefs go to.

Your affectionate Grandson,

WILLIAM HENRY.

P. S. Don't keep awake. I'll look out. Bubby Short's folks write just so to him. And Dorry's. I wonder what makes everybody think boys want to be drowned?

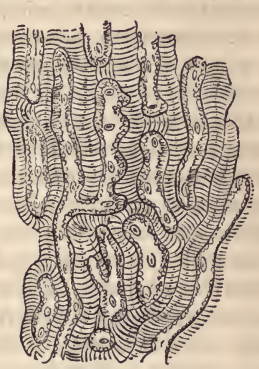
Mrs. A. M. Diaz.

THE WORLD WE LIVE ON.

ANCIENT AND MODERN CORAL REEFS.

OUR day on Carysfort Reef, of which I gave an account in the August Number of the Young Folks, was one of many such. We fished and dredged, and when the weather was not favorable for deep-sea soundings we made excursions in small boats. New and beautiful objects daily filled the bowls and jars in which the specimens were kept. Though I should like to talk with you about many of these things, I must not confuse your minds with a variety of images, but I wish especially to show you the difference between a living and a dead coral, because these animals are so seldom seen alive.

I repeat here Figure 4, from the June number of the Young Folks. It is a fragment from a head of Mæandrina, or Brain-Coral. I have always been familiar, as I dare say many of my young readers are also, with the heads of Mæandrina exhibited in museums. They are usually bleached to a pure white, or, if not perfectly bleached, are of a dingy ugly brown. I shall not easily forget my surprise when I first saw a perfect Mæandrina stock, fresh from the sea, placed in a large bucket of clear salt water. The long winding spaces between the ribbed ridges were of a bright beautiful green, and the little mouths were set in these furrows from distance to distance,* as they are represented in the woodcut.



Mæandrina, or Brain-Coral.

The tentacles, themselves of the same vivid color, were crowded thickly along these spaces, not only fringing the margins of the furrows, but so closely packed as to form a soft velvety floor like moss across each depression. I used to watch the tentacles with the lens, and see them constantly at work contracting or expanding, stretched in search of food, I suppose, or at rest while the process of digestion went on.† At times they were so completely withdrawn as to be altogether out of sight, so that the furrows joined the ridges without any intervening border. These ridges dividing the furrows from each other were of a dark brown color, and contrasted prettily with the green spaces, where you could see only the soft parts of the animal, while the ridges were hard. When the animal dies, the soft parts shrink and dry up, leaving only the solid structure; namely, the hard brown ridges, which have much the same appearance whether living or dead, and the rigid lime deposit in the furrows, which is completely hidden during life. Thus, you see, one might almost as well judge of the life of any animal by its skeleton as of that of a Mæandrina by the dry specimens commonly exhibited.

The same is true of many other corals, — of the Porites, for instance, a specimen of which was represented in a former article.‡ In a Porites com-

* I see that in my description of the Mæandrina (see No. 54 of the Young Folks, p. 386) I have said that the furrows are produced by the elongation of the mouths. I should rather have said by the tendency of the separate animals to elongate in one direction, thus forming, instead of the compact round pits of the Astræans, depressions corresponding to their internal cavities, running lengthwise on the surface. The mouths frequently do elongate and run into each other, and are always oblong in shape. But they may also remain distinct, and are seen studding the furrows at short intervals, as in the woodcut.

† In the true Mæandrinas, owing to the elongated forms of the animals, the feelers or tentacles do not form wreaths around the mouths, as they do in sea-anemones and in most corals, but follow the whole length of the furrows. There is, however, a kind of coral resembling Mæandrina, in which the furrows widen and narrow alternately. When they narrow, the opposite rows of tentacles are drawn together, and they may seem to form a circle; but they really follow the undulations of the furrows, and only touch where the space contracts so much as to bring them into contact.

‡ See No. 54 Young Folks, p. 384, Figure 1.

munity the single animals are round, and form circular openings on the surface. The soft parts may be protruded from these openings or mouths, the summit of the animal rising crowned with a close wreath of feelers, always twelve in number; the next moment, on some alarm, or the approach of anything which disturbs them, these feelers may be withdrawn and packed closely within the little pit under the surface, formed by the hard parts of the coral. Presently, if left to themselves, they rise and spread again. The expansion is generally slower than the contraction, though their movements are rarely sudden in either case. All the corals forming round pits — the Astræans, as well as the Porites and others with whose names you are unfamiliar — have, like the Porites, such a circular wreath of feelers outside the mouth on the upper margin of the body. While all the lower portion of the animal becomes hard, this part of the body remains flexible, and they can lift it so as to push out the feelers, or contract it so as to withdraw them, at will. There are a few corals in which the soft parts are so delicate as to allow you to see the hard structure through them; this is the case with the Rhizotrochus, that large white cup-like coral, of which we had a picture in the last article, and also with some of the Madrepores, but it is rare.

The Madrepores, or Finger-Corals, are very beautiful when alive. They are not so brilliant in color as many other corals, being of a brownish tint; but the individual animals, especially the topmost one on every branch,* are large, so that the wreath of tentacles about the separate mouths is very conspicuous. Some of the so-called Fan-Corals have also a very different aspect, when living and in their native element, from that of the museum specimens, by which they are generally known. In the Pterogorgia, for instance, a kind of Gorgonia, which when dried looks like a bunch of rods, each branch is some two or three times thicker when seen in the ocean, with all the animals expanded, than it is in the dry specimen.

In the true Fans, on the contrary, the difference is not so striking between the living and the dead specimen. The animals are excessively small, mere punctures or pin-pricks on the stem, and their purple or yellow colors are retained after death, though losing something of their natural brilliancy. And yet these fans, in their native element, growing on the sea bottom, have a charm they can never have elsewhere. They stand up firm and elastic, mounted on rocks or shells, waving to and fro with every motion of the water; and though they do not lose their natural color when removed from the ocean, they resemble the living coral-fan as a dried and pressed fern may resemble one which grows in the woods on a bed of moss at the foot of some old forest-tree, stirring with every breath of wind and borrowing beauty from everything about it.

Now that you have seen — for I hope you have seen just a little with my eyes, though I wish you could have used your own — how these animals look and how they live, let us see what they do, or rather what is the result of their lives; for, as their work is accomplished simply by growing, I suppose we cannot praise them for industry. To explain this I must go back to our map of Florida; and to make the reference easier, I reproduce it here.

* See No. 54 Young Folks, p. 387, Figure 5.

Look at it for a moment. The wall running parallel with the coast, outside the Keys, and farthest south, is called the Reef of Florida. It is for the greater part under water, coming to the surface at one or two points only. The channel within divides the reef from Key West and a number of other islands, lying between the reef and the main-land, and running nearly parallel with both, though they extend farther westward than the southern shore of Florida itself. This row of islands in its eastern part is connected with the main-land by the mud flats adjoining what are called the Shore Bluffs, or rising grounds making the southern outline of the peninsula, to the north of which are the Hunting-grounds, Long Key, and the Everglades.

At the end of every number of the Young Folks you have a collection of puzzles, conundrums, and the like. Should I give you as a puzzle this question, — What is the relation between the reef, the row of keys or islands lying parallel with it, and the Shore Bluffs on the southern edge of the peninsula itself? — I wonder whether I should get an answer. I think from some of you I might. I think a few, who have read the articles and looked at the map carefully, would say, — They are one and the same thing; the outside reef is a wall built up by the coral animals from the sea-bottom, but it has not yet reached the surface of the ocean; the line of islands inside is the top of another wall exactly like it, which has reached the sea level here and there, and formed islands; the outline of the peninsula is an older wall still, — a reef

which has been for a long period above the water, and has had time to connect itself with the main-land. This is just the truth. We do not know how much of the peninsula of Florida has been built up in this way, because little is known of the interior of Florida or of the structure of its northern part. But we are sure, from the character of the ground and from the nature of the soil, that all its southern portion consists of coral reefs lying within one another, and connected by marshes which were once mud flats such as now connect the Keys with the peninsula.

Suppose now that in imagination we cut off the peninsula from the line marked Everglades in our map; suppose, in short, that the peninsula were about half its present length. Thus curtailed, let us plant upon its southern shore a number of the transparent delicate little bodies born from corals. They settle here, attach themselves to the bottom, and begin to grow. If they belong to the Astræans, Mæandrinas, or Porites, they will establish themselves at some distance from the shore, because they like deep water and because the fresh influence of the sea, untainted by any deposit from the land, is most favorable to their growth. Once attached to the ground, the lime deposit which I have described is formed in their base, spreading gradually into the upper part of the body; they begin to bud also, putting out new individuals on every side, while at the same time these new individuals, beside budding in their turn, constantly cast out into the water around them eggs which grow into young corals. The latter, as soon as they have attained a certain size, establish themselves as the first have done, founding new and growing communities. Thus, hundreds of those large heads, making the foundation-stones of a coral reef or wall, are formed. Gradually, very slowly,—for it has been estimated, upon careful observations, that the increase of a coral reef in height is less than a foot in a century, — the wall rises from the bottom of the sea and approaches the surface. You may ask why it keeps always at about the same distance from the shore, running along parallel with it in a continuous line, instead of spreading over a broader, more irregular surface. For this reason: because a certain distance from the shore.— far enough removed to prevent any land deposit from troubling the water, near enough to limit the depth to some twelve or fifteen fathoms — gives the most favorable conditions for the life of reef-builders; therefore they naturally keep within these limits. Other corals may be found at much greater depth, while others again prefer shallower waters. For a reason of the same kind, the sea-side of a coral wall is always steeper than its landward side. The corals grow best where exposed to the immediate influence of the fresh sea-water; they therefore increase more rapidly on the outer side of the reef, and in so doing they exclude those on the inner side from the same favorable circumstances, shutting them out from the strongest action of the ocean, and enclosing a space where the deposits from the land easily collect, and where the reef-building corals do not grow as rapidly.

Suppose, now, that our imaginary coral wall has grown up to the sea-level, — the Astræans, Mæandrinas, and Porites having raised it to a certain

height, and other lighter kinds, which prefer shallower waters, then setting in above them, till finally, upon the summit, fans and branching corals complete the growth and bring it to the surface. But this is not all. A coral reef has a host of other creatures living upon it beside corals. We have seen that sea-anemones, sea-urchins, star-fishes, shells, fishes, and a great variety of animals shelter themselves in its recesses, and make their home in all its nooks and corners. Among them are numbers of boring shells and worms. They work their way into it, piercing holes through and through the solid substance, so that large portions become loosened, are broken off by the force of the sea, tossed about in the water, shattered into fragments, and finally ground to powder. Thus, just as fallen branches, decayed wood and leaves may accumulate upon the ground in a forest, the coral reef becomes embedded in a mass of loose material, the result of its own decay.

Such loose materials, detached heads, broken bits of coral rock, coral sand, shells, etc., are thrown up by the force of the waves on any part of the coral wall which has reached the surface of the ocean. Gradually on these spots a soil gathers and an island is formed. Such an island is at first a mere cap of loose sand or very minute mud, resting insecurely on the top of the coral wall; it may even be swept away many times before it becomes stationary; but gradually it spreads, grows firmer, seeds fall upon it, drifted out from the shore or dropped by birds in their flight, vegetation springs up over its surface, and it is now an inhabitable island. Our reef having thus reached the sea level, and being in the course of transformation into islands, we should then have the southern extremity of Florida where the middle of the peninsula now is, with a row of islands lying outside of it, just as the Keys now lie outside its present southern shore.

But how did those islands ever become connected with the main-land, so as to make them, as they now are, a part of the interior of the peninsula? Look at the present Keys: between them and the coast of Florida stretches a level, muddy belt of ground called the Mud Flats. The space now occupied by those mud flats was once open water; it has filled up gradually with washings from the shore and from the Keys themselves, with coral sand, broken shells, fragments, and *débris* of all sorts. This accumulation is greatly assisted by a curious plant called the mangrove, which grows in great quantities all about the Florida shore. Its seeds germinate upon the tree and form young shoots with little rootlets at one end. In that stage of growth they resemble a cigar in shape. They are heaviest at the end where the rootlets are developed, and are dropped from the trees in numbers; as the latter usually stand on the brink of the shore or upon islands, the young plants fall into the water and float about there with the heavier end sunk below the surface. Thus floating, they drift against any collection of mud or sand in their way, the rootlets attach themselves slightly, and the shoot begins to grow. As soon as the little plant has attained a certain height it throws out air-roots, that is, roots which, instead of spreading underground, start from the branches and strike down into the soil from above. These roots are so numerous that they presently form a network

around every such tree; and as the mangrove plantations sow themselves rapidly and become very extensive, their roots form a complete labyrinth, a close lattice or trellis as it were, in which all sorts of objects floating in the water about them are caught. Thus they contribute to fill up the channels between the Keys and the main-land, and transform them gradually into marshy grounds.

Unquestionably such a process as is now going on between the Florida Keys and the peninsula was completed, centuries ago, between that ancient row of islands which I have tried to describe and the main-land. The whole coral wall gradually rose above the sea level, was converted to dry land, and was united to Florida by marshy grounds formed as the mud flats are forming now. To the south at a little distance a reef arose such as now exists outside the present row of Keys. In due time that also built itself up to the sea level, the channel dividing it from the main-land filled in with mud, was transformed to marshes uniting that reef to the first, and so on till we meet the present line of Keys and the reef now growing up to the south of them. The same process is still going on. The mud flats are increasing and consolidating by the addition of all the mud, sand, broken shells, coral fragments, etc., floating about between the coast and the islands; this will continue till they are raised to a level with them, and will finally connect the shore and the Keys by a marshy belt of land.* The wall, of which the islands are only such parts as have risen more rapidly than the rest, will complete its growth and reach the level of the sea for its whole length. The outer reef, now rising only in two or three points above the surface of the water, will gradually form islands here and there, as the inner one now does, and between those islands and the inner reef, which will then be the coast of Florida, mud flats will collect and fill the space. The outer reef will then gradually complete its growth, no longer remaining a series of islands, but becoming a long strip of land; the mud flats will unite it to the inner one, and then there will be solid ground from the present coast of Florida to the line where the outer coral reef now runs beneath the sea.

This is no fanciful sketch. Seven such reefs and marshes have actually been discovered between the Shore Bluffs, themselves formed by an ancient reef, and the central part of the peninsula. The Indian Hunting-ground, as it is called, lying within the Shore Bluffs, is nothing but an old channel, filled in by mud flats at first and then transformed to marshes. Just beyond it is a line of elevations, called Hummocks in Florida; this row of Hummocks is again only a reef of past times, with the former keys or islands on its summit rising a little above the general level of the reef. Long Key, marked in your map, is such an island of past times. Beyond that is another low, marshy ground; and thus we may trace the successive reefs and mud flats one within another until we reach Lake Okeechobee,

* From this line to the end of the paragraph, the account of the probable completion of the Keys and reef is taken from a little book written by me for children many years ago, called "Actæa." In reading it over I do not see that I can make the explanation of this point clearer by any change of expression, and I therefore transcribe it literally.

which is situated, as you will see by your school atlas, about half-way between the northern boundary of Florida and its southern shore.

If you do not think me too tiresome, I will give you, in connection with these facts, a little sum in addition. As I have told you, a coral reef grows less than a foot in height in a century. Probably it does not actually grow more than half a foot in that time; but let us call it a foot.* The outer and youngest reef of Florida is about seventy feet high. Allowing that it has grown at the rate of a foot in a century, what must be its age? Whoever is ready at numbers answers, Seven thousand years. Counting the ancient reefs, and those still alive and growing outside its southern shore, we have ten such reefs in the southern half of Florida. If one alone has required seven thousand years to build itself up to its present height, how many years must we allow for the growth of the whole number? I think my class will say with one voice, Seventy thousand years. But some of the more thoughtful ones will add, "That is supposing they grew one after the other; and why should not they all have been growing together?" If they had done so, the earlier ones would never have reached the level of the sea, as we know by their height they must have done, because the later ones growing up in front of them would have shut them out from the fresh influence of the ocean, without which they cannot prosper. This shows us that the ancient reefs did not grow at the same time, but in succession, just as the present outer Reef of Florida has followed the Keys in its formation, the coral animals always establishing themselves on the slope of the preceding reef.

We may therefore infer — for, as I have said, the rate of growth here assigned to the reef is probably much greater than its actual increase — that it has taken nearly a hundred thousand years to build up the southern half of Florida. This sounds to you, no doubt, like an exaggeration, but when you know a little of the history of the world — I do not mean the history of the men who live upon it, but of the world itself — you will cease to wonder at this estimate. You will find that all our measurements of time are too short for the slow processes by which the earth has been brought to its present state, by which its rocks have been hardened, its mountains uplifted, its river-beds and lake-basins furrowed out, its soil made fertile and ready for the harvest when men should come to sow and reap upon it. The coral reefs of Florida are not the only ones in the United States. In the State of Iowa there is an ancient coral reef belonging to a time when an open gulf ran far up into the heart of the continent, before the Valley of the Mississippi existed, before our great West was born, before the Rocky Mountains lifted their summits above the ocean.

One word, as we bid good-by to the coral reefs, of those circular islands in the Pacific Ocean which excited the wonder and interest of navigators long before Darwin, the English naturalist, explained their structure.

* For fear of wearying my young readers, I have not given here the observations on which this statement is founded; but any one who cares to verify it may find them in "Agassiz's Methods of Study" in the chapter on the Age of Coral Reefs.

The ocean bottom is not a flat floor; it is an undulating surface, like that of the dry land. It has lofty ranges of mountains and deep valleys and broad, level plateaus. Suppose that a mountain rises from the bottom of the sea without reaching the surface; its summit is perhaps eight or ten fathoms below the sea level. Upon its slopes little coral animals, similar to those we have known on the Florida shore, settle, and form a ridge around its crest. (See Figure 1.) Gradually the ridge rises into a wall, and, reaching the surface (see Figure 2), forms a circular island, enclosing a sheltered, quiet harbor; for since the mountain-top around which the corals have grown does not reach the sea level, the centre of the island remains open water. By the

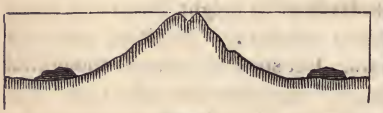


Figure 1.

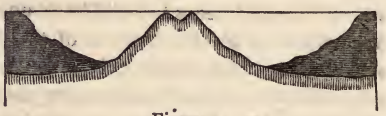


Figure 2.

same process which builds up dry land on the summit of the Florida reefs, a soil accumulates on the top of such a circular coral wall. Vegetation springs up upon it, and it is soon transformed into a green ring of land encircling a quiet lake in mid-ocean.

Such an island, or Athol as it is called, may be produced by the subsidence of a mountain. If the sea bottom is not level, neither is it immovable in all its parts, and there is a tract beneath the Pacific Ocean which is known to be slowly sinking, just as in certain other regions the ocean floor is known to be slowly rising. Suppose corals to have established themselves around the slope of a mountain, the crest of which rises above the sea level and forms an island. If the mountain be subsiding more rapidly than the corals are growing, the island and the wall itself will be lost beneath the ocean. But if, on the contrary, the rate of increase in the wall is greater than that of subsidence in the island, the former will rise while the latter sinks, and by the time the wall has completed its growth the top of the mountain will have disappeared, leaving a space of open water in its place, enclosed within a ring of coral reef, in which there may be a break here and there, perhaps, at some spot where the prosperous growth of the corals has been checked. Sometimes, when there is no break, and the wall remains perfectly uninterrupted, the sheet of sea-water so enclosed may even be changed to fresh water by the rains poured into it. Such a water basin will remain salt, no doubt, in its lower part, and the fact that the rise and fall of the tides affect it shows that it is not completely cut off from communication with the sea outside. But the salt-water, being heavier, remains at the bottom, while the lighter rain-water floats above, so that we may have a sheltered fresh-water lake in mid-ocean.

Figure 3.

Here we will leave the corals. Should any of you care to know more about them, Darwin's delightful volume on "Coral Reefs," from which the little sketch of the island in Figure 3 is taken, will be pleasant reading for you. You might learn a great deal also about the structure of coral animals from looking at the plates in Dana's report of the United States Exploring Expedition, although the descriptions would perhaps be too difficult for you to understand. But the figures are admirably drawn, and would interest and please you from their beauty, if for nothing else.

Elizabeth C. Agassiz.

DO you know that flowers, as well as people, live in families? Come into the garden and I will show you how. Here is a red rose; the beautiful bright-colored petals are the walls of the house, — built in a circle, you see; next come the yellow stamens, standing also in a circle; these are the father of the household, — perhaps you would say the fathers, there are so many. They stand round the mother, who lives in the very middle, as if they were put there to protect and take care of her. And she is the straight

little pistil, standing in the midst of all. The children are seeds, put away for the present in a green cradle at their mother's feet, where they will sleep and grow, as babies should, until by and by they will all have opportunities to come out and build for themselves fine rose-colored houses like that of their parents.

It is in this way that most of the flowers live; some, it is true, quite differently; for the beautiful scarlet maple blossoms, that open so early in the spring, have the fathers on one tree and the mothers on another; and they can only make flying visits to each other when a high wind chooses to give them a ride.

The golden-rod and asters and some of their cousins have yet another way of living, and it is of this I must tell you to-day.

You know the roadside asters, purple and white, that bloom so plenteously all through the early autumn? Each flower is a circle of little rays, spreading on every side; but if you should pull it to pieces to look for a family like that of the rose, you would be sadly confused about it; for the aster's plan of living is very different from the rose's. Each purple or white ray is a little home in itself, and these are all inhabited by maiden ladies, living each one alone in the one delicately colored room of her house. But in the middle of the aster you will find a dozen or more little families, all packed away together; each one has its own small yellow house, each has the father, mother, and one child; they all live here together on the flat circle which is called a disk; and round them are built the houses belonging to the maiden aunts, who watch and protect the whole. This is what we might call living in a community. People do so sometimes. Different families who like to be near each other will take a very large house and inhabit it together; so that in one house there will be many fathers, mothers, and children, and very likely maiden aunts, and bachelor uncles besides.

Do you understand, now, how the asters live in communities? The golden-rod also lives in communities, but yet not exactly after the aster's plan,—in smaller houses generally, and these of course contain fewer families; four or five of the maiden aunts live in yellow-walled rooms round the outside; and in the middle live fathers, mothers, and children, as they do in the asters; but here is the difference: if the golden-rod has smaller houses, it has more of them together upon one stem. I have never counted them, but you can, now that they are in bloom, and tell me how many.

And have you ever noticed how gracefully these great companies are arranged? For the golden-rods are like elm-trees in their forms; some grow in one single tall plume, bending over a little at the top; some in a double or triple plume, so that the nodding heads may bend on each side; but the largest are like the great Etruscan elms, many branches rising gracefully from the main stem and curving over on every side, like those tall glass vases which, I dare say, you have all seen.

Do not forget, when you are looking at these golden plumes, that each one, as it tosses in the wind, is rocking its hundreds of little dwellings, with the fathers, mothers, babies and all.

When you go out for golden-rod and asters, you find also the great purple thistle, one of those cousins who has adopted the same plan of living. It is so prickly that I advise you not to attempt breaking it off; but only with your finger-tips push softly down into the purple tassel, and if the thistle is ripe, as I think it will be in these autumn days, you will feel a bed of softest down under the spreading purple top; a little gentle pushing will set the down all astir, and I can show you how the children are about to take leave of the home where they were born and brought up. Each seed-child has a downy wing with which it can fly, and also cling, as you will see, if we set them loose and the wind blows them on to your woollen frock. They are hardy children, and not afraid of anything; they venture out into the world fearlessly, and presume to plant themselves and prepare to build wherever they choose, without regard to the rights of the farmer's ploughed field or your mother's nicely laid out garden.

More of the community flowers are the immortelles, and in spring the dandelions. Examine them, and tell me how they build their houses, and what sort of families they have; how the children go away; when the house is broken up; and what becomes of the fathers, mothers, and aunts.

Author of "Seven Little Sisters."

AUTUMN DAYS.

FIRE! fire! upon the maple bough
  The red flames of the frost!
Fire! fire! by burning woodbine, see,
  The cottage roof is crossed!
The hills are hid by smoky haze!
Look! how the roadside sumachs blaze!
And on the withered grass below
The fallen leaves like bonfires glow!

Come, let us hasten to the woods
  Before the sight is lost;
For few and brief the days when burn
  The red fires of the frost;
When loud and rude the north-wind blows,
The ruddy splendor quickly goes;
But now, hurrah! those days are here,
The best and loveliest of the year!

Marian Douglas.

THREE IN A BED.

Words by George Cooper. Music by F. Boott.

Allegretto.

mf

Solo. *f*

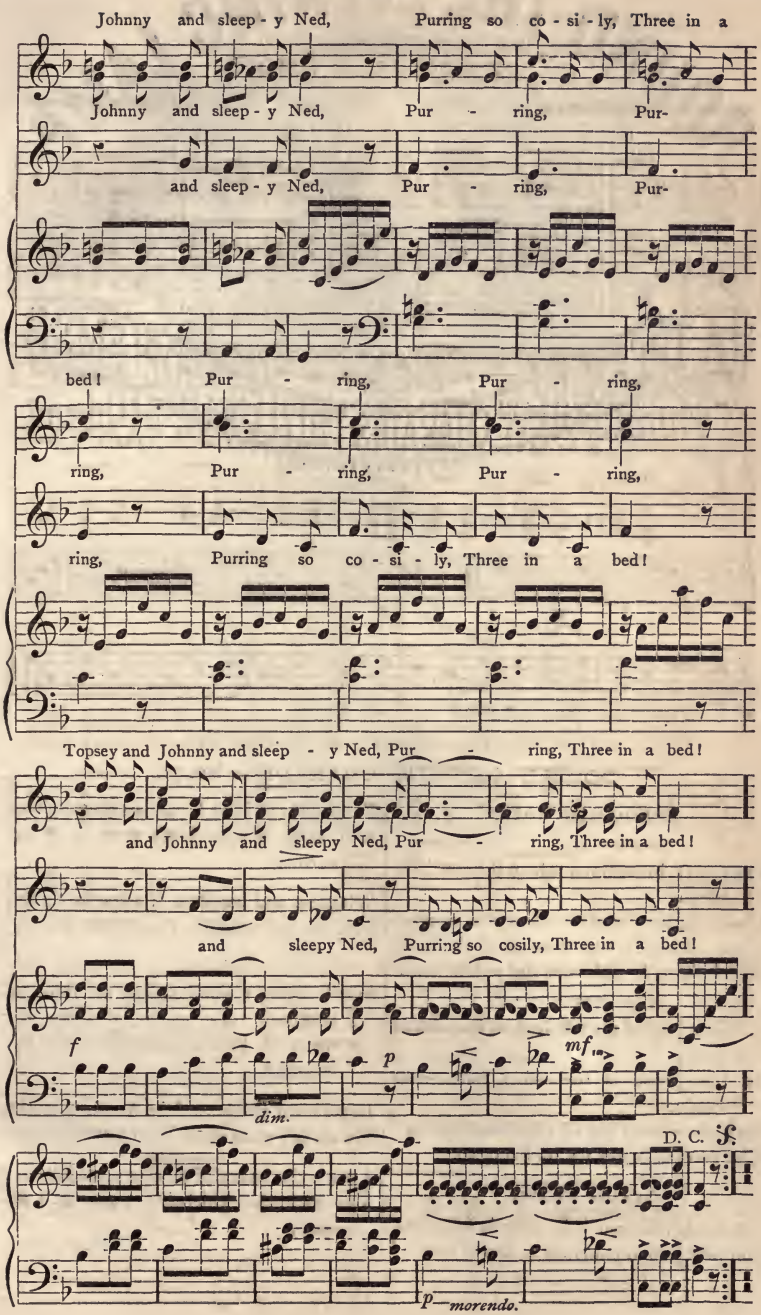
1. Gay little velvet coats, One, two, three! Any home happier Could there be?
2. Woe to the stupid mouse, Prowling about! Old Mother Pussy Is on the lookout.
3. Mother's a gypsy-puss, — Often she moves, Thinking much travel Her children improves.

Topsey and Johnny and sleep - y Ned, Purring so cosi - ly, Three in a bed!
Lit - tle cats, big cats, All must be fed, In the sky - par - lor, Three in a bed!
High-minded fami - ly, Very well-bred; No falling out, you see! Three in a bed!

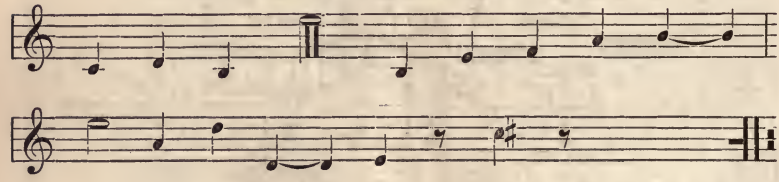
Chorus. Top - sey and Johnny and sleep - y Ned, — Topsey and

1st Sop. 2d Sop. and Johnny and sleep - y Ned, — and

Alto. and sleep - y Ned, —


Johnny and sleep - y Ned, Purring so co - si - ly, Three in a
Johnny and sleep - y Ned, Pur - ring, Pur-
and sleep - y Ned, Pur - ring, Pur-
bed! Pur - ring, Pur - ring,
ring, Pur - ring, Pur - ring,
ring, Purring so co - si - ly, Three in a bed!
Topsey and Johnny and sleep - y Ned, Pur - ring, Three in a bed!
and Johnny and sleepy Ned, Pur - ring, Three in a bed!
and sleepy Ned, Purring so cosily, Three in a bed!
f
p
mf
dim.
D. C.
p
morendo.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS. — No. 71.



DOUBLE ACROSTIC CHARADE. — No. 72.

FOUNDATION WORDS.

I.

PLEASANT in summer when the earth is green,
Charming in winter with a crystal sheen,
Much cultivated, too, through all the year,
And both to fireside and the public dear.

II.

Just one half of my whole, and two thirds good,
So transposed is the other part, — so crude,
So plain, — and yet all men must know,
The good is better for its being so.

CROSS WORDS.

"A bank whereon" the time is fully lost,
But which men cultivate at heavy cost.

From out the Nile I rose a thing divine,
And Egypt's sons knelt praying at my shrine.

Wingless and headless I, a fragile thing,
Give me but warmth, I soar, and soaring, sing.

Small, light, elastic, coiled or flung at length,
On the wild Pampas horsemen test my strength.

In the clear stillness of the Southern night,
My six fair stars shed down a steady light.

I mark the hours of sorrow or of joy
Rise with the whirlwind, cover and destroy.

L'ETRANGER.

ALPHABETICAL PUZZLES.

No. 73.

What letter turns all round?
What letter would you drop from a gust of wind to give it shape?
What letter makes merchandise attentive?
What letter gives out a painful disease?
What letter ornaments repose?
What letter stains our fortune?
What letter will make an elevation of land shiver?

ANGIE.

ENIGMA.—No. 74.

I am composed of 21 letters.

My 10, 13, 7, 14 is a vessel.
My 3, 16, 18, 4 is a measure.
My 17, 20, 15 is a boy's nickname.
My 19, 12, 8 is a boy's nickname.
My 21, 2, 5 is an animal.
My 11, 6, 1, 9 is the name of an Arctic explorer.
My *whole* is an old adage.

HAUTBOY.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 75.

Positive, Comparative, Superlative.

HITTY MAGINN.

ANSWERS.

53. Foundation words:—*River, Ocean.* Cross words:—*RomeO, IsaaC, VanE, EvA, ReasoN.*
54. Chimney.
55. Caius Valerius Catullus.
56. Notwithstanding.
57. Argentine Republic.
58. The search for Sir John Franklin.
59. High tide on the coast of Lincolnshire.
60. Cambridge (K aim bridge).
61. Cashmere (Cash M ear).
62. Gibraltar (Jib R altar).
63. Salem (Sail M).
64. Rotterdam (R Otter Dam).
65. Bargain.
66. Indiana.
67. Fontainebleau.
68. Masters seldom believe in persuading, they usually rely on force; but the more fortunate use tact and prudence. [M (asters) (cell) (dumb-bell) (Eve) (inn) (purse wading) T (hay) (ewe) (shoe) (alley) (re) (lion) (fours); (butt) (tea) (he) (mower) (four ton) (eight) (ewes) (tack) t (and) P (rood) (ens)].
69. 1. King, ring. 2. Cat, rat. 3. Clown, crown. 4. Fool, pool. 5. Boy, joy. 6. Sinner, dinner. 7. Saint, paint.
70. 1. Iodine (Io, dine!) 2. Jonquil (John Quill). 3. Violin (Vile inn). 4. Woodcut (Would cut). 5. Proof-reader (Proof, reader!)

Puzzle in Letter Box.—

"He that hath a house to put his head in, hath a good headpiece."

A CORRESPONDENT, who signs himself "Joseph Alfred Clarence Erastus Daniel," asks why the bad boy of the good story-books is always called "James." He quotes Mr. Mark Twain, who, he says, commences one of his funny sketches something like this: "There was once a bad little boy, whose name was Jim, though, if you will notice it, bad little boys are usually called James, in your Sunday-school books. It was very curious, but it was nevertheless true, that this boy was called Jim."

He adds this verse, also, to show that "James" is thought a worse boy than "Tom" or "John":

"Tom was a bad boy, and beat a poor cat,
John put a stone in a blind man's hat;
JAMES was the boy who neglected his prayers,
And they've all grown up ugly, and nobody cares."

To give his own words: —

"I want to know, Mr. YOUNG FOLKS, why it is that those nice people who write treatises about 'Tailor boys, and how they became Presidents,' 'Bobbin boys, and how they became something-elses,' 'Tanner boys, and how they got to be Generals,' never ask themselves Romeo's conundrum, — 'What 's in a name?' — but take it for granted that Joseph is a good boy, Alfred a studious boy, Clarence an amiable boy, Erastus a laborious boy, and Daniel a real clever, smart boy; while always, always, always, James is the worst possible boy that can by any possibility be imagined?

"Why on earth were the ragamuffins who went about cutting off French gentlemen's heads, in the Dark Ages, and during the Reign of Terror, handed down to Time as the *Jacquerie* or *Jameses?* Why do good English Tories swear a prayer or two when they think of the *Jacobins* or *Jameses?*

"I want Mr. Young Folks to tell me the reason I have asked for.

"I suppose he 'll be putting me off with some such nonsensical historical answer, as that the Jacquerie were so named because their password was 'Jacques,' or that the Jacobins were the followers of Jacobus, or James; but I 'm a very cross boy when I get put out. I don't want any fooling. I just want to know the REASON."

As *Mr.* Young Folks is n't at home, we leave Joseph Alfred and So Forth's question to be settled by the Jameses themselves, who can doubtless send us a long roll of honorable names. We have heard many a "Charlie" charge his misfortunes to his name; perhaps the Neds and Jacks do the same thing. If our names grew up with us, or were given us when we are grown up, as boys used to have their "freedom suits" given them, there might be something in it.

WE have been greatly amused by "Alice's Adventures in Wonder-Land," — a reprint, by Lee and Shepard, of an English story. Alice's queer dream is sometimes painfully grotesque; yet the state of things it describes is a reality to many persons. For Alice only finds herself always too large or too small for the place she is in.

ONE of our contributors — we do not know whether she is willing to have her name made public or not — has written a pleasant story-book of New England and Southern Life, which is just published by G. W. Carleton, of New York. "Sibyl Huntington" describes the life of a young Vermont girl, and her struggles to obtain an education, in a way which many a school-girl of to-day will recognize as truthful, from her own experience. If anybody has a great deal of curiosity to know the author, turn over the back volumes of "Our Young Folks," and see who wrote the pathetic poem called "Margery Grey."

TEACHERS and scholars will be pleased with a nice little "Hand-book of Map-Drawing," published by E. H. Butler & Co., Philadelphia. The maps are accompanied by a few general questions, and a brief Descriptive Lesson of the United States.

"OUR OWN BIRDS" is the title of a small book issued by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Phila., which

will be useful to young readers who are interested in the birds that fly or sing around them. We have so few good books upon ornithology, so few that come within the means and the comprehension of ordinary boys and girls, that every new effort in this direction is to be welcomed. There is much interesting description and anecdote in this little volume.

For the sake of many mothers whose little ones have been won from their arms by the angels, we make room in the "Letter Box" for one bereaved mother's tender little poem about

CHILDREN.

Since gentle little Alice died,
Children to me are glorified.
Last year, as in my arms she lay,
I watched her fading day by day, —
Her face grew thin, and pale, and fair,
And when at last her golden hair
Was parted on her brow of snow,
And I was forced to let her go,
I thought my heart would break in twain,
But for the children that remain.

My darling sleeps through weary years;
Why should I wake her with my tears?
So reasons cold Philosophy.
But in the grave does Alice lie?
Thus questions my fond heart in vain,
From death the secret to obtain.

Children to me are a delight,
As are the blessed stars at night,
As buds in spring-time, flowers in June,
As running water 'neath the moon,
As waves of ocean 'gainst the shore,
When the tired boatman rests his oar, —
With lovely forms and artless grace,
With beaming eyes and rosy face,
Brimming with laughter, fun, and glee,
Or hushed in childish sympathy,
With raven tresses, golden curls,
God bless our little boys and girls!

A. S. T.

M. M. B. and others. — We have made no offer of prizes for puzzles since last January. By referring to the June number, you will see that these prizes were all awarded, and the puzzles printed in the same number. We do not pay for enigmas or other puzzles, except when we have made some special offer for prizes.

"Hitty Maginn," who was one of the winners last June, has an illustrated adjective rebus in the present number, — a new form of puzzle to us. In it the three degrees of comparison are given. We are inclined to think that this author originated the "Positive and Comparative" puzzle. Here are some specimens sent us by "Hitty" last spring; certainly the first we ever saw. Guess them, young folks.

Positive.	*Comparative.*
A falsehood.	A musical instrument.
A beverage.	A beverage.
A kind of wood.	A pugilist.
A disagreeable noise.	A meal.

Printer. — The real names of those who win the prizes for Composition will be published.

We shall at once set ourselves about examining the October fruit which the boys and girls have sent us. A large drawer-full of it is awaiting our leisure. Of course we do not expect these productions to be as ripe and perfect as if they grew on *brain-trees* twenty or thirty years old. But we look for some very nice compositions, nevertheless.

Allie V. recommends Bayard Taylor's "El Dorado" to some one who inquired in the Letter Box for a "nice, instructive book about California."

Lamp-Post says that the "Novelty" printing-press is the best for boys. It is made by R. O. Woods, 351 Federal Street, Boston. Another subscriber recommends one made by the "Lowe Press Company," Boston.

Annie E. S. asks, "Who introduced the game of croquet into this country? and how is 'Silver Chimes' played?"

A. C. has a question for croquet players: —

"The other night while playing croquet we had a dispute about a rule. The rule was 'No ball could hit a ball twice before going through a wicket.'

"The way it was is this: I knocked for a ball and hit it and croqueted it up by the wicket I was aiming for; then I knocked for my wicket, and hit that same ball as I went through. Am I dead for that time, or can I go ahead?" A. C.

"Our Letter Box" unlocks itself cheerfully to receive this pretty sketch of

BABY NELL.

Baby Nell is a queer little thing. She is three years old, yet we call her Baby Nell because she is the youngest, and the pet of the family. Everybody loves her, she is so cunning in all she does and says. You would laugh to see her toddling over the way, and hear one of her queer speeches, for you must know that Baby Nell is a Quaker, and quotes her "thee," and "thou," as correctly as Grandma Chesley herself. Now Baby Nell thinks a great deal of Grandma Chesley, who tells her how many poor people she has visited, how many tracts

she has given away, etc., etc.; and Baby Nell listens very quietly, for she well knows that a handful of candy, or a bunch of raisins, will reward her patient listening.

One day, Grandma Chesley visited a niece, who had recently received a tiny baby. Of course the baby was described for the benefit of Baby Nell. Its cunning little feet and hands, its blinking eyes, and red face, were talked over and over, until Baby Nell assured herself it was a real live baby, when she demurely asked, "*Grandma, did thee give it any tracts?*"

Hearing that a certain Elder had been moved to preach, she soon after began a long talk to her kitten. When reproved for making so much noise, she quickly replied, "I feel peach, and I must peach." An aunt dying, whom she loved dearly, she wept bitterly because she must be buried in the cold dark ground. She was told that auntie was not here, but had gone to heaven. Soon afterwards, she was found in the attic, alone, gazing from the window. When asked what she was doing, she replied, "Looking to see auntie go up to heaven, but I guess she 's got there, for I don't see anything of her."

In berry time Grandma took Baby Nell to visit a lady, whose berry-cakes are the wonder of all little folks. The lady was very glad to see the little girl, and her sweetest berries and nicest cream were used in her preparations for tea. Baby Nell did ample justice to the good things provided, and soon wished to repeat her visit.

"Mrs. E. is a nice lady, and thee should see her often," was the oft-repeated plea for another visit. As Grandma and the lady were intimate, little Nell's wish was soon gratified, and she was again seated at the lady's tea-table. But instead of berry cake, there was plain bread, instead of sugared fruit, a plate of sweet butter. Baby Nell's appetite was very poor, however, and she went home almost supperless.

"Wouldst thou like to visit the nice lady again, Nellie, dear?" asked Grandma, soon after.

"She 's a nice lady enough, Grandma, but I *guess thee had better wait until berry time*," was the quiet reply.

One thing Baby Nell likes very much, — to hear stories from "Our Young Folks." We told her about Kitty, and her gold pieces, and the fairy who showed her how to spend them, and how happy Kitty was after spending her money for the good of others.

Now Baby Nell has a pretty, round box, in which she puts all the money Grandma and others give her. From this little store she has been taught to give a piece whenever an object of charity presents itself.

When the poor woman needed medicine for her sick child, Baby Nell went for her box, but instead of one, *three* pieces were selected.

"Why give more than one?" asked Grandma.

"Because, Grandma, the more I give, the happier I shall be, and I want to be *three pieces* happy, like Kitty.

LIZZIE L. W.

EVA L. W. sent us the right answer to the Shakespeare rebus in the September number the day after publication. Who will be as prompt in finding the answer to this? It is in the first Act of Hamlet.

SISSY'S RIDE IN THE MOON.

DRAWN BY MISS M. A. HALLOCK.] [See the Poem.

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

An Illustrated Magazine

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

VOL. V. NOVEMBER, 1869. No. XI.

THE STORY OF A BAD BOY.

CHAPTER XX.

IN WHICH I PROVE MYSELF TO BE THE GRANDSON OF MY GRANDFATHER.

IT was not possible for a boy of my temperament to be a blighted being longer than three consecutive weeks.

I was gradually emerging from my self-imposed cloud when events transpired that greatly assisted in restoring me to a more natural frame of mind. I awoke from an imaginary trouble to face a real one.

I suppose you don't know what a financial crisis is? I will give you an illustration. You are deeply in debt — say to the amount of a quarter of a dollar — to the little knickknack shop round the corner, where they sell picture-papers, spruce-gum, needles, and Malaga raisins. A boy owes you a quarter of a dollar, which he promises to pay at a certain time. You are depending on this quarter to settle accounts with the small shop-keeper. The time arrives — and the quarter does n't. That 's a financial crisis, in one sense, — in twenty-five senses, if I may say so.

When this same thing happens, on a grander scale, in the mercantile world, it produces what is called a panic. One man's inability to pay his debts ruins another man, who, in turn, ruins some one else, and so on, until failure after failure makes even the richest capital-

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by FIELDS, OSGOOD, & CO., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

ist tremble. Public confidence is suspended, and the smaller fry of merchants are knocked over like tenpins.

These commercial panics occur periodically, after the fashion of comets and earthquakes and other disagreeable things. Such a panic took place in New Orleans in the year 18—, and my father's banking-house went to pieces in the crash.

Of a comparatively large fortune, nothing remained after paying his debts excepting a few thousand dollars, with which he proposed to return North and embark in some less hazardous enterprise. In the mean time it was necessary for him to stay in New Orleans to wind up the business.

My grandfather was in some way involved in this failure, and lost, I fancy, a considerable sum of money; but he never talked much on the subject. He was an unflinching believer in the spilt-milk proverb.

"It can't be gathered up," he would say, "and it's no use crying over it. Pitch into the cow and get some more milk, is my motto."

The suspension of the banking-house was bad enough, but there was an attending circumstance that gave us, at Rivermouth, a great deal more anxiety. The cholera, which some one predicted would visit the country that year, and which, indeed, had made its appearance in a mild form at several points along the Mississippi River, had broken out with much violence at New Orleans.

The report that first reached us through the newspapers was meagre and contradictory; many people discredited it; but a letter from my mother left us no room for doubt. The sickness was in the city. The hospitals were filling up, and hundreds of the citizens were flying from the stricken place by every steamboat. The unsettled state of my father's affairs made it imperative for him to remain at his post; his desertion at that moment would have been at the sacrifice of all he had saved from the general wreck.

As he would be detained in New Orleans at least three months, my mother declined to come North without him.

After this we awaited with feverish impatience the weekly news that came to us from the South. The next letter advised us that my parents were well, and that the sickness, so far, had not penetrated to the faubourg, or district, where they lived. The following week brought less cheering tidings. My father's business, in consequence of the flight of the other partners, would keep him in the city beyond the period he had mentioned. The family had moved to Pass Christian, a favorite watering-place on Lake Pontchartrain, near New Orleans, where he was able to spend part of each week. So the return North was postponed indefinitely.

It was now that the old longing to see my parents came back to me with irresistible force. I knew my grandfather would not listen to the idea of my going to New Orleans at such a dangerous time, since he had opposed the journey so strongly when the same objection did not exist. But I determined to go nevertheless.

I think I have mentioned the fact that all the male members of our family,

on my father's side, — as far back as the Middle Ages, — have exhibited in early youth a decided talent for running away. It was a hereditary talent. It ran in the blood to run away. I do not pretend to explain the peculiarity. I simply admit it.

It was not my fate to change the prescribed order of things. I, too, was to run away, thereby proving, if any proof were needed, that I was the grandson of my grandfather. I do not hold myself responsible for the step any more than I do for the shape of my nose, which is said to be a facsimile of Captain Nutter's.

When I look back now, I wonder how I had the heart to dream of stealing off from the old house and all the kindly souls it sheltered. The heart, I think, had nothing to do with it. It was a matter of destiny — and legs.

I have frequently noticed how circumstances conspire to help a man, or a boy, when he has thoroughly resolved on doing a thing. That very week the Rivermouth Barnacle printed an advertisement that seemed to have been written on purpose for me. It ran as follows: —

WANTED. — A FEW ABLE-BODIED SEAMEN and a Cabin-Boy, for the ship *Rawlings*, now loading for New Orleans at Johnson's Wharf, Boston. Apply in person, within four days, at the office of Messrs. —— —— & Co., or on board the Ship.

How I was to get to New Orleans with only $4.62 was a question that had been bothering me. This advertisement made it as clear as day. I would go as cabin-boy.

I had taken Pepper into my confidence again; I had told him the story of my love for Miss Glentworth, with all its harrowing details; and now conceived it judicious to confide in him the change about to take place in my life, so that, if the Rawlings went down in a gale, my friends might have the limited satisfaction of knowing what had become of me.

Pepper shook his head discouragingly, and sought in every way to dissuade me from the step. He drew a disenchanting picture of the existence of a cabin-boy, whose constant duty (according to Pepper) was to have dishes broken over his head whenever the captain or the mate chanced to be out of humor, which was mostly all the time. But nothing Pepper said could turn me a hair's-breadth from the project.

I had little time to spare, for the advertisement stated explicitly that applications were to be made in person within four days. I trembled to think of the bare possibility of some other boy snapping up that desirable situation.

It was on Monday that I stumbled upon the advertisement. On Tuesday my preparations were completed. My baggage — consisting of four shirts, half a dozen collars, a piece of shoemaker's wax (Heaven knows what for!) and seven stockings, wrapped in a silk handkerchief — lay hidden under a loose plank of the stable floor. This was my point of departure.

My plan was to take the last train for Boston, in order to prevent the possibility of immediate pursuit, if any should be attempted. The train left at 4 P. M.

I ate no breakfast and little dinner that day. I avoided the Captain's eye,

and would n't have looked Miss Abigail or Kitty in the face for the wealth of the Indies.

When it was time to start for the station I retired quietly to the stable and uncovered my bundle. I lingered a moment to kiss the white star on Gypsy's forehead, and was nearly unmanned when the little animal returned the caress by lapping my cheek. Twice I went back and patted her.

On reaching the station I purchased my ticket with a bravado air that ought to have aroused the suspicion of the ticket-master, and hurried to the car, where I sat fidgeting until the train shot out into the broad daylight.

Then I drew a long breath and looked about me. The first object that saluted my sight was Sailor Ben, four or five seats behind me, reading the Rivermouth Barnacle!

Reading was not an easy art to Sailor Ben; he grappled with the sense of a paragraph as if it were a polar-bear, and generally got the worst of it. On the present occasion he was having a hard struggle, judging by the way he worked his mouth and rolled his eyes. He had evidently not seen me. But what was he doing on the Boston train?

Without lingering to solve the question, I stole gently from my seat and passed into the forward car.

This was very awkward, having the Admiral on board. I could n't understand it at all. Could it be possible that the old boy had got tired of land and was running away to sea himself? That was too absurd. I glanced nervously towards the car door now and then, half expecting to see him come after me.

We had passed one or two way-stations, and I had quieted down a good deal, when I began to feel as if somebody was looking steadily at the back of my head. I turned round involuntarily, and there was Sailor Ben again, at the further end of the car, wrestling with the Rivermouth Barnacle as before.

I commenced to grow very uncomfortable indeed. Was it by design or chance that he thus dogged my steps? If he was aware of my presence, why did n't he speak to me at once? Why did he steal round, making no sign, like a particularly unpleasant phantom? Maybe it *was n't* Sailor Ben. I peeped at him slyly. There was no mistaking that tanned, genial phiz of his. Very odd he did n't see *me!*

Literature, even in the mild form of a country newspaper, always had the effect of poppies on the Admiral. When I stole another glance in his direction, his hat was tilted over his right eye in the most dissolute style, and the Rivermouth Barnacle lay in a confused heap beside him. He had succumbed. He was fast, fast asleep. If he would only keep asleep until we reached our destination!

By and by I discovered that the rear car had been detached from the train at the last stopping-place. This accounted satisfactorily for Sailor Ben's singular movements, and considerably calmed my fears. Nevertheless, I did not like the aspect of things.

The Admiral continued to snooze like a good fellow, and was snoring melodiously as we glided at a slackened pace over a bridge and into Boston.

I grasped my pilgrim's bundle, and, hurrying out of the car, dashed up the first street that presented itself.

It was a narrow, noisy, zigzag street, crowded with trucks and obstructed with bales and boxes of merchandise. I did n't pause to breathe until I had placed a respectable distance between me and the railway station. By this time it was nearly twilight.

I had got into the region of dwelling-houses, and was about to seat myself on a doorstep to rest, when, lo! there was the Admiral trundling along on the opposite sidewalk, under a full spread of canvas, as he would have expressed it.

I was off again in an instant at a rapid pace; but in spite of all I could do he held his own without any perceptible exertion. He had a very ugly gait to get away from, the Admiral. I did n't dare to run, for fear of being mistaken for a thief, a suspicion which my bundle would naturally lend color to.

I pushed ahead, however, at a brisk trot, and must have got over one or two miles, — my pursuer neither gaining nor losing ground, — when I concluded to surrender at discretion. I saw that Sailor Ben was determined to have me, and, knowing my man, I knew that escape was highly improbable.

So I turned round and waited for him to catch up with me, which he did in a few seconds, looking rather sheepish at first.

"Sailor Ben," said I, severely, "do I understand that you are dogging my steps?"

"Well, little messmate," replied the Admiral, rubbing his nose, which he always did when he was disconcerted, "I *am* kind o' followin' in your wake."

"Under orders?"

"Under orders."

"Under the Captain's orders?"

"Sure-ly."

"In other words, my grandfather has sent you to fetch me back to Rivermouth?"

"That 's about it," said the Admiral, with a burst of frankness.

"And I must go with you whether I want to or not?"

"The Capen's very identical words!"

There was nothing to be done. I bit my lips with suppressed anger, and signified that I was at his disposal, since I could n't help it. The impression was very strong in my mind that the Admiral would n't hesitate to put me in irons if I showed signs of mutiny.

It was too late to return to Rivermouth that night, — a fact which I communicated to the old boy sullenly, inquiring at the same time what he proposed to do about it.

He said we would cruise about for some rations, and then make a night of it. I did n't condescend to reply, though I hailed the suggestion of something to eat with inward enthusiasm, for I had not taken enough food that day to keep life in a canary.

We wandered back to the railway station, in the waiting-room of which was a kind of restaurant presided over by a severe-looking young lady. Here we had a cup of coffee apiece, several tough doughnuts, and some blocks of venerable sponge-cake. The young lady who attended on us, whatever her age was then, must have been a mere child when that sponge-cake was made.

The Admiral's acquaintance with Boston hotels was slight; but he knew of a quiet lodging-house near by, much patronized by sea-captains, and kept by a former friend of his.

In this house, which had seen its best days, we were accommodated with a lonesome chamber containing two cot-beds, two chairs, and a cracked pitcher on a washstand. The mantel-shelf was ornamented with three big pink conch-shells, resembling pieces of petrified liver; and over these hung a cheap lurid print, in which a United States sloop-of-war was giving a British frigate particular fits. It is very strange how our own ships never seem to suffer any in these terrible engagements. It shows what a nation we are.

An oil-lamp on a deal-table cast a dismal glare over the apartment, which was cheerless in the extreme. I thought of our sitting-room at home, with

its flowery wall-paper and gay curtains and soft lounges; I saw Major Elkanah Nutter (my grandfather's father) in powdered wig and Federal uniform, looking down benevolently from his gilt frame between the bookcases; I pictured the Captain and Miss Abigail sitting at the cosey round table in the moon-like glow of the astral lamp; and then I fell to wondering how they would receive me when I came back. I wondered if the Prodigal Son had any idea that his father was going to kill the fatted calf for him, and how he felt about it, on the whole.

Though I was very low in spirits, I put on a bold front to Sailor Ben, you will understand. To be caught and caged in this manner was a frightful shock to my vanity. He tried to draw me into conversation; but I answered in icy monosyllables. He again suggested we should make a night of it, and hinted broadly that he was game for any amount of riotous dissipation, even to the extent of going to see a play if I wanted to. I declined haughtily. I was dying to go.

He then threw out a feeler on the subject of dominos and checkers, and observed in a general way that "seven up" was a capital game; but I repulsed him at every point.

I saw that the Admiral was beginning to feel hurt at my systematic coldness. We had always been such hearty friends until now. It was too bad of me to fret that tender, honest old heart even for an hour. I really did love the ancient boy, and when, in a disconsolate way, he ordered up a pitcher of beer, I unbent so far as to partake of some in a teacup. He recovered his spirits instantly, and took out his cuddy clay pipe for a smoke.

Between the beer and the soothing fragrance of the navy-plug, I fell into a pleasanter mood myself, and, it being too late now to go to the theatre, I condescended to say, — addressing the northwest corner of the ceiling, — that "seven up" *was* a capital game. Upon this hint the Admiral disappeared, and returned shortly with a very dirty pack of cards.

As we played, with varying fortunes, by the flickering flame of the lamp, he sipped his beer and became communicative. He seemed immensely tickled by the fact that I had come to Boston. It leaked out presently that he and the Captain had had a wager on the subject.

The discovery of my plans and who had discovered them were points on which the Admiral refused to throw any light. They had been discovered, however, and the Captain had laughed at the idea of my running away. Sailor Ben, on the contrary, had stoutly contended that I meant to slip cable and be off. Whereupon the Captain offered to bet him a dollar that I would n't go. And it was partly on account of this wager that Sailor Ben refrained from capturing me when he might have done so at the start.

Now, as the fare to and from Boston, with the lodging expenses, would cost him at least five dollars, I did n't see what he gained by winning the wager. The Admiral rubbed his nose violently when this view of the case presented itself.

I asked him why he did n't take me from the train at the first stopping-place and return to Rivermouth by the down train at 4.30. He explained:

having purchased a ticket for Boston, he considered himself bound to the owners (the stockholders of the road) to fulfil his part of the contract!

This struck me as being so deliciously funny, that after I was in bed and the light was out, I could n't help laughing aloud once or twice. I suppose the Admiral must have thought I was meditating another escape, for he made periodical visits to my bed throughout the night, satisfying himself by kneading me all over that I had n't evaporated.

I was all there, however, the next morning, when Sailor Ben half awakened me by shouting merrily, "All hands on deck!" The words rang in my ears like a part of my own dream, for I was at that instant climbing up the side of the Rawlings to offer myself as cabin-boy for the voyage.

The Admiral was obliged to shake me two or three times before he could detach me from the dream. I opened my eyes with effort, and stared stupidly round the room. Bit by bit my real situation dawned on me. What a sickening sensation that is, when one is in trouble, to wake up feeling free for a moment, and then to find yesterday's sorrow all ready to go on again!

"Well, little messmate, how fares it?"

I was too much depressed to reply. The thought of returning to Rivermouth chilled me. How could I face Captain Nutter, to say nothing of Miss Abigail and Kitty? How the Temple Grammar School boys would look at me! How Conway and Seth Rodgers would exult over my mortification! And what if the Rev. Wibird Hawkins should allude to me publicly, as "an awful example of total depravity," in his next Sunday's sermon? Sailor Ben was wise in keeping an eye on me, for after these thoughts took possession of my mind, I wanted only the opportunity to give him the slip.

The keeper of the lodgings did not supply meals to his guests; so we breakfasted at a small chop-house in a crooked street on our way to the cars. The city was not astir yet, and looked glum and careworn in the damp morning atmosphere.

Here and there as we passed along was a sharp-faced shop-boy taking down shutters; and now and then we met a seedy man who had evidently spent the night in a doorway. Such early birds and a few laborers with their tin kettles were the only signs of life to be seen until we came to the station, where I insisted on paying for my own ticket. I did n't relish being conveyed from place to place, like a felon changing prisons, at somebody else's expense.

On entering the car I sunk into a seat next the window, and Sailor Ben deposited himself beside me, cutting off all chance of escape.

The car filled up soon after this, and I wondered if there was anything in my mien that would lead the other passengers to suspect I was a boy who had run away and was being brought back.

A man in front of us — he was near-sighted, as I discovered later by his reading a guide-book with his nose — brought the blood to my cheeks by turning round and peering at me steadily. I rubbed a clear spot on the cloudy window-glass at my elbow, and looked out to avoid him.

There, in the travellers' room, was the severe-looking young lady piling up her blocks of sponge-cake in alluring pyramids and industriously intrenching herself behind a breastwork of squash-pie. I saw with cynical pleasure numerous victims walk up to the counter and recklessly sow the seeds of death in their constitutions by eating her doughnuts. I had got quite interested in her, when the whistle sounded and the train began to move.

The Admiral and I did not talk much on the journey. I stared out of the window most of the time, speculating as to the probable nature of the reception in store for me at the terminus of the road.

What would the Captain say? and Mr. Grimshaw, what would he do about it? Then I thought of Pepper Whitcomb. Dire was the vengeance I meant to wreak on Pepper, for who but he had betrayed me? Pepper alone had been the repository of my secret, — perfidious Pepper!

As we left station after station behind us, I felt less and less like encountering the members of our family. Sailor Ben fathomed what was passing in my mind, for he leaned over and said, —

"I don't think as the Capen will bear down very hard on you."

But it was n't that. It was n't the fear of any physical punishment that might be inflicted; it was a sense of my own folly that was creeping over me; for during the long, silent ride I had examined my conduct from every stand-point, and there was no view I could take of myself in which I did not look like a very foolish person indeed.

As we came within sight of the spires of Rivermouth, I would n't have cared if the up train, which met us outside the town, had run into us and ended me.

Contrary to my expectation and dread, the Captain was not visible when we stepped from the cars. Sailor Ben glanced among the crowd of faces, apparently looking for him too. Conway was there, — he was always hanging about the station, — and if he had intimated in any way that he knew of my disgrace and enjoyed it, I should have walked into him, I am certain.

But this defiant feeling entirely deserted me by the time we reached the Nutter House. The Captain himself opened the door.

"Come on board, sir," said Sailor Ben, scraping his left foot and touching his hat sea-fashion.

My grandfather nodded to Sailor Ben, somewhat coldly I thought, and much to my astonishment kindly took me by the hand.

I was unprepared for this, and the tears, which no amount of severity would have wrung from me, welled up to my eyes.

The expression of my grandfather's face, as I glanced at it hastily, was grave and gentle; there was nothing in it of anger or reproof. I followed him into the sitting-room, and, obeying a motion of his hand, seated myself on the sofa. He remained standing by the round table for a moment, lost in thought, then leaned over and picked up a letter.

It was a letter with a great black seal.

T. B. Aldrich.

THE FIRST NEW ENGLAND THANKSGIVING.

"ANOTHER piece of turkey, please, and some stuffing; I *love* stuffing, and ma always makes hers so nice. O yes! I can find room for mince-pie directly."

Of course it was Thanksgiving. The snow was beating against the windows, sifting in under the door, and drifting across the roadway. At the rate it was falling and drifting, the railroads would be blocked before night. No matter, Uncle Peter and Aunt Susan had arrived by the morning train; Uncle Fred and Aunt Maria, with Cousin Will and the twins, had come over in the wagon; and everybody that was not wanted to cook the dinner had been to church and returned, stamping off the snow at the doorstep, as hungry as hunters. Then ma bustled about, and presently she came into the sitting-room with her face as warm and red as a peony, and said, "Come, folks, dinner 's ready," and out we all went into the dining-room, and there do you believe was the *biggest* turkey you ever saw! Grandma lifted her hands and exclaimed, "Well, if that *is n't* a Thanksgiving turkey, I declare!"

"Is n't it a beauty?" said ma, and then we young ones clapped our hands, and all had to say something about the turkey.

If we did n't feast on that turkey! Cousin Will got the wishbone and broke it with our Mary, and he got the wish. We all asked what his wish was, but he said he would tell Mary some day, and she blushed. Then we had mince-pie. Grandma said it was real nice pie, and ma said, "It ought to be nice, for you taught me how to make it," and it *was* nice. Then we had games, and forfeits, and cider, and apples, and a real good time, although the wind did whistle in the chimney and shake the shutters, and the snow beat against the window almost like hail. Dear, dear, what a long time ago that was!

I remember Aunt Susan asked grandma if they used to have Thanksgivings when she was young. "Why, bless me, my dear, yes," said she, "and ever so long before. I don't know when the first Thanksgiving was." And Uncle Peter did n't know, nor did Uncle Fred, and Pa said he had heard it talked about once, but those who discussed it seemed uncertain about the date and occasion. So the matter was given up. But it is scarcely right that young Americans should be ignorant of the origin of one of the most important days in their year, and the readers of Our Young Folks, at all events, shall be so no longer.

The Pilgrim Fathers landed in December. It was an unusually mild winter for that part of the country. There was little snow, but there were many cold rain-storms. Mild as was the weather, they suffered greatly from exposure and hardships. The men travelled through the woods for days, oftentimes drenched with rain that froze upon their clothing, and they slept in the open air at night, until a place had been found on which to make

their settlement. Then they worked busily, cutting down trees, sawing them to proper lengths, and hewing them into shape for building log-houses. All this time they slept under such miserable shelter as they could make with boughs of trees and reeds, the women and children and some of the sick men remaining on board the ship.

It was perilous as well as laborious to collect materials for building. Those who went to the woods for logs, and others who went to the streams for reeds and flags with which to thatch the roofs, took with them their breast-plates of iron, their heavy swords, and their still heavier muskets, that were rested on the forked head of a staff when fired. Sometimes a strange noise among the trees would make them drop axe and saw, hastily buckle on their jackets of iron, gird on their swords, place their heavy muskets on the rests, and kindle the matches with which to touch off the charges.

In this work the military experience of Miles Standish became of service. He was a tough campaigner, more than half of whose thirty-seven years had been spent in knocking about the world as a soldier of fortune. His trade was fighting, and the smell of powder was a scent delightful to his nostrils. He had roughed it too much in Flanders to be troubled about tramping around in rain and mud, or sleeping in the open air in midwinter; and as for fearing a half-naked Indian, had he not knocked in the head many a steel-clad Spaniard, more formidable and ferocious than a dozen painted savages? With his rough manners and camp phrases, the sturdy little captain was not exactly the kind of man the peace-loving and devout Pilgrims would have chosen as one of their number under other circumstances; nor were their precise ways altogether according to his fancy; but they needed his courage and military experience, and he admired their sturdy independence, and was moved by his love of adventure to share their perils in the American wilderness. Besides, he had been smitten by the charms of a Rose that bloomed among the English Puritans in Leyden, and in making her his wife was content to link his fortunes with those of her friends. So Captain Miles Standish trained his companions in the use of the broadsword, taught them how to handle quickly and fire the matchlock and the snaphance, and boasted that in a little while he would make them fit to meet twice their number of Spaniards, let alone a lot of howling savages with no armor but a skin, and no weapons better than a bow and arrows with heads of brass and deer's horns.

At first was built the common house, for the shelter of all on shore, until the separate dwellings could be built, and then for meetings. Next a small hospital for the sick, of whom there were several, a shed for the provisions, and then dwellings arranged along a street leading from the crown of the hill to the water. Roughly squared logs, with the chinks daubed with clay, formed the sides; the roofs were thatched with reeds, and the window spaces filled with paper soaked in linseed oil, instead of with glass. As the town grew into existence it needed a name, and by common consent it was called New Plymouth, Old Plymouth being the last place in which they had trodden the soil of England, and there, during their stay, they had found kind treatment.

The land along the main street had been divided into nineteen lots, for the nineteen heads of families, and it was intended to build a dwelling-house on each. But there was no occasion for so many houses. Their long confinement on shipboard, the salt diet to which they had been confined, and the exposure to cold and rain after landing, brought on diseases that swept like a pestilence through the band of Pilgrims. Nine days after the landing, in the midst of a terrible storm that prevented communication between the ship and those on shore, died Richard Britteridge. His was the first funeral at Plymouth, some of the mourners hastily filling in the grave, whilst others stood to their arms in fear of an attack by Indians. Three days afterwards died Solomon Prower, and a few days later Diggory Priest was dead. Christopher Martin fell sick and died after a very short illness, and next Rose Standish, the young wife of the sturdy Captain, was struck down by the pestilence and buried in the graveyard, which now gave promise of being more populous than the street. Then the pestilence raged with full sway. Two or three died in a day. Those who escaped death were mostly stretched helplessly sick, many with their limbs stiffened and racked with excruciating pains. At one time but seven out of the whole company were able to move about.

Never in his Flanders campaigning had Miles Standish been so busy a man as now. Hewing down huge trees; rending and chopping them into building-logs and firewood; snatching up arms and armor and gathering his few comrades in fighting order at every suspicious sound; passing from house to house, with the venerable Elder Brewster, to tend the sick, with the deftness acquired on the battle-field, or to prepare for the burial of the dead; toiling with the few able to aid him in landing and mounting the cannon for the protection of the settlement; and taking advantage of the first pleasant days to break ground around his house and plant a few garden-seeds for pot-herbs, — the sturdy soldier had no leisure moments for his own personal sorrows. He never desponded, and his bluff cheeriness was better than medicine to many a sick comrade.

All this time they were unmolested by Indians. Since the fight between a roving band and the exploring party from the ship, before the landing at Plymouth, there had been no hostile demonstration. Indians hovered about, watching with curiosity and dread the work of building the village, but fearing to come near, and fleeing on the approach of a white man. A superstitious belief was the cause of this terror.

Three years before the landing of the Pilgrims a French ship was cast away on Cape Cod. The crew reached land only to meet a fate worse than drowning. The Indians stood on the shore and killed them as they were thrown up by the waves, — all but three, whom they made slaves. Two were ransomed by an English explorer; the third was retained in captivity until death ended his sufferings. As he lay dying, he told the Indians that God was angry with them for their wickedness; that he would destroy them and give their land to a strange people, who would be clothed, and not live like beasts as they did. They mocked him and derided his prophecy. "It is false," said they. "We are great and powerful. We are not afraid

of the Great Spirit. He cannot kill us. We are too many." But the Frenchman said God was powerful, and though they were in number as the sands of the sea or the trees in the forest, he had many ways to destroy them they knew not of, and could kill them all.

He was scarcely dead when a dreadful pestilence broke out among them, the like of which they had never seen. With the falling leaves they fell in great numbers, and when winter came but a miserable remnant was left of the powerful tribe. Then came the Englishmen. At the first meeting the Indians thought to sweep them away, and with loud yells shot their arrows at the strangers. But the weapons passed harmlessly by. Then some of the English fired their matchlocks, but without effect. The Indians were astonished at their adversaries bringing thunder and lightning to their aid; but they were not to be driven back by thunder that cracked feebly, and lightning that did not strike. They fired another volley of arrows. Then Miles Standish stepped forward a few paces, rested his musket on its staff and took aim at the chief, who was partially hidden by a tree. The shot struck the Indian's arm, and with a loud yell of terror he fled, followed by the whole band.

Now they remembered the prediction of the Frenchman, and were filled with dread that these were the people who were to possess their land. The medicine-men, or conjurers, of the tribe were called together, and for three days they performed their horrid incantations in a dark and dismal swamp, cursing the strangers and calling on their gods and demons to drive the intruders from the land. But the incantations were in vain, and towards spring the medicine-men told the chiefs it was the will of the Great Spirit they should be friends with the white men.

It was well for the sick and enfeebled settlers that during their worst weakness the Indians were prevented by superstitious terror from coming near and discovering their true condition. It was well, too, that when the Indians resolved to be friends with them, the sick had mostly recovered so far as to be about, though still feeble.

In February Miles Standish was chosen Captain, and at once set about organizing into military order all the men fit for duty. The cannon were landed and planted in the best places for the protection of the town. The great guns — minions and sakers, carrying from four to six pound shot — were placed on the hill and commanded the street to the water. The smaller cannon — bases carrying five or six ounce balls — were placed before the houses of the Governor and Captain. "Now," said the Captain, "we are ready for the rascals." The work was scarcely done when reports came in of the approach of the savages. For days they hung around, and one or two ventured in. At last, one fair warm morning in March, there was a great stir in the settlement. The Indians had appeared in force on a neighboring hill, — sixty warriors headed by their king, Massasoit. There was hasty buckling on of armor and gathering up of swords and muskets. With trumpet and drum the troops of Captain Miles Standish were ordered into rank. The women and children hid themselves in the houses. But

the alarm was unfounded. In accordance with the advice of the medicine-men and the determination of the council, King Massasoit and his warriors had come to make a treaty of peace. So the warlike preparations were converted into a military display in honor of the distinguished visitor.

Captain Standish with six musketeers in their breastplates, and shouldering their heavy pieces, escorted the Indian king and twenty of his warriors, some of whom were clad in skins and others naked, but all painted and oiled, the king being distinguished from the others by a heavy necklace of bone beads. They were marched into an empty house, just completed, and Massasoit was seated on a green rug, reserved for state occasions. Some of the other Indians were placed on cushions.

With trumpet blowing and drum beating, and followed by a few musketeers, entered Governor Carver, wan and feeble, — for a deadly sickness had already laid hold on him, — but keeping a stately deportment. He seated himself by the Indian king, upon the rug, kissing his hand to him by way of salute and being in return embraced and kissed. Captain Miles Standish ran his eye anxiously along his men, some of whom were so feeble that the heavy breastplate and musket severely taxed their strength to carry.

After drinking and eating together, a treaty of friendship and alliance was made, which lasted while those who made it lived. With ceremonies like those with which the meeting was begun it was now ended, and the Indians took their departure, glad enough to get out of the company of the fearful weapons that sent invisible death to any distance, and which they eyed with trembling fear during the whole conference.

Towards the middle of March the birds sang sweetly in the woods, — a joyful sound, for it told of the coming spring. At noon came their first experience of an American thunder-storm, — "strong and great claps, but short, but after an hour it rained very sadly till midnight." A few days later every man that could handle a spade was breaking ground to prepare for the first crop.

From the Indians they had obtained some corn, and, under the guidance of an Indian, twenty acres were set with this; six acres more were sown with barley and peas, — the whole being manured with fish scooped up from the stream. The seed was sown with many prayers, for on the success of that crop depended the fate of the colony. The supply brought with them from England would have soon been exhausted, but for the reduction of their numbers by the pestilence. The game which they expected to kill proved at first very shy, and they were but indifferent hunters. Owing to an unfortunate omission to bring small hooks their success in fishing was equally poor. A failure of the crop, in the possible event of inability to get supplies in time from England, would result in starvation.

With the coming of spring the sickness decreased. Of the hundred and one Pilgrims who arrived in Cape Cod harbor in November about half were dead by April. The Mayflower lay in port with but half her crew, the pestilence having treated crew and passengers alike. But now the mortality ceased. The sick and lame recovered, and despondency gave way to hope.

Whatever thoughts of returning were indulged in during the height of sickness were now banished. The sails of the Mayflower were hoisted once more, and from his battery on the hill-top Captain Miles Standish gave her a parting salute, as she sailed away with cheering letters for England, but with not a single passenger.

The summer months passed quietly by, the colonists busily engaged in building, clearing land, and watching the crops. The peas were a failure. They came up well, blossomed, and then were parched under the fierce July sun. The barley was thin, but moderately thrifty. The corn was strong, green, and promised well. There was reason to hope for a good harvest.

In August the peace of the colony was rudely disturbed. Word came that the friendly Indian king, Massasoit, had been driven from his home by a rebel chief named Corbitant, and that the Indian messengers sent by the Pilgrims had been imprisoned by Corbitant, who threatened them with death. A solemn council of the colonists was called. Elder Brewster, the leader of the flock, pleaded earnestly against bloodshed. He thought an appeal to the consciences of the rebellious Indians would be effective. William Bradford, who had been elected governor on the death of Carver, hesitated to counsel war, yet doubted the efficacy of Elder Brewster's policy. Each of the members of the council spoke his mind, some counselling this, some that, but all shrinking from advising warlike action. Then Captain Miles Standish started to his feet in anger. "You are men of the Bible," said he, "but I am a man of the sword. I will talk to these savages through my muskets, and they will then listen quietly to your sermons. Give me a dozen men, and the rest can pray for our success whilst we march and fight."

Next morning he started out with fourteen men, well armed, in a heavy rain. At night they lost their way, and wet, weary of marching all day in cumbrous armor and carrying heavy arms, they sat down in the woods greatly discouraged. But the trail was again found, and they made a sudden attack on the Indian village, capturing or putting to flight all the rebellious Indians, and from the centre of the village Miles Standish proclaimed the intention of the Pilgrims to reinstate Massasoit, and to protect all those who should prove the friends of the white men. The news of this successful attack and the proclamation of the dreaded white chief soon spread, and before many days the chiefs of all the surrounding country came in, professing friendship and asking for treaties of alliance.

Under these favorable circumstances the first harvest was gathered. With joyful hearts they secured the bountiful crop of Indian corn which had ripened in the fierce heats of August and the warm haze of September. As they looked on the heaped-up stores, — the first-fruits of the soil of their new home, — their hearts swelled with thankfulness that the Lord had so mercifully cared for them, and that, though sorely smitten with pestilence, they were now blessed with health, peace, and freedom from the dread of famine.

Mindful of the Providence to whom those blessings were due, Governor Bradford proclaimed a solemn Thanksgiving feast, and ordered that preparations should be made for celebrating it with such festivities as were in their power. Four men were despatched into the woods to shoot wild-fowl, and though the game had been scanty throughout the summer, the four sportsmen returned at night staggering under their burden of turkeys and other wild-fowl, great and small, sufficient to provision the whole settlement an entire week. There was rare work among the good wives of the Pilgrims, plucking and dressing the game, pounding corn and baking it, getting out and polishing the tin and pewter table services brought from England and Holland, and scrubbing the wooden trenchers that served the poorer Pilgrims in place of tin or pewter.

The roar of one of the great guns on the hill-top announced the commencement of Thanksgiving. Then, in the different dwellings and over fires lit in the open air, began the work of roasting and boiling. The air was before long savory with the steam of turkeys turning on strings before the fire, and of smaller birds fizzing on spits or dancing in bubbling pots.

There was a rattle of drums, and every man caught up his musket or firelock and hurried to the house of the Captain, falling into line as he arrived. When all had assembled the sergeant stepped forward, and the men, three abreast, with firearms shouldered, marched orderly and silently towards the meeting-house. Behind came Governor Bradford, in his long robe of office, walking gravely, as befitted a governor. On his right hand went the venerable Elder Brewster, in his preacher's cloak, bearing the Bible reverently in his hands. On the Governor's left walked Captain Miles Standish, his heavy armor laid aside for a short cloak, his trusty sword at his side, and a small cane in his hand as a mark of office. Proudly he watched the firm tread, sturdy frames, and serviceable weapons of the little troop before him, and was half regretful that among the subjects for the day's thanksgivings was the blessing of peace with all the tribes about them. It was almost a pity so many good muskets should be used only in shooting wild-fowl.

The sermon of Elder Brewster was appropriate to the occasion. Never was he known to preach a better discourse, or a shorter one, though it would be thought very long now, especially if the steam of roasting turkeys tickled the noses of preacher and congregation, as it did then. The services over, the procession marched back again, the troop saluted the Governor and were dismissed, and then came in the real business of the day.

It *was* a Thanksgiving dinner, and no mistake about it. To be sure the tables were of the rudest, and there was not much display, nor were there many little delicacies that can often be found now on Thanksgiving tables. But the turkey was there, and so were a number of other birds, great and small, roasted and boiled, and broiled over the embers. There was corn-bread, and several little knickknacks such as the skilful housewives could make up out of the materials at hand. Nor were the tables altogether wanting in display. Some families had brought a few household relics from their English homes, and these were set out to do honor to the day of rejoicing.

MUD PIES.

Drawn by W. H. Davenport.]

[See the Poem.

The dinner over and the relics cleared away, the thoughts of the Pilgrims turned to the homes they had left. As the evening closed in, they trod in fancy the green lanes of England or the busy streets of Leyden. They sang the psalms and songs that had been sung around their English firesides, and mingled memories of the past with thankfulness for the present and hope for the future.

Hark! An Indian shout, followed by a challenge from one of the guard! A sharp rattle of a drum, and every man grasped his firelock and rushed out in alarm. Nearly a hundred savages were pouring into the village with shouts and cries. There was no occasion for alarm. It was Massasoit and his band, coming in to thank the white men for their assistance and to share their festivities. They brought with them five deer and a good supply of other game, as their contribution to the feast.

So the Thanksgiving feasting was continued another day. By daybreak the fires were again set going, and the work of roasting, broiling, and boiling was resumed. This time venison was added to the turkey, and the Pilgrims smacked their lips with delight over this unusual food.

Whilst the feast was preparing, the Indians performed their dances, startling the white men and frighting the women with their wild yells and fierce gestures. When they rested, Captain Standish called out his troops in full armor and put them through their military exercises, winding up with the discharge of a volley from their muskets, and a salute from the great cannon on the hill-top and the little cannon before the Governor's door. The crash of the musketry and the roar of the cannon terrified the savages, and they begged the "great Captain" that he would not thunder again, lest he should kill them all.

On the third day the feasting was resumed, the Indian hunters going out before daybreak, and returning early with game for the day's feast. A council-fire was built, and around it speeches were made, and new pledges of friendship exchanged. Then with great ceremony Massasoit took leave of the Governor, his friend the great Captain, and the other chief men of the town. Captain Standish, with his troop of musketeers, escorted the Indians a little way out of the town and gave them a parting salute.

Thus, with prayers and feasting, with godly psalms and Indian dances, with joyous songs, roaring cannon, and English shouts mingling cheerily with Indian whoops, was celebrated the First New England Thanksgiving.

J. H. A. Bone.

SISSY'S RIDE IN THE MOON.

WHAT if I climbed the mountain tall,
And could see the moon close by?
My papa says it is not so small
As it looks, 'way off in the sky.

Maybe it comes so near, up there,
That it touches the mountain side;
And what if it has a door somewhere?
Then I could get in and ride.

Away I 'd go, — 'way up in the sky
To the house of the angels, where
All the dear little babies that die
With the white, white angels are.

And then I would coax our Baby May
Into the moon with me,
And we 'd sail away, and sail away,
As happy as we could be.

We would reach our hands out either side,
And gather the stars close by;
And, after a while, the moon would slide
To the other edge of the sky.

Soon as it reached the mountain there,
We would both get out of the moon,
And call papa, who would know just where
To come, and would find us soon.

And then he would see little Baby May,
And would take her upon his arm,
And hold my hand, and we 'd walk away
Down the hills to papa's farm.

Then mamma would see us coming, I know,
And run to the gate and say,
"Why, little Sissy! where did you go?"
And then she would see little May, —

And then she would laugh, — O, it makes me cry,
To think how glad she would be!
She would say, "Who has been 'way up in the sky
To get my baby for me?"

"It was little Sissy," papa would say,
"She went in the moon to-night,
And found little May, and coaxed her away
From the angels all so white."

Then mamma would kiss me, and call me good,
And we 'd all go in at the door,
And have some supper; and May never would
Go up in the sky any more.

Annette Bishop.

LITTLE BARBARA.

DO you remember the pretty old nursery story of the Babes in the Wood? Well, there are other *new* stories of little lost children quite as pretty as that one, and true too. Here is one that I heard somewhere not long ago.

There were three young children who lived in a cottage in a very lonely place. It was so quiet a place that sometimes for days together they never saw any other faces except their own and their father's and mother's; especially in winter, when the snow lay deep upon the ground. Often, then, not a sound would be heard from morning to night, and not a footstep would pass their door.

The little house stood high upon a hillside, and in these lonely days the children would sometimes say to one another, "I wish we lived down in the village; it would be so much merrier there." And they would often go about a quarter of a mile from the cottage, where they could see a good way down the hill, and would stand there watching the little specks of people below, and wondering what every one was doing, and thinking that it must be very pleasant, when the snow lay so deep that they could not play out in the wood, to have the nice village street to run about in, and to be able to look through the cottage windows at the bright fires blazing within. In the summer they never longed to go to the village, for then they had plenty of delights at home. They were very poor, — so poor that they often had not bread enough to eat, nor clothes enough to keep them warm, but yet in the summer they were always happy. It did not matter to them, then, that their little frocks were thin, and their little shoes worn; it hardly seemed to matter even that their porridge came so soon to an end, and that the potatoes at dinner seemed never to be enough for all of them; for were there not always wild fruits in the wood, and thousands of red and purple berries good to eat? They used to eat them by the hour together;

and by the hour together, too, they would gather the beautiful wild wood-flowers and play with them, and make chains and garlands of them, sitting on the grass or on the moss at the roots of the great trees. They would often spend the whole of long summer days like this, never wandering so far away from home but that their mother's voice could reach them if she stood at the outskirts of the wood and called, but yet often out of sight for hours together, hidden by the thick branches, or sometimes almost buried amidst the brushwood and the long green grass. "Some day I should like to walk straight forward, whole miles into the forest," the eldest of the children would say sometimes to her mother; but the mother would always very cautiously shake her head. "*I* have lived here for ten years, my dear," she would answer, "and I have never once been for miles into the forest."

They were two girls and a boy. The eldest girl, Barbara, was four years older than the others; she was almost nine. The other girl came next,—a little thing of five, called Lizzy; and then came the boy, David, who was scarcely four. The two young ones were always given into Barbara's charge when they went for their long play-days into the wood, and a very tender, careful nurse she was to them. She was a sweet-tempered, thoughtful, sensible little thing, with a grave, pretty face, and curious womanly ways, such as the children of poor people often get when they are very young. She was so used to having her mother depend upon her, and trust in her watchfulness and good sense, that I think for nearly a couple of years back she had almost forgotten that she was a child, and had got to have quite the staid manners of a grown-up person. "I don't know what I should do without Barbara," the mother would often gratefully say.

It had been summer, but the summer was almost gone, and the leaves were all yellow in the wood, and the days were getting cold. The children liked the early part of autumn dearly, for the fruits were ripest then, and the flowers brightest; but when the days began to grow very short, and November winds blew, and dead leaves lay thick on the damp ground, then it was sometimes rather dreary in the forest, and they were often glad to come home, and play instead by their own fireside.

"It will soon be winter now in real earnest," the mother said, one evening when they had been forced to close the cottage door because the wind blew in so coldly; and she sighed as she said it, for the winter often brought them hard times, and both she and the children would have had it summer always if they could.

It had been a raw wintry day. For several hours rain had been falling, and then after the rain there came a sudden frost, that made all the ground almost as slippery as glass. They sat waiting in the firelight for the father to come home. They looked for him always soon after nightfall, but to-night it had been quite dark for more than an hour, and yet he had not come. Again and again the mother went to the door to listen for him, but there was no sound of any step coming near. It was almost eight o'clock before he came at last, limping painfully up the steep path.

"I 've fallen down and hurt my knee. I thought I should never get home," he called out to his wife as soon as he got near.

He was quite white and faint when he came into the cottage. "I slipped when I was two thirds up the hill," he said. "I 've been trying to crawl on ever since. I don't know if I 've broken a bone, or what it is, — but I 'm glad to have got home at last."

His wife got him to bed, and bathed and bandaged the knee, and after a time he had less pain.

"I dare say I 've only given it a twist," he said, presently, "and maybe it will be well by morning."

But when morning came the pain had come back, and the limb was swollen and useless. All that day he lay in bed, and by night-time he was very feverish. They had yet sent for no doctor, for, poor as they were, and living in such a solitary place, they rarely thought of sending for one when they were ill, but doctored themselves as they best could. But now the poor wife began to get frightened. Her husband tossed about on his bed all night, and the more restless he was, the more he suffered, for every movement that he made sharpened his pain.

She sat up with him all the night, and then in the morning at last she said to Barbara, —

"You must go down to the village, and ask Mr. Dickson to come and see him, for I 'm sure he 's getting worse."

So little Barbara put on her bonnet and cloak and prepared to go upon her errand.

It was a dull, cold morning, — very cold. The frost had passed away now, but there were leaden clouds over the sky that seemed to promise snow, and the wind was very cutting and keen.

"You might take the children with you as far as to Mrs. Pope's," the mother said as Barbara was putting on her bonnet, "and call for them again as you come back. Tell Mrs. Pope about your father, and say I 'd be obliged if she 'd take care of them for an hour or two."

Then Barbara dressed the little ones too, and they set out.

"I 'll be back, mother, as soon as ever I can," she said as she left the house.

It was about twelve o'clock of a November morning. The cottage at which Barbara was to leave the children was only about a mile away, standing, as their own did, close to the forest. It was a house to which they often went, for the people who lived in it — an old man and his wife — were their nearest neighbors, and very kind and good-natured ones. It was no uncommon thing, when the mother sent Barbara on any message to the village, for her to leave her little brother and sister here to rest while she went on by herself the two miles farther; and the whole little journey to the village and back — six miles in all — used to be made easily by her in about three hours. To-day, as she left home at twelve o'clock, she ought to be back, if she did not linger, — and on such a day she was sure not to linger, — soon after three. But when three o'clock arrived, she had not returned. About four o'clock the doctor came, and the mother, half uneasy by this time, said to him, —

"Did you not overtake my little girls coming home?"

No, he answered, he had seen nobody.

Then he examined her husband's knee, and told her what to do for it. As he was going away, he glanced up at the sky while she held the door open for him, and said, carelessly, —

"We shall have snow before night, I think."

"O, I wish my children were at home!" the mother cried, with a sudden fear.

"Where do you suppose they are? The little girl was with me hours ago," he said.

And then she told him that she supposed they must have been persuaded to stay at her neighbor's cottage, — though it was not like Barbara, she said, who was so thoughtful always.

"O, well, don't you frighten yourself," the doctor answered, good-naturedly. "I 'll knock at Mrs. Pope's just now as I pass, and send them home to you."

And then he went away, and when he got to Mrs. Pope's he stopped at the door and knocked.

"You 've got Mrs. Morris's children with you here, have n't you?" he said. "Tell them to run away home, for their mother wants them."

"*I* got the children, sir!" Mrs. Pope exclaimed. "I have n't seen them!"

"Why, she sent them here this morning," the doctor said.

"Then they never got in, sir, for I 've been down in the village all the morning," she answered, "and had the house shut up, and the key in my pocket."

It was half past four o'clock, and the short November day was already ending. The doctor gave a quick look towards the forest.

"If they have lost themselves wandering about there, with the night coming on —" he said, suddenly.

But Mrs. Pope shook her head. "I don't think they can have lost themselves, sir," she answered. "Why, little Barbara is as steady as a woman; she 'd no more go into a part of the wood where she did n't know her way than I would. I 'll tell you what I dare say she 's done. I think that she 's taken the children with her down to the village, and they 've been resting somewhere for a bit. I wish they were at home, for the night 's coming on fast; but I don't believe they can be in the forest, sir."

The doctor was busy, and had no more time to waste.

"Well, if they 've all been to the village together I may meet them yet," he said; "and if I do I 'll hurry them home."

And then he bade Mrs. Pope good night, and hastened on. But he did not meet the children on his way. Neither he nor any one else ever met the three little figures again, coming up the steep path.

It was half past twelve o'clock when Barbara reached Mrs. Pope's cottage. She knocked at the door, but no one, of course, opened it.

"O dear!" Barbara exclaimed, "she 's not at home!" And, then, quite puzzled what to do, she stood with the two little ones at her side. She

thought at first that she must take them home again; but then it would delay her so in fetching the doctor, for it was such a long way home. She could not take them to the village with her, for the only time that she had tried to do that Davie had broken down upon the road, and she had had to carry him in her arms till she could scarcely stand. Suppose she left them here outside the cottage to run about and play till Mrs. Pope should come back and take them in? She thought the question over in her grave little mind for two or three minutes, and then at last she resolved that she *would* leave them here. The poor child was so anxious to get the doctor for her father that at the moment that seemed to her more important than any other thing. Her father was so ill; if she could only get the doctor quickly!

"Lizzy," she said to her little sister, "if I leave you and Davie here to play till I come back, will you be sure to keep inside the garden, and not go anywhere out of sight?"

"O yes!" answered Lizzy, readily.

"I 'll come back as fast as ever I can," poor Barbara promised; "and mind, I shall be so angry if you don't do what I tell you. Now you understand?"

"O yes!" said Lizzy again.

"And you 're to take care of Davie, you know, and not let him stir a step beyond the gate or get into any mischief. I shall be back very soon; I sha' n't be more than an hour away," said the elder sister. And then, half uneasy, and yet not knowing what else she could do, she closed the little garden gate upon the children, and hurried away.

She ran half way to the doctor's house, and half way back again. She was tired and breathless when she got once more to Mrs. Pope's cottage. The garden door was standing open, and the children were not in the garden; but she said to herself, "O, Mrs. Pope has come back; that is all right," and went quickly up to the house door and knocked. But no one answered her knock. With the color leaving her face, she went round to the window and looked in. No one was there; the fire had not been touched; the house was empty.

She stood still for a minute, and in her sudden fear burst into tears. She was too startled at first to do anything else. But when that first minute had passed she began to get back her courage. "O, they should n't have gone away when I told them not!" she said to herself. "They must have gone into the wood, — and Lizzy promised me that she would n't," she said, reproachfully, as she ran back again to the garden gate to begin her search for them.

She was not very much frightened now, for she and her brother and sister had often before played in this part of the forest that was close to Mrs. Pope's house, and she thought that very likely the children had only gone a very little way in, and that she should find them before many minutes. So she went in amongst the trees, and began to call, "Lizzy! Lizzy!" and then "Davie! Davie! don't you hear me?" thinking every moment that their voices would come back to answer her.

But no answer came, though she went on calling till she was tired. Then she began to get frightened again, and went backwards and forwards searching for them everywhere, and began to pierce into parts of the forest where she had never been before, so eager to find them that she quite forgot that she was losing her own way, and that the trees were closing in all round her.

She had been looking for them for a long time, — or at least for what to her seemed a long time, — when at last she heard a little sound that she thought was Davie's voice. It was a faint sound of crying far away. She had been standing still listening, not knowing in her terror what to do next, wondering whether it would be best for her to go home and see if they might have got there before her, and yet feeling as if her heart would break if she should get home and find they were n't there, — when this feeble little voice reached her, and made her heart leap to her lips with joy.

"O Davie! yes, I hear you!" she cried out, and then she ran to where the voice seemed to come from, and as she ran she heard it again and again, till at last she caught sight of the two little ones standing sobbing, with their arms stretched out to her.

"O Lizzy, how could you break your promise?" Barbara said, and burst out crying again as she caught little Davie up.

"It was a hare amongst the trees, sister," David said, as soon as he could speak. "I saw it, and I was tired of staying in the garden, and I ran after it, and Lizzy ran too, — and we lost our way."

"I could n't help it. Davie would come; I could n't stop him," Lizzy said, half sobbing.

Barbara did not scold the children; she was too glad to have found them again to do that. She stood holding their hands, one in each of hers, feeling for the moment quite happy again. They were all tired, and she was quite breathless, and for a few minutes she leant against the trunk of one of the big trees to rest. Then presently she said, —

"Mother will think we are never coming back. We must get home now as fast as ever we can."

And still holding little Davie's hand, she took a step or two forward, till all at once she thought with a great start, "Which *is* the way home?" and then stood suddenly still. Was it this way through the tall fir-trees? or down there where there seemed to be a kind of pathway through the brushwood? She did not know. She looked up to the sky, but the sky was covered with leaden clouds; there was no sun there to guide her. "I think I will go through the brushwood," she said to herself at last, with a great fear beginning to come over her; and then she went on, while the children followed her, and little Davie chattered to her in his piping voice, beginning to forget his fright and sorrow.

For a few minutes they all walked on; then Lizzy suddenly said, "I don't think this was the way we came."

"Was it not?" Barbara asked, quickly, and, looking round with her anxious face, stood still again.

Till now she had not told her sister that she had lost the way, but now, all at once, when she stood still, Lizzy pressed up to her.

"Sister, don't you know how to go?" she said, with great eyes lifted up to Barbara's face. And then, when Barbara did not answer, the little one began to cry.

"Hush, dear! it will all come right. I'll find the way presently. I've only lost it for — for a little while," poor Barbara said; and she took a hand of Lizzy too, and went on again, trying to follow the feebly traced pathway that was her only guide; but that was leading her — she did not know where.

The cold and dreary November afternoon grew colder and drearier still. All day there had been a biting northeast wind, and it came whistling now through the leafless branches, piercing through the children's little coats till their teeth chattered, and they shivered with cold.

"O, I want to get home!" Davie began to sob. "I so tired, I want to get home!" And he stopped at last, and threw his arms round Barbara's waist, and leaned his weary little head against her side.

Then she took him up and carried him. He was a heavy boy of four, and she was only nine, but she patiently carried him, and hushed him on her bosom as she went on. She had no longer even that faint trace of a pathway to lead her now; it had ceased, or she had lost it, and in all that great wilderness of trees there was no sign left to guide them. She wandered on, backwards and forwards, not knowing any more how she went, the great sick fear in her heart growing greater and bitterer with every step she took. All the way she kept crying piteously to herself, — what was she to do, O what was she to do, if she should never find the lost way home?

Little Lizzy kept moaning and sobbing at her side. Davie fell presently half asleep in her tired arms. Once or twice, almost exhausted, she sat down for a little while upon the ground, but, weary as she was, she did not dare to rest for more than a few moments. How could she rest when the night was so near? After each little pause she rose up hurriedly, and toiled on again. Perhaps throughout these miserable hours the hardest thought she had to bear was the thought that the children had been given to her charge, and that she had left them. All other pain was less than that pain, the thought that they would have been safe if she had never trusted them alone.

The day wore on, and the dim light began to grow dimmer. When the twilight had almost come, light flakes of snow began to fall like soft white feathers through the trees. Then Lizzy burst out into louder crying, and Barbara sank down upon the ground and took both the little ones into her arms. The child — such a mere child she was still in years, and yet in heart so womanly and tender — pressed the other little faces on her breast and held them there. It was all that she could do. She herself sat blankly looking at the snow as it came down, flake after flake, soft and white and silent, till all hope left her, and in those moments perhaps at last the little heart broke. "O mother! mother!" was the only thing she said.

Once more, after a few moments, she tried to make Lizzy rise up, that they might go on again, but the child, when she roused her, burst into weary, passionate sobs.

"I can't! I 'm so tired! I can't go on!" she said; and then Davie awoke and began to moan too.

"O, I want to get home! When shall we get home? I 'm so cold!" he sobbed.

She had a little brown cloth cloak on, and she took it off and wrapped it round the child. Twice more, as it got darker, — with a last forlorn effort, —

she rose up again and carried the children on a little farther, the snow falling still over them, but yet falling gently, seeming to touch them almost tenderly, as if it was sorry for the little lost wanderers; then at last the end of the weary struggle came. She could do no more. She sat down with them at the foot of a great tree. "Perhaps somebody will come in the morning, and find us, and take us home," she said.

There were dead leaves on the ground, and she gathered them together as well as she could in the darkness, and made the children lie down upon them side by side. They were moaning and crying with hunger and cold. She rubbed their little limbs till they were warm, and took off their shoes

and stockings, and warmed their feet upon her breast. She had already taken off her cloak for Davie; now, as they still went on crying, one by one she stripped herself of her other clothes, and wrapped the little ones up in them. Then she lay down beside them, and took them both as she best could in her arms.

The boy was frightened and restless. "Try to go to sleep, Davie," she said to him. "If mother was here she would like you to go to sleep." And then presently she remembered a little hymn that he was fond of, and sang it to him.

That was the last thing that either of the little ones heard her do. Warmed by the clothes that she had robbed herself of to give them, and by each other's arms and hers, they fell asleep while she was still singing.

Children, my story has a half-sad ending, but I think you guess it already, and I need hardly tell it to you. I think there were angels looking down on Barbara as she sang that hymn, and that their arms were very near her when in the cold night the beating of her little heart grew faint. When morning came, those who had been looking for the children found them, and David and Lizzy woke up — still warm and breathing — from their sleep; but in the cottage on the hillside there is one empty seat now, and one little pair of feet the fewer is on the floor, and the mother has lost something that she will never find again on earth. Good by to little Barbara! Think of her tenderly, children, but do not pity her; those who live to do what Barbara did, want no pity from any one of *us*.

Georgiana M. Craik.

THE TERRIBLE CAPE BOJADOR.

IT is easy to laugh at a ghost after some brave fellow has marched up to it, and found out that it is only a yellow turnip, with a candle inside of it, stuck on the top of a snow-man.

I have always thought a great deal of that Pacific islander the missionaries tell of, who was brought up to believe that if any one touched a certain idol he would instantly drop dead; but being assured by a missionary that the idol was only a log of wood, with a remarkably ugly head carved upon it, which could do no harm to any one, he summoned up all his courage one day and ventured to touch it with the tip of his finger. Finding himself still alive, he touched it again, then laid both hands upon it, and finally pushed it over. After that, the greatest coward on the island found it easy to go up to the fallen image and pull its nose; and, indeed, I believe a number of the cowards tied a rope round its neck, drew it around for a while, and then burnt it up.

The next very great exploit which I have to relate of the gallant captains who sailed under Prince Henry of Portugal was not quite so easy as pulling the nose of a wooden idol; and yet it bore some resemblance to that daring action in being not half as dangerous as it was thought to be. But I must tell you first of one or two things the Prince did before he succeeded in getting any of his captains to perform the action to which I refer; for you cannot possibly know too much of this generous, resolute, and persevering benefactor of man.

Encouraged by the discovery of the Madeira Islands in 1420, the noble Prince put forth greater efforts than ever. In 1424 he prepared a grand expedition of twenty-five hundred foot-soldiers and a hundred and twenty horse-soldiers for the conquest of the Canary Islands, which were inhabited by innocent, good-tempered, but brave and warlike savages. But it was not clear at the time to whom the group belonged, and the Prince was very reluctant to spend in mere fighting a great sum of money which would go so much further in discovering new lands and seas. So he put off this enterprise, and the natives of those islands continued for twenty years longer to live in peace, and the Prince had more time and money to spend in colonizing and planting Madeira.

You have forgotten, I suppose, that, after the taking of Ceuta, Prince Pedro, the brother of Prince Henry, set out upon his travels, and was gone twelve years. In 1428 he returned, bringing with him a great store of knowledge, and several new books and maps, which he had gathered in distant cities. Among his maps there was one upon which the group of islands now called the Azores, that lie in the Atlantic Ocean, eight hundred miles west of Portugal, were distinctly marked. Prince Henry, after he had obtained possession of this precious map, never rested content until he had found out whether there really were such islands out there in the broad Atlantic.

So in 1431 he fitted out a vessel, placed it in command of a nobleman named Cabral, and sent him in search of those islands. The first attempt to find them was a failure; but Prince Henry never thought of giving up a search of this kind even after ten failures. The next summer he sent Cabral again, who cruised about in the Atlantic until he discovered one island of the group, which he named Santa Maria, a name which it bears to this day. As this was a fine large fertile island, Prince Henry at once set about colonizing it, giving the direction of the colony to Cabral, who succeeded in settling upon it several families, descendants of whom are now living there.

For several years no one supposed that there were any islands near Santa Maria. But, one day, a runaway slave in Santa Maria who had been living in the mountains for some time, came into the settlement, gave himself up to his master, and told him something which he hoped would secure his pardon and perhaps his freedom. He said that on a clear day, from the top of the highest mountain on the island, he had seen, far away to the north, another island. Some of the colonists went to the spot, found that the slave had spoken the truth, and sent word to Prince Henry. It so happened that Cabral was with the Prince when this news reached him, and

he was immediately ordered to go in search of the new island. The first time he missed it, and the Prince explained to him from the chart that he had probably passed between Santa Maria and the new island. The next time he found it, and a very fine island it proved to be, which the Prince also planted and settled. The rest of the group gradually came to light, and they were named Azores (which means hawks), because so many birds resembling hawks were found upon them.

Thus, by the year 1432, three of the groups of islands in the Atlantic Ocean were known and partly settled. These were the Canaries, the Madeiras, and the Azores, the last two of which groups were rediscovered and colonized by the brave navigators who sailed in the service of Prince Henry. Besides this, his captains had sailed down the coast of Africa as far as the Great Desert, which begins at a point about seven hundred miles from Cape Sagres, on which the Prince lived. Such were the results of about fifteen years' exploration. During all that time Prince Henry had sent out a small vessel or two every summer, and this was what he had accomplished.

And now many of his friends supposed, and perhaps he thought himself, that his discoveries were at an end. There was a lion in the path, a terrible roaring lion, more awful to the imagination of the credulous mariners of that day than we can conceive. This was nothing less than the terrible Cape Bojador, a promontory which thrust itself out into the Atlantic Ocean from the coast of the Great Desert, just below the most southern of the Canary Islands. This cape cuts a poor figure on our maps; it hardly shows at all; but for a century it was an object of such terror to sailors that none of them thought it possible for any vessel navigated by mortals to go beyond it. It was supposed to run out into the sea a hundred and fifty miles, and away out beyond the cape there were reefs, upon which the waves of the Atlantic broke and thundered and foamed eternally.

This awful cape was supposed to be, for all the purposes of man, the end of the world. With regard to what there might be south of it sailors had different conjectures. Some thought that the water of the seas on the other side of Cape Bojador grew hotter and hotter until they boiled, and that consequently the ocean there was too shallow for navigation. It was generally believed that white people could not live in the tropics for any time without turning as black as negroes, and remaining so for the rest of their lives.

Now, in truth, to sailors creeping timidly down along the African coast, this harmless Cape Bojador might well have seemed terrible. It *does* extend some miles out into the ocean, and there *is* a reef of rocks lying low in the water three or four miles beyond it; and, both upon the shore of the cape and upon the rocky reef, the mighty waves of the Atlantic *do* break and foam and thunder in the sublimest manner. As you approach the cape from the north, the sand of the shore and of the cliffs above it has a reddish hue, which probably added to the terrors of the scene in those simple old days. At present, when sailors keep as far from land as possible, this cape is not terrible at all, and few sailors ever see it or know anything about it. Indeed, I have had much trouble in finding out what sort of a cape it really is.

By this time, as you may imagine, Prince Henry put very little faith in the tales which mariners brought him of the terrors of the sea; and he had long been satisfied that a man bold enough to stand out from the shore far enough would find no great difficulty in sailing past this awful cape, and finding out what there was on the other side of it. So in the year 1433, the year after the discovery of the Azores, he appears to have determined to make the passing of Cape Bojador the next of his undertakings. It was in this very year that King John, his father, died, exhorting him on his death-bed to persevere in his work of discovery, and thus extend the Christian faith among the heathen. King Edward, the Prince's brother, who succeeded King John upon the throne of Portugal, also urged him to go on, and promised him all the help he could afford. Thus exhorted and encouraged, our noble Prince continued his labors with fresh zeal and determination.

Among the young gentlemen who lived and studied with him, and served him in his mansion at Sagres, there was a certain Gil Eannes, a brave man, and one of the Prince's favorites. Him, in the summer of 1433, the Prince sent forth in command of a small sailing vessel, directing him to go beyond Cape Bojador, and bring back some account of what there was on the other side. Gil Eannes set sail boldly enough. But among his crew, it seems, there were four old sailors who had heard the usual accounts of Cape Bojador, and they told those wild tales to their captain, who consequently went no farther than the Canary Islands, whence he stole some of the natives and returned home.

The Prince was exceedingly displeased, — not because he had brought

home and made slaves of the innocent Canary-islanders, which no doubt the Prince regarded as a very proper and virtuous action, — but because he had been frightened from his purpose by the terrible stories of some ignorant mariners.

"If," said the Prince, "there were the slightest authority for these stories that they tell, I would not blame you; but you come to me with the statements of four seamen who have been accustomed to the voyage to Flanders, or some other well-known route, and beyond that have no knowledge of the needle or the sailing chart. Go out then again, and give no heed to their opinions; for by the grace of God you cannot fail to derive from your voyage both honor and profit. No perils that you encounter can be so great that your reward shall not be greater if you accomplish the object."

These things and many others the Prince said to his downcast squire after his return from the Canaries in 1433. Prince Henry was not a man whose censure or whose praise could be lightly regarded. Every one who served him desired, above all things, to win the approval of so worthy a Prince. Gil Eannes now secretly resolved that, no matter what might be the perils and terrors of Bojador, he would pass beyond that cape or never return to tell the tale of his failure.

Following the Prince's advice, he no longer hugged the shore; but, as soon as he had got well by the Canaries, stood out to sea, and of course he had no more difficulty in passing the cape than in sailing over any other portion of the Atlantic on a fine day in summer. As soon as he had got by he stood in, and found a pleasant, tranquil little bay, to which the end of the cape served as a breakwater against the huge waves from the north, and in which there was good anchorage. He went on shore, but found no signs of inhabitants; and, indeed, there were not and are not to this day any inhabitants on that part of the coast of the Desert. He gathered some plants that were growing on the shore, which were similar to a plant common in Portugal, called by the Portuguese St. Mary's Roses. Content with these trophies, he ventured no farther south, but made all haste home to the Prince.

I say, again, that it is easy to laugh at a ghost when you know it is not a ghost. It does, indeed, seem rather ridiculous that, after performing so easy a task, Gil Eannes should have been received and rewarded as a great hero and conqueror, and his name carried all over Europe as the valiant navigator who had braved the terrors of the terrible Cape Bojador. But it is impossible for us to imagine how awful that cape was to the ignorant people who lived four hundred years ago. I should judge, from reading the old books, that the passing of this cape was more encouraging to Prince Henry and his friends, and had more to do with the progress of discovery, than anything that had yet occurred, not excepting the discovery of the fine island of Madeira. It taught one grand lesson to all concerned, — not to be frightened before they were hurt.

The Prince was now all alive to know something of the country south of

Cape Bojador, — how far Africa extended, and whether the region beyond the cape had any inhabitants. The very next summer, which was that of 1435, he sent Gil Eannes again in the same vessel, and with this he despatched a large oared galley, of which he gave the command to his cup-bearer, Alphonso Gonsalvez. These two navigators had no difficulty in getting by the cape, and they kept on their way down along the coast for a hundred and fifty miles beyond it. Coming to a convenient bay, they anchored and went on shore. Before they had gone far into the interior they found traces both of men and camels, but nowhere anything like a human habitation. No one ever lived there, although for ages caravans of men and camels had passed and repassed along that shore.

But these adventurers knew nothing of caravans and the roving life of the Desert. They now knew, however, that there were people in Africa; how many, and of what disposition, and how armed, they knew not. It seemed best to them, therefore, to go on board their vessels and return to Portugal, which they did with all despatch.

Such was the ardor of Prince Henry in the pursuit of knowledge that he was well satisfied with this summer's work, although he only learned from it that there were people and animals in Africa south of Cape Bojador, and that it was all a delusion about the ocean in the tropics being any shallower than in the temperate zone. I do not suppose that Prince Henry ever believed that the seas there were boiling; but until Gil Eannes had passed the cape he evidently thought that the tropical parts of the ocean were very shallow. The vessel in which Gil Eannes first passed the cape was a bark of fifteen or twenty tons. The oared galley which Gonsalvez commanded on the second voyage is spoken of in the old books as the largest vessel that had ever been employed by the Prince in his exploring expeditions.

There were people, then, in Africa south of the cape. The next thing was to find out who those people were, — whether they were many or few, natives or visitors, and, above all in the mind of Prince Henry, whether they were Pagans or Christians. Accordingly, the next summer he again sent his cup-bearer, Gonsalvez, in the same large-oared galley. The sole object of this expedition was to bring home to Portugal some of the inhabitants of Africa; and to promote this object the Prince sent with Gonsalvez an interpreter who was acquainted with the language of the Moors. He also put on board the galley two horses, to make it easier for the adventurers to examine the country. To Gonsalvez he intrusted two noble youths, aged about seventeen years, members of his own household, whom he was training for the future service of the state. The Prince's orders to Gonsalvez were to go as far down the coast of Africa as he could, and to do his very best to capture at least one of the people and bring him to Portugal.

On the morning of a summer day in 1436 the galley left the port of Lagos, and directed its course toward the African coast. Several days' rowing, aided by a favorable breeze, brought them past Cape Bojador; whence Gonsalvez kept on his way until he had gone more than two hundred miles beyond the place where he had gathered the plants on his last

voyage. He was then three hundred and sixty miles south of Cape Bojador. Here they came to what they thought was the mouth of a large river, but which afterwards was found to be only an indentation into the shore, which extended many miles into the interior. Entering this deep gulf, which to this day is called a river (Rio d'Ouro), they cast anchor in a convenient place, and Gonsalvez went on shore, and looked about him. The land appeared more likely to be inhabited than where they had formerly been on shore, and the commander thought that this would be a good place to search for the Africans whom the Prince desired so much to possess.

The two horses were landed, and upon them Gonsalvez mounted the two noble youths of whom I have just spoken.

"The names of these two youths," says an old historian, "were Hector Homen and Diogo Lopez d'Almaida, both gentlemen and cavaliers, educated in that school of nobility and virtue, the household of the excellent Prince, the Infante Don Henry!"

An ancient Portuguese chronicler says of them: "I afterwards knew one of these boys when he was a noble gentleman of good renown in arms, and you will find him in the chronicles of the kingdom well proved in great deeds. The other was a nobleman of good presence, as I have heard from those who knew him."

These gallant lads wore no armor, carrying only their lance and sword, in order that they might be freer to make their escape if they should come upon a large number of the natives. Gonsalvez ordered them to keep together, to view the country as far as they could without dismounting, and if they could take any captives without running any risk, they were to do it.

They were lads of high metal, these pupils of the noble Prince Henry, and they cantered gayly off as though they were going to take a pleasant ride into a country perfectly well known and safe; and we may be sure that the crew of the galley followed them with their eyes as long as they could be seen. They kept along the shore of the bay for the space of twenty-one miles, without seeing any signs of inhabitants. It was then pretty late in the afternoon, and it was high time for them to set out on their return to the ship. All at once they came full upon a group of naked men, armed with darts. They came upon them so suddenly that it was impossible for them to retreat without being seen. Not having the idea that naked black men could have any human feelings or human rights, and being themselves but boys, and at the same time full of desire to gratify the Prince their master, they rushed into the midst of the savages, and began to wound them with their spears. The natives, astounded and bewildered as they were, defended themselves with their darts, and wounded one of the young men in the foot. In order the better to resist the strangers they gathered in a cluster behind a heap of rocks, where the young men could not follow them upon their horses, nor reach them with their lances.

Night coming on, and there being no prospect of taking a prisoner, these audacious young fellows thought it best to leave the savages to themselves, and set out upon their return to the galley. Night soon overtook them,

but as they had only to follow the course of the bay, they continued their journey all night, and reached the galley just as the day was breaking the next morning. Every reader can imagine the relief and joy of Gonsalvez and the crew when they saw the young men riding up on their tired steeds; and how warmly every one extolled their valor and determination.

The wound in the foot proved to be but slight, and after resting an hour or two the lads were in good condition, and eager to guide their commander to the spot where they had seen the natives. So, about nine o'clock in the morning they mounted their horses once more, and Gonsalvez hoisted his anchor, and the galley was rowed gently up the bay, guided by the two youths on horseback to the place where they had left the savages the evening before. The poor negroes had gone, however, and probably in a great panic, for they had left behind them all their little property, such as it was, which Gonsalvez put on board his galley to convey to the Prince. The two mounted youths galloped far and wide over the country at the head of the bay, but they saw no further trace of human beings.

Most reluctant was Gonsalvez to leave the spot without a prisoner, but he was obliged to do so, and he returned again to the mouth of the bay. Still unwilling to give it up, he continued on his way down the coast forty miles farther, until they came to the mouth of another bay, where they saw a wonderful sight. On an island which lay across the entrance, they discovered an amazing number of seals, or, as they called them, sea-wolves, lying fast asleep. Gonsalvez thought there were at least five thousand of them in sight at one time. Here they had a grand seal-hunt, and loaded the galley with as many seal-skins as they could find room for. These were valuable, and would pay part of the cost of the expedition; but Gonsalvez was well aware that if he had loaded his galley with gold, the Prince would not have valued it as much as one African. What the Prince wanted was, not seal-skins, nor any other kind of wealth, but knowledge. Gonsalvez, therefore, again turned his prow southward, and kept bravely on one hundred and fifty miles farther, until he reached a rocky promontory which looked so much like a galley in shape, that they called it *gallee*, a name which it bears to this day.

Here again they went on shore, and examined the country. In the course of their rambles they found some fishing-nets, which, you may be sure, they seized eagerly and closely examined. These nets were not made of hemp, nor of anything else the Portuguese were acquainted with, but of the fibres of the bark of a tree that grew near. And yet these nets were as strong as any that could be made by Europeans. Here was another plain proof that this part of Africa was inhabited; but nowhere could Gonsalvez or his crew, or the brave youths of the Prince's household, find any traces of inhabitants except these nets. The adventurers were obliged to return to Portugal, after all the trouble they had taken, without being able to present to their Prince a single captive.

It was in the year 1436 that this galley voyage was made, in the course of which, for the first time, Europeans sailed into the torrid zone, and reached

a point fourteen hundred miles south of Portugal. Considering all things, it was a great achievement. So far and no farther had the ocean been explored when Columbus lay in his mother's arms at Genoa, an infant a few months old.

In my next number you shall be told how the Prince continued his labors, and how at last he was gratified with the sight of a great number of native Africans. I fear he was much better pleased to see them than they were to see him.

James Parton.

CHASED BY A PIRATE.

"UNCLE DUNBAR! O, here's Uncle Dunbar!" And all four of us ran out to kiss him, and get hold of his hand, and lead him joyfully in.

Uncle Dunbar was a ship-master who came at the end of every voyage to my father's house. It was a happy day for us children when he arrived. What could be more pleasant than to sit on his knee, and hear about distant lands, and about adventures at sea; or to make him speak in foreign tongues, and then tell what the strange words meant? What a good man he was! How much he had seen and learned! And how well do I, even to this day,

though five-and-thirty years are gone, remember his benevolent old face, and his slow, gentle tones!

He stayed with us this time only a day and a night; and next morning, as I was sitting on his knee, he said, "Now, my dear little boy, I will tell you a story of my being chased by a pirate, and then I must go."

"O, a story about a pirate!" I shouted. "Samuel, Sarah, Willie, come! Uncle Dunbar was chased by a pirate, and he's going to tell about it."

How they did come running, and how they crowded together to listen! As soon as we were all still, he began.

THE STORY.

"Twenty years ago I was master of the ship Atticus, sailing out of Castine. She would be thought a small ship nowadays, being but of three hundred and ten tons burden, but she was large for those days, and was the fastest ship that ever sailed out of Penobscot Bay. Well that she was so, my dear children, or I should not be here to-day.

"I was in the West India trade, and having taken in about one third of a cargo at a windward island, that is, one lying farthest to the east, was running down to a leeward island, about six hundred miles, to fill up my ship. One third of a cargo just made a perfect set of ballast for a very heavy wind, so that my ship could not have been in a condition to sail faster. And this, too, was providential," said the good old man, piously, "as you will soon see; for had she been either fully laden or in light ballast we should have been overhauled and lost.

"At that time there were a great many pirates in the West Indian seas. They were merciless creatures, and killed all whom they captured."

"What did they want to kill them for?" I said; "it didn't make them any richer."

"O, if they had spared one, he might see them afterwards in Boston or New York, when they came there to spend their money, and so might bear witness against them, and cause them to be punished. In earlier years the pirates were more merciful, but when some had been convicted by chancing to meet persons whom they had spared, the others said, 'Dead men tell no tales,' and murdered all whom they took. People who begin to do wickedly almost always have to do another wicked thing to cover the first, and so can never find a stopping-place.

"One morning, when we were about half-way to our port, a fair wind was blowing very freshly indeed, and we were running under short sail. At sunrise I came on deck, and took my glass, as I always did the first thing in the morning, to look around and see if any sail were in sight. And far away to the east, straight astern, I could barely discern a schooner standing to the north. I had just fairly made her out when her course was suddenly changed, and she began sailing directly after us. In a few minutes I saw more sail spread upon her. First a reef was taken out of the topsail, then the topgallant-sail was set, and then a great square-sail was let down from the fore yard. Evidently she was chasing us.

"I did not like to alarm the crew; so I said nothing about the vessel astern, but called the mate and said, 'Mr. Mason, it's best to make the most of a fair wind; you may shake out the reefs from the topsails, and set the topgallant sails.'

"'All hands aloft to make sail!' he shouted. Then coming up to me, looking a little pale, he said, 'What is it, Captain?'—for he had noticed that I had kept the glass at my eye a good while.

"'Nothing of great consequence, I guess,' said I.

"'Something, I'm certain,' he said to himself, but went away.

"I didn't keep the secret long, for when the sailors had done making sail, one of them spied the schooner, and cried 'Sail ho!' They all saw her, and knew in a moment what it meant. Coming down to the deck, they stood in a group, looking pretty anxious, but keeping quiet, and gazing at me as if I carried all their lives in my hands. Before long we could see the schooner plainly from the deck with the naked eye. How swiftly she came on! And we, too, were rushing forward at a great speed.

"Soon the mate came aft again. 'Captain Dunbar, we are ready to set more sail, if you say so.'

"'Not now,' I said; 'we'll see. The wind freshens fast, and I'm not sure we could carry more sail with safety.'

"In an hour more the pirate was only three or four miles astern. We could see her decks crowded with men. And presently up went the black flag!

"'My God! there it is!' cried all the crew as with one voice.

"Yes, there it was; and now if we could outsail the pirate, we lived; if not, we died.

"The wind had been freshening fast all the while, and was now a sharp gale. I had never in my life, perhaps, had so much canvas on in so heavy a blow, but we must spread more.

"'Set the courses.'

"You should have seen the men fly to obey. They had the courses on in about the time it commonly takes a seaman to shift his quid of tobacco from one cheek to the other!

"'Set the royals.' It was done almost as soon as said.

"I now waited to see if we were going fast enough; but soon perceived, only too plainly, that the pirate still gained upon us, though slowly at last. I looked up to the masts. They were bending like coach-whips,—that they did not go overboard seemed a miracle,—and yet we *must* carry more sail.

"'Get on the studding-sails,' I said; 'we must trust God to make the ship bear it.'

"At any other time had I ordered the seamen aloft when the masts were threatening each moment to go by the board, they would have refused duty; now they sprang up the shrouds like cats. Studding-sail after studding-sail was set; then we got out the boats' sails, and spread them wherever they would catch a capful of wind. And still not a spar nor a yarn parted. It seemed to me that they were held only by the mighty power of God.

"There were a few moments of deep suspense. I stood turning my eye now aloft at the bending, groaning masts, then astern at our fierce pursuer. 'Courage, boys!' I cried; 'she no longer gains.'

"What a hurrah! But next moment they were still as death again, for it did not seem possible that the top-hamper could hold out; and the snapping of one spar or rope would have doomed us.

"And so for an hour, that seemed a year. The ship flew, but the moments lagged, — how they lagged! Still the wind increased. I could see that the pirate was ploughing terribly into the sea, and that if the wind went on increasing she must soon take in sail. Presently there was a puff of smoke at her bow, and a cannon-ball plunged into the sea a quarter of a mile astern. The men quailed a little, but I said, 'Good! boys; they begin to see that they cannot catch us.' Soon another ball, which went farther, but was wild. She kept firing for half an hour. Some of the balls would have struck, had they been well enough aimed; but the firing hindered her speed, and she lost ground considerably.

"It was now nine o'clock. By this time the gale was too much for her, and her great square sail was taken in. She fell astern rapidly; at one o'clock her hull could no longer be seen, and she gave up the chase, hauling to and shortening sail. I now had the studding-sails and royals taken in, and ordered dinner, for as yet no man had tasted food. We soon left her out of sight. But if God didn't hold our masts in that day, I don't know what did."

David A. Wasson.

MUD PIES.

TELL me, little housewives,
  Playing in the sun,
How many minutes
  Till the cooking 's done?
Johnny builds the oven,
  Jenny rolls the crust,
Katy buys the flour
  All of golden dust.

Pat it here, and pat it there;
  What a dainty size!
Bake it on a shingle, —
  Nice mud pies!

Don't you hear the bluebird
  High up in the air?

"Good morning, little ones,
  Are you busy there?"
Pretty Mister Squirrel
  Bounces down the rail,
Takes a seat and watches,
  Curls his bushy tail.

Twirl it so, and mark it so
  (Looking wondrous wise);
All the plums are pebbles, —
  Rich mud pies!

Arms that never weary,
  Toiling dimple-deep;
Shut the oven door, now,
  And soon we'll take a peep.
Wish we had a shower, —
  Think we need it so, —
That would make the roadside
  Such a heap of dough!

Turn them in, and turn them out;
  How the morning flies;
Ring the bell for dinner, —
  Hot mud pies!

George Cooper.

THE WILLIAM HENRY LETTERS.

FOURTEENTH PACKET.

Georgiana to William Henry.

MY DEAR BROTHER, —

Yesterday I went to Aunt Phebe's to eat supper, and had on my light blue boots Uncle Jacob brought me when he went away. He dragged me over because 't was snowing, for he said the party could n't be put off because they had got all ready. But the party was n't anybody but me, but he 's all the time funning. Aunt Phebe's little Tommy he had some new rubber boots, but they did n't get there till after supper, and then 't was 'most his bedtime. But he got into the boots and walked all round with them after his nightgown was on, and the nightgown hung down all over the rubber boots. And when they wanted to put him in his crib he did n't want to take them off, so Uncle Jacob said better let the boots stay on, till

he got asleep and then pull 'em off softly as she could. Then they put him in the crib and let the boots stick out one side, without any bedclothes being put over them. But we guessed he dreamed about his boots, because soon as they pulled 'em a little bit, he reached down to the boots and held on. But when he got sound asleep then she pulled them off softly and stood 'em up in the corner. I carried my work with me, and 't was the handkerchief that is going to be put in this letter. Aunt Phebe thinks some of the stitches are quite nice. She says you must excuse that one in the corner, not where your name is, but next one to it. The snow-storm was so bad I stayed all night, and they made some corn-balls, and Uncle Jacob passed them round to me first, because I was the party, in the best waiter.

And we had a good time seeing some little pigs that the old pig stepped on, — six little pigs, about as big as puppies, that had little tails, and she would n't take a mite of care of them. She won't let them get close up to her to keep warm, and keeps a stepping on 'em all the time, and broke one's leg. She 's a horrid old pig, and Uncle Jacob was afraid they might freeze to death in the night, and Aunt Phebe found a basket, a quite large basket, and put some cotton-wool in it. Then put in the pigs. When 't was bedtime some bricks were put on the stove, and then he put the basket with the little pigs in it on top of the bricks, but put ashes on the fire first, so they could keep warm all night. And in the night they kept him awake, making little squealy noises, and he thought the fire would get hot and roast them, and once one climbed up over and tumbled down on to the floor and 'most killed himself so he died afterwards. And he says he feels very sleepy to-day, watching with the little pigs all night. For soon as 't was daylight, and before too, Tommy jumped out and cried to have his rubber boots took into bed with him, and then the roosters crowed so loud in the hen-house close to his bedroom window that he could n't take a nap. He told me to send to you in my letter a question to talk about where you did about summer and winter. Why do roosters crow in the morning?

Two of the little pigs were dead in the morning, beside that one that killed itself dropping down, and now two more are dead. She is keeping this last one in a warm place, for they don't dare to let it go into the pigsty, for fear she would step on it or eat it up, for he says she 's worse than a cannibal. But I don't know what that is. He says they kill men and eat them alive, but I guess he 's funning. She dips a sponge in milk and lets that last little pig suck that sponge.

Grandmother wants to know if little Rosy has got any good warm mittens. Wants to know if Mr. Sky Blue has. And you must count your handkerchiefs every week, she says. Little Tommy went out with his rubber boots, and waded way into such a deep snow-bank he could n't get himself out, and when they lifted him up they lifted him right out of his rubber boots. Then he cried. Tommy 's cut off a piece of his own hair.

Your affectionate Sister,

GEORGIANA.

William Henry to his Sister.

MY DEAR SISTER, —

You can tell Grandmother that Lame Betsey knit a pair for Gapper Sky Blue, blue ones with white spots, and little Rosy has got an old pair. You are a very good little girl to hem handkerchiefs. I think you hemmed that one very well. It came last night, and we looked for that long stitch to excuse it, and Dorry said it ought to be, for he guessed that was the stitch that saved nine. When the letter came, Dorry and Bubby Short and Old Wonder Boy and I were sitting together studying. When I read about the pigs, I tell you if they did n't laugh! And when that little piggy dropped out of the basket Bubby Short dropped down on the floor and laughed so loud we had to stop him. Dorry said, "Let 's play have a Debating Society, and take Uncle Jacob's question." And we did. First Old Wonder Boy stood up. And he said they crowed in the morning to tell people 't was time to get up and to let everybody know they themselves were up and stirring about. Said he 'd lain awake mornings, down in Jersey, and listened and heard 'em say just as plain as day. "I 'm up and you ought to, too! And you ought to, too!"

Then Bubby Short stood up and said he thought they were telling the other ones to keep in their own yards, and not be flying over where they did n't belong. Said he 'd lain awake in the morning and heard 'em say, just as plain as day, "If you do, I 'll give it to you! I 'll give it to you oo oo oo!"

But a little chap that had come to hear what was going on said 't was more likely they were daring each other to come on and fight. For he 'd lain awake in the morning and listened and heard 'em say, "Come on if you dare, for I can whip you oo oo!"

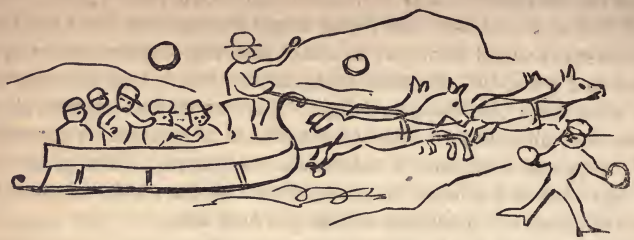
Then 't was my turn, and I stood up and said I guessed the best crower kept a crowing school, and was showing all the young ones how to scale up and down, same as the singing-master did. For I 'd lain awake in the morning and heard first the old one crow, and then the little ones try to. And heard the old one say, just as plain as day, "Open your mouth wide and do as I do! Do as I do!" and then the young ones say, "Can't quite do so! Can't quite do so!"

Dorry said he never was wide awake enough in the morning to hear what anybody said, but he 'd always understood they were talking about the weather, and giving the hens their orders for the day, telling which to lay and which to set, and where the good places were to steal nests, and where there 'd been anything planted they could scratch up again, and how to bring up their chickens, and to look out and not hatch ducks' eggs.

The teacher opened the door then to see if we were all studying our lessons, so the Debating Society stopped.

Should you like to hear about our going to take a great big sleigh-ride? The whole school went together in great big sleighs with four horses. We had flags flying, and I tell you if 't was n't a bully go! We went ten miles.

We went by a good many schoolhouses, where the boys were out and they 'd up and hurrah, and then we 'd hurrah back again. And one lot of fellers,



if they did n't let the snowballs fly at us! And we wanted our driver to stop, and let us give it to them good. But he would n't do it. One little chap hung his sled on behind and could n't get it unhitched again, for some of our fellers kept hold, and we carried him off more than a mile. Then he began to cry. Then the teacher heard him, and had the sleigh stopped, and took him in and he went all the way with us. He lost his mittens trying to unhitch it, and his hands ached, but he made believe laugh, and we put him down in the bottom to warm 'em in the hay. We 'most ran over an old beggar-woman, in one place between two drifts, where there was n't very much room to turn out. I guess she was deaf. We all stood up and shouted and bawled at her and the driver held 'em in tight. And just as their noses almost touched her she looked round, and then she was so scared she did n't know what to do, but just stood still to let herself be run over. But the driver hollered and made signs for her to stand close up to the drift, and then there 'd be room enough.

When I got home I found my bundle and the tin box rolled up in that new jacket, with all that good jelly in it. Old Wonder Boy peeped in and says he, "O, there 's quite some jelly in there, is n't there?" He says down in Jersey they make nice quince-jelly out of apple-parings, and said 't was true, for he 'd eaten some. Dorry said he knew that was common in Ireland, but never knew 't was done in this country. Dorry says you must keep us posted about the last of the piggies. Keep your pretty blue boots nice for Brother Billy to see, won't you? Thank you for hemming that pretty handkerchief. I 've counted 'em a good many times, but counting 'em don't make any difference.

From your affectionate Brother,

WILLIAM HENRY.

William Henry to his Grandmother.

MY DEAR GRANDMOTHER, —

This is only a short letter that I am going to write to you, because I don't feel like writing any. But when I don't write then you think I have the measles, else drowned in the pond, and I 'll write a little, but I feel so sober I don't feel like writing very much. I suppose you will say, — what are you

feeling so sober about? Well, seems if I did n't have any fun now, for Dorry and I we 've got mad at each other. And he don't hardly speak to me, and I don't to him either; and if he don't want to he need n't, for I don't mean to be fooling round him, and trying to get him to, if he don't want to.

Last night we all went out to coast, and the teachers and a good many ladies and girls, and we were going to see which was the champion sled. But something else happened first. The top of the hill was all bare, and before they all got there some of the fellers were scuffling together for fun, and Dorry and I we tried to take each other down. First of it 't was all in fun, but then it got more in earnest, and he hit me in the face so hard it made me mad, and I hit him and he got mad too.

Then we began to coast, for the people had all got there. Dorry's and mine were the two swiftest ones, and we kept near each other, but his slewed round some, and he said I hit it with my foot he guessed, and then we had some words, and I don't know what we did both say; but now we keep away from each other, and it seems so funny I don't know what to do. The teacher asked me to go over to the stable to-day, for he lost a bunch of compositions and thought they might have dropped out of his pocket, when we went to take that sleigh-ride. And I was just going to say, "Come on, Old Dorrymas!" before I thought.

But 't is the funniest in the morning. This morning I waked up early, and he was fast asleep, and I thought, Now you 'll catch it, old fellow, and was just a going to pull his hair; but in a minute I remembered. Then I dressed myself and thought I would take a walk out. I went just as softly by his bed and stood still there a minute and set out to give a little pull, for I don't feel half so mad as I did the first of it, but was afraid he did. So I went out-doors and looked round. Went as far as the Two Betseys' Shop and was going by, but The Other Betsey stood at the door shaking a mat, and called to me, "Billy, where are you going to?"

"Only looking round," I said. She told me to come in and warm me, and I thought I would go in just a minute or two. Lame Betsey was frying flapjacks in a spider, a little mite of a spider, for breakfast. She spread butter on one and made me take it to eat in a saucer, and I never tasted of a better flapjack. There was a cinnamon colored jacket hanging on the chair-back, and I said, "Why, that 's Spicey's jacket!" "Who!" they cried out both together. Then I called him by his right name, Jim Mills. He 's some relation to them, and his mother is n't well enough to mend all his clothes, so Lame Betsey does it for nothing. He earns money to pay for his schooling, and he wants to go to college, and they don't doubt he will. They said he was the best boy that ever was. His mother does n't have anybody but him to do things for her, only his little sister about the size of my little sister. He makes the fires and cuts wood and splits kindling, and

looks into the buttery to see when the things are empty, and never waits to be told. When they talked about him they both talked together, and Lame Betsey let one spiderful burn forgetting to turn 'em over time enough.

When I was coming away they said, "Where 's Dorry? I thought you two always kept together." For we did always go to buy things together. Then I told her a little, but not all about it.

"O, make up! make up!" they said. "Make up and be friends again!" I 'm willing to make up if he is. But I don't mean to be the first one to make up.

From your affectionate Grandson,

WILLIAM HENRY.

William Henry to his Grandmother.

MY DEAR GRANDMOTHER, —

I guess you 'll think 't is funny, getting another letter again from me so soon, but I 'm in a hurry to have my father send me some money to have my skates mended; ask him if he won't please to send me thirty-three cents, and we two have made up again and I thought you would like to know. It had been 'most three days, and we had n't been anywhere together, or spoken hardly, and I had n't looked him in the eye, or he me. Old Wonder Boy he wanted to keep round me all the time, and have double-runner together. He knew we two had n't been such chums as we used to be, so he came up to me and said, "Billy, I think that Dorry 's a mean sort of a chap, don't you?"

"No, I don't," I said. "He don't know what 't is to be mean!" For I was n't going to have him coming any Jersey over me!

"O, you need n't be so spunky about it!" says he.

"I ain't spunky!" says I.

Then I went into the school-room, to study over my Latin Grammar before school began, and sat down amongst the boys that were all crowding round the stove. And I was studying away, and did n't mind 'em fooling round me, for I 'd lost one mark day before, and did n't mean to lose any more, for you know what my father promised me, if my next Report improved much. And while I was sitting there, studying away, and drying my feet, for we 'd been having darings, and W. B. he stumped me to jump on a place where 't was cracking, and I went in over tops of boots and wet my feet sopping wet. And I did n't notice at first, for I was n't looking round much, but looking straight down on my Latin Grammar, and did n't notice that 'most all the boys had gone out. Only about half a dozen left, and one of 'em was Dorry, and he sat to the right of me, about a yard off, studying his lesson. Then another boy went out, and then another, and by and by every one of them was gone, and left us two sitting there. O, we sat just as still! I kept my head down, and we made believe think of nothing but just the lesson. First thing I knew he moved, and I looked up, and there was Dorry looking me right in the eye! And held out his hand — "How

are you, Sweet William?" says he, and laughed some. Then I clapped my hand on his shoulder, "Old Dorrymas, how are you?" says I. And so you see we got over it then, right away.

Dorry says he was n't asleep that morning, when I stood there, only making believe. Said he wished I 'd pull, then he was going to pull too, and would n't that been a funny way to make up, pulling hair? He 's had a letter from Tom Cush and he 's got home, but is going away again, for he means to be a regular sailor and get to be captain of a great ship. He 's coming here next week. I hope you won't forget that thirty-three. I 'd just as lives have fifty, and that would come better in the letter, don't you believe it would? That photograph saloon has just gone by, and the boys are running down to the road to chase it. When Dorry and I sat there by the stove, it made me remember what Uncle Jacob said about our picture.

Your affectionate Grandson,

WILLIAM HENRY.

William Henry to his Grandmother.

MY DEAR GRANDMOTHER, —

The reason that I 've kept so long without writing is because I 've had to do so many things. We 've been speaking dialogues and coasting and daring and snow-balling, and then we 've had to review and review and review, because 't is the last of the term, and he says he believes in reviews more than the first time we get it. I tell you, the ones that did n't get them the first time are bad off now. I wish now I 'd begun at the first of it and got every one of mine perfect, then I should have easier times. The coast is wearing off some, and we carry water up and pour on it, and let it freeze, and throw snow on. Now 't is moonshiny nights, the teacher lets all the "perfects" go out to coast an hour. Sometimes I get out. And guess where Bubby Short and Dorry and I are going to-night! Now you can't guess, I know you can't. To a party! Now where do you suppose the party is to be? You can't guess that either. In this town. And not very far from this school-house. Somebody you 've heard of. Two somebody's you 've heard of. Now don't you know? The Two Betseys! Suppose you 'll think 't is funny for them to have a party. But they're not a going to have it themselves. Now I 'll tell you, and not make you guess any more.

You know I told you Tom Cush was coming. He came to-day. He 's grown just as tall and as fat and as black and has some small whiskers. I did n't know 't was Tom Cush when I first looked at him. Bubby Short asked me what man that was talking with Dorry, and I said I did n't know, but afterwards we found out. He did n't know me either. Says I 'm a staving great fellow. He gave Dorry a ruler made of twelve different kinds of wood, some light, some dark, brought from famous places. And gave Bubby Short and me a four-blader, white handled. He 's got a fur cap and fur gloves, and is most as tall as Uncle Jacob. He told Dorry that he thought

if he did n't come back here and see everybody, he should feel like a sneak all the rest of his life.

We three went down to The Two Betseys' Shop with him, and when he saw it, he said, "Why, is that the same old shop? It don't look much bigger than a hen-house!" Says he could put about a thousand like it into one big church he saw away. Said he should n't dare to climb up into the apple-tree for fear he should break it down. Said he 'd seen trees high as a liberty-pole. And when he saw where he used to creep through the rails he could n't believe he ever did go through such a little place, and tried to, but could n't do it. So he took a run and jumped over, and we after him, all but Bubby Short. We took down the top one for him.

The Two Betseys did n't know him at first, not till we told them. Dorry said, "Here 's a little boy wants to buy a stick of candy." Then Tom said he guessed he 'd take the whole bottle full. And he took out a silver half a dollar, and threw it down, but would n't take any change back, and then treated us all, and a lot of little chaps that stood there staring. Lame Betsey said, "Wal, I never!" and The Other Betsey said, "Now did you ever? Now who 'd believe 't was the same boy!" And Tom said he hoped 't was n't exactly, for he did n't think much of that Tom Cush that used to be round here. Coming back he told us he was going to stay till in the evening, and have a supper at the Two Betseys', us four together, but not let them know till we got there. He 's going to carry the things. We went to see Gapper Sky Blue, and Tom bought every bit of his molasses candy, and about all the seed-cakes. When I write another letter, then you 'll know about the party.

Your affectionate Grandson,

WILLIAM HENRY.

P. S. Do you think my father would let me go to sea?

Mrs. A. M. Diaz.

TAKEN AT HIS WORD.

AN OLD FRIEND IN A NEW DRESS.

WHEN safe from inquisitive ears and eyes,
Birds and beasts oft converse in language most wise. —
This statement may cause you some little surprise;
But the burden of proof is with him who denies.

There once on a time was a yellow canary;
His home was quite lovely enough for a fairy;
The sweet summer breezes strayed into the room,
The flowers from the garden sent in their perfume,
And nodded and smiled through the window wide,
Yet the foolish bird was dissatisfied.
"I wish I were dead!" he mournfully cried.

The cat looked up quickly and pricked up her ear,
And said, in a voice most pathetic to hear,
"I don't wonder at it, I 'm sure, my poor dear!"

"Kept here in a prison through long summer hours
While my friends are rejoicing in sunshine and flowers,
What blessings have I over which to rejoice?"
"Too true," sighed the cat; — there were tears in her voice.
"Only once in an age, doors and windows shut tight,
I come out of my cage for a very short flight,
Which rests my poor wings for a moment —" "But that
Is insult and mockery," murmured the cat.

"And my songs, they are sung with such nice skill and art
That no one would guess I was playing a part;
But never a note of them comes from my heart!"

"Yet, dearest, your songs are most exquisite, surely,"
The cat softly answered, and looked down demurely,
While the end of her tail gave a mischievous start;
"I never *could* sing, except right from my heart!"

"I wish I were dead," sighed the bird once again;
"My life is a burden of bondage and pain!"

"My love, purred the cat, as she rose to her feet,
Your very best friends could ask nothing more sweet.
The door of your cage, as you see, is ajar;
If you will but find courage to venture so far,
I will meet you half-way" (leaping into a chair),
"And free you at once from your grief and despair."

"What! what!" chirped the bird, with a terrible flutter
Of fear in his heart he had no words to utter.

"Though the thought," said the cat, "fills my heart with deep pain,
Yet, dearest, for your sake my grief I restrain;
I stifle my feelings your bliss to insure,"—
By this time the cat laid her paw on the door.

But a footstep approaching made puss turn her head,
And she suddenly jumped from the window and fled.
And canary became—so I 've heard his friends say—
A wiser and happier bird from that day.

What think you, Young Folks, of the story you 've heard?
Would it always be safe to take *you* at your word?

R. S. P.

HOW SHIPS ARE BUILT.

[*In a Letter from Lawrence to Mr. Clarence.*]

HERE I am home again; and I am going to tell you about some of the things I have seen since I said good by to you that morning on the cars,—for this is what you made me promise I would do. I am not much used to writing letters, as maybe you remember; but my uncle says if I write just as I would talk, I shall do well enough,—only it must be about something I am interested in.

Well, what I am interested in just now is ships! You see, my uncle sent me over to East Boston the other day to find a man that moved away from here, and owed him a bill,—and I was to have the money if I collected it, which would be right handy about Christmas time, you know. But the man was n't at home; and while I was waiting for him, I thought I would take a stroll down by the water. It was a splendid day,—just cool enough; there was a fine breeze blowing, and sailing vessels and ferry-boats were passing in fine style; there was Charlestown and the Navy Yard over

THE PLAYMATES.

DRAWN BY WINSLOW HOMER.] [From WHITTIER'S "Ballads of New England."

opposite; and on the shore, right down before my eyes, was the skeleton of a big ship. I started for that. It was on the further side of a great yard between the street and the water, — a yard full of great timbers and piles of lumber, and men at work chopping, measuring, hauling, and lifting; there was also a saw-mill and a sort of blacksmith shop.

I looked into the office as I passed the gate. It was a little square room, with two or three men in it talking earnestly over some drawings and figures on the desk, and a number of handsome ship-models, all nicely polished, fastened to the walls. Then there were framed pictures of steamers and ships under full sail. The room had quite a nautical look. I wanted to stop and ask about the models, but the men were busy, and so I walked on down into the yard.

I don't think you ever saw more chips on an acre of ground! There were old chips rotting in the dirt; and fresh new chips just split off from the logs; and chips in every stage of youth and old age between. There was a wagon loading up with chips; there were women filling baskets with chips; there was a great staring sign, — "NO CHIPS TAKEN FROM THIS YARD"; and a stick of timber, which a horse was dragging off, went ploughing its way through dirt and chips. Burn it over, and could n't you raise corn and beans in that yard? I bet you!

I stopped to watch the men at work. One was hewing out a stick of timber to something like this shape. As he looked up and nodded at me, I asked him what that stick was for. "That? That 's a futtick," said he. "What 's a futtick?" said I. "A part of a frame," said he. "What 's a frame?" said I. "A frame is a rib, — what you would call a pair of ribs. These timbers we are hewing out here, they 're all for frames," said he. "They are different shapes; no two exactly alike; and they are all cut out, just as you see, with the axe. We have these marks to go by."

Then I noticed the man who was making the marks. He had some thin boards sawed in just the shape he wanted the face of the timbers cut. He laid one of these flat on a hewed stick, and marked around the edges with a red pencil. Some of these boards — they are called moulds — were very long and curved only a little. Others were shorter, and curved very much more. Some were curved like a bow; others were almost straight, being curved only a little at one end. As there are some hundreds of timbers in the side of a big ship, and every timber has to have a separate mould, and as some of these moulds are made of two or three boards pieced together, you see it must take a good many boards, as well as a good deal of gumption, just to get the patterns ready, before even a timber is touched. Then here is another thing. Besides the shape given to the stick by the mould, which determines its up-and-down curve in the ribs of the ship, it must be hewed just right to fit in with the others, and make its part of the curved lines running lengthwise along the vessel's side. So most of the timbers have to be bevelled more or less. All the bevel angles come marked

on a board, called a "bevel-board," and the carpenter takes off those, one by one, with his bevel instrument, and marks them on the ends of the sticks, for the choppers. And he must be careful to get the right bevel on the right stick. It is as if every bone in your body had to be designed and shaped separately, before you were put together; and that makes ship-building something wonderful, don't it? Though it is really the pieces of only one side that the architect has anything to do with. He designs the ribs on your right side, for instance. The moulds for one of these are just turned over, and the bevels reversed, to make the corresponding rib on your left side. Understand?

Your ribs are all of oak, as you must know. The best qualities of white or live oak are preferred, to build you stanch and strong. And the timber must be cut when the sap is out of it, and well seasoned afterwards, or you are liable to rot.

The most of the timber used in this yard, one of the men told me, comes from Virginia and Maryland. It is n't quite so good always as our northern white oak, but it is cheaper. Oak in New England is getting to be a scarce article; but, since the war, whole forests in Virginia are bought up cheap, so that the expense of it here amounts to but little more than the cost of cutting and shipping it. Crews go out from our ports and spend the winter getting timber when the sap is down in the roots. They take out their oxen and cows, and sometimes their wives and babies, and build huts in the Southern forests, and have a merry time of it. Often they take out the moulds of a ship, and cut all her timbers into shape for building, on the spot; so that when they are landed here they are all ready to go into the frames. Think of a stick fitted there in the woods for a particular part of a particular rib of a particular ship to be built months afterwards, hundreds of miles away! There seemed to me something romantic about the voyages of these crews; and I thought I should like to go out with them, and spend a winter in the Virginia forests. But the chopper who told me this, and who has been out often, said he guessed I would find it hard.

They don't work much in these ship-yards during the winter, he told me. It is all out-door work. The storms interfere with it, and the snow is a great bother. "Sometimes you go out in the morning," he said, "and find every timber in the yard covered; and the stagings about the ship will be all slippery with snow and ice, — for it is n't often a common vessel is built under a house, like those over at the Navy Yard." I looked across and could see the immense ship-houses standing with their ends towards the water. "This ship," said he, "won't be complete before December; and a good deal of snow will have to be shovelled for her, before ever she is launched."

I was in a hurry to see how the frames were put together; so I followed one of the timbers, which a horse was hauling away; and soon came to a high platform, to the top of which it was drawn up an inclined plane, by means of a rope and pulley.

I went up with it, stepping on cleats nailed across the planks on one side

of the plane. Beyond was the half-finished skeleton of the ship that was building. The stern was towards the water, and the other end of the keel came up even with the platform. The keel was an immense stick of timber, — or rather several sticks pieced together, — perfectly straight and nearly two hundred feet long. It was laid on piles of blocks; and it slanted up a little from the end towards the water, so as to give the ship the proper inclination for launching. If the keel was laid level, she would n't slide off, you know.

The first thing I noticed was that the ribs were complete on both sides to the tops, as far as they were built at all. As I had seen a picture of a ship's ribs built up a little way all round, before the upper pieces were joined on, I had expected to see something like that here; but I learned that only small boats are made in that way, — though even large vessels used to be, fifty or a hundred years ago.

There the great ribs were, complete to about midships, and supported on the sides by two little groves of props. The part of the keel towards the platform was a naked piece of timber, — like half of your backbone waiting for the ribs to be fitted to it.

There were a dozen men on the platform; and now I saw what they were doing. They took the timbers as they came up from the yard, and put them together in a frame shaped like a big letter U. It was laid flat on the platform, with the bottom of the U toward the ship. The position it was designed for, near the middle of the keel, where the vessel is broadest and the bottom flattest, gave it its U shape. Near one of the ends it would have been shaped more like a V.

This, then, was what the men called a "frame." It was composed of fifteen timbers; and it measured thirty-six feet across, and twenty-four in depth. All these timbers have particular names. They are in two tiers, one laid over the other, on the platform, — "breaking joints," as the carpenters say; you know, — the ends of two sticks in one tier meet at about the middle of a stick in the other tier, to which they are bolted. First, across the bottom, is the "floor-timber"; then two "naval-timbers"; then a first, second, third, and fourth "futtock" (not "futtick" as the man said), in each arm of the frame; then a "stanchion" and a "top-timber" finish the arm. After the timbers were got into place, holes were bored, and long iron bolts driven through both tiers, four men driving one bolt, their four sledge-hammers revolving in the air hitting the iron one after another, in complete time, and making a lively scene.

When the frame was finished, pulley-ropes were made fast to it, and it was drawn off the platform down towards the ship, sliding flat along the keel, and a couple of planks laid to support it, one on each side. When the bottom of the frame was near the standing frames, — the exact place for it being marked on the keel, — pulley-ropes were attached to the tops of the U, and it was raised right up into position, as neatly as anything you ever saw. The pulleys were worked by a capstan back in the yard. While this was getting into place, another frame was going together on the platform.

I climbed up into the half-finished skeleton, and looked around. On one side stood a twenty-foot ladder, with a man on the upper rounds, fastening the last frame to the others with a cleat. His head did not reach the top. The ship was still broader than she was deep; the bottom timbers forming an almost level floor for several yards each side of the keel. As I walked towards the stern she grew narrower, till finally the ribs crooked right up sharply from the keel, and there was no floor at all.

From the stern I looked out on the water, into which she is to be some day launched. The "ways" were already laid for her there, — timbers on blocks, like the two rails of a railroad, sloping down into the waves that were dashing over them.

The "stern-post" was not yet raised. It lay on a platform at the lower end of the keel, with the "transoms," or cross-timbers, already framed to it. This "post" is one of the strongest and most important timbers in the ship. It stands upright on the end of the keel, into which it is mortised. There is a groove cut in the back side of it, for the rudder-post to turn in. All the converging lines of the ship's under sides are brought into it with a graceful sweep. The transoms, and the stern-frame built out from them, make the broad and high part of the stern.

The frames in the bottom of the ship were set four inches apart. The two sets of timbers in each frame were bolted close together at the bottom; but up on the sides I noticed that pains had been taken to make an open space between them, — a wide crack. I asked a workman what that was for.

"Why, you see," said he, "a ship has to be preserved like so much corned beef or pork."

"How so?" said I.

"She has to be salted down," said he.

"Salted down!" said I, thinking he must be joking.

"To be sure," said he. "This 'ere ship's timbers would last a hundred years and more, if 't wa'n't for the dry rot. That 's the ruination of vessels. It ain't like common rot; that goes to work in an honest kind of a way on the outside. Dry rot is sly; it begins its mischief on the inside of a timber, and turns it all to a kind of dry, crumbly powder, before ever you suspect it 's there. I 've seen a stick completely eaten up by it, while the painted outside remained as slick and han'some as ever."

I asked what occasioned the rot.

"That 's more 'n I know," says he. "Some say it 's a vegetable growth, — a sort of *fungus* I believe they call it. The seeds are supposed to be in the sap of the tree, though I don't believe that, for timber that 's been preserved hundreds of years will be attacked finally by the rot in certain situations. The planks we bend on to the bows and after-parts of the ship's sides have to be steamed; and it 's found the dry rot don't attack them. These bottom timbers are protected by salt water, — that kills the rot, — but the upper timbers don't get the benefit of that, and so we salt 'em down. Them openings between 'em are all filled in with salt, when the frames are covered. It will take a hundred and eighty hogsheads of salt to salt down this 'ere ship."

That astonished me. Just think of it; a ship carries a small cargo of salt in the crevices between her ribs! The man hewed away a spell with his adz (he was smoothing the insides of the frames for the planks to be put on; he called the work "dubbing"), then looked up again and said, —

"The kind of cargo a ship carries makes all the difference in the world with the rot. She is lucky if she gets a cargo of salt for her first voyage. Spice — you would hardly believe it — is about the worst thing. I 've known a new ship put into the spice trade to rot out in three years."

I looked over into a neighboring ship-yard, and saw the skeleton of a vessel nearly complete. So I thought I would go and see what was the next thing to be done. They were putting the keelson into her, — *kelson* the men call it, — a *son* of the *keel*, I suppose. It is a set of timbers inside the frames, running the length of the ship, corresponding with the keel outside. There were three courses of timbers, sixteen inches square, laid one on another, and making a pile ($16 \times 3 = 48$ inches) four feet high. These rested on the floor-timbers, which were eighteen inches thick. The keel under them was two feet. On the bottom of the keel was a five-inch plank "shoe." This made a "backbone" to the ship almost eight feet through! I must n't forget the "sister keelsons," — two strong timbers laid one on each side of the true keelson. Is n't there a backbone for you!

I asked the carpenter who gave me these figures what the "shoe" was for. "It is a protection to the keel," he said. "If a ship strikes a rock, the shoe takes the brunt of the stroke, and often she may be got off by the shoe parting from the keel, and letting her slide."

They were putting on the top timbers of the keelson, and fastening them with bolts driven clear through into the keel. Such bolts! They were not driven by sledge-hammers, but by a sort of pile-driver, worked by four men, who drew up the heavy iron weight by a pulley, and let it fall on the end of the bolt, which a fifth man guided.

In the yard some men were hewing out a rudder-post, — an immense timber thirty-six feet long. All the upper end of it was round as a mast; that comes up through a hole in the stern, and has the tiller attached to it. In large vessels there are ropes made fast to the tiller, and then to the wheel, so that the man at the wheel steers the ship. The rudder-post fits into the groove in the stern-post, upon which it is hung by pintles, — bolts making a sort of hinge. Only one side of the lower part of the rudder-post was rounded; some men were getting ready a stick of timber to be fitted to the other side, the upper end of it to come up as high as the top of the water after the ship was launched and freighted. Just these two timbers make the rudder that guides the ship. One would hardly think that turning it a little to the right or left would change her course so quickly! I suppose I need n't tell *you* that she can't be steered unless she is in motion. Leave the rudder alone, as she sails, and it will follow straight after the keel. But turn it ever so little, and the force of the water striking on one side pushes it off the other way, and the stern off with it. Moving her stern a little one way causes the bow to swing off in the opposite direction, you know; and this I believe is all the mystery there is in steering a ship.

The skeleton of this vessel was all complete except a few of her bow timbers. Each rib in this part is framed and raised separately. It runs up to an astonishing height above the keel, — the bow being the loftiest part. The stem-post was nearly ready to raise. This is to the bow or stem what the stern-post is to the stern. It is an immense timber as large as the keel, into which it is framed, — or rather it is several timbers pieced together to give length, with the curve that shapes the prow. Where it joins the keel it makes almost a right-angle.

This point is called a "fore-foot." * Behind the stem-post, curving with it, and secured to it, is a broad timber, or series of timbers, called the "apron." This is fastened to the keel by a "knee" (there are lots of knees in a ship). So you see her bow has one thing that belongs to a quadruped, another that belongs to a biped, and a third that belongs to both. I may add that the prow is her "head." A curious thing a ship, is n't she, though?

For some distance back of the lower part of the stem-post she is made so sharp, for cutting her way through the water, that there is no room for framing; so the thin space between her sides is there filled in with what is called dead wood, — heavy timbers nicely fitted and shaped, to bring, as you may say, the wedge to an edge. The stern, below the water-line, is as sharp as the stem, and I believe a little sharper; and the thin part there is filled in with dead wood, just the same.

* See Profile Plan, p. 769.

In the next yard was a ship nearly finished; and I went to take a look at her. There were three stagings built all about her, and men on them at work; and they kept up a jolly hammering and clattering, I tell you! A dozen men were carrying a long plank up an inclined plane, to the middle staging.

It was of hard pine, five inches thick, six or seven broad, and fifty feet long. Six men at each end, with their shoulders under it, had hard work to get it up.

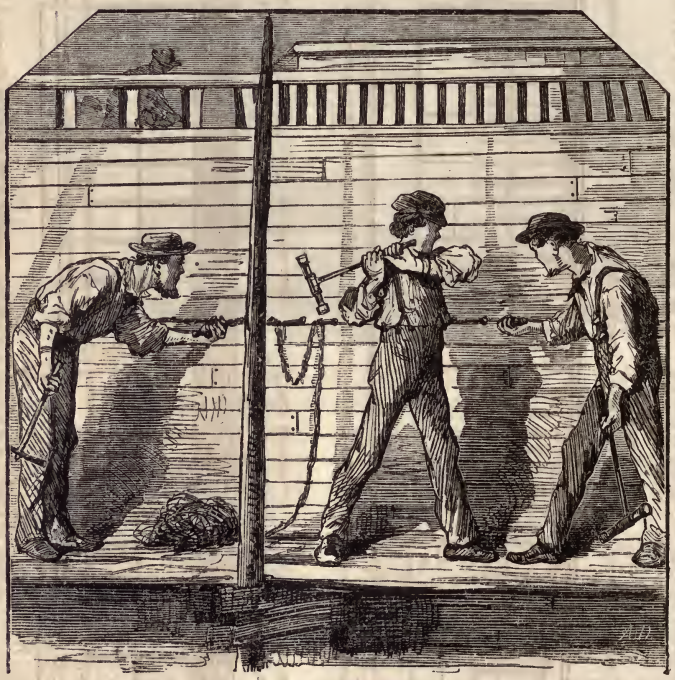
"They are putting on her *skin*," a workman told me. The *skin* I found consisted of such planks as these. She was already half covered, from the keel upwards. The planks upon her sides are thicker than those below, and are called "wales." I thought the big one the men were carrying up must be the Prince of Wales.

After they got it up on the staging, they placed it on the top of the planking already fastened to the timbers. As the ship's side bulged, while the plank was nearly straight, it had to be brought to its place by means of ring-bolts in the timbers, levers, ropes, wedges, and sledge-hammers. For the short curves about the bow and stern the planks have to be steamed, and put on wet and hot, or they would split all to pieces in bending. The wales do not run in straight horizontal lines, parallel with the ship's water-line, but they sweep from end to end in sagging lines, highest above the water at the bow and lowest about midships. The line of a ship's deck makes a similar curve. This is called the "sheer."

As soon as a plank was in place, it was fastened by spikes driven at each end. Afterwards auger-holes were bored at intervals clear through plank,

timber, and inside plank, or "ceiling" (for this ship was already lined); then long wooden oak pins, called "trunnels" (though you won't find *trunnel* in the dictionary; the word is spelled *treenail*), were driven through, and wedged at both ends without and within. Besides these fastenings, iron bolts were let through and clinched on the inside.

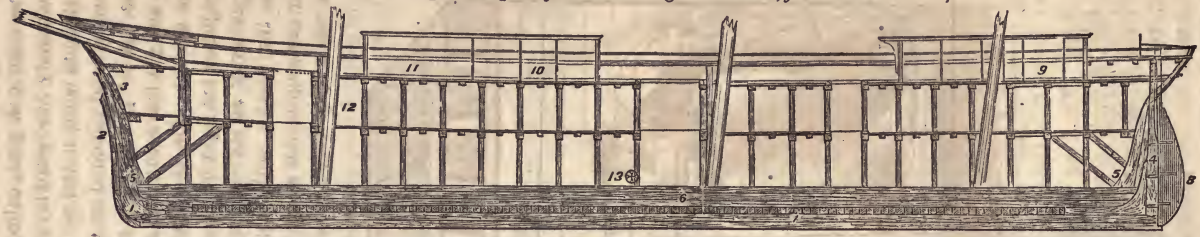
The "skin" planks were cut so as to fit closely together against the timbers, and yet leave an open seam between them, a quarter of an inch wide, at the surface. On the lower staging the calkers were at work. Two men had eight or ten light iron wedges, which they drove into a seam, and opened it a quarter of an inch further. Other men followed, driving oakum in between the planks, with mallets and calking-irons. As fast as the head calker came up to the wedges they were knocked out, and oakum filled their place, while they were carried forward and driven into the seam again fur-



ther along. The ring of so many mallets made merry music, for a person who likes a lively noise. The oakum was driven in out of sight; it was afterwards to be covered with hot pitch from a syringe-like instrument, run along the seam. This had been done in some places; and there carpenters were smoothing the planks all over with planes, and making the bottom ready for sheathing.

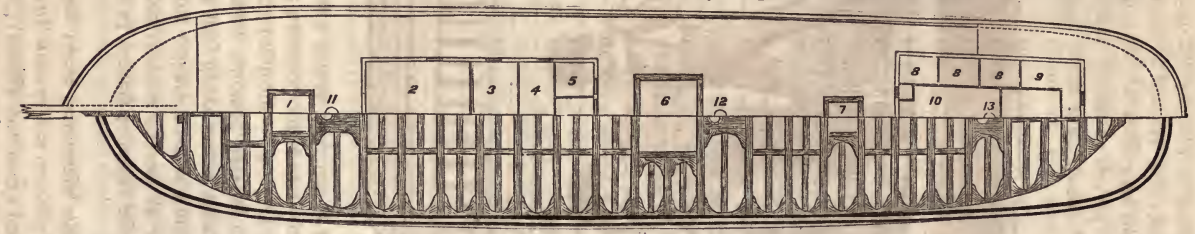
I went up on the top staging and climbed over on the upper deck, which men

Profile Plan (showing the ship as if sawed through the centre, from stem to stern).



1. Forefoot. 2. Stem and gripe. 3. Stemson or apron. 4. Stern-Post. 5. Fore and After Dead-woods. 6. Keelson. 7. Keel. 8. Rudder. 9. Cabin. 10. Galley. 11. Forecastle. 12. Chain Locker. 13. Centre of Displacement.

Deck Plan (right-hana, or starboard side, shows the upper deck; left, or port side, the lower deck and timbers).



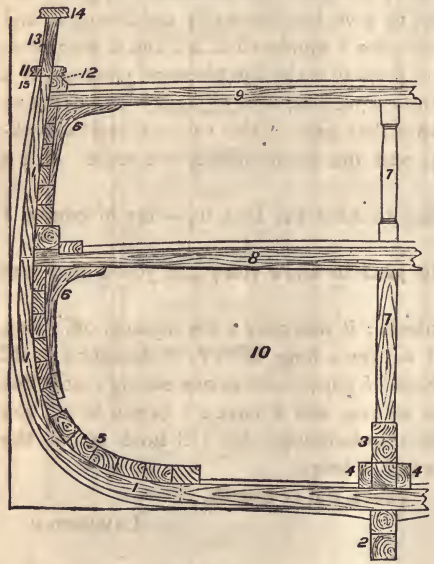
1. Fore Hatch. 2. Forecastle. 3 Store-room. 4. Galley. 5. State-room. 6. Main Hatch. 7. After Hatch. 8. State-rooms. 9. Captain's State-room. (Starboard side.) 10. Dining-room. 11. Fore Mast. 12. Main Mast. 13. Mizzen Mast.

[For the drawings on this and the following page we are indebted to the accomplished ship-architect, Mr. William H. Varney, Assistant Naval Constructor at the U. S. Navy Yard, Portsmouth, N. H.]

were calking in about the same way. Every exposed seam about a ship must be calked, you know, or the constant straining she gets in the heavy seas will make her leak like a sieve.

Carpenters were building the deck-houses and dressing the stanchion timbers, — the uppermost timbers of her frames, that rise above the deck and support her rails. The top rail is sometimes called a "monkey-rail." The wood-work between that and the water-ways is her "bulwarks." The "water-ways" are deep planks that form a way for the water about her deck (which is rounded a little, like a duck's back, so as to shed it), and let it out through holes called "scuppers." Secured to the stanchions, below the monkey-rail, is commonly another rail full of holes for wooden pins, to which the sail-ropes are made fast. This is the "pin-rail." The rail about the stern is the "taffrail." You see every part of a ship has its peculiar name. I am going to get, if I can, some drawings, showing the principal parts, and send them to you. (Here they are, — profile and deck plans, and a midship section.)

Midship Section (*one side*).



1, 1, 1. Timbers of the Frame. 2. Keel.
3. Keelson. 4, 4. Sister Keelsons.
5. Ceiling. 6, 6. Knees.
7, 7. Hold and Between-Deck Stanchions.
8. Lower, or Main Deck. 12. Water-Way.
9. Upper, or Spar Deck. 13. Bulwarks.
10. Hold. 14. Rail.
11. Plank Sheer. 15. Gunwale.

From the upper deck (sometimes called the "spar-deck") I went down a steep ladder, through a "hatchway" (sailors usually say simply the "hatch," as the "after hatch," the "main hatch"), and landed on the lower or "main deck." There I had a good chance to see how she was finished up inside. Overhead, supporting the upper deck, and binding the two sides of the ship together, were "beams," extending across, and secured at each end by a naturally crooked piece of timber called a "knee." One end of this knee was fastened to the beam, the other to the side of the ship. There was another set of beams supporting the deck under my feet. Besides the knees at the ends, each beam of the lower deck was supported at its centre by a stanchion, or prop, resting on the keelson. The beams of the upper deck had a row of just such stanchions, resting on the row below.

Through openings in the lower deck I could look down into the immense

"hold." There were holes through both decks for the masts, which were to rest on the keel, secured to it by blocks called "steps." The "ceiling" — that is to say, the inside planking — was quite thin on the bottom of the hold. But it was made very heavy — a foot thick, I believe — where the sides began to rise, diminishing gradually to some seven inches between decks.

The clatter kept up inside that ship was jolly! The men were pounding down the ends of the bolts driven through from the outside; and then every stroke of a hammer or a calker's mallet on the "skin," or the deck above, was heard as plainly as if all these thirty or forty men were thundering away inside of her.

Some men were polishing down the beams and ceiling, and making them as handsome as the wood-work of the finest houses.

As I went out, and down over the side again, I saw a fellow bringing up coarse salt in a coal-hod and pouring it into the spaces between the timbers, which he kept filled as fast as the "skin" was put on.

The more I learned about a ship, and saw how skilfully designed and nicely fitted everything had to be, to give her symmetry and strength, and make her sit well on the water, the more I wondered at it; and it seemed to me one of the greatest mechanical feats to make the plan and patterns of a ship. I said as much to one of the carpenters, who replied, "You ought to visit a moulding-loft." I asked what that was. "The ship architect's workshop," said he, "where his model and the mould-boards are made. It 's a curiosity."

I asked, would the architect like to have me look in, — for of course I regarded him as a great man.

"Certainly," said he; "he 'll be glad to show you; and you 'll find him a perfect gentleman."

The carpenter gave me his address; it was only a few squares off. But, dear me, Mr. Clarence! have n't I written a long letter? I thought I could tell you all I had to tell on one sheet of paper, and at one sitting; now this is the third evening I have been writing, and I have n't begun to tell you the most interesting things about ship-building. So I 'll hold up for the present, and give you the rest in another letter.

Yours, out of breath,

LAWRENCE.

P. S. — I collected that bill!

J. T. Trowbridge.

THE DOLLS' REGATTA.

ONE day Alice was sitting hard at work, making what she called a monkey-jacket for her beloved doll, Miss Ginevra Fanshawe, when there came a loud, sharp ringing at the front-door bell. The next moment the servant handed in a letter, saying, "For you, Miss Alice."

"For me," cried Alice, jumping up, and letting Miss Ginevra fall out of her lap. "Goody! how glad I am!" and, tearing open the envelope, she took out the note, and handed it to her mother, begging her to "please read the reading"; for you know Alice was a little kitten of a girl in those days, and could not read writing or printing either.

So her mother took the note, and this is what was written in it.

"DEAR ALICE: —

"The Count de Morny and his wife, to whose wedding you came last summer, are to have a regatta in the bath-tub next Saturday, and they request the pleasure of your company, with all your dolls, at two o'clock.

"Your true friend,

"MISS ALICE B." "LILLIE.

"What lovely fun!" cried Alice, with a scream of delight. "A regatta? re—gatta. What *is* a regatta, mamma? is it something to eat?"

"Not exactly, darling; it is a boat-race, and I should think a boat-race in a bath-tub would be a very genteel affair."

"Of course it will, — so grand! O dear! I must hurry and finish Miss Ginevra's monkey-jacket, so she can go; and let — me — see! I must take Miss Mousatilla Rattlebug, Anna Stevenson, Bertha, the cry-baby, and Henrietta, my new kid-and-wax doll, with knit clothes. I *would* take Willie, only he is so fat, and he can't sit down, because he is all china, and as stiff as the poker; besides he 's got a crack in his head."

"Ee! ee! eee!" squeaked a little voice.

Really and truly it was Alice who squeaked; but she jumped up, and ran into a corner of the room, where Willie was standing on his head, leaning against the wall, and staring at the company.

"O my darling!" said Alice, in a soft, cooing voice, "did he want to go to the re—whatucallem? Well, so he shall! Don't, my dear!" and Willie, with a sniff or two, which Alice made for him, was put back in the corner, on his cracked head again, quite comforted.

As for Miss Mousatilla and the rest, they ought to have been out of their wits with delight at being invited to the regatta. If they were, they never mentioned it, but looked as simpering and stupid as possible, which, after all, is not very surprising, for they had china and wax heads, and sawdust earths, with not a grain of feeling in either; all except the cry-baby; she had a sort of whistle inside of her, and when Alice pinched her she squealed terribly.

Perhaps it was squealing so hard that had split her poor head from ear to ear; and Alice had no end of trouble to keep it from tumbling in two. She was to stay at home; for Alice said one doll with a cracked head was quite enough.

Saturday came, and *such* a time as there was getting ready! As none of the ladies could walk, except Alice, she had to carry the whole of them, and Master Willie into the bargain, and her little fat arms were just as full of dolls as they could hold. Every little girl she met stopped and looked after her with great admiration, and said to herself, "Dear me! I do suppose she must be going to a dolls' party." Sure enough, she was, as you and I happen to know.

She gave a little shy pull at the bell, and Lillie opened the door herself. "Why, Alice, you little darling!" she cried. Lillie was not one inch bigger than Alice, but she called her "*little* darling," because she loved her so dearly; and they fell into each other's arms, dolls and all, and had a real good hugging and kissing time.

"Come," cried Lillie, "hurry up stairs! some of the company have come! *Such* a lot of dolls! It 's perfectly splendid!"

Then Alice twitched off her hat in the greatest haste, and she and Lillie ran and tumbled up stairs as hard as they could, through the second-story hall, and into the bath-room, which was at the end of the hall.

It really was beautiful, and Alice said a long "O—h!" of delight as she looked around, with sparkling eyes. The bath-tub was quite full of clear, pure water, which even had little ripples in it, as if a soft wind was blowing over it. This appearance was caused by a crowd of gold-fishes which Lillie's mamma had emptied out of a large glass globe. She had lent them for this grand occasion as a great favor. The fishes were enchanted at the change! They thought the bath-tub a very respectable ocean. They were swimming and darting up to the top to peep at the children with their soft, sleepy eyes, then leaping and rushing head over heels — no! fishes don't have heels! head over tails — down again, perfectly crazy with joy. Two or three great pond-lilies floated on the surface, their golden hearts looking like spots of sunshine on the water; and among them five little flat chips of wood were resting, and one *real* boat, — a lovely little craft, with her sails set, and a long tricolored pennon flying at the mast-head. On all the boats were paper dolls, and some wee bits of china dolls; they were all lying flat on their backs, but that did n't make the slightest difference. They enjoyed the sailing just as much, staring up at the ceiling, and were perfectly happy.

But the grandest sight of all was the company. Ranged all round the ledge, at the head and side of the bath-tub, against the wall, were, — well, I don't know how many dolls. The Count de Morny, who was the same knit-worsted doll that he was when he was married, only much more dingy and dismal, sat up stiff and straight at the head, with his steel-bead eyes winking and blinking seven ways for Sunday. His wife — who ate and slept and lived in her bridal dress, because, poor thing! it was all she had — was smiling and prinking beside him, with her hair all out of curl, and the end of her

nose gone, nobody knows where; and, as she never looked in the glass, she had n't the least idea that she had lost it, but thought herself as elegant as ever.

Then all sorts and sizes of china, wax, and india-rubber dolls and babies were sitting, standing, and lying just as they could; and about a hundred and fifty paper dolls were flat on their stomachs, with their heads over the edge, gazing at the show with all their might and main. Lillie had put them in this position to enable them to see, and the paper dolls considered it very kind in her, and their paper hearts rustled together in a little flutter of thanks.

The small room was so full of little girls, dolls, and one dear little boy, named Hugh, that it did not seem as if there were any more room for even a kitten, when three more little girls came in, bringing their dolls.

"Why, dear me," cried Ethel, one of the party, when she saw the company, "what a crowd! there won't be room for any more; and here is Jessie, dressed up in a new diamond breastpin. It 's only *pretend* diamond, you know," she whispered to Alice; "Mrs. Geer gave it to me for her."

"But O how shiny it shines!" said Alice, — "so *very* glittery! I wish Mrs. Geer would give Ginevra one."

"Nonsense!" said Lillie, "Ginevra has a new monkey-jacket; that 's enough for her. Come! let 's put all the new dolls in their places, — plenty

of room, — just like a *ondibus*." Lillie meant "omnibus," and, like the people in them, the dolls were pushed and crowded and "scrunched up," as Lillie said, and the new company dolls had capital places after all.

"Now the race is going to begin," said Lillie.

"Where do you get wind to sail your boats?" asked Hugh, poor little man, who had not the slightest idea of the managing ways of little women. Of course not! how could he?

"O, you 'll see! don't distress yourself, my dear," said Lillie, in a patronizing tone; and, running out of the room, she soon returned with — a large pair of bellows!

And now, with chuckles and skips of delight, Lillie began to blow the boats with the bellows, all the rest screaming and jumping and laughing and begging for "a blow."

First she blew the real little boat, which darted off, keeling over on one side, as if it had been caught in a squall; then she blew chip after chip, and they rushed after, bumping each other and tumbling over sideways, upsetting the paper dolls, whisking round and round, and making *such* a hullabaloo, that the fishes came darting up like streaks of living gold, ramping and raging, and butted the boats with their noses, and the children cried, "See the porpoises and whales!" and took turns blowing at the boats; and O, there never was such fun! and everybody, as they afterwards said, "most died of laughing!"

And three lives were saved! Just think of that!

In a corner of the ceiling, a great ugly black ogre of a spider was spinning a house for himself, basting, piecing, and snipping here and there at a great rate. But the children and the regatta made such a clatter, that the spider said to himself, "What on earth can be the matter?" and while glaring on them in surprise, with I don't know how many eyes, there bounced into his house three ridiculous little flies; but the spider, busy staring, never saw them, and, with tearing, biting, scratching, they escaped with only a great scaring. If he 'd only had an inkling, just the faintest little tinkling, he 'd have snapped them up, and eat them up, in a quarter of a twinkling.

And so the grand regatta saved three little flies' lives, whatever else it did.

The pretty gold-fishes had the worst time of all. What to make of this screaming and laughing, and popping up of a boat and five little flat chips, they did not know. They swam round and round in such a flurry, that they flapped their fins into one another's face, and would have stepped on one another's toes, if they had had a sign of a toe to step on. They dived down to the bottom of the bath-tub, and darted back again, and swam on their heads and their tails, and cried out to each other, "What a dreadful storm! Did you ever? I do believe the world is coming to an end."

The sweet water-lilies huddled timidly together in a corner, and confided to one another their belief that this was the most topsy-turvy, shocking pond they had ever seen. But the children never heard or minded.

They declared that the fishes were darlings, and that the lilies smelt delicious; and they hurrahed and danced and laughed, and had five "blows"

apiece with the bellows, and the pretty little boat had beaten the chips about twenty-nine times, when — a dreadful thing happened!

Willie, poor fat Willie, with the cracked head, was having a delightful time staring at the race upside down, — for he was standing on his head as usual, because he never could be made to stand on his feet, — when the Count de Morny, or the bride, or somebody or something, or some other thing, upset him, and over he went, pop! right into the water. But this was not the worst of it. He was not only drowned, but, as he fell, he bounced and bumped against the hard side of the bath-tub, and, awful to relate! snap; both his legs broke right short off! Both his arms broke shorter off! His cracked old head came quite in two, and one half of his face and head sunk about half a second before the other, — and there was Willie quite drowned in six pieces!!

Everybody grew perfectly still in a minute! The little fishes swam down, and smelt at Willie's arms and legs with a business air; then moved away a little and observed to one another, "H'm! quite a curiosity! should n't wonder if he was good to eat! Let 's try!" and then floated slowly down again and took little nips of poor Willie; but china dolls are not good food for fishes; that is one comfort, any way.

"O, what a pity!" cried Lillie at last, in a mournful tone.

"What a pity!" repeated Alice.

"Pity!" sighed all the other little girls, — which is just what you would have said, you little darling girl! but *you*, funny monkey of a *boy*, *you* would have stuck your hands in your pockets and said just what Hugh did; and that was, "Sho!"

"O goody! there 's Anna Stevenson crying! Pretend she is," said Alice. "Poor Willie is her only son, you know."

So all the little girls began to make believe cry, and Hugh began to howl; and it was such funny crying and howling, that the next moment they burst out laughing, and then, rolling up their sleeves, they plunged their little fat arms into the water, at sight of which all the fishes fainted, and thought now the end of the world surely was come. Before their senses returned, Willie had been carefully taken out, and all his legs and arms, and the two halves of his head and his body, set in a long row on the oil-cloth which covered the bath-room floor. It really was a most dismal sight, only the children forgot to cry any more, and stood looking at the pieces with odd little chuckles and grins, as if Willie had gone to pieces on purpose to make them laugh.

All of a sudden Lillie's blue eyes grew rounder and brighter, and with a tremendous air of wisdom she said, "I tell you what! we will mend him with Spaulding's glue!"

No sooner said than done. They got the bottle out of a closet, and in a delightful state of excitement patched up poor Willie's wounds. Everybody helped or wanted to help, and in five minutes he was finished in triumph, — very sticky and *smelly* (Spaulding's glue does n't smell nice), and a perfect sight to behold! for both his legs were turned the wrong way, as if he were running off backward like a crab, and half of his nose and one eye

was higher than the other, and he was altogether so ridiculous that the children laughed at him till they tumbled over one another. So upon the whole the awful misfortune turned out to be great fun.

As for Willie, he quite liked having one eye cocked up higher than the other; "I can see more than ever," he thought inside of his china head; "and if my feet *are* behind me, why, I shall set the fashion. I 'll just button my coat behind, and walk off Spanish!"

Now how very nice that is, to have a comfortable opinion of one's self!

Willie has taught us quite a lesson. If he had been a china girl, and the children had left him (or her) in the water, he might have spread out into a mermaid, — which is half a lady with a fish's tail. Who knows? Or, if he had been left as he was, he might in time have turned into a *doll*-phin, and that would have been splendid! but he was just as happy and content to be a ridiculous, patched, behind-before sort of a doll; and so we 'll all follow his good example, and be content with just what we are, and just what we have.

"Now let 's pretend the regatta is over," said Lillie.

"But which ship *winned?*" asked Hugh. You see Hugh being a boy knew more than anybody and everybody. He had seen a real boat-race, and of course he knew that one of the boats must win, and gain a prize.

So they one and all agreed that the pretty little sail-boat had won; and as Lillie had a speck of a silver tea-set (pewter silver), they presented this to the paper-doll crew with great ceremony, and one of them, a perfect fright to behold, with a nose like Punch in the puppet-show, and who looked as if he had changed coats with a scarecrow, made a speech returning thanks for the "elegant testimonial," — which made the children laugh until their dear little faces were perfectly crimson. He was the captain, — Captain Bragg.

Really and truly Lillie made the speech for him, but don't mention it, I beg, for it would spoil the fun of the thing.

Ting-a-ling-a-ling-a-ling!

"That 's the tea bell," screamed Lillie, joyfully. "Come, let 's all run down! bring the dolls! hurry!"

Such a scratching and a scrambling as there were! Anna Stevenson came within an inch of being drowned, Miss Mousatilla Rattlebug had her wig half torn off, the Count de Morny and his wife were both carried off upside down, and with dolls' legs and arms and heads sticking out of the children's arms in all directions, the merry party rushed down stairs, pell-mell, all laughing and talking together just as happy as happy could be.

What a delicious-looking tea-table it was! There was enough on it for ninety-and-nine and one more. The dolls went tugging and kicking to get at the eatables, — at least it looked as if they were doing it, — but the little girls and Hugh were far too well-behaved to tug and kick. They had n't done that since they were all babies, when every one of them had cried for supper without the least politeness. That 's the fashion for babies, but *we know better.* So they waited with great bright eyes, and a few little skips, and soft laughter as sweet as birds' singing, until Lillie's mamma placed them around the table, — the dolls being all stuck up on the sofa.

Not a single scrap were they to have! That was to punish them for being so greedy, as Lillie said; and I think she was perfectly right, don't you?

The children had little round buttered biscuit, and strawberries, and they all had leave to *help themselves* to powdered sugar; that was the best of it! And they *did* help themselves! You could not see the strawberries for the sugar. Cakes full of raisins, lots of raisins, and icing on the top, the best kind of ice, made of sugar; and after all this a tremendous glass dish was brought in, full of mottoes, firing-off mottoes, which always set Aunt Fanny squealing and running for her life, but which are jolly fun for children! and they set up such a popping that Lillie's mamma wished her ears were only buttoned on her head, so that she could take them off and send them with her compliments to a cross old bachelor who lived next door and was as deaf as a post. She was sure he would not hate children so much if he could only hear all this delightful noise, and see this perfect happiness.

In the very midst of the fun, and while the children's faces were sparkling with delight, there came two or three rings at the front-door bell one after the other. It was the nurses coming to take them home.

"Why!" said Alice, "where has all the afternoon gone? It always does hurry so, just when we want it to be the longest. Why, I do declare, it's almost dark! I wish we could nail the sun up in the sky, when we are having such delightful fun!"

"Yes, and not pull the nails out till we were ever and ever so tired," said Lillie.

They might have done such a thing in the wonderful days when the cow jumped over the moon, and it rained sugar-plums every morning; but those happy times are gone. So all that the little ones had to do was to pop off the rest of the mottoes at each other, and then put on their hats and gather up their dolls, and let this lovely party come to an end.

But there was one more enchanting thing to happen. Just as they were leaving, Lillie's mamma gave to each little darling a great golden orange to take home, and, like the beautiful yellow hearts of the water-lilies, the golden globes seemed to bring back the sunshine, as if the sun were sorry for marching off to bed when they wanted him to stay, and had sent bits of himself back to comfort them. Curious old fellow, the Sun; is n't he?

And now came a grand kissing time. All the little girls kissed Lillie and each other. Hugh would n't and did n't kiss anybody. Not he! When they tried to kiss *him*, he just turned on his heel and twitched off with his ears as red as a rooster's hat, and he said, "Stop!" and "Sho!" and looked quite savage. That's just like a boy!

The little gold-fishes were taking long draughts of relief, comfort, and water in the quiet bath-tub, the sweet water-lilies were nestling together in a corner gently closing their white petals over their golden hearts, almost asleep, and the children were skipping home, laughing and talking, with their dolls in their arms, just as the pretty little twinkling stars were climbing the silent sky.

And this is the true account of THE DOLLS' REGATTA.

Aunt Fanny.

ACROSTIC CHARADE.—No. 76.

FOUNDATION WORDS.

Forwards and backwards in our place,
Classed very near the human race.

CROSS WORDS.

Of modern times I am the light
So baleful to the human sight.

Through open doors the crowd has rushed,
Parepa sings! all else is hushed.

In politics an oft-used term,
When men's debates become too warm.

I form a part of every name,
Either obscure or known to fame.

A heathen god of giant size,
Famous for mischief and for lies.

In hours of mirth I 'm always heard,
And follow quick upon a word.

In ancient days a poet sung,
Upon his words Italia hung.

Enjoyment keen to young and old,
When skies are clear and winter 's cold.

POSITIVES, COMPARATIVES, AND SUPERLATIVES.—No. 77.

1. A small animal.
2. An insect.
3. A command.
4. An indefinite quantity.
5. Mighty small.
6. A letter.
7. A necessity.

A tooth.
A beverage.
Something seen in the midst of battle.
A season.
Worn by ecclesiastical dignitaries.
Indispensable to the telegraph.
A gathering.

To annoy.
A quadruped.
A spirit.

DOUBLE POSITIVES AND COMPARATIVES.—No. 78.

8. To permit.
   A girl's name.
9. An embrace.
   A cup.

A postman.

A story from the German.

CHARADES.—No. 79.

My *first* I took that I might pay
A visit to my charming cousin;
The journey seemed a weary way,
Though not of miles above a dozen.

Her welcome smile was sweet to see,
But ere my visit brief was over,
She in my *second* frowned on me,
And half disowned me for her lover.

Then up and down my *whole* I paced,
With darkened brows in desperate fashion,
Till suddenly her laughter chased
Away the gathering storm of passion.

H. K.

No. 80.

Sly Jack stole through the garden-gate
To get a taste of the farmer's fruit;
But Towser lurked in the bushes there,
And the race was won by the fleetest foot;
For ere Jack reached the garden-wall,
His Sunday breeches were rendered cheap;
And he learned by a splash on the other side,
He 'd better have looked before the leap.
Out of the brook and home he ran,
With chattering teeth and visage wan;
He railed at my *first*, and wailed for my *second*,
And very chilly my *whole* he reckoned.

ENIGMA.—No. 81.

I am composed of 26 letters.

My 2, 18, 9, 1, 14, 2, 15, 18, 15, 9, 13, 8, 5 was a king of the eleventh century, celebrated in history and poesy.

My 13, 15, 14, 19, 13, 5, 7 is a noted piece of ordnance.

My 4, 15, 22, 5, 18 is one of the Cinque Ports.

My 11, 21, 14, 3, 8, 9, 14, 7, 9, 14, 7, 1 is one of the highest mountains in the world.

My 24, 1, 14, 20, 9, 16, 16, 5 was an ancient female noted for her fluency of expression.

My 6, 9, 14, 7, 1, 12, 19, 3, 1, 22, 5 is a natural curiosity.

My 26, 21, 25, 4, 5, 18, 26, 5, 5 is a sea in Europe which was formerly a fresh-water lake.

My 17 starts a query.

My 10, 1, 13, 5, 19, 23, 1, 20, 20 was one of the greatest inventors the world has known.

My whole embraces every language, and is the foundation of knowledge.

MABEL.

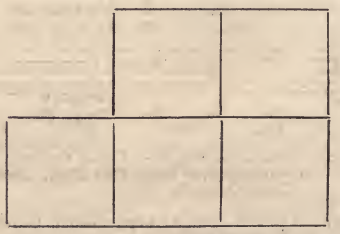
METAGRAMS.—No. 82.

A word of three letters cools you in hot weather; it is also found in a barn. Change its first letter, and it is a verb of the imperfect tense. Change its first letter again, and it is an edict of proscription, also a public notice, a military edict, and a curse; it is frequently a notice of marriage, and it sometimes comes from the East. Change its first letter again, and it contains fluids. Change its first letter again, and it is a cooking utensil. Change its first letter once more, and it is the pet name of a certain ruminant.

No. 83.

A word of four letters is in front of everything. Change its last letter, and it is found in a river, in a road, in a lightning-rod, on a table, and in a stable. Change its last letter again, and it is supposed to be strong, though it is often weak. Change its last letter once more, and it is both a stream and across a stream.

PUZZLE.—No. 84.



Remove three of these lines from the five squares, leaving only three whole squares.

CONUNDRUMS.—No. 85.

1. How many ships make one drinking-vessel?

2. Why are cats like butchers?

3. When is a ship not properly steered?

4. Why should we not keep the days between Ash Wednesday and Easter?

5. Why does a woman become sad who marries a man named Josiah?

6. Name the ancestors of Colt's revolvers.

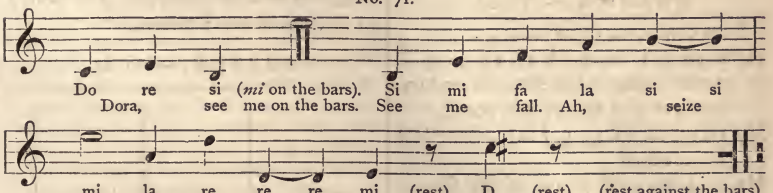
WILLY WISP.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 86.

SUNBEAM.

ANSWERS.

No. 71.



72. *Foundation Words*, — Fields, Osgood. *Cross Words*, — FarO, IbiS, EgG, LassO, DoradO, SanD.

73. B-all. B-last. A-ware. G-out. C-rest. B-lot. C-hill.

74. Soft words break no bones.

75. Arch, archer, archest (R chest).

Answers to Positives and Comparatives in Letter Box. —

Lie,	Lyre.	Port,	Porter.
Box,	Boxer.	Din,	Dinner.

The Shakespeare Rebus in the last No. was correctly answered by "T. H. A." of Philadelphia, September 17th, and later by several others, among them "Fannie J. H.——," aged 11 years. It is "What a falling off was there!"

SUMMER 's done! We must no longer expect pleasant letters, such as came to us last spring from Wisconsin prairies covered with unknown blossoms, from Pennsylvania coal-mines overhung by liverwort and trailing arbutus and ladies' slippers, or from the Berkshire hills gay with anemones, wake-robin, adder-tongue, and cowslips. Our flower-letters take us back on their enchanted tapestry as far as to May, and how bright with blossoms the time between has been! *Did* you go a-Maying among the Green Mountains as you intended, dear "S. P. F."? The snow was falling on the violet-buds when you wrote, but your letter was full of the music of robins and bluebirds, and the fragrance of lilacs, and foretold the coming of the mountain laurel and fringed gentian, — to say nothing of its tempting hints of blackberries and maple-sugar.

And did you really find the fringed gentian a good barometer? We knew that it seldom unfolded itself until the sun was ready to fill its cup with noon-glory, but had not thought of it as a weather-glass before. — By the way, little Bright-eyes, how many flowers are you acquainted with, that are in the habit of foretelling a change of weather?

By this time the gentians are all frost-bitten, and only a few hardy asters or tufts of golden-rod linger here and there upon sunny slopes or along the fringes of the woods. What a pretty name the country people have for the asters, — *Frost flowers!* Is n't it a comfort to know that some flowers are not afraid of the frost, but wait for its coming before they blossom? We have always delighted in the witch-hazel, because it dares to shake its golden curls in the very face of November, filling the dreary woods with sunshine of its own.

How many varieties of the aster have you found this autumn, young botanists; and which do you think the prettiest? *We* like the deep-purple, large-flowered "Nova-Angliæ," it is so intense in color, and contrasts so finely with the sunny golden-rods. But there is another almost as pretty, — that white one which grows in the manner of the golden-rod, — a plume of living snow-stars; — and another, too, — a little lavender-colored one that shows its single blossom in barren hilly nooks where few flowers will live.

The golden-rod is as interesting to study, for its varieties, as the aster. There is the stout sea-side species, that delights to plant itself, like any old salt, down close to high-water mark, where it can feel the lapping of the waves; — the white golden-rod, not so graceful as the one that tosses its pretty plume in all our fields, but rarer; — the blue-stemmed golden-rod, which we have not seen, but have heard described as very fine; — and other endless varieties, which your own eyes and hands, and Professor Gray's Botany, will help you to become acquainted with.

The autumn leaves are more wonderful in their tints than flowers even. Which is more magnificent, the glow of a beech-crowned hill in the Indian summer, or the variegated brilliance of a maple-grove? Almost everybody will say the last; and the maple does take all the gay colors of all the other trees into a single leaf sometimes. But the splendor of the beech lasts longer.

Did you press some autumn leaves for your large parlor vases this October? They will hold the sunshine for you all winter, if properly dried. They are said to keep better, if varnished; but the varnish is apt to give them an unnatural glitter. Some one at our elbow says that if autumn leaves are brushed lightly with olive-oil, they will retain their natural shape and color. It is worth trying.

There are many graceful ways of arranging leaves and grasses for parlor adornment. Perhaps Our Young Folks will tell each other through the Letter Box about their successful efforts of this kind. The charm which these simple things add to the houses we live in is not so generally appreciated as it ought to be. A picture in a little frame of spruce twigs is sometimes shown to better advantage than it would be by the most elegant rosewood and ebony and gilt in the world. It

need not cost much money to make a home beautiful. Nature offers her wealth gratis.

And just here we make room for

LITTLE KATE'S QUESTION.

"Why do the clovers turn brown, Aunt Sue?
Why did the apple-blooms fall?
What makes the leaves flutter down, Aunt Sue?
The woodbine grow red on the wall?"

"Summer must pass away, little Kate;
Autumn must come in its stead;
Clover must turn to hay, little Kate,
And fruit comes when flowers are dead.

"The leaves have lived their life, little Kate,
They hurry away to the ground,
To wrap the roots of the dainty flowers,
Till another bright spring comes round."

"But why don't the summer stay, Aunt Sue?
What 's the use of frost and snow?
Could not God keep the grass green, Aunt Sue?
And forbid the cold winds to blow?

"If days were all warm and bright, Aunt Sue,
If rain and snow never fell,
And there was no still dark night, Aunt Sue,
I should like the world twice as well."

"All sun would kill the flowers, little Kate;
Could they speak, they 'd gladly tell
How much they love the showers, little Kate,
And that God doth all things well.

"They need the rain as much as the sun, —
Each in its turn is best:
And, budding, leaving, and blooming done,
They are glad of the winter's rest.

"Rough winds make trees grow strong, little Kate,
The still dark night gives sleep,
And through gloom and storm God guides us on,
As a good shepherd guides his sheep.

"But there *is* a Land where flowers never fall,
Where no clouds obscure the sky,
And, trusting our Lord who loves us all,
We shall win to it, by and by." L. D. N.

A. C.'s question about Croquet has received the following answers: —

"A player is always entitled to another shot after having gone through his wicket. After 'A. C.' had 'played on' the ball which he hit, it was, to him, a 'dead ball'; his hitting it had no effect whatever, and he was clearly entitled to another shot after having gone through his wicket.

"ROVER."

"'A. C.'s' question in Croquet is easily answered. Of course the hitting a ball the second time before making a point does not necessitate his executing a croquet or roquet-croquet upon that ball, neither is he *allowed* to do it. If he strikes for his arch, but hits a ball on the track of his passage through that arch, he of course cannot claim the privileges of the roquet; but if he should hit a ball on the other side, in the same stroke by which he made his arch, he would of course have the privileges consequent upon making his arch. The player in no case may croquet or roquet-croquet the same ball twice before making a point. CARLOS."

"Certainly 'A. C.' could go ahead. He was entitled to another strike for going through the wicket, but not for hitting the ball a second time.

"U. S. S."

"I should rule that as A has *no right to move* B (in the case supposed), it can take no advantage from contact with it, even if they go through the arch together. B must be replaced (having been removed as if by accident) after the play, and both balls must be used the same as though there had been no displacement.

"WILLY WISP."

WE have just a word to say about our plans for next year. Mrs Whitney, author of "Leslie Goldthwaite," is going to write a story for us. Mr. Aldrich will contribute some witty things not unworthy of Tom Bailey himself. Colonel Higginson and "Carleton" are to write for us, and the other friends and favorites of Our Young Folks — Mr. Hale, Mrs. Agassiz, Mrs. Diaz, Mrs. Weeks, Mr. Parton, Major Traverse, and the rest — still promise us their best attempts. We expect to make next year's magazine more attractive than ever to our subscribers.

WITH the dull days of November we begin to look more closely at our book-shelves, and ask of them, What cheer?

Poetry brings the whole outward and inward world of beauty to our firesides. Happy are the fathers and mothers and brothers and sisters who can enjoy poetry together.

It is by no means the "Hymns for Infant Minds" that infants always prefer to read, although Jane Taylor did an excellent work for them when she wrote that book. But children are often on more familiar terms with Scott and Cowper, and Milton and Shakespeare, than their elders can find time to be. Mrs. Jameson tells us that she read the whole of Shakespeare when she was between seven and ten years old; and we have a little boy-friend of only three or four years whose favorite reading — on *being-read-to* — is Whittier's "Snow-Bound." We have the impression that he could recite nearly the whole poem, before he could spell out a word of it for himself.

True, "Snow-Bound" is so full of life-like country pictures that no real boy could fail to

enjoy it; yet it is not this alone that takes a child's fancy. Poetry is a whisper from the Infinite, to both old and young; and it often suggests grander meanings to the child than to those who have grown worldly-wise, and have explained everything to their own satisfaction. We venture to say that Coleridge's "Hymn to Mont Blanc," and Gray's "Elegy," and Bryant's "Thanatopsis" and "Death of the Flowers," and Tennyson's "May Queen," and Longfellow's "Psalm of Life," can be correctly repeated by twice as many children as grown persons, — and that at least as many under fifteen as beyond that age would be made very happy by receiving Jean Ingelow's illustrated "Songs of Seven," or Whittier's new volume of "Illustrated Ballads" for a Christmas present this year.

We must say a word about these "Ballads," from which we give our readers a specimen picture this month. The poem it belongs to — "The Playmate" — is well known as one of Mr. Whittier's most charming idyls. Winslow Homer has made a pretty picture of the bashful boy and his girl-playmate, who went away to the South and perhaps forgot all about him, — although we don't believe she did. The "Illustrated Ballads" is, it can scarcely be doubted, the finest picture-book ever published in America. Mr. Fenn's bits of landscape are perfect gems, and perfect likenesses, too, of the forest-nooks and sea-glimpses to be found all about Seabrook, and Hampton, and Amesbury. It is a pleasant region, — that through which the Merrimack broadens to blend with the Atlantic, and well deserves what it has received, the best efforts of one of our best artists to portray its beauty. Whoever looks at this book will be sure to want it for himself or for somebody else who loves pictures and poetry.

Messrs. Fields, Osgood, & Co. have recently issued the "Merrimack Whittier" uniform with the "Farringford Tennyson." It is the finest edition of Mr. Whittier's poems yet published, and is complete, containing his last volume, "Among the Hills."

They have also a new Diamond edition of Mr. Lowell's Poems. "Sir Launfal" is always a favorite with growing-up young persons of taste, and that exquisite child-poem of his, "The First Snow," loses nothing of its charm by reappearing in his later volume, "Under the Willows," among verses ripe with wisdom and culture.

Mr. Trowbridge's new volume we may speak of, since "*Mr.* Young Folks" is not now holding the pen. It is tastefully bound, and contains the author's picture. "Darius Green and his Flying Machine" our Young Folks will remember as the funniest poem ever printed in their magazine. The volume opens with "The Vagabonds," a most spirited poem, only too true to life, and contains many fine pieces, some familiar and some now published for the first time. Mr. Trowbridge also contributes the "Story of Columbus" to the "Uncle Sam Series, for American children"; which is a group of poetical picture-books for the coming holidays. Mr. E. C. Stedman puts Rip Van Winkle's story into capital verse. Bayard Taylor does the same for Abraham Lincoln, and R. H. Stoddard for "Putnam the Brave." These books have all full-page illustrations, printed in colors, and are unique, pretty, and by no means costly.

So much for the new things we happen to know about, in the way of poetry.

We are almost sorry to speak of the publication of the "Story of a Bad Boy" in book form, because it is, in fact, writing that bright little fellow's obituary, so far as our magazine is concerned. But Tom Bailey is only to take a new lease of life. He is to be dressed up new, in whatever style those who send for him may desire, and go a-visiting all the Young Folks who want to see him, to stay until his clothing, not his welcome, is worn out. This last could scarcely happen anywhere, for Tom Bailey is the best story-teller of all the boys we know, — excepting, perhaps, Tom Brown, of Rugby. He is both witty and well behaved, — two qualities not always found together; and we know that his story will read better as a whole than in fragments, as we have had to offer it to our readers.

And "William Henry" and "Trotty" are both to be started on their travels too. Dear, dear! how these children do leave us! What shall we do next year without our William Henry, — frank, genuine boy that he is? We had taken him to our editorial heart, and nobody else can fill his place very soon. His book will contain much matter entirely new to our readers, including a description of the "Two Betseys'" party, and a very original preface by one Mr. Silas Y. Frye.

And little Trotty, — there will be no end of children who will invite him to houses full of gingersnaps and everything else that is good.

There is still another nice little book which the publishers of "Trotty" and "William Henry" and the "Bad Boy" promise their child-patrons for the holidays. It is called "The Fairy Egg, and what it held."

And here is one more that the boys must know of, — Mr. Dana's "Two Years before the Mast," a book certainly as good as new. His story of a boy's life on board ship so many years ago has lost nothing of its interest for boys of to-day. Very few, however, will be tempted to go to sea by reading his book. It is an "ower true tale."

Other books we must leave until next month. If we have spoken especially of those to be issued by one publishing-house, it is because we chance to know what they are doing. If we knew other publishers' secrets, perhaps we should tell them too.

THE GIANT'S SUPPER.

DRAWN BY S. EYTINGE, JR.]

[See the Story "Hot Buckwheat Cakes."

OUR YOUNG FOLKS.

An Illustrated Magazine

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

VOL. V. DECEMBER, 1869. No. XII.

THE STORY OF A BAD BOY.

CHAPTER XXI.

IN WHICH I LEAVE RIVERMOUTH.

LETTER with a great black seal!

I knew then what had happened as well as I know it now. But which was it, father or mother? I do not like to look back to the agony and suspense of that moment.

My father had died at New Orleans during one of his weekly visits to the city. The letter bearing these tidings had reached Rivermouth the evening of my flight, — had passed me on the road by the down train.

I must turn back for a moment to that eventful evening. When I failed to make my appearance at supper, the Captain began to suspect that I had really started on my wild tour southward, — a conjecture which Sailor Ben's absence helped to confirm. I had evidently got off by the train and Sailor Ben had followed me.

There was no telegraphic communication between Boston and Rivermouth in those days; so my grandfather could do nothing but await the result. Even if there had been another mail to Boston, he could not have availed himself of it, not knowing how to address a message to the fugitives. The post-office was naturally the last place either I or the Admiral would think of visiting.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1869, by FIELDS, OSGOOD, & Co., in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

My grandfather, however, was too full of trouble to allow this to add to his distress. He knew that the faithful old sailor would not let me come to any harm, and, even if I had managed for the time being to elude him, was sure to bring me back sooner or later.

Our return, therefore, by the first train on the following day did not surprise him.

I was greatly puzzled, as I have said, by the gentle manner of his reception; but when we were alone together in the sitting-room, and he began slowly to unfold the letter, I understood it all. I caught a sight of my mother's handwriting in the superscription, and there was nothing left to tell me.

My grandfather held the letter a few seconds irresolutely, and then commenced reading it aloud; but he could get no further than the date.

"I can't read it, Tom," said the old gentleman, breaking down. "I thought I could."

He handed it to me. I took the letter mechanically, and hurried away with it to my little room, where I had passed so many happy hours.

The week that followed the receipt of this letter is nearly a blank in my memory. I remember that the days appeared endless; that at times I could not realize the misfortune that had befallen us, and my heart upbraided me for not feeling a deeper grief; that a full sense of my loss would now and then sweep over me like an inspiration, and I would steal away to my chamber or wander forlornly about the gardens. I remember this, but little more.

As the days went by my first grief subsided, and in its place grew up a want which I have experienced at every step in life from boyhood to manhood. Often, even now, after all these years, when I see a lad of twelve or fourteen walking by his father's side, and glancing merrily up at his face, I turn and look after them, and am conscious that I have missed companionship most sweet and sacred.

I shall not dwell on this portion of my story, which, like the old year, is drawing to an end. There were many tranquil, pleasant hours in store for me at that period, and I prefer to turn to them.

One evening the Captain came smiling into the sitting-room with an open letter in his hand. My mother had arrived at New York, and would be with us the next day. For the first time in weeks — years, it seemed to me — something of the old cheerfulness mingled with our conversation round the evening lamp. I was to go to Boston with the Captain to meet her and bring her home. I need not describe that meeting. With my mother's hand in mine once more, all the long years we had been parted appeared like a dream. Very dear to me was the sight of that slender, pale woman passing from room to room, and lending a patient grace and beauty to the saddened life of the old house.

Everything was changed with us now. There were consultations with lawyers, and signing of papers, and correspondence; for my father's affairs

had been left in great confusion. And when these were settled, the evenings were not long enough for us to hear all my mother had to tell of the scenes she had passed through in the ill-fated city.

Then there were old times to talk over, full of reminiscences of Aunt Chloe and little Black Sam. Little Black Sam, by the by, had been taken by his master from my father's service ten months previously, and put on a sugar-plantation near Baton Rouge. Not relishing the change, Sam had run away, and by some mysterious agency got into Canada, from which place he had sent back several indecorous messages to his late owner. Aunt Chloe was still in New Orleans, employed as nurse in one of the cholera hospital wards, and the Desmoulins, near neighbors of ours, had purchased the pretty stone house among the orange-trees.

How all these simple details interested me will be readily understood by any boy who has been long absent from home.

I was sorry when it became necessary to discuss questions more nearly affecting myself. I had been removed from school temporarily, but it was decided, after much consideration, that I should not return, the decision being left, in a manner, in my own hands.

The Captain wished to carry out his son's intention and send me to college, for which I was nearly fitted; but our means did not admit of this. The Captain, too, could ill afford to bear the expense, for his losses by the failure of the New Orleans business had been heavy. Yet he insisted on the plan, not seeing clearly what other disposal to make of me.

In the midst of our discussions a letter came from my Uncle Snow, a merchant in New York, generously offering me a place in his counting-house. The case resolved itself into this: If I went to college, I should have to be dependent on Captain Nutter for several years, and at the end of the collegiate course would have no settled profession. If I accepted my uncle's offer, I might hope to work my way to independence without loss of time. It was hard to give up the long-cherished dream of being a Harvard boy; but I gave it up.

The decision once made, it was Uncle Snow's wish that I should enter his counting-house immediately. The cause of my good uncle's haste was this, — he was afraid that I would turn out to be a poet before he could make a merchant of me. His fears were based upon the fact that I had published in the Rivermouth Barnacle some verses addressed in a familiar manner "To the Moon." Now, the idea of a boy, with his living to get, placing himself in communication with the Moon, struck the mercantile mind as monstrous. It was not only a bad investment, it was lunacy.

We adopted Uncle Snow's views so far as to accede to his proposition forthwith. My mother, I neglected to say, was also to reside in New York.

I shall not draw a picture of Pepper Whitcomb's disgust when the news was imparted to him, nor attempt to paint Sailor Ben's distress at the prospect of losing his little messmate.

In the excitement of preparing for the journey I did n't feel any very deep regret myself. But when the moment came for leaving, and I saw

my small trunk lashed up behind the carriage, then the pleasantness of the old life and a vague dread of the new came over me, and a mist filled my eyes, shutting out the group of schoolfellows, including all the members of the Centipede Club, who had come down to the house to see me off.

As the carriage swept round the corner, I leaned out of the window to take a last look at Sailor Ben's cottage, and there was the Admiral's flag flying at half-mast!

So I left Rivermouth, little dreaming that I was not to see the old place again for many and many a year.

CHAPTER XXII.

EXEUNT OMNES.

WITH the close of my school-days at Rivermouth this modest chronicle ends.

The new life upon which I entered, the new friends and foes I encountered on the road, and what I did and what I did not, are matters that do not come within the scope of these pages. But before I write Finis to the record as it stands, before I leave it, — feeling as if I were once more going away from my boyhood, — I have a word or two to say concerning a few of the personages who have figured in the story, if you will allow me to call Gypsy a personage.

I am sure that the reader who has followed me thus far will be willing to hear what became of her, and Sailor Ben and Miss Abigail and the Captain.

First about Gypsy. A month after my departure from Rivermouth the Captain informed me by letter that he had parted with the little mare, according to agreement. She had been sold to the ring-master of a travelling circus (I had stipulated on this disposal of her), and was about to set out on her travels. She did not disappoint my glowing anticipations, but became quite a celebrity in her way, — by dancing the polka to slow music on a pine-board ball-room constructed for the purpose.

I chanced once, a long while afterwards, to be in a country town where her troup was giving exhibitions; I even read the gaudily illumined show-bill, setting forth the accomplishments of

The far-famed Arabian Trick-Pony,

ZULEIKA!!

FORMERLY OWNED BY

THE PRINCE SHAZ-ZAMAN OF DAMASCUS,

— but failed to recognize my dear little Mustang girl behind those high-sounding titles, and so, alas! did not attend the performance.

I hope all the praises she received and all the spangled trappings she wore did not spoil her; but I am afraid they did, for she was always over much given to the vanities of this world!

Miss Abigail regulated the domestic destinies of my grandfather's household until the day of her death, which Dr. Theophilus Tredick solemnly averred was hastened by the inveterate habit she had contracted of swallowing unknown quantities of hot-drops whenever she fancied herself out of sorts. Eighty-seven empty phials were found in a bonnet-box on a shelf in her bedroom closet.

The old house became very lonely when the family got reduced to Captain Nutter and Kitty; and when Kitty passed away, my grandfather divided his time between Rivermouth and New York.

Sailor Ben did not long survive his little Irish lass, as he always fondly called her. At his demise, which took place about six years since, he left his property in trust to the managers of a "Home for Aged Mariners." In his will, which was a very whimsical document, — written by himself, and worded with much shrewdness, too, — he warned the Trustees that when he got "aloft" he intended to keep his "weather eye" on them, and should send "a speritual shot across their bows" and bring them to, if they did n't treat the Aged Mariners handsomely.

He also expressed a wish to have his body stitched up in a shotted hammock and dropped into the harbor; but as he did not strenuously insist on this, and as it was not in accordance with my grandfather's preconceived notions of Christian burial, the Admiral was laid to rest beside Kitty, in the Old South Burying Ground, with an anchor that would have delighted him neatly carved on his headstone.

I am sorry the fire has gone out in the old ship's stove in that sky-blue cottage at the head of the wharf; I am sorry they have taken down the flag-staff and painted over the funny port-holes; for I loved the old cabin as it was. They might have let it alone!

For several months after leaving Rivermouth I carried on a voluminous correspondence with Pepper Whitcomb; but it gradually dwindled down to a single letter a month, and then to none at all. But while he remained at the Temple Grammar School he kept me advised of the current gossip of the town and the doings of the Centipedes.

As one by one the boys left the academy, — Adams, Harris, Marden, Blake, and Langdon, — to seek their fortunes elsewhere, there was less to interest me in the old seaport; and when Pepper himself went to Philadelphia to read law, I had no one to give me an inkling of what was going on.

There was n't much to go on, to be sure. Great events no longer considered it worth their while to honor so quiet a place. One Fourth of July the Temple Grammar School burnt down, — set fire, it was supposed, by an eccentric squib that was seen to bolt into an upper window, — and Mr. Grimshaw retired from public life, married, "and lived happily ever after," as the story-books say.

The Widow Conway, I am able to state, did not succeed in enslaving Mr. Meeks, the apothecary, who united himself clandestinely to one of Miss Dorothy Gibbs's young ladies, and lost the patronage of Primrose Hall in consequence.

Young Conway went into the grocery business with his ancient chum, Rogers, — ROGERS & CONWAY! I read the sign only last summer when I was down in Rivermouth, and had half a mind to pop into the shop and shake hands with him, and ask him if he wanted to fight. I contented myself, however, with flattening my nose against his dingy shop-window, and beheld Conway, in red whiskers and blue overalls, weighing out sugar for a customer, — giving him short weight, I 'll bet anything!

I have reserved my pleasantest word for the last. It is touching the Captain. The Captain is still hale and rosy, and if he does n't relate his exploit in the War of 1812 as spiritedly as he used to, he makes up by relating it more frequently and telling it differently every time! He passes his winters in New York and his summers in the Nutter House, which threatens to prove a hard nut for the destructive gentleman with the scythe and the hour-glass, for the seaward gable has not yielded a clapboard to the east-wind these twenty years. The Captain has now become the Oldest Inhabitant in Rivermouth, and so I don't laugh at the Oldest Inhabitant any more, but pray in my heart that he may occupy the post of honor for half a century to come!

So ends the Story of a Bad Boy, — but not such a very bad boy, as I told you to begin with.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

HOW TO DO IT.

V. HOW TO GO INTO SOCIETY.

SOME boys and girls are born so that they enjoy society, and all the forms of society, from the beginning. The passion they have for it takes them right through all the formalities and stiffness of morning calls, evening parties, visits on strangers, and the like, and they have no difficulty about the duties involved in these things. I do not write for them, and there is no need, at all, of their reading this paper.

There are other boys and girls who look with half horror and half disgust at all such machinery of society. They have been well brought up, in intelligent, civilized, happy homes. They have their own varied and regular occupations, and it breaks these all up, when they have to go to the birthday party at the Glascocks', or to spend the evening with the young lady from Vincennes who is visiting Mrs. Schemerhorn.

When they have grown older, it happens, very likely, that such boys and

girls have to leave home, and establish themselves at one or another new home, where more is expected of them in a social way. Here is Stephen, who has gone through the High School, and has now gone over to New Altona to be the second teller in the Third National Bank there. Stephen's father was in college with Mr. Brannan, who was quite a leading man in New Altona. Madam Chenevard is a sister of Mrs. Schuyler, with whom Stephen's mother worked five years on the Sanitary Commission. All the bank officers are kind to Stephen, and ask him to come to their houses, and he, who is one of these young folks whom I have been describing, who knows how to be happy at home, but does not know if he is entertaining or in any way agreeable in other people's homes, really finds that the greatest hardship of his new life consists in the hospitalities with which all these kind people welcome him.

Here is a part of a letter from Stephen to me, — he writes pretty much everything to me: ". . . . Mrs. Judge Tolman has invited me to another of her evening parties. Everybody says they are very pleasant, and I can see that they are to people who are not sticks and oafs. But I am a stick and an oaf. I do not like society, and I never did. So I shall decline Mrs. Tolman's invitation; for I have determined to go to no more parties here, but to devote my evenings to reading."

Now this is not snobbery or goodyism on Stephen's part. He is not writing a make-believe letter, to deceive me as to the way in which he is spending his time. He really had rather occupy his evening in reading than in going to Mrs. Tolman's party, — or to Mrs. Anybody's party, — and, at the present moment, he really thinks he never shall go to any parties again. Just so two little girls part from each other on the sidewalk, saying, "I never will speak to you again as long as I live." Only Stephen is in no sort angry with Mrs. Tolman or Mrs. Brannan or Mrs. Chenevard. He only thinks that their way is one way, and his way is another.

It is for boys and girls like Stephen, who think they are "sticks and oafs," and that they cannot go into society, that this paper is written.

You need not get up from your seats and come and stand in a line for me to talk to you, — tallest at the right, shortest at the left, as if you were at dancing-school, facing M. Labbassé. I can talk to you just as well where you are sitting; and, as Obed Clapp said to me once, I know very well what you are going to say, before you say it. Dear children, I have had it said to me fourscore and ten times by forty-six boys and forty-four girls who were just as dull and just as bright as you are, — as like you, indeed, as two pins.

There is Dunster, — Horace Dunster, — at this moment the favorite talker in Washington, as indeed he is in the House of Representatives. Ask, the next time you are at Washington, how many dinner-parties are put off till a day can be found at which Dunster can be present. Now I remember very well, how, a year or two after Dunster graduated, he and Messer, who is now Lieutenant-Governor of Labrador, and some one whom I will not name, were sitting on the shore of the Cattaraugus Lake, rubbing themselves dry after

their swim. And Dunster said he was not going to any more parties. Mrs. Judge Park had asked him, because she loved his sister, but she did not care for him a straw, and he did not know the Cattaraugus people, and he was afraid of the girls, who knew a great deal more than he did, and so he was "no good" to anybody, and he would not go any longer. He would stay at home and read Plato in the original. Messer wondered at all this; he enjoyed Mrs. Judge Park's parties, and Mrs. Dr. Holland's teas, and he could not see why as bright a fellow as Dunster should not enjoy them. "But I tell you," said Dunster, "that I do not enjoy them; and, what is more, I tell you that these people do not want me to come. They ask me because they liked my sister, as I said, or my father, or my mother."

Then some one else, who was there, whom I do not name, who was at least two years older than these young men, and so was qualified to advise them, addressed them thus: —

"You talk like children. Listen. It is of no consequence whether you like to go to these places or do not like to go. None of us were sent to Cattaraugus to do what we like to do. We were sent here to do what we can to make this place cheerful, spirited, and alive, — a part of the kingdom of heaven. Now if everybody in Cattaraugus sulked off to read Plato, or to read "The Three Guardsmen," Cattaraugus would go to the dogs very fast, in its general sulkiness. There must be intimate social order, and this is the method provided. Therefore, first, we must all of us go to these parties, whether we want to or not; because we are in the world, not to do what we like to do, but what the world needs.

"Second," said this unknown some one, "nothing is more snobbish than this talk about Mrs. Park's wanting us or not wanting us. It simply shows that we are thinking of ourselves a good deal more than she is. What Mrs. Park wants is as many men at her party as she has women. She has made her list so as to balance them. As the result of that list, she has said she wanted me. Therefore I am going. Perhaps she does want me. If she does, I shall oblige her. Perhaps she does not want me. If she does not, I shall punish her, if I go, for telling what is not true; and I shall go cheered and buoyed up by that reflection. Any way I go, not because I want to or do not want to, but because I am asked; and in a world of mutual relationships it is one of the things that I must do."

No one replied to this address, but they all three put on their dress-coats and went. Dunster went to every party in Cattaraugus that winter, and, as I have said, has since shown himself a most brilliant and successful leader of society.

The truth is to be found in this little sermon. Take society as you find it in the place where you live. Do not set yourself up, at seventeen years old, as being so much more virtuous or grand or learned than the young people round you, or the old people round you, that you cannot associate with them on the accustomed terms of the place. Then you are free from the first difficulty of young people who have trouble in society; for you will not be "stuck up," to use a very happy phrase of your own age. When

anybody, in good faith, asks you to a party, and you have no pre-engagement or other duty, do not ask whether these people are above you or below you, whether they know more or know less than you do, least of all ask why they invited you, — but simply go. It is not of much importance whether, on that particular occasion, you have what you call a good time or do not have it. But it is of importance that you shall not think yourself a person of more consequence in the community than others, and that you shall easily and kindly adapt yourself to the social life of the people among whom you are.

This is substantially what I have written to Stephen about what he is to do at New Altona.

Now, as for enjoying yourself when you have come to the party, — for I wish you to understand that, though I have compelled you to go, I am not in the least cross about it, — but I want you to have what you yourselves call a very good time when you come there. O dear, I can remember perfectly the first formal evening party at which I had "a good time." Before that I had always hated to go to parties, and since that I have always liked to go. I am sorry to say I cannot tell you at whose house it was. That is ungrateful in me. But I could tell you just how the pillars looked between which the sliding doors ran, for I was standing by one of them when my eyes were opened, as the Orientals say, and I received great light. I had been asked to this party, as I supposed and as I still suppose, by some people who wanted my brother and sister to come, and thought it would not be kind to ask them without asking me. I did not know five people in the room. It was in a college town where there were five gentlemen for every lady, so that I could get nobody to dance with me of the people I did know. So it was that I stood sadly by this pillar, and said to myself, "You were a fool to come here where nobody wants you, and where you did not want to come; and you look like a fool standing by this pillar with nobody to dance with and nobody to talk to." At this moment, and as if to enlighten the cloud in which I was, the revelation flashed upon me, which has ever since set me all right in such matters. Expressed in words, it would be stated thus: "You are a much greater fool if you suppose that anybody in this room knows or cares where you are standing or where you are not standing. They are attending to their affairs and you had best attend to yours, quite indifferent as to what they think of you." In this reflection I took immense comfort, and it has carried me through every form of social encounter from that day to this day. I don't remember in the least what I did, whether I looked at the portfolios of pictures, — which for some reason young people think a very poky thing to do, but which I like to do, — whether I buttoned some fellow-student who was less at ease than I, or whether I talked to some nice old lady who had seen with her own eyes half the history of the world which is worth knowing. I only know that, after I found out that nobody else at the party was looking at me or was caring for me, I began to enjoy it as thoroughly as I enjoyed staying at home.

Not long after I read this in Sartor Resartus, which was a great comfort

to me: "What Act of Parliament was there that you should be happy? Make up your mind that you deserve to be hanged, as is most likely, and you will take it as a favor that you are hanged in silk and not in hemp." Of which the application in this particular case is this: that if Mrs. Park or Mrs. Tolman are kind enough to open their beautiful houses for me, to fill them with beautiful flowers, to provide a band of music, to have ready their books of prints and their foreign photographs, to light up the walks in the garden and the greenhouse, and to provide a delicious supper for my entertainment, and then ask, I will say, only one person whom I want to see, is it not very ungracious, very selfish, and very snobbish for me to refuse to take what is, because of something which is not, — because Ellen is not there or George is not? What Act of Parliament is there that I should have everything in my own way?

As it is with most things, then, the rule for going into society is not to have any rule at all. Go unconsciously; or, as St. Paul puts it, "Do not think of yourself more highly than you ought to think." Everything but conceit can be forgiven to a young person in society. St. Paul, by the way, high-toned gentleman as he was, is a very thorough guide in such affairs, as he is in most others. If you will get the marrow out of those little scraps at the end of his letters, you will not need any hand-books of etiquette.

As I read this over, to send it to the editor, I recollect that, in one of the nicest sets of girls I ever knew, they called the thirteenth chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians the "society chapter." Read it over, and see how well it fits, the next time Maud has been disagreeable, or you have been provoked yourself in the "German."

"The gentleman is quiet," says Mr. Emerson, whose essay on society you will read with profit, "the lady is serene." Bearing this in mind, you will not really expect, when you go to the dance at Mrs. Pollexfen's, that while you were standing in the library explaining to Mr. Sumner what he does not understand about the Alabama Claims, watching at the same time with jealous eye the fair form of Sybil as she is waltzing in that hated Clifford's arms, — you will not, I say, really expect that her light dress will be wafted into the gaslight over her head, she be surrounded with a lambent flame, Clifford basely abandon her, while she cries, "O Ferdinand, Ferdinand!" — nor that you, leaving Mr. Sumner, seizing Mrs. General Grant's camel's hair shawl, rushing down the ball-room, will wrap it around Sybil's uninjured form, and receive then and there the thanks of her father and mother, and their pressing request for your immediate union in marriage. Such things do not happen outside the Saturday newspapers, and it is a great deal better that they do not. "The gentleman is quiet, and the lady is serene." In my own private judgment, the best thing you can do at any party is the particular thing which your host or hostess expected you to do when she made the party. If it is a whist party, you had better play whist, if you can. If it is a dancing party, you had better dance, if you can. If it is a music party, you had better play or sing, if you can. If it is a croquet party, join in the croquet, if you can. When at Mrs. Thorndike's grand

party, Mrs. Colonel Goffe, at seventy-seven, told old Rufus Putnam, who was five years her senior, that her dancing days were over, he said to her, "Well, it seems to be the amusement provided for the occasion." I think there is a good deal in that. At all events, do not separate yourself from the rest as if you were too old or too young, too wise or too foolish, or had n't been enough introduced, or were in any sort of different clay from the rest of the pottery.

And now I will not undertake any specific directions for behavior. You know I hate them all. I will only repeat to you the advice which my best friend gave me after the first evening call I ever made. The call was on a gentleman whom both I and my adviser greatly loved. I knew he would be pleased to hear that I had made the visit, and, with some pride, I told him, being, as I calculate, thirteen years five months and nineteen days old. He was pleased, very much pleased, and he said so. "I am glad you made the call, it was a proper attention to Mr. Palfrey, who is one of your true friends and mine. And now that you begin to make calls, let me give you one piece of advice. Make them short. The people who see you may be very glad to see you. But it is certain they were occupied with something when you came, and it is certain, therefore, that you have interrupted them."

I was a little dashed in the enthusiasm with which I had told of my first visit. But the advice has been worth I cannot tell how much to me, — years of life, and hundreds of friends.

Pelham's rule for a visit is, "Stay till you have made an agreeable impression, and then leave immediately." A plausible rule, but dangerous. What if one should not make an agreeable impression after all? Did not Belch stay till near three in the morning? And when he went, because I had dropped asleep, did I not think him more disagreeable than ever?

For all I can say, or anybody else can say, it will be the manner of some people to give up meeting other people socially. I am very sorry for them, but I cannot help it. All I can say is that they will be sorry before they are done. I wish they would read Æsop's fable about the old man and his sons and the bundle of rods. I wish they would find out definitely why God gave them tongues and lips and ears. I wish they would take to heart the folly of this constant struggle in which they live, against the whole law of the being of a gregarious animal like man. What is it that Westerly writes me, whose note comes to me from the mail just as I finish this paper? "I do not look for much advance in the world until we can get people out of their own self." And what do you hear me quoting to you all the time, — which you can never deny, — but that "The human race is the individual of which men and women are so many different members." You may kick against this law, but it is true.

It is the truth around which, like a crystal round its nucleus, all modern civilization has taken order.

Edward E. Hale.

CHRISTMAS-TIDE.

EVE.

THEY say to-night is Christmas Eve, and, high as I could reach,
I 've hung my stockings on the wall, and left a kiss on each.

I left a kiss on each for Him who 'll fill my stockings quite:
He never came before, but O, I 'm sure He will to-night.

And to-morrow 'll be the day our blessed Christ was born,
Who came on earth to pity me, whom many others scorn.

And why it is they treat me so indeed I cannot tell,
But while I love Him next to you, then all seems wise and well.

I long have looked for Christmas, Mother, — waited all the year;
And very strange it is indeed to feel its dawn so near;

But to-morrow 'll be the day I so have prayed to see,
And I long to sleep and wake, and find what it will bring to me.

The snow is in the street, and through the window all the day
I 've watched the little children pass: they seemed so glad and gay!

And gayly did they talk about the gifts they would receive; —
O, all the world is glad to-night, for this is Christmas Eve!

And, Mother, on the cold, cold floor I 've put my little shoe, —
The other 's torn across the toe, and things might there slip through; —

I 've set my little shoe, Mother, and it for you shall be,
For I know that He 'll remember you while He remembers me.

So lay me in my bed, Mother, and hear my prayers aright.
He never came before, but O, I 'm sure He will to-night.

MIDNIGHT.

Mother, is it the morning yet? I dreamed that it was here;
I thought the sun shone through the pane, so blessed and so clear.

I dreamed my little stockings there were full as they could hold.
But it 's hardly morning yet, Mother, — it is so dark and cold.

I dreamed the bells rang from the church where the happy people go,
And they rang good-will to all men in a language that I know.

I thought I took from off the wall my little stockings there,
And on the floor I emptied them, — such sights there never were!

A doll was in there, meant for me, just like those little girls
Who always turn away from me; and O, it had *such* curls!

I kissed it on its painted cheek; my own are not so sweet,
Though people used to stop to pat and praise them in the street.

And, mother, there were many things that would have pleased you too;
For He who had remembered me had not forgotten you.

But I only dreamed 't was morning, and yet 't is far away,
Though well I know that He will come before the early day.

So I will put my dream aside, though I know my dream was true,
And sleep, and dream my dream again, and rise at morn with you.

CHRISTMAS MORN.

The Mother.

All night have I waked with weeping till the bells are ringing wild,
All night have I waked with my sorrow, and lain in my tears, like a child.

For over against the wall as empty as they can be,
The limp little stockings hang, and my heart is breaking in me!

Your vision was false as the world, O darling dreamer and dear!
And how can I bear you to wake, and find no Christmas here?

Better you and I were asleep in the slumber whence none may start.
And O, those empty stockings! I could fill them out of my heart!

No Christmas for you or for me, darling; your kisses were all in vain;
I have given your kisses back to you over and over again;

I have folded you to my breast with a moaning no one hears:
Your heart is happy in dreams, though your hair is damp with my tears.

I am out of heart and hope; I am almost out of my mind;
The world is cruel and cold, and only Christ is kind:

And much must be borne and forborne; but the heaviest burden of all
That ever hath lain on my life are those little light things on the wall.

Hush, Bells, you 'll waken my dreamer! O children so full of cheer!
Be a little less glad going by; there hath been no Christmas here.

Go tenderly over the stones, O light feet tripping a tune!
The slighted thing sleeps in my arms, — she 'll waken too soon, too soon!

A. W. Bellaw.

HOT BUCKWHEAT CAKES.

AT eight o'clock, one fine October morning, little Eddie lay fast asleep, "all curled up in a very small heap" under the fleecy blankets that covered everything that went to compose that young gentleman except the crowning curl of his kinky pate, which *he* called his "top." The sun fairly blazed in at the windows, — no unwelcome guest, either; for there were no fires yet up stairs, and it was just cool enough to make one jump into day-time clothes and hurry down to the crackling chimney below.

Mamma passed through the room with a pretty wool shawl over her shoulders and a tiny bit of three-cornered lace on *her* "top," which was not half so shining or curly as her little boy's.

"Come, Eddie," said the cheery voice, "not awake yet! Come! we have buckwheat cakes for breakfast, you know. I must send Rose up to dress you, directly."

"O yes, mamma, do!" said the young master, rubbing his eyes and brushing back with impatient fingers the tangled curls; "and, O mamma, can I have butter on 'em and syrup too?"

His mother laughed as she kissed his eager face: "I don't know about that, sir; but if you are *very* good while Rose dresses you, and if you don't cry when your hair is curled, it is just possible." Mamma tripped down stairs, and the click-clack of the hoop-petticoat on the last step had scarcely died away, when a colored girl about fourteen years of age entered the bed-chamber.

"Now, Mas' Ed," vociferated the hand-maiden, as her charge dived into the blankets, intent upon a struggle and a frolic, "yer ma says you is to git up dreckly and lemme dress yuh. Breakfus' is only a-waitin' jes' fur yer Pa. Let 's see now which one o' yuh 'll be down fust. Up-sy, daisy! There 's a man!" and with a jump and a bump, Mas' Ed is down on the floor in a very confused tumble of night-clothes.

"Now fur de shoes an' stockin's, to keep dese yer little toes warm, — sech a knot! Now, Mas' Ed, how *did* yuh git dis yer string in sech a fix? Yer mus' ha got up in yer sleep; I never lef yer shoe dat ar way in all my born days."

"Rose, stop jerking so. I 'll tell mamma," said Eddie, with dignity. "You know well enough *that* is n't the way to get knots out of anything!" and the young philosopher looked severe, as a philosopher should.

By this time the balmorals were laced, and now came the process of washing: Rose poured water from the little pink china pitcher into the little pink china basin on the wash-stand, which, like the bedstead, bureau, and chairs, was a sort of grown-up toy, just high enough for Eddie to use in perfect comfort.

"Rose," said Eddie, after heroically enduring the bathing, not to say scrubbing, of face and neck and hands, — the water being a little biting, —

"if you will be *very* careful and won't pull my hair this morning, guess what I 'll give you!"

"O, I dunno," said Rose; "but what makes my precious think I 'se a-gwine to hurt him? Goodness knows I would n't pull a single har of his head for no 'mount o' money!" Eddie was not moved by this forcible appeal; perhaps past experiences spoke more eloquently on the other side; at any rate he renewed his proposal: —

"I 'll give you that beautiful wooden horse of mine with three legs and no tail!"

"Now, Eddie," said Rose, trying hard not to laugh, "you is jest a-foolin' me! Does yuh really mean it, 'honor bright'?"

"Honor bright," replied Eddie, with all the solemnity of a severe business transaction. This conversation by no means interrupted the toilet; now the little white drawers were to be buttoned, next the pretty chintz shirt to put on, and then, last of all, the Zouave trousers and little cut-away jacket.

At this point Mas' Ed, with a towel pinned closely about his throat, was placed upon a pinnacle of pain, — to wit, a high chair, whereon he suffered three times a day the curling of his long flaxen hair. Except that it might serve as a salutary discipline for future trials of patience, it were hard to say what good purpose so much torture served. But then the hair was "*so* lovely," and whenever cutting was proposed, what a chorus of ahs and ohs, indignant, appealing, or almost tearful, from grandma and aunts and cousins and from the pretty young mother herself! No, it could not be thought of for another year at least.

Well, the curling *was* a trial to both parties immediately concerned. Such a tangle of golden threads, all kinked up as if the fairies had been playing at hide-and-seek all night long through its soft meshes. This fanciful idea suggested itself to Rose, who, with all the aptness of her race for amusing children, wove on the instant a wonderful story that held captive Master Eddie's impatient little limbs, and wrapped his imagination in such complete forgetfulness of the outside world, that it was only at the very sharpest twinges that he even winced.

"And the Princess Witeasmilk," said Rose, with slow and pompous mystery, "the Princess Witeasmilk was never seed in her father's palish after dat night; an' jes' as true as I 'm a-standin' yer she 'loped an' wus married to dat very Fairy Prince she seed by de moonlight a-dancin' onto de end of her l-o-n-g y-e-l-l-o-w c-u-r-l!" And with this startling finale came the brush and twist of Eddie's last "long yellow curl," and off he ran with a shout of happy emancipation.

"Laws-a-massy!" said Rose, stooping down to look at her glass beads in the little mirror of the little bureau, "de chile 's done gone forgot to say his prars; an' I don't wonder, wen I filled his head full o' sech nonsense. I jes reckon de good Lord 'll take ker of him fur one day, anyhow." So quieting her conscience, she threw open the windows and proceeded to air the sheets, blankets, and pillows of the pretty little pink bed, doing all to the high-pitched tune of "Captain Jinks." This musical performance was

not without its effect upon a smart-looking colored boy on the door-steps opposite, who turned from polishing his brasses to bestow an admiring recognition upon the singer, who returned it with *interest.*

In the mean time, Eddie in his high chair, with careful pinafore tied around his neck, is in the full enjoyment of the first "cakes" of the season, — his not over-judicious mother having granted his petition for "syrup and butter too," on his share of the delicately browned circumferences, so dear to the palates of his countrymen, and so expensive to their dyspeptic digestions.

With his own silver fork — aunty's Christmas gift — mouthful after mouthful goes plump into the rosebud of his pretty face, down into the little fat stomach, which more and more resembles a drum with the parchment drawn very tight indeed.

"My dear," says mamma, at last, as papa, rejoicing in his boy's good appetite, cuts up on his plate the top smoker, fresh from the new half-dozen just brought in by turbaned Dinah, who "wonders whar dat good-fur-nuthin' Rose is *now?*" "My dear, don't you think Eddie is rather over-eating? Buckwheat cakes, you know, are not considered exactly the diet for young children. Eddie, is n't *your forehead hard yet?* Dear me, yes! Come, mamma's pet, I would n't eat any more." As mamma helped herself in the act of giving this advice to her son, he very naturally decided in behalf of his appetite, notwithstanding that his forehead was very hard indeed, — a "sign" he had been taught to consider infallible ever since the days of his nursery pap. His decision was, moreover, biased by his father's answer: —

"O, let the child eat as long as he enjoys his food. Nothing makes children so puny and delicate as the modern notion of dieting. Now, when I was a boy, I ate everything and anything; look at *me!*"

This young gentleman owned himself conquered at last. With but little of the vivacity which brightened the breakfast-room as he entered with good-morning kisses, he slid down from his high-chair, and moved off slowly, ponderously, half yawning, as if life were already a bore, — he the merry Puck of the house!

He threw himself down on the hearth-rug and pulled the kitten's tail; she was lazy and would not play. Poor kitty! perhaps she had drank too much milk. Mamma went through the parlors into her little green-room to water her flower-pots and give the birds their breakfast, — happy birds! that could not eat too many buckwheat cakes! Eddie arose with some difficulty and went into the kitchen, for this was not a *tabooed* place to our little master, as it is to the commonwealth of young gentlemen whose cooks are Bridgets and not Dinahs. To him, the pet of the linsey petticoats, it was a resort full of entertainment, as varied as its multiplied pursuits, and of cheerful, sympathetic companionship. Rose was baking cakes for the "second table." How delightful to watch her, as she first rubbed the sissing griddle with the lump of suet on the end of a kitchen fork, and then poured the batter which *surprised* (as the French cook calls it) the hot surface into an ejaculatory s-s-p-a-t-t! This in a few minutes becomes a cake, or half of one, for it

must be turned, and with the "turning," interest warms into excitement: If Rose should n't hit just the right distance from the next neighbor cake! There, miss, I told you so! that one *did* fall half over the other! "O Rose, let *me* try just once! I know I could!" But Rose was hard-hearted.

"Now, Mas' Ed, you 'se too fresh; I 'll jes' go tell yer ma to call you in de house, ef you don't quit a-pesterin'."

"No, you won't, miss," speaks up Aunt Dinah, setting down her bowl of coffee, with dignity, "I should jes' like to know *w'y* de chile can't bake de cake ef he wants to. Come hyah, honey, an' turn one fur Aunt Dinah; course he shill. You, Rose, gim me de turner dis minit! A putty one you is to git along wid children! You is n't wuth yer salt, — not dat I 'proves ov allers givin' 'em der own way nuther?"

So a little cake was poured on the griddle, and Eddie held the turner; Dinah held his wrist, and they turned it between them. Then another was poured, to let him do it "by his own sef"; and then another, because he did that one "so nice."

Finally, being reanimated by the novelty of the performance, he must eat the three he had cooked, which accordingly he did, — Aunt Dinah sagely remarking at the time: —

"'Pears to me dat wite folks never does 'low der children to eat as much

as dey wants. Here 's dis bressed chile dat allers comes out hyah hungry, and jes' frum de very table!"

The day wore on with less noise from Master Eddie than usual, — that is, less noise of a lively sort, for of fretting, and occasionally worse, there was no lack. I am not sure that at the curling torture preparatory to dinner he did not assault his faithful Rose, with more or less intent to hurt, refusing to hearken to her tale of the *Wonderful Genie with Seven Mouths.* At dinner, as his appetite was not craving, he was tempted with certain delicacies usually denied him, and especially with a rich dessert. After this repast Eddie's temper was by no means improved; a cold, hard, leaden lump lay where a pleasant, comfortable dinner ought to have been; there was no enjoyment for him in any game or toy; even his new rocking-horse, that would take him all the way to Banbury Cross on springs, was a delusion and a bore.

Like the little girl in funny *Punch*, his "world was hollow," and everything "stuffed with sawdust," or worse, with buckwheat cakes! He was cross to everybody; he did n't even love his "pretty mamma," as he called her; and what the matter was the poor little fellow did not know. His cheeks were very rosy and his eyes very bright; his grandma, who came in during the afternoon, said he looked feverish, but his mother pronounced him perfectly well: "If you think he is ill, you ought to have been here at breakfast-time!"

It was getting too cool for the customary issuing forth of the children of the neighborhood on the "front pavement," but within his little coat Eddie promenaded "round the square" several times with Rose, who on these occasions, in spite of Aunt Dinah's protest, was indescribably vigilant and devoted, — the perfection of a *born* nurse. But at last the horrid day was at an end; he waited only for papa's good-night kiss, before he went off with flushed cheeks and feverish eyes to bed. Rose undressed him by a little wood-fire kindled on the hearth; she held him on her lap while he toasted his soft pink feet, and when he was very plainly on the express-train for Shut-Eye Town, she put him in a private car and tucked him in! Mamma ran up after tea to see that her darling was all snug; he was a trifle restless only, so with a kiss and the same silly gibberish that all the mothers of all the young folks indulge in on like occasions, she left him to rejoin her husband in the parlor.

Some hours after, the inside of that little curly head was the scene of many strange performances: it was n't like a head at all, but rather like the stage of a theatre, full of the fantastic brilliancy of a Christmas pantomime. Part of the time Eddie was looker-on, part of the time player, and often both at once; and to do all this inside of his own little head was, to say the least, peculiarly perplexing. This hodge-podge of funny things continued, it seemed to Eddie, for years and years. He got *so* tired of the monkeys and the elephants and the butterflies, and of *being* first one and then the other; of hanging on to trees by his tail, and squirting water from his trunk, and sucking honey out of pasteboard flowers. He was so tired of the little

men made of gingerbread dough, who rode furiously up and down on "horse-cakes," grinning at him and asking him to take a bite. Then there was a supper-table, loaded down with everything nice to eat, but when they — monkeys, elephants, and all — were about to sit down to the feast, every blessed thing — beef, mutton, chickens, cakes, pies, and the rest — just turned upside down on the table and walked off with the dishes on their backs!

One of the elderly and irritable elephants became enraged at this strange proceeding and accused Eddie — who was then a monkey, scrambling for nuts — of having spoiled all their fun by his greediness; and thereupon he seized him with his trunk and threw him wildly up and down in the air, — up as high as the moon it seemed to the terrified monkey. He tried to scream for help, but in vain; nothing but a faint gasp came with his best trying.

"Mamma!" he at last managed to whisper.

"What is it, my pet?" answered his mother from the next room, who slept, as only mothers can, with one eye open; and in a moment was at his bedside.

"What 's the matter, Eddie? Want a drink?"

"O mamma, I had such an awful dream! I was riding on an elephant like the one I saw at the '*nagerie*, and I am *so* thirsty."

"Here 's some water, dear; now lie down and go fast asleep again."

Eddie was not slow to obey; but still his little head was full of curious thoughts, that walked about like living things, and talked to him and made faces; at last they grew less fantastic, and took the shape of a story such as Rose had told him.

He was now neither monkey nor butterfly, but just "his own sef," and he was walking alone along a narrow country road, not in the least like any place he had ever seen. There were rocks and mountains on one side ever, ever so high; no houses in sight, no cows nor trees nor chickens nor green grass, such as he sees in the country where he goes in the summer-time.

It was very lonesome and the way was long, and his feet so tired and cold; where was he going, and, above all, when should he get there? He would have cried, only he had never cried in a dream and he did n't know how. All at once the road came to an end, or at least it came to a mountain, which is very nearly the same thing.

"I must never turn back," thought brave little Eddie, "let what will come; up this mountain I am bound to go!"

So he began to climb, and as he climbed he made a discovery. The mountain was not rock, not stones, not dirt; it was not a mountain at all, but an enormous pile, reaching to the very clouds, of buckwheat cakes! Of every size and in every shade of *brownness*, thick and thin, turned and unturned; only all perfectly round and laid one upon the other with the utmost regularity. Although very hungry, Eddie did not dare touch one for fear the whole mass would tumble into the sea below. He was also thirsty, and seeing a stream flowing down the mountain-side, he was about to stoop

and drink, when lo! it was not water, but *batter*, — batter for cakes! So he was forced to go on, weary and hungry and thirsty. His little feet ached, for climbing up a "natural staircase" of that sort was no easy performance; he would gladly have lain down; but such a bed! it was not to be thought of. Just as hope was at its lowest ebb in that little dyspeptic breast of his, a castle rose to view. (Rose's stories always had a castle.) The sight was welcome, though it looked dark and gloomy enough standing there in its sulky loneliness. Poor Eddie's heart sank within him, but there was no help for it; he must ask for a night's shelter, or perish with cold and hunger. He was spared the pains of asking, however, for a servant of the castle had seen him from a window in the turret, and made haste to make him welcome.

"Will your master 'low me to come in," said Eddie, with his best manners, nevertheless much terrified at the frightful goblin-like countenance of the man.

"O yes," answered he, "nothing my master likes better than little boys, — little boys that are tender and juicy, — (I mean gentle and well-behaved.) So come in, my little man; your hard day's journey is at an end."

These words, apparently kind, were said with a leer of double meaning, so cold and cruel that Eddie fairly trembled in his balmorals.

"But," the man continued, "you have n't asked who my master is; did you ever hear of the Giant Griddle-Magog in the story of Jack the Giant-Killer?"

"O yes," said Eddie, his heart in his mouth.

"Well, my dear, that Jack was an impudent boaster; he never killed the Giant Griddle-Magog, for he lives in this very castle, and he does not eat hasty-pudding any more, but cakes, — buckwheat cakes! B-u-c-k-w-h-e-a-t C-a-k-e-s. Do you hear, little hop o' my thumb? B-u-c-k-w-h-e-a-t C-a-k-e-s!" And here he went off into such a frenzy of impish laughter that Eddie almost swooned on the spot.

In the castle all was a hurly-burly of odd sights and strange noises, bangings and moanings as of the wind, rumblings and indistinct talking, with now and then a word or a mocking laugh coming up, as it were, to the surface. The fire smouldered in the huge chimney; ugly bats flew headlong in the dim recesses of the vast hall, and the hunting dogs growled and snapped in their dreams, as they rested from the fatigues of the chase. Altogether it was a terrifying place for a little spoiled child to find himself in, and Eddie could not help thinking how much nicer it was to hear a fairy story than to *be in one.* Suddenly a door swung back with a clang, and in came half a dozen burly men, who kicked the hounds yelping from the hearth, and threw logs upon the dying embers. Then they drew forth the rude tables to make ready for supper.

"The master is hungry," roared one to the cook, "are the cakes stirred up yet?"

"All ready," answered the cook, "but the boy was not so good as he might have been."

"The boy," thought Eddie, "what has a boy, good or bad, to do with cakes, except to eat as many as he wants?" But he was too busy watching the proceedings to give further consideration to the matter.

"What 's this?" exclaimed one of the men, coming up to him. "Odds bodkins! what a wee chap, to be sure! Trot out, little one, let 's see thy paces!" At this address, in a threatening tone, Eddie turned as pale as death.

"O, let him be," said the other, who had brought him into the castle, "it is not his turn yet. He came in *for a night's lodging*." At this a horrible wink went the rounds of the party, who all joined in a mocking, giggling chorus.

Presently, when the lighted torches flared about the hall, and the fire leaped madly up the wide chimney, a blare of trumpets announced the approach of the terrible Giant Griddle-Magog! With heavy strides and ponderous puffs this awful personage stalked into the hall and threw himself down upon the seat of honor at the head of the table. Everybody who has read Jack and the Beanstalk knows how a Giant looks; so what use in describing him? Eddie now knew that the half had never been told him of the ferocity and hideousness of such a monster.

"Let the cook come in!" thundered Griddle-Magog. The six men rushed all together to the door, and all six roared, "Let the cook come in!" Forthwith a fat, chunky fellow, humpbacked and with little round eyes glistening like beads, a fiery red head surmounted with a tall white paper hat, and body stoutly girdled with a white apron, came waddling in, preserving as best he could the dignity of carriage befitting his high position in the Giant's household.

"What is it my lord's pleasure to be pleased to order for his lordship's supper?" asked the cook, bowing as low as his fatness permitted, and clapping on again his paper hat, as one would put an extinguisher over a candle flame.

"What indeed?" said the Giant in a tone of ironical rage; "one would think I had the fancies of a sick girl. Sirrahs," he roared to the six servants, "what do I eat for supper? What do I *always* eat for supper?"

"Buckwheat cakes, your highness," said the six servants in a breath.

"Bring the apparatus!" said the cook, majestically, and immediately the servants went out and presently came back, bearing between them a huge furnace of red-hot coals, a brazen griddle, and a spouted caldron full of batter that seemed to flounder about as if it were actually alive.

The cook rolled up his sleeves and began operations. The brazen griddle, six feet square at least, commenced to siss over the red-hot coals; it was well rubbed with a piece of beef-suet as large as a water-pail, and the caldron was raised by the six servants ready to pour out the batter at the given signal.

"Stop there!" thundered the Giant. "Is he young and tender?"

"I humbly hope so," answered the cook with a profound obeisance. "Your lordship must be the judge, since who would dare touch your lordship's morsel?"

"Be ready," said the cook to the servants, "One! Two! Three! Pour!" And S-P-A-T-T-T! down came the batter till the enormous griddle was almost covered.

"How will they ever turn it?" thought little Eddie in his dim corner, and, in the excitement forgetting his fears, he drew near to watch the seething mass.

Horrors upon horrors! not a huge round cake, as he supposed, but a boy, kicking and frizzling and frying upon the brazen griddle!

"Turn him," said the cook, with awful brevity.

The six servants, each with a long-handled implement, something like a spade, rushed one at the head, one at each foot, one at each arm, and one at the small of the batter back. Then, as before, "One! Two! Three! Turn!" and over he went, as nicely browned as one would wish to see.

In a few minutes the *buckwheat cake* was on the Giant's trencher, but at the first mouthful fury possessed him. "Fire and fagots!" roared the monster, while the cook and the six servants quaked with fear, "am I to be made a fool of within my own castle walls? See that you get ready a supper worth my eating, or I'll make a stew of your own miserable heads!"

"Your lordship, be pleased to consider —" began the trembling cook.

"Hold your tongue!" shouted the Giant. "I give you thirty minutes, while I smoke a pipe, to make ready. Young, juicy, tender, mind you, or off with your head!"

The cook smote his fat breast in despair; he even took off his paper cap and pulled his hair; but it hurt, and he suddenly desisted from that expression of his emotions.

The six servants, roused by the painful exigency of the occasion, had an idea, — that is, they each had one sixth of an idea, which they threw into the common mental fund.

They whispered into the ear of the frantic cook, who did n't wait to neatly finish off his fine frenzy, but at once made for the corner where little Eddie stood breathless.

"He'll just do!" exclaimed the cook, "and my life is safe for one more night. Come along, my fine lad! Kicking won't mend your matters, — into the batter-pot you go!"

But for all that, Eddie kept on kicking, and from kicking he came to screaming; and scream he did, long and loud, till he found himself free from the cook and in the arms of his mother. This angel of sudden mercy leaned over him: "O my darling, what *is* the matter? James, come here, be quick; Eddie is very ill; you must go for the doctor immediately!"

"O mamma," said Eddie, between his sobs, "such a frightful place I was in! and they were just going to fry me when you came! O dear! O dear!"

"Never mind, pet, you are all safe now!" (Aside to her husband.) "O James, look at the child's eyes! He certainly has brain-fever, his head is like fire! Do be quick for the doctor, and call Rose."

The next morning, when all anxiety was over, and the boy relieved by prompt treatment, Rose was suddenly overcome; she threw herself down at the foot of Eddie's bed, and, between crying and choking off, confessed to his mother: —

"O Miss Sophie, all dis yer was my fault; it was all on 'count o' my forgettin' to make him say his prars yes'day mornin'. I did n't call him back when he runned down stairs to breakfus', an' I had de imperence to say to mysef, 'De good Lord 'll take care ov him fur one day anyhow'; and now all dis yer trouble jes' come on 'count ov my wickedness, and, O dear! ef dat ar darlin' chile had a-died, I never could ha' forgived mysef, de longest day I lived; O my! O my!"

"Now, Rose," said her mistress, by no means displeased by this affectionate burst, "just stop crying and hush your nonsense; the prayers and the good Lord had nothing to do with the matter. We nearly killed poor little Eddie with buckwheat cakes, and I hope it will be a lesson for all of us for the rest of the season."

The next time that Eddie took his seat at the breakfast-table, a little pale and quite subdued, he looked longingly at the hot cakes that Aunt Dinah fetched in smoking from the griddle.

"Mamma," he said, brightening with the idea deeply impressed by his Rose, "they won't make me sick now, for I said my prayers this morning."

His mother laughed: "My little boy, you don't know what the good bishop said to the lady who had a great many little boys."

"No, ma'am," answered Eddie.

"Neither do I," said his papa.

"Well," he said, "that for certain things it is necessary to *fast* as well as pray."

"What does *that* mean, mamma?"

"O, it means that you must n't eat any more buckwheat cakes, prayers or no prayers. What, tears! Does my little boy want to be fried, after all, by that horrid cook? I might not get there just in time another night, you know."

H. L. Palmer.

CARL'S CHRISTMAS CAROL.

THE little village of Grünenthal lies in a deep valley through which a noisy stream comes roaring and leaping as if hurrying to escape from that gloomy forest on the mountain.

The stream bore no resemblance to those calm, peaceful English rivers that glide tranquilly on their way seaward, never speaking in a louder tone than a soft whispering ripple; not so this boisterous northern brook. The

whole course of a river depends upon the start it gets in life. This one, for instance, did not begin by oozing quietly from the ground; it had no green fields for its cradle; its birthplace was high up on the wild mountain. Two huge rocks had once crashed together, and from between them sprung this stream. Other little rivulets are cheered along by grasses and flowers waving over them: this one had no such friends; indeed, if the bluebells did venture to spring up around, in their attempts to be sociable, they were soon driven off by his rough play. So his only companions all down the mountain were the cold gray rocks, and the mosses that cling to them through everything, and will not be driven away even when the rude stream drenches them with spray. They are stanch friends.

Above, the forest-trees tossed their bare arms, and moaned and sighed all winter long; and even when they had put on their green summer robes the little birds were shy of going near the stream; and when the village children, on holiday excursions, climbed the mountain and wandered through the wood in search of wild-flowers, it was always with the promise of keeping away from the stream.

It was so lonely and wild all through its course, and in the spring-time played such mischief with the fields and gardens in the valley, that the ignorant village people insisted it was not so much the inundations they dreaded, as the evil spirits who hovered round, and the water-kelpies lurking beneath its surface, who would surely lure any children to death who should go within reach of their charms. So it was feared and shunned by all the villagers.

More than half-way up the mountain, just on the skirts of the forest, and not so far distant from the stream but that if one paused to listen he might always hear it on its rushing way, there stood a very small, neat cottage. It was protected on the north from the too rough winter winds by jutting rocks; a bend in the road hid it from the village.

Perhaps there is nothing more aggravating to village curiosity than a solitary house whose owner holds himself aloof; a house occupied by mysterious people, if it is actually in the village, is a constant gratification; for the most secluded appear at times, and give material for gossip. But situated as this cottage was, so distant and retired, none but a professional Paul Pry could watch it. All that the villagers knew was that some years before the cottage, having long stood vacant, was repaired; and one night about sunset a lady was seen with a baby in her arms walking up the mountain road. Moreover, one of the village gossips, anxious for further discoveries, followed her at a distance, saw her enter the little cottage and close the door. Unfortunately, the lady's veil was dropped, so that her face could not be seen.

Ever since, she had lived there alone, receiving no friends, nor visiting any; seldom seen in the village except on Sundays, when she regularly attended mass in the village chapel, bringing the child with her, and always wearing a veil as at first. She gave liberally to the poor, and the little boy was more richly dressed than the neighbors' children, so the most groundless

stories were started of her enormous wealth; many felt sure she was a princess in disguise. Finally, after racking their brains to account for the lady's simple, quiet life, they wisely concluded to go back to their own affairs, and wait for further disclosures.

Let us, too, take a look at the cottage. Outside the December winds are whistling, and the snow whirling down as if the whole winter were not before it; already enough has fallen to bury the path leading to the door, as well as the leafless stems of bushes growing under the windows; almost every moment trees in the forest are heard snapping and are overthrown by the storm.

Within, the scene is less dreary. A bright wood-fire is crackling merrily. The room, though neat, is scantily furnished. If the village gossips could look in, they would be at a loss to find signs of wealth; indeed, the only indication of it is a richly illuminated book lying upon the table.

The lady who has excited so much curiosity is sitting before the fire, very different in appearance from the common people of the village; her features are delicate; the soft, dark hair, and deep black eyes heighten the paleness of her face; she would look haughty except for those sad lines round her mouth. The little boy sitting in her lap has thrown one arm around her neck, which he affectionately draws closer every few moments, at the same time covering her face with kisses. He is a rosy little fellow, with long light curls falling on his shoulders, resembling his mother only about the eyes.

The short winter day has already closed, and the only light in the room comes from the blazing pine-knots.

After one of his most loving embraces, the little boy breaks silence: "Mamma, will to-morrow night be Christmas eve?"

The lady nods assent.

"And, mamma dear, I have been a very good boy; will you take me to the village, as you did last Christmas eve, and let me go to the doors and sing a carol; and then perhaps the good people will call me in again to look at their lighted Christmas-trees. Do you remember how one little girl asked me if I was the Christ-child? — say, mamma." And he gave her another hug to gain her attention, for she had all the time been looking fixedly at the fire, without seeming to notice his appeal. The last embrace recalled her; she put him down and walked to the window. After looking out a few minutes, she replied, —

"I fear the snow will be too deep after this storm"; and added to herself, half aloud, "How noisy the kelpies are to-night!"

Apparently not wishing to draw the child's attention to that subject, she took up the illuminated book, resumed her seat, and said, —

"Come, Carl, let me see how well you can sing the carol, and then I will show you these pictures!"

Much pleased with the suggestion, he stationed himself beside her, and began singing in a sweet, childish voice one of those touching Christmas ballads so common throughout Germany. As his voice rose and fell, it

seemed to drown the fury of the storm; and as he ended, a ray of light struck the floor, from the moon just struggling through the clouds.

When Carl opened his eyes the following morning, he found that the sun had got the start of him. All traces of the storm had disappeared, except that branches torn off by the wind lay scattered upon the ground; all the roughnesses of the valley and mountain were hidden under the sparkling weight that rested upon it.

Those who live on the mountains must be early risers. Accordingly Carl was out of bed and dressed at about the time children in the valley would wake: then having despatched his bread-and-milk, and added to his mother's prayer for protection from the malice of all evil spirits a request that the Christ-child would forgive his sins, and visit him and all good children, he begged his mother's permission to go to the forest and play in the snow.

He ran off gayly, singing snatches of the songs she had taught him. Now he moulded the snow into little birds, and again fashioned it into a beautiful figure, like his mother's description of the Christ-child; he clapped his hands with delight to see how it shone in the morning sunlight.

So he wandered on, forgetting all but the charming sights around him. On a sudden he came to the stream; how innocent it looked! It sparkled in every drop as it leaped from rock to rock: glittering icicles hung all around in every fantastic shape.

Carl was charmed; it did not seem the same river that he had seen before, so dark and swollen. Heedless of all his mother's cautions, he climbed nearer and nearer. The falling spray froze and dropped just below him in a sparkling star; — he scrambles to reach it over the slippery rocks; in taking it, one foot dips beneath the water.

That instant a thousand cold, watery hands seize him and bear him under, struggling and sobbing. Stupefied with fear, they hurry him on against the tide, beneath fallen trees and through gloomy caverns, which he is too unconscious to see; up, up, till they reach the source of the stream, an ice palace, and there yield him to their princess.

This tiny, cruel princess was a niece of the good old elf Santa Claus; but she did not in the least resemble him, either in appearance or disposition.

How such a sensible old fellow, and one who requires such model conduct in children, should ever have indulged and spoiled this niece is a mystery! She had not the most senseless whim ungratified; and though he himself was so rough, and dwelt in such a rude underground retreat, he allowed this little lady to live in the most extravagant style, and had caused his workmen to build the most exquisite palace for her gratification.

It was certainly a remarkable specimen of architecture. Ice-covered branches supported the curious crystal arches of the halls; the stone pavement was covered with frost-work in forms of the most delicate leaf-tracery. The walls were built of the clearest, coldest ice. Crystal cascades adorned some of the apartments. The pictures and most of the ornamental work were executed by a distant cousin of the princess, — a famous artist, known to mortals as Mr. John Frost.

Santa Claus not only bore the original expense of the building; he was also obliged to keep workmen constantly busy repairing damages caused by the heat of the sun.

Within the palace all was cold and glittering; the little princess always appeared in a snowy robe, and her only ornaments were the purest crystals.

It is hard to tell how she employed her time, day after day; she had nothing to do but to amuse herself, which is, to be sure, the most difficult task that can be set any one. Almost every night she gave a great ball; and through the day she wandered about her palace, trying to think of some new pleasure.

She finally decided that she would be happy if some mortal child could be stolen and brought to her; so she had offered a prize to any one of her subjects who should gratify her desire.

She had waited in vain until now, for her province only embraced a narrow strip of land all down the stream; and all the children shunned it till this time, when poor Carl had ventured too near, enticed by the sparkling waters. That was the reason that the kelpies had been so eager to seize him.

The child lay on the palace floor half dead, and all the curious little people walked around to look at him. When they had rubbed him, and dried his clothes out in the sun, he revived, and saw the tiny princess, with her icicle sceptre, standing there and looking at him.

"Sing," she said, imperiously. The treatment he had received was not likely to make him feel like singing; still, all bewildered, and wondering if he were looking at one of the Christmas-trees in the village, he began to sing a little carol. When he reached the name of the Christ-child, the little princess grew very angry, and shook her head at him.

Then Carl remembered how he had fallen into the water, and what his mother had told him about the wicked elves.

Sobbing and crying for his mother, he tried to run from the hall, but a guard of little people held him back.

When the princess saw that nothing would content him so long as he thought of home, she commanded some of her wise subjects by their magic arts to rob him of his memory. Desirous to obey her, they stole away one by one every remembrance of home and his mother.

He grew with the years in body, but not in mind; that had been dwarfed by their evil arts. The princess made him sing to her all the songs he knew, again and again, but never would listen to the Christmas hymns. After a time she permitted him to stray outside the palace, sure that he would not seek to return home.

There is no need to tell of his mother's anxious waiting for Carl's return that Christmas eve; of her frantic search for him through the forest and over the mountain, until she traced his footprints in the snow to the edge of the stream; or of the wonder of the village people who now saw her come and go alone.

She sold every costly possession, except the illuminated book, and gave

the money to the poor; she seemed to take comfort only in wandering through the forest where Carl had played.

Once, after many years had passed and her step was growing feeble, she had climbed the mountain higher than ever before, when she came upon a man sitting on a stone, his lap filled with wild-flowers, which he was pulling to pieces and scattering on the ground. His long soft hair reached half down his back, and his beard swept the ground; his face was turned from her; and she thought, "It is the crazy old man whom the village children fear." Suddenly he began to sing in a low voice Carl's Christmas carol. Unable to restrain herself, while the tears rolled down her cheeks, she joined in the song as she had been used to do; he looked up, startled, and cried, "Mamma!"

The little cottage looked cheerful again, as the mother sat before the fire, with the childish old man, her son, sitting at her feet, his head resting on her lap.

"Mamma, do you think the Christ-child will come this year? He never came before, and I have tried to be a good boy!" But almost before he had finished speaking, he had forgotten his question, and lay gazing vacantly into the fire, while his mother gently smoothed back the hair from his forehead.

That night, just before the dawn, the old man saw the beautiful Christ-child enter, and heard the sweet voice that had haunted his dreams calling him; he answered, "Thou hast come at last; but I must not leave my mamma again; we will take her with us." And the Christ-child heard his prayer.

When the priest had watched in vain for the strange lady the following Sunday, he made bold to climb the mountain and knock at the cottage door. No answer came, and when he lifted the latch no sound of welcome greeted him. He trembled nervously, fearing that the evil mountain spirits had been at work; but his apprehensions were calmed when he saw the illuminated book lying on the table, open at the story of the Christ-child.

After a time the cottage was torn down, the ground sprinkled with holy water, and on the spot a little shrine was placed where all who are climbing the mountain may stop and ask protection; where the children of the village always hush their mirth, and offer a prayer as they go and come from their rambles.

HOW BATTLES ARE FOUGHT.

"PAPA, why don't the generals in the army get killed in battle?"

It was Willie Blake, whom you have possibly met before, who asked this curious question. He was rather fond of asking odd questions, as you may remember; and this one rather surprised his father, to whom it was addressed. As he asked it Willie looked up from the book which he had been reading and caught his father's surprised look.

"Why, Willie," replied his father, "what do you mean? There were a great many generals killed in our army. Don't you remember there was General Lyon and General Kearney and General McPherson and —"

"But I mean the *great* generals, papa, — like Sherman and Sheridan and Thomas and Meade and Grant. I 've been reading about the great war for the Union, and I notice that none of the generals of large armies on either side were killed or even wounded. And though I 've been thinking, I can't understand why?"

"Perhaps it is because, with all your reading of the history of the war, you do not yet understand precisely how battles are fought.

Willie very readily admitted that he had no clear understanding about it, and then added, very eagerly, that he would like to know, if his father would be so good as to tell him. I have noticed that there are a great many young people — and old ones, too, for that matter — who have strange ideas of armies and battles; and for their sakes I have written out what Mr. Blake told his son; but they must read it carefully, or they will not be able to understand it, for it is a difficult subject to comprehend.

"I suppose, Willie," began his father, "that you think the generals ought to be killed oftener because they are the most exposed. Is not that so? You always see the generals in front in the pictures; and when you have seen soldiers parading through the streets on holidays, you have noticed that the principal officers always rode in front and the soldiers walked behind."

"Yes, sir," answered Willie; "and that 's what made me wonder so few of them were killed."

"It was very well reasoned, but you did not know that in battle it is the private soldier who goes in front and the generals who march behind."

"I don't think that is right," exclaimed Willie, indignantly; and his sister Minnie, who was sitting by and listening attentively, said, —

"Shame on the generals!"

But their father only smiled at their enthusiasm.

"You think it very unjust that in parades the officers should have the place of honor, while the poor privates in battle must take the place of danger and march in front while the officer gets behind them; but still that place is not only best and wisest, but right also."

"I don't see how you can say so, papa," persisted Willie, still dissatisfied with the generals.

"If you were to walk or parade through the streets on a bright sunny morning, you would hold your head up and look as handsome as possible, and not put your hands before your face to hide it, would you? But if you should be attacked by another boy and had to defend yourself from being injured, what would you do with your hands and face then? You would double up your hands into fists and put them up before your face to defend it. You would not think of running at your opponent head first, would you? Of course not, for you would want your head clear and your eyes open to see how to defend yourself. Well, every good army in a fight acts as if it was one man instead of many thousands of men; it is moved by one will; a single pair of eyes see for it, and one brain thinks for it. The soldiers are the arms; the general-in-chief is the head; and the head must be protected or the arms will be whipped. It is for this reason that the wisest and ablest generals show wisdom, and valor too, in keeping out of danger. But you must not suppose that they do not run any risk; for often they are in the midst of the hottest firing before they know it. At the battle of Shiloh one of General Grant's officers had his head taken off by a cannon-ball while telling the General a message from another part of the field. In the battle of Stone River General Rosecrans's chief officer was killed in the same way while riding by his side. But the commanders of armies are not exposed to as great danger as the men are; they are often where they cannot see the fighting, and are engaged during the battle in some apparently unimportant work, sitting behind trees or in houses."

"Did n't the ancient generals go in front of their soldiers in battle?" asked Willie.

"Sometimes; but you must remember that war is very different now from what it was then. In ancient times generals were *leaders* of men; in modern warfare they are *directors* of great machines. In ancient wars the generals were chosen from the strongest and bravest of the army; now they are selected from among the wisest and coolest; and it happened in our great war that the wisest and coolest was also the very smallest in person of all the generals on both sides. In ancient times the generals put themselves at the head of the men and waved their swords and cried aloud, 'Follow me, my brave men!' Nowadays they stay behind and say, 'Push forward here,' or 'Charge there.' I was sitting once by the side of a great general who was just going to attack a strong position with his whole army. The enemy was only a short distance from where we sat on our horses, — so near that we could see them in their fort moving about, and they were firing great

cannon-balls and shells at the troops who stood around and in front of us. Now what do you suppose this general said when he ordered the attack to be made? If he had been one of the ancient generals, he would have put himself at their head and said, 'Follow me, my heroes': I will tell you what he really did. He was smoking a cigar while the troops were preparing to charge on the Rebel fort, and when he spoke, he did not even take his cigar out of his mouth. He only turned to the general whose troops were in front, and, calling him by his Christian name instead of his title of General, he said, 'Well, Hugh, I guess you had better go ahead; and I say, old fellow, don't ask for help before you need it.' Then the other general put spurs to his horse; in a few minutes the whole army began to move, and directly the battle opened. That was the way the famous General Sherman ordered the charge of his army at the great battle of Chattanooga."

"Papa," pleaded Willie, who was afraid his father's story had come to an end, "do tell us all about one of the big battles you saw?"

"I am afraid you would not understand. I think I had better tell you first about an army, — how it is raised, how it lives in camp, how it marches to the battle-field, and how it acts when it gets there. That will give you the best idea of war, and then you can understand about any battle you read of.

"In the first place," began Mr. Blake, "I will tell you how armies are raised. The manner of doing this differs in different countries. Most foreign countries keep what are called 'standing armies,' always in camp ready for any war which their rulers may get into. We have a standing army in this country, but it is very small, — only large enough to take care of the government property in the forts. The standing armies of foreign countries are kept full all the time by buying men to enter the service. Generally it is poverty which forces men to enlist in the regular armies of all countries, our own as well as those of Europe. In England they have officers who recruit, that is, get fresh soldiers in this way. They go into the low places and drinking-houses of the great cities, and find men drunk and starving. They offer to lend them a shilling. When the poor man has taken and spent it for more drink or for food, they tell him it is the 'king's shilling,' and that he is enlisted. That is the law there, and the poor man has to serve in the army for five years. In France and Germany and Russia and Austria each citizen has to serve a certain time in the army, or furnish a man to do it for him, and these keep the armies full at all times. When war breaks out and more soldiers are wanted, they are selected by lottery or by conscription. A certain number are chosen from each village and city; and the unfortunate young men who are chosen or conscripted have to leave their parents and wives and little ones at once to go into the army, perhaps never to see them again. In this country, when a war breaks out, the President calls for troops, and the citizens volunteer and go to war for the honor of the country, not their own benefit. When President Lincoln called for an army of seventy-five thousand men to defend the capital against the rebels, how many men do you suppose volunteered? Almost enough men offered to go from the

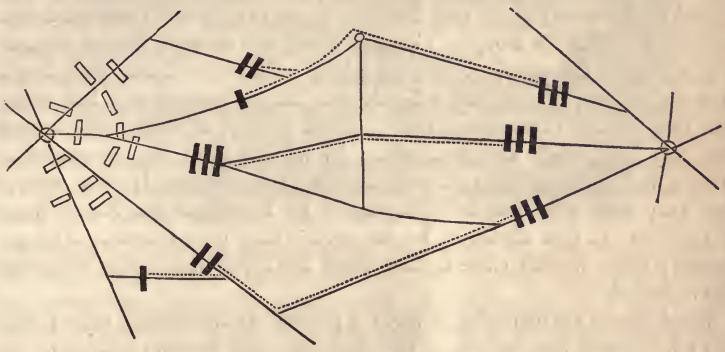
loyal States to make ten armies of that size. It was not two weeks before the whole army was at Washington and in camp.

"A great camp," resumed Mr. Blake after a moment or two, "is precisely like a great city. It has its streets and avenues often named after famous streets of famous cities; its great houses and its little ones; its stores and depots and shops and stables. There are policemen called 'sentinels' and 'camp guards,' and prisons called 'guard-houses,' and too often there are criminals in the form of drunken soldiers to be put in them. Every camp, like every great city, must be near great streams; and the running streams are to the camp as the water-works to the city, carrying the water to every door. The stores are those of the sutler,—a sort of groceryman authorized to sell to the regiments; the depots are those of the commissaries who feed and the quartermasters who clothe the troops; the shops are those of the blacksmith, who shoes horses and repairs the guns, the shoemakers, who repair the men's shoes and the horses' harnesses; there are often barber-shops, where one or two soldiers practise their old trade, and shave the rest of the army; I have seen tailors and even watchmakers with many regiments; and indeed almost all kinds of mechanics are to be found in American camps. Once I heard a general in a Western army complain that his watch was out of order; another general who was sitting by took it from him, took it to pieces and repaired it. When he handed it back he said, 'I am an old watchmaker, general.' The other general said in reply with great politeness, 'I am much obliged, general; and if at any time your boots need repairing, send them to my headquarters, for I am an old shoemaker.'

Besides these shops I have named, there are often bakeries for each regiment. The great houses of which I have spoken are the tents of the generals, or 'headquarters' as they are called; the small ones, those of the private soldiers. You have often seen the tents of the soldiers in pictures, but you do not in this way get a correct idea of them. If an army is to be encamped a single night only, the soldiers do not always put up their tents; but if the army is to remain in one place for a longer time, they arrange everything very nicely and comfortably. They put up arbors above their tents to shade them from the sun or rain, and often decorate them in this way very handsomely. Their greatest care, however, is given to the interior. They often floor them and make windows in them; they make tables to eat off, and beds to lie on, and stools to sit on, and even looking-glasses to see themselves in. Often they build great arbors of cedar to answer for churches; and I have seen many that were really handsome and picturesque. The soldiers in camp are generally a lively, happy set of men in spite of all their hardships; instead of making themselves miserable by repining at their troubles, they keep merry by keeping busy at work or play; and they are equally merry in camp or on the march.

"And now about the marching of an army. You are not to suppose that troops in the field near the enemy, march as they do in our streets, in a long procession. If they did this, an army would stretch over dozens of miles; the front of an army would be two or three days' travel from its rear. Those

who came last would really have no road to march on, for the roads are rapidly ruined by the marching over them of a very small part of an army. Instead of stretching in procession over many miles of a single road, the several corps or divisions of an army move on a great many roads at the same time, — as many as run towards the point or army which is to be at-



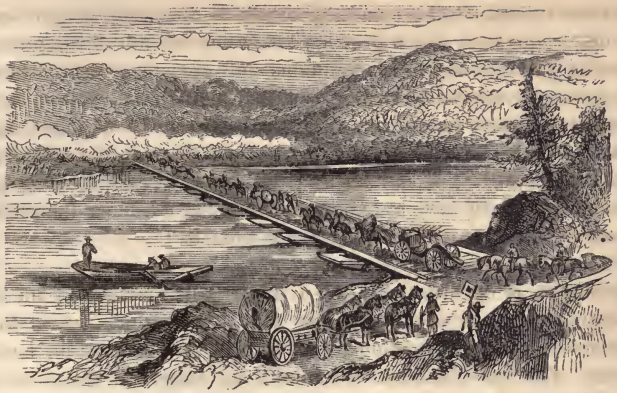
tacked. Now, in the diagram here, the white blocks indicate an army encamped around a town waiting to be attacked; the black blocks indicate the enemy marching to the attack; the black and dotted lines show how it spreads out into line of battle, — the second line being what are called the reserves. You will readily understand that, if the whole army had moved by one road, it would have taken a great deal more time to get into line of battle than by moving by several roads. By this way of moving, you will notice that there are thrice as many men at all times fronting the enemy, and ready to fight him if he comes out to meet them, as there would be if they moved in one column or by one road. This matter of marching is one of the most difficult of things to do; and at West Point, where our soldiers are educated, the study of Logistics, or the art of marching, is one of the most important. As many generals fail to win by mistakes in marching to the battle-field as by errors in actual fighting. Some generals are famous as great marchers, or 'strategists,' who are not good fighters, or 'tacticians'; and some win all their battles, but let the enemy escape after he is whipped, because they cannot march well.

"There is nothing in common life to which I can liken an army marching; but it is a very interesting sight. The men do not look on it, as you would suppose, as a hardship; they generally enjoy it, particularly if they are pursuing an enemy. I once saw a whole division — ten thousand men — marching after the Rebels through a heavy rain, knee deep in mud, and singing 'We are marching on' and 'Rally round the flag, boys.' Soldiers seldom complain of their hardships, but laugh at care, and cheer each other up with talk and song. In damp weather persons a mile away from a column of soldiers can locate them by the low, rumbling noise of their conversation; and songs may be heard several miles off, but the words are lost in a general vol-

ume of sound like the roar of a waterfall. In dry weather, and on dusty roads, the column of dust which the troops raise in marching can be seen many miles distant; and old soldiers can tell from the dust which they see, whether the troops are horsemen or foot-soldiers. At the great battle of Chickamauga, General Thomas was very much troubled by seeing a great column of dust directly behind his troops. He did not know whether it was caused by the enemy or his own friends coming to help him; and he doubted which way to face his troops. General Wood was standing by his side, and, after watching the cloud of dust for a long while, he said they were friends. How do you suppose he knew? He was an old soldier, and had noticed that foot-soldiers in marching raise a thick column of dust which does not rise very high, while the dust raised by horsemen or cavalry ascends in great spiral columns away above the tops of the trees. He saw from the dust that these were foot-soldiers, and as he knew that the Rebels had no foot-soldiers in that direction, he was certain they were friends. And so it proved; these friends came up and saved the army from being surrounded and captured.

When troops are marching at night, a person can distinguish their position and tell the road they are on, by the clanking of the bayonet against the canteen, or by the rattling of the swords in the scabbards, or the rumbling of the wagons. Just before the battle of Nashville, General Hood was pursuing General Schofield's army, and, thinking he might catch him by marching at night, he kept his troops going while General Schofield's were trying to get a little sleep. The Rebels were marching on a parallel road a few miles away from that on which General Schofield was, but both led to the same place, and the battle would be easily won by the army which got there first. The clanking of the swords and bayonets of the Rebels betrayed them; General Schofield roused his army from sleep, and made it march all night. The two armies thus marched alongside of each other for many miles, having a hard race. If you will read the account of the battle of Franklin, in your History of the Rebellion, you will learn which army won the race and the battle.

"Of course there are often many difficulties encountered in marching. Sometimes roads must be made, mountains crossed, and bridges built over rivers. Most great armies carry their bridges with them. They are called 'pontoons,' and are in charge of the 'pontooniers.' Pontoons are simply flat-bottomed boats about twenty feet long and six or eight feet wide, with anchors and oars. They are mounted on trucks, and drawn across the country by mules. When the army comes to a stream too deep to ford, the boats are taken from the trucks, and instead of using them to ferry the troops over, they are launched on the stream, and anchored in a row from shore to shore about ten feet apart. Then heavy timbers are stretched from boat to boat, and on these strong planks or boards are laid, forming a bridge over which troops and wagons and cannon can be moved without delay. A bridge of this kind, a quarter of a mile long, can be built in one or two hours; and one is often made while the soldiers are being fired at by the enemy on the other side of the stream.



"Sometimes greater obstacles than rivers are found in ascending and descending mountains. When the roads are bad, the wagons and cannon have to be taken to pieces and are carried by mules and men; and at other times the men have to haul the guns where the horses cannot find a secure foothold. At the greatest heights the roads often run along the edge of a mountain, and are very dangerous in slippery or wet weather. I once saw a

cannon which was being hauled up Lookout Mountain by a very narrow road, slip over the mountain-side into the ravine below, dragging the horses after it. Of course the cannon broke loose from its truck and was lost; the

horses were instantly killed; and the wheels of the truck caught and hung in the tops of the trees which grew far below the summit of the precipice.

"Marching in this way over mountains and crossing rivers, the two rival armies gradually approach each other, and both sides prepare for battle. The soldiers fill their haversacks with extra allowances of food; each cartridge-box is filled with cartridges; the guards are increased; and the utmost caution is observed. The two armies get as close to each other as possible. The two lines of battle face each other, often being not more than half a mile apart, and each throws out a strong line of pickets."

"What are pickets, papa?" asked Willie.

"I told you of the sentinels, did I not? Well, pickets in the field are what sentinels are in the camp, except that the sentinels guard the camp that the soldiers may not get out of it, and the pickets that the enemy may not get in. The line of sentinels surrounds the camp and fences the soldiers in; the line of pickets fences the enemy out. The pickets are there to give warning to the camp of the enemy's approach, and very close watch they have to keep too. It is a serious thing to be on picket when the armies are near each other. While all the rest of the camp sleeps, the pickets are wide awake; if they sleep they are stolen upon, and killed by the enemy, or are shot down by their own comrades if caught slumbering when the 'relief guard' or 'officer of the guard' makes the 'round.' 'Sleeping on his post' is the greatest crime the soldier can commit, and death is the sure punishment. On the night before a battle, the pickets have a serious time of it. For fear of being shot by the enemy's pickets, who are often only a few yards distant, they have to hide in bushes or lie close to the ground behind stumps or logs or trees. During General Sherman's campaign in Georgia, his army and the Rebel army under General Johnson were in sight and hearing of each other for nearly one hundred days. During all this time, the Union and Rebel pickets were in hearing of each other; and there was not an hour that they were not firing at each other. This firing was so continuous and dangerous that the pickets had to dig holes to protect themselves. These were small holes about two feet deep and as many wide, the dirt from them being thrown up on the side next to the enemy. They were called 'gopher holes'; and in these the pickets used to sit and watch each other. In the first part of the war the Rebels used to call our soldiers when digging trenches and building fortifications 'the beavers in blue'; when they took to digging 'gopher holes' the Rebels called them 'prairie dogs.' If you have ever seen a prairie-dog hut, you will understand the Rebels' meaning.

"In the same way that the sentinels change their character and become pickets, the army on the battle-field is not in camp, but 'bivouac.' No tents are put up; no fires are lighted; there is no noise, no cheerfulness. The men who were merry and frolicsome in camp are serious and solemn in bivouac. Instead of relating stories and exchanging jests, they talk of

home and exchange messages with each other, or write letters for the loved ones at home.

"All is ready for the battle at last; and in the morning it is begun. Every good general makes his plan of battle before he commences it, and pursues it until he wins, or is compelled to change it to suit circumstances. No two battles were ever fought on precisely the same plan. I am not going to try to make you understand these things, because they require years of study. I will only say that all plans of battle are based on the idea of striking the enemy in his weakest point with your strongest. But in every attack the different branches or arms of the service have a distinct part to play. The infantry or foot-soldiers have the hardest work to do, and I will tell you of them first.

In most of the war pictures which you see in books, the infantry are drawn up in regular line, firing away with the greatest regularity, and standing up in such a way that you wonder how the enemy can miss them. But that is not the way armies really fight. Each soldier of a regiment fires as often as he can, and as long as the enemy are in sight. The men are drawn up in two lines or rows, but when the fighting is going on they are not all standing or all lying down. Some kneel behind stumps; some stand behind trees; some lie close to the ground on their backs to load, and on their breasts to fire, while others lie down to load, and stand up to fire. Some hastily fire without taking aim at all; others take deliberate aim at a particular person in the enemy's ranks, and fire slowly.

I was standing behind a big tree during the battle of Chickamauga, and a Kentucky regiment of Union troops was in line of battle about five feet in front of me, fighting very hard. While I was looking on, a great, tall soldier left the line and came up to me as if he thought he had as much right to that protecting tree as I had; but he said nothing until he had loaded his gun. Then he slowly levelled it until the barrel was across my shoulder. 'Stand still, captain,' he said to me, mistaking me for an officer; 'I 'll get him this time. I 've shot at that colonel twice before, and I ain't going to miss him again.' I stood as still as I could; he rested his gun on my shoulder, and took good aim; at last he fired. I did not see any one fall, but he did, for when I turned to him to ask him the result of the shot, he grinned at me, and winked his eye, and said, 'I got him that pop.' That soldier was worth three or four of those who fired without looking at what they were shooting; he picked out his particular man each time he fired, and so wasted no powder. But very few men have the courage to fire in this cool way; and out of a regiment, nine tenths of the men will waste their powder and hurt nobody. Persons who have calculated say that for every man killed in war his weight in lead is wasted, and so there came into use the expression which you may have heard, that 'it takes a man's weight in lead to kill him in battle.'

"Sometimes the regiment has to charge; then the men fix bayonets, and rush upon the enemy without firing at all; but it is very seldom that they ever get to such close quarters that they can use their sharp points. The

regiment charging either breaks up before the enemy's fire and retreats, or the enemy run away without waiting for *their* enemy to come close enough to bayonet them. I once saw a whole army charge bayonets with empty guns up a mountain-side. The Rebels ran away as soon as our soldiers came near them, and our men, being too tired to run after them, fell to pelting them with stones and dirt, and hooted and yelled at them in rage at not being able to capture them. And just then General Grant, who had ordered them to make this daring charge, rode into their midst, and the men, in their great joy and enthusiasm, ran up to him hugging his legs, and kissing his hands, and acting like madmen, so excited and rejoiced were they.

"Next about the artillery. A battery, which consists of six cannon, is fought in a different manner from the infantry, — with great regularity and precision. It has to depend on the infantry for safety from capture, and must always be attended by or supported by one or more regiments of infantry. Generally batteries are in the front rank of battle, the infantry lying on both sides of it. Sometimes they are a little in the rear of the infantry, and fire over their heads, but always on the highest ground that can be found. When engaged, the cannon which rests on the hind wheels is uncoupled from the front wheels of the truck, which carry the ammunition-box; and this is taken to the rear. The 'powder-monkeys,' or men who carry the shot and shells, run from the ammunition-box to the cannon with the ammunition. When the enemy at which the guns are being fired is at a distance — that is, a mile or two away — the cannon throw solid shots from the size of my fist to the size of your head, or shells, which are oblong, not round. These shells are hollow shot, and, the cavity being filled with powder, burst on striking any object. There is a brass screw in the front or sharp end of the shell which connects with a percussion-cap inside. When this pivot strikes the earth, after being fired, it explodes the cap, the powder is ignited, and the fragments of the shell fly in every direction. When the enemy comes nearer, the guns throw what are called grape-shot, — smaller balls about the size of a walnut, and which scatter on leaving the gun, — or else 'schrapnel shot' or 'spherical case,' which are simply shells filled with powder and all sorts of iron scraps, like bullets, nail-heads, etc. These latter are scattered when the shell explodes, and are terribly destructive. Very few troops can stand their fire, and few charges against batteries are successful, because of their destructiveness, and because the infantry which support or protect them are also firing briskly at the same time. When the enemy charging cannot be driven back, the cannoneers have to run away, or get captured with their guns.

Once on a time, in the battle of Stone River, a young man — he was really only a boy — named Lieutenant Ludlow was in command of two guns, or a section of Battery H, 5th United States Artillery, — and another very young man, named Colonel Anderson, was in command of the 6th Ohio infantry, which supported him. Well, the enemy charged to take these guns, and a most desperate fight followed, in which Lieutenant Ludlow managed his guns most efficiently. The other young man, Colonel Anderson, was so full

of admiration of his gallantry and skill, that when the Rebels were driven back he ran up to Lieutenant Ludlow, threw his arms around his neck, and kissed him a dozen times. In the same battle there was in another battery a little boy not sixteen years old, who fought so gallantly at his gun, taking the place of one who was killed, that General Rousseau rode up to him in the midst of the battle and shook hands with him, telling him he was a true soldier and a brave boy. And all his comrades cheered him right in the midst of the battle. You may be sure the little fellow felt very proud of this.

"And now about the cavalry. The horsemen or cavalry are the 'eyes of the army,' — that is, on the march they move in front, and gather information of roads and streams, which they report to the general for his guidance; in the battle they are on the sides or wings of the army, and watch the movements of the enemy, telling the general when he is advancing and when retreating. Sometimes large bodies of cavalry are sent around behind the enemy, to cut off his retreat if he is defeated, destroy his wagons and camps, and capture his stragglers. Sometimes they charge upon other cavalry troops; but cavalry fights are not frequent in war. If their own army is driven back, they keep in the rear to 'cover the retreat,' as it is called."

"But, papa," said Willie, who thought his father was about to stop in his account, "what becomes of the killed and wounded?"

"During a battle the poor fellows who are killed are left lying where they fall. Sometimes the body of an officer will be carried off the field by his men and removed to a place of safety from capture, but the most of them lie where they fall until the battle is over. Then they are buried by friend or foe, whichever wins the field. The wounded either walk away or are carried

off, — those slightly wounded going off without help, and only after asking their captain's permission. The badly wounded are removed by a corps of men called the 'ambulance corps.' These carry what are called 'stretchers, — a piece of canvas about six feet long and three wide, fastened to two slen-

der poles. The wounded man is put on the stretcher, two men take it up by the poles, and carry the man to the nearest ambulance or 'hospital mule.' The ambulance is a wagon with four beds. Here the wounded are laid, and when the ambulance is full, it is driven to the nearest hospital, — generally houses in the rear of the battle-field. Here their wounds are dressed. But often there is no time to remove all the wounded; and they lie on the field for hours after a battle, until the army which has won the fight, having taken care of its own wounded, offers assistance. Sometimes whole hospitals of wounded fall into the hands of the enemy. Then all in the hospital become captives, except the surgeons or doctors, who are never considered as such. Hospitals are marked by a plain red flag, and the surgeons and hospital stewards and ambulance corps wear a green strip of ribbon around their arms. Soldiers are bound in honor not to fire on hospital buildings, or tents with the red flag flying above them, or to harm the men with the green badges.

The scene about a hospital is one of the most painful that you can imagine. As soon as the wounded men arrive and are taken from the ambulances, the surgeons begin to operate on them. Some not badly hurt are sent to other hospitals, more remote from danger of capture; others are put in beds in the tents which are put up to accommodate them; some are to have arms taken off; others are to lose their legs; while others, too badly injured to live, are laid outside on the ground to die. Often they are placed in rows by the side of those already dead or dying. The hospital steward searches their pockets to find some clew to their name or company, which he writes out on a piece of paper and pins on their breasts. It is all done in the most matter-of-fact way, and is all the more terrible because of the business-like air which reigns in a well-conducted hospital. From the interior of the house or tents you hear the occasional shriek of some poor fellow under the surgeon's cruel knife, losing an arm or a leg, while all around you the dying men are to be heard praying most piteously, or trying to join with the chaplains in singing the hymns they used to sing at home."

"Sometimes night puts a stop but not an end to the battle; the firing ceases, and the two armies lie down to rest on their arms, ready to begin the dreadful fight in the morning. Through the awful darkness you can hear thousands of groans and cries for help coming up from the wounded men; the neighing of wounded horses; the rumbling of the ambulances; and you can see the torches of men hunting for the dead and dying. There is a truce then, — the enemy hunt for their wounded as we for ours, — and no one of those who were firing all day at each other thinks to do each other harm.

"But come; you must be weary to-night. Another time I will tell you how sieges are carried on and how war is conducted on the water."

Major Traverse.

LE BŒUF GRAS.

HERE is his portrait, just as I saw him in the Paris Carnival. The artist has copied him, true as life, from a printed sheet, indicating the route of the *Promenade des Bœufs Gras* through Paris streets on *Dimanche*, *Lundi*, and *Mardi*, headed with a grand picture of the procession, wherein he was the chief feature. This sheet I bought at the corner of Rue St. Honoré, on the Saturday previous, of a clattering little French lad, who had under his arm a big bundle of them, which he was selling for a *sou* apiece to Parisians, for two *sous* to foreigners. And so now you have the *bona fide* minute history of the transaction, and may be quite certain that this *bœuf* is the real *bœuf*, and his likeness as faithful as the artist can make it. He was a very fine animal, weighing 1,361 kilogrammes, — French measure, — which a little ingenious calculation may turn into pounds avoirdupois. He came from the province of La Nièvre, and his name was Gulliver.

You will observe, my little American friends, — for all little Americans I have met have been very nice children and very good friends of mine, — that I do not translate any French for you. I take it for granted that you know enough of the language to make this unnecessary, and, if not, the sooner you acquire it the better. So, whenever you find yourselves at fault, take your dictionary and poke out the words; and be sure that the trouble will do you no harm. I would like to familiarize every boy and girl from infancy with

that charming French language, so graceful, so flexible, yet so logical and precise, which always reminds me of the elephant's trunk, capable alike of tearing down a tree and picking up a pin.

Well, now as to the *bœuf gras*, which in Paris is always the crowning feature of the Carnival. Of course you know what the Carnival is, — in all Catholic cities, but especially in Rome and Paris, a three days' festival, — the *farewell to flesh*, as the word expresses, before the long fast of Lent. It begins on Quinquagesima Sunday, the Sunday before Lent, and lasts until the morning of Ash-Wednesday, — three whole days, during which these lively French people seem to take the opportunity of going quite mad with gayety. In Paris, I believe, they are not quite so mad as they are at Rome, because the city is larger, and a certain amount of work must go on meanwhile, as well as play; but this year, 1868, even in Paris, it seemed as if for those three days all the population had turned out to play. And the grand centre of entertainment was this said procession of *le bœuf gras.*

It was planned and organized by a person rather remarkable in his way. He is a butcher named Duval, who at the age of twenty was merely a poor butcher's boy, and now at fifty-seven is one of the richest of the *bourgeoisie* of Paris, — having earned his money in a way that does especial credit to him, because in earning it he has likewise benefited hundreds and thousands of his fellow-creatures.

He did it thus. Twenty years ago there was no place in Paris where one could get a dinner, except at the expensive restaurants and hotels, and the cheap, nasty, almost poisonous feeding-places called *gargotes.* Duval conceived the idea of opening decent eating-houses, which he called *bouillons économiques*, — where for a moderate sum, which allowed a small profit over and above the price of the meal and the cooking, a poor French workman might go in and get his dinner, — plain, indeed, but wholesome and good, clean and well served. Being a butcher, M. Duval had, of course, advantages; and being a good man of business, — with a clever wife, who was ready to help her husband in everything, — he so arranged the plan of these *bouillons* as to lose nothing by them; in fact, on the principle of "small profits and quick returns," to make an actual gain. From one establishment he gradually increased to twelve, which he planted in different parts of the city, and managed so well that, not only did he provide good dinners for half Paris, — the hard-working half at least, — but he furnished employment to a perfect army of waitresses, cooks, book-keepers, — mostly women, — and accumulated, by the way, (as honest and benevolent people sometimes do, my children, in the world, as well as in fairy tales,) a very large fortune. On it he lives, — this worthy M. Duval, — in a large house in the Rue de Rome, which is also his principal house of business, and from which he directs all his other establishments, — the *bouillons*, the butchers' shops, the slaughter-houses — besides others for baking bread, washing clothes, &c., carried on on the same principle as the *bouillons économiques*, and equally successful. He has also a little "hobby" of his own, which amuses youthful Paris greatly, — an aquarium, where he keeps alive all sorts of fish and marine curiosities with

great care and skill. During the Exposition of last year, two hundred and fifty thousand persons visited this Aquarium Duval, which is in the Boulevard Montmartre.

I have told you this little history of M. Duval, that it may make you the more interested, as I was, in his procession, which, they say, was the finest *Promenade des Bœufs Gras* which has been seen in Paris for many years. M. Duval arranged it all, and paid the expense of it all. No doubt he repaid himself pretty well; for it is the custom for the *bœuf gras* to stop and visit numerous personages of note, beginning with the Emperor and the royal family, and passing down to the ministers of state and foreign ambassadors, and from each is sent out a sort of largesse, varying from fifty to five hundred francs, — all of which might go very fairly into the pocket of M. Duval. Still, when one considers that his procession numbered about five hundred people, all in grand dresses, — some very grand, — a number of horses, and six *chars de triomphe*, besides the *chars* on which rode the four *bœufs gras* — But I am forestalling things. Silence!

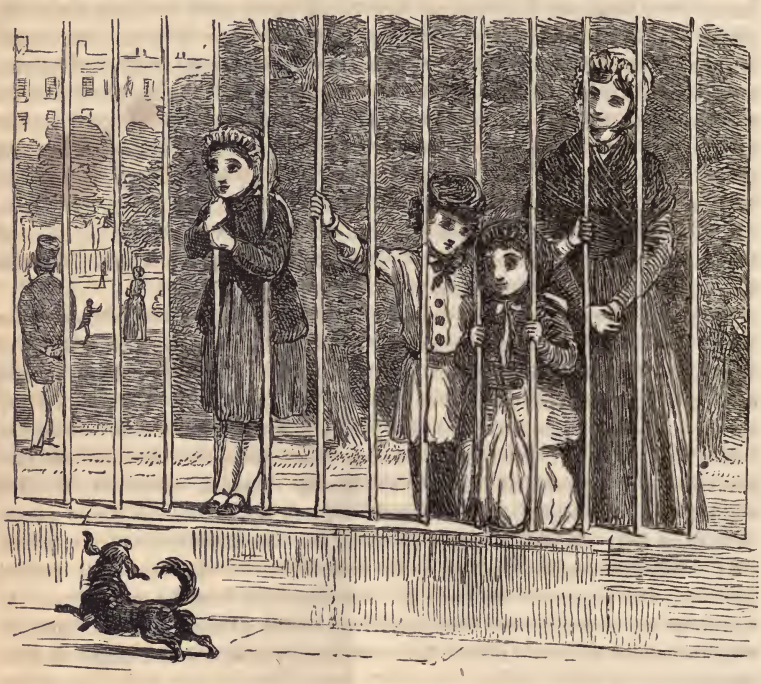
Silence was certainly not to be got in Paris anywhere during those three days. Even on Sunday, when we were walking home from Notre Dame in our quiet English fashion, we fell in with several floating fragments of crowds collecting here and there in expectation of the *bœuf gras*. But he did not appear. He was taking his first promenade in another direction, — from the Palais de l'Industrie, whence he was to start every morning at half past nine, up the long straight line of the Champs Elysées, to the Arc de Triomphe, and down again, right through towards old Paris, — if there is any such place left, — to the Bouillon Duval in the Rue Montmartre. He was to stop *en route* to pay his respects at the more illustrious houses, — the British Embassy, the palace of Madame la Princesse Mathilde, &c., — and then he was to go back through the Rue de Rivoli to the place whence he came, — which was also to prove, finally, his place of execution, — the Palais de l'Industrie.

I name all these places, because to American children who have been to Paris (and many have, for Young America travels all over the world) it will make all I tell seem more interesting; and those who have not been to Paris, — why, they can wait till they go.

On Sunday we did not meet the procession, though more than once in the course of our walks we heard the distant murmur of its passing a few streets off. But on Monday we rose determined not to miss the fun on any account. So about nine o'clock on a bleak, gray February morning, with a fierce east wind blowing, almost nipping the heads off the poor little violets that were sold about the streets, we found ourselves clinging to the railings of the Jardin des Tuileries, just at the corner where the Rue de Rivoli debouches into the Place de la Concorde.

"Debouches" is certainly the right word here, for the street seemed to have opened its mouth, and to be pouring itself out in streams of people, which kept incessantly flowing down either side, and settling here and there into small eddies of crowds, who were not exactly stationary, but still pre-

pared themselves to be so, and to take up in a moment their best position for seeing the sight. They were almost universally working-people, — I suppose "genteel" Paris had hardly yet opened its eyes, — with a large proportion of children, attended by those neat, white-capped, good-tempered looking *bonnes* whom one sees in every quiet nook of Paris, strolling or sitting in the



sun, with their *enfants* playing about them. Here is a group which I had close beside me for an hour or more, and which I have described to the artist, and made him draw it as well as he could, — the three pretty little French children. I can even tell you their names, which I overheard; Albéric, the boy, — and a most gentlemanly little Frenchman he was, and charmingly polite to the little girls, Fifine and Marie. They were younger, I fancy, but both taller than himself; he stood between them, helping them to hold on to the railings, and chattering away to them in his shrill, rapid French. How they laughed, all three together! and how rosy were the little girls' faces under their scarlet and violet *capuchons*, which I think every little girl in Paris wears this winter! — and very warm and pretty head-dresses they are, and the artist has copied them exactly. Sometimes, when these little people chattered too loudly, their *bonne* called them to order; but on the whole they behaved remarkably well, — as, so far as my experience goes, French children always do. I don't know if they are any better than their neighbors, but they are certainly better-mannered, — yes, even the lowest class. Here is

one of two boys, regular street *gamins*, bold and reckless, with their meagre, merry faces, and their clothes "windowed" with many a hole that showed the dirty brown skin underneath; yet when the younger leaped up on the railing in front of me, the elder pulled him down with a sharp rebuke (administered in a *patois* that I should utterly fail in writing down, or you in translating) to the effect that, if he mounted there, Madame would not be able to see the *bœuf gras* at all; and when Madame thanked him, the little scamp took off his cap to her with an air that would not have disgraced the Prince Imperial. I mention this, and I have tried to make the artist give you some notion of the lad's face, — the poor little Paris *gamin*, who had yet the true feeling of chivalry, *honneur aux dames*, — because, my children, I do believe that politeness is more than a grace, a virtue, and that it cannot be learned too young or practised too universally.

The exceeding politeness and unfailing good-humor of this French crowd struck me very much. It gathered and gathered till the raised walk was thick with people, and they hung upon the railing which divides the Tuileries gardens from the Rue de Rivoli, like swarming bees upon the branch of a tree. But there was no pushing, no scrambling, no rudeness of any kind. Many were their jokes and great was their patience. Mine, alas! was gradually ebbing away in the teeth of this fierce east wind, which went whistling through the bare trees behind us, and chilled us to the very marrow of our bones, when there was a sudden stir in the crowd, and I saw my friend Albéric beginning to climb the railings like a young monkey, screaming out with eager gesticulations, "Il vient, il vient!"

Yes, he was certainly coming, *le bœuf gras*, the joy of all Paris for the time. His approach was heralded, of course, by military music and a grand array of soldiers; nothing is ever done in Paris without soldiers. They came marching across the Place de la Concorde, and after them appeared the procession, which to describe minutely would require a great deal more space than the editor is likely to afford me. The first portion of it passed very quickly, and my attention was distracted from it by the antics of Albéric, Fifine, and Marie, who showed their ecstasy in a manner so vehement and French, that I momently expected Albéric would impale himself on the gilded tops of the railings, and the little girls squeeze their heads through so far that they would never come out again alive. But their *bonne* seemed to take all calmly, and after a few shrill warnings of "Soyez sage!" "Prenez garde, mes petits!" and so on, she left them to fate, and devoted herself also, heart and soul, to the show.

And a very fine show, I must say, it was, got up with admirable French ingenuity, — nay, taste, — and the dresses of the men and women, and the caparisons of the numerous horses, showed very gay and handsome, even in the glare of the dangerous daylight. There were four *chars*, — representing Europe, Asia, Africa, and America, — besides a *char d'Olympe*, and a *char d'agriculture*. Europe, which of course was France, represented both France of 1804 and France of 1868; and a great contrast they made, — these differing costumes. 1804 walked on foot, 1868 rode in the triumphal chariot. But they

passed so rapidly that I only remember a blaze of color, a glitter of gilding, and then appeared the second *char*, Africa. A gigantic sphinx sat on the top, her hands, or rather her paws, extended with the usual calm, good-natured smile that sphinxes wear; below, a group of Egyptians and Ethiopians, men and women, all in correct antique costumes. And then came the first of the four *bœufs*.

His name, the bills informed us, was Mignon, and a very great "darling" he was, no doubt. His skin, smooth and sleek as satin, was light-colored, almost white; his horns were gilded; and on his head, back, and sides, wherever they could be stuck, hung wreaths of artificial — very artificial — flowers. He stood motionless, his poor legs, hind and fore, being safely tied together under the greenery which surrounded him; his head was bent meekly down, always bent, which surprised me till I saw that it too was tied, so that he could only turn his large eyes from side to side at the crowd. I wonder what he thought of it! Poor Mignon!

The next *bœuf* was Paul Forestier, so called after the hero of a play which has lately been very popular in Paris. His was the Asiatic *char*, and above him, instead of the sphinx, was a gigantic elephant. I hardly know whether the live or the dead animal looked most natural or was most quiet. In spite of the Indian princesses that surrounded him, and the dignity with which he travelled, I felt a thrill of pity for Paul Forestier.

After him came — what will certainly gladden little American hearts when I say it — the most brilliant *char* of the whole. It was emblematic of the New World. Two great palm-trees, — manufactured how I know not, but they were uncommonly good imitations of nature — rose in its centre, and between them hung a lady in a sort of hammock. O, how it did swing! I pitied her, for she must have felt as if permanently voyaging on the awful ocean between here and New York. Yet she looked comfortable enough, and exchanged various jokes with another young lady, whose head she just touched as she swung. This young lady was supposed to represent South America. And, whether or not M. Duval meant the compliment, she was the very handsomest person in the whole procession. Around the *char* came an equestrian troop of what the bill called *cavaliers peaux rouges*, accurately costumed in blankets, feathers, moccasins, and tomahawks, yet withal the funniest specimens of redskins ever beheld in or out of America. Most of them rode cigar in mouth, and all had mustaches and queer little withered Parisian faces. After them, preceded by a band of forty musicians in all sorts of extraordinary costumes, came the third *bœuf*, called *le lutteur masqué*, after a person who has been rather noted in the Parisian masked balls this winter. He was a fine animal, but not to compare with the fourth and the last, who followed next, the principal *bœuf gras*, Gulliver.

He really was a magnificent beast. His color was a pale yellow, and he had a grand head, and eyes of the sort which taught Homer the simile of "ox-eyed Juno." To think of him turned into beef was quite melancholy. I had full opportunity for admiring him, for just as he came up, driven between the *char d'agriculture* and the *char d'Olympe*, the procession stopped for ten minutes at least.

What a change! Suddenly the allegorical occupants of the two chariots condescended to be mere mortals. "Spring"—from the *char d' agriculture*, which contained the four seasons and the twelve months of the year—devoted herself to soothing her starved-looking baby. "Winter" began smoking a cigar. *Septembre*, *Juillet*, and *Octobre* left their places vacant, having scrambled down through imitation vines and fig-trees, and disappeared among the crowd, which joked and fraternized with them to a great extent. Even the *char d'Olympe*, full of gods and goddesses whom Homer himself could hardly have identified, became gradually emptied of its occupants. The gods smoked, the goddesses chatted in lively French, which I suppose was the language of Olympus. Many of them looked tired, worn, cold, and ugly, but none of them looked cross. And as I watched them, shivering under their not too warm garments, and thought of the one day past and two days more to come that they would have thus to traverse Paris streets this biting weather, I earnestly hoped that M. Duval would give them, at the end, a good dinner, at one of his best *bouillons*.

When the signal came they all remounted. Jupiter, I noticed, had a sad scramble under the wheels of the *char*, and nearly lost his thunder-bolt; and I believe the other *char* moved off with ten Months inside it, instead of twelve. The band burst forth in renewed clangor, the horses were urged forward,—one refractory pony trying to stand on his hind legs and dance as he probably had learned at the Hippodrome, but which was slightly unpleasant to the *peau rouge* who rode him, and who certainly did not ride like Uncas the Mohican. The procession moved on, and the crowd closed up behind it, following it eagerly; nay, when I turned round, my three little friends, Albéric, Fifine, and Marie, had slipped down from their railings and vanished after it, too, never again to be found by me in this mortal world. But I stood a good while watching the procession winding along the Rue de Rivoli. I could trace it ever so far down that straight two-mile street, one of the finest streets in the world, the two tall palm-trees nodding as they moved, and the poor little woman in her hammock swinging between them in a fashion which I trust is not the universal fashion in America; the sun, which had come out at last, shining on the big sides of the sham elephant,—which rocked a little, but not too much,—and then glittering on the gilded horns and yellow, broad, garlanded back of the hero of the procession,—the fortunate, unfortunate Gulliver.

Poor Gulliver! He and his less distinguished companions have ended their three days' triumphant career and been made into *bouillon* long ago; but yet I recall almost tenderly his great beauty, his satin skin, his majestic size, and the patient, uncomplaining, almost human, look of his big eyes, as the artist has here done his likeness, and as he appeared as *le bœuf gras* of 1868.

Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman."

JOHNNY TEARFUL.

I'LL tell you of the queerest lad:
They called him Johnny Tearful;
A very sorry way he had
Of never being cheerful.
He cried the moment he got up;
He made a din at dinner;
With tears enough to fill a cup
He never grew much thinner.

He cried in spite of all you said
To keep the tears from streaming;
He cried when he was put to bed;
He cried while he was dreaming.
His doleful eyes of pygmy size
Were dim with overflowing;
A walking shower-bath he was, —
The shower forever going.

They told him that the moon was round:
Enough, — that set him bawling;
He scared the kittens off the ground
By constant caterwauling.

But though his tears fell thick and fast,
  They never did his woes end:
Folks wondered how the drops could last;
  They trickled down his nose end.

His kites were never made to suit;
  Of course, that made him bellow.
He cried for green, forbidden fruit, —
  This aggravating fellow.
Why, if you only called his name,
  In tears you made him jump up:
It really was a perfect shame,
  The numbers he could pump up.

What cared he for the spring-time days?
  For flowers, or this or that bird?
Why, when he went his moody ways
  Each robin, jay, and cat-bird
Flew up and shook its downy head,
  While gayly hummed the May-bee;
And this is what the birdies said:
  "Cheer up, cheer up, cry-baby!"

And now poor Johnny's fate I sing:
  He rose one morning early,
And in his eyes — the usual thing —
  There stood the tear-drops pearly.
He kicked, and splashed the water round
  They brought to wash his face in,
Then quietly dissolved! they found
  One huge tear in the basin!

George Cooper.

HOW A SHIP IS MODELLED AND LAUNCHED.

[*In a Second Letter to Mr. Clarence.*]

I BEGAN to tell you how I went to find the ship architect. I soon saw his sign on the upper story of a great, long old wooden building, near the ferry. At the top of two flights of stairs outside I came to a door with his name and slate on it; it was partly open, and I looked in.

It was a great room in the top of the building, at least a hundred and fifty feet long and thirty broad. On the sleepers overhead, beneath the roof,

were piled all sorts of odds and ends of lumber. One side of the floor was occupied by piles of boards, carpenters' horses, benches, and tools; but the larger part was an open space, in the middle of which a man was at work on his knees, marking out lines by thin strips of board or battens bent into curves, and held in place by awls stuck into the floor. He wore, tied on his knees, strong caps of leather, to protect them as he knelt at his work. I noticed that the toes of his shoes were worn through. He looked up pleasantly, under his broad-brimmed straw hat, and said, "Come in."

I told him frankly what had brought me there.

"That's right; glad to see you," said he. "I'll be through here in a few minutes, then I'll show you."

I watched him at his work; and, looking around, saw that almost the entire floor was covered with long, sweeping, curved lines, in different groups, and straight lines running across them in places.

"Do you see what I am making here?" said he.

I said I supposed it must be the designs of a ship's timbers.

"You are right," said he. "These lines I am drawing now are for one of the ship's ribs. That is built up of several timbers; and I mark here a pattern of each. I cut out a mould-board after the pattern, and send that to the carpenter to cut his timber by."

"But how do you get your plan in the first place? That is what puzzles me!" I said.

He said he would show me that by and by, and kept on marking and talking. It was fun to see him bend a batten to just the curve he wanted, stick awls to hold it, and then mark his lines by it. He said it required five hundred moulds to make the timbers of a ship of the size he was designing (about thirteen hundred tons' burden); and it would take more than twice the number, "but," said he, "I make moulds for the timbers of only one side; and then there are several frames near the middle of the ship made just alike, from the same set of moulds."

I said "I had no idea till to-day how much timber it took to build a ship!"

"It takes more," said he, "than can be got into another ship of the same size."

"What is the weight of such a ship as this when finished?" I asked.

"A thirteen-hundred-ton ship will weigh about nine hundred tons; that is, a wooden ship. An iron ship of the same capacity—"

"Will weigh considerably more, I suppose," I said, as he stopped to make some figures.

"Considerably less," said he. "An iron ship of thirteen hundred tons will weigh less than seven hundred tons."

"Do they build ships all of iron?" I asked.

"Yes; and they are the cheapest and best ships that can be made. The first cost is a third more than that of wooden ships; but they are more buoyant, they carry a larger freight, they are stronger, and they last three

times as long. The dry rot don't trouble them, and the water-worms let them alone. In place of these large timbers they have slender iron ribs; and in place of the heavy planking without and within they have just a thin skin of iron plates riveted together, less than an inch thick, except in very large ships. A great many ships are built of iron nowadays, especially in England, where iron is comparatively cheap and timber dear. The largest ship ever built is made of iron; that is the Great Eastern, — six hundred and eighty feet long by eighty-two and a half broad, and fifty-eight deep; a magnificent structure, though practically she don't seem to be good for much except laying Atlantic cables."

"What keeps an iron ship from sinking?" I asked. "The question came up at school the other day, and though we all seemed to know, yet not one of us, not even the teacher, could give a satisfactory answer. Iron will sink; then why don't an iron boat sink?"

"It seems to me you ought to answer that question," said he. "Why does wood float while iron does not?"

"Because," I said, "wood weighs less than the same bulk of water, while iron weighs more; and the heaviest substance goes to the bottom."

"In other words," said he, "wood, in order to sink, must displace more than its own weight of water. Now a boat is constructed in such a way as to displace a great deal more than her own weight of water by being made hollow. All the air she contains below her water-line is in the balance against an equal bulk of water outside. An iron ship, in fact, displaces just as much water as if she was built of solid metal. Let the water into her, and it drives the air out; then she displaces only the actual bulk of the iron, and down she goes."

"This question of displacement," he went on to say, "is a very important one in building a ship. We must know just how much water she will displace, in order to know what weight she will bear up. Now, thirty-five cubic feet of salt water weigh a ton. Salt water is heavier, you know, than fresh water; it takes thirty-six cubic feet of fresh water to weigh the same. A ton in our calculations is twenty-two hundred and forty pounds. Then for every ton's weight she buoys up she must displace thirty-five cubic feet of water. Her solid contents below her water-line will of course just equal the amount of water she displaces, — or, as we say in one word, the *displacement*."

I asked if it was by such calculations that a ship's tonnage was ascertained.

"When we speak of a ship of so many tons' burden, we mean the government rate. The government measures and rates every American ship. By the new rule the interior of a ship is measured, — just as you would get the solid contents of an odd-shaped box, — and every hundred cubic feet below her upper deck count for a ton. Some vessels will actually carry a good deal more than they are rated by this rule. Some kinds of freight — such as iron, and other solid matters — go by weight.

Others — such as boxes of shoes — go by measurement, a certain bulk being considered equal to a ton."

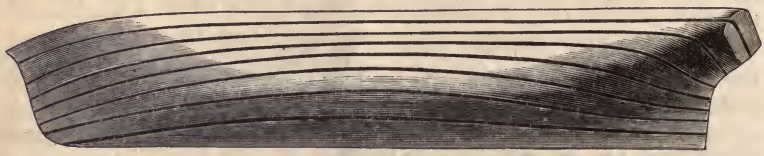
"Do builders often make two ships from the same set of moulds?"

"Sometimes; but usually they prefer to have a new model for a new ship; perhaps they want to make her a little larger, or a little smaller, or sharper, or broader, or think they can improve upon the old model some way. Now step here, and I 'll show you what a model is. This is the first stage of it."

As I saw nothing but a bundle of plain boards in a press, I thought at first that he meant something else. There were, perhaps, a dozen boards, two thirds of an inch thick and about six feet long.

"After these are pressed firmly into shape," said he, "they are held together by screws, making what we call a block. Then we commence working it down to something like this shape."

He took me into a little workroom at the end of the loft, where a perfect little model — or, strictly speaking, half-model — of a ship lay on a work-bench. Imagine a ship sawed in two vertically in the centre from stem to



stern, and the right half of her will give you an idea of the form of this model.* Only it was solid. Examining it, I found that it was carved out of just such a bundle of boards as I had seen; and the seams between them made so many parallel stripes, or water-lines, along the sides; only a top board had been added, thicker than the others, and carved so as to make the curved line, or sheer, higher at the bow and stern than amidships.

I asked why he did not carve his model from one solid block, instead of packing a pile of boards together.

"I 'll show you soon," said he. "This model is n't quite finished yet. I work it down till I think I have got it about right, or till the owner of the ship to be built from it is satisfied. When he comes in to see it to-morrow, he may say, 'Make her a little sharper,' — for the fancy is for sharp ships just now. There is this great advantage in making a model, — anybody can tell, by looking at it, just what the shape of the ship is to be. English shipwrights do not make models, but draw all their lines on paper first.

"The way we get our lines is this: When the model is completed I lay it on a smooth surface, flat side down, and mark around it, — that is, draw its profile. Then the water-lines are marked in. This forms what we call the *sheer plan.*

* The model, and the half-breadth and body plans which follow, have been reversed in printing, so that the right side appears as the left side, etc. These cuts are from photographs of a model and drawings kindly furnished by Lawrence's friend, Mr. William H. Varney, of the Portsmouth Navy Yard.

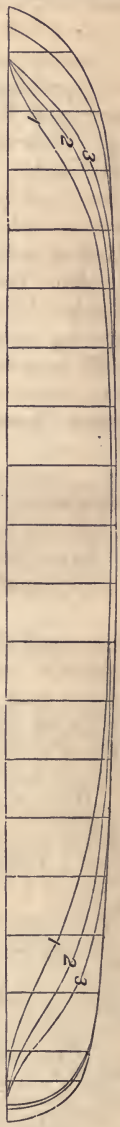
"Then I remove the screws, take the model to pieces, and lay one board after another, beginning with the narrowest at the bottom, on another plain surface, — the straight side of each being adjusted to a common centre line, representing the centre of the ship. A line marked about the curved side of each board, shows her exact proportions through that part which it represents. In this way we get what is called *the half-breadth plan.*

"By a scale of measurements we obtain from these two plans the exact dimensions of every part of the ship, and make a third plan, called the *body plan.* This represents her entire breadth and height, as viewed from one end, with curved lines on the right side of a centre line, showing the frame timbers of the forward half of the ship, and others on the left showing those of the after part.

"Now I 'll explain to you how we get out the designs of the frame timbers. The model is on a scale of one inch to three feet; that is, every inch of the model stands for thirty-six inches in the ship to be built. Having got our body plan, therefore, we have only to draw it on the floor of the loft on a scale thirty-six times as large. Then every one of these curved lines represents a rib, for which we go to work and make as many moulds as are required."

"All that looks very simple now," I said. "But a man might learn it all by heart; still, it would bother him to build a ship!"

"I guess it would," said he. "For instance, a man comes to me and says, 'I want a steamboat for the cotton trade on a Southern river. She must carry three thousand bales where the water is only twelve feet deep.' I have to plan accordingly. Then one man wants a vessel for speed, while with another a heavy freight is the chief consideration. For speed, we make the model sharper, — on the principle that a knife will cut the water easier than a walking-stick will. But the sharper a ship, the less room she has for cargo. We make more room by building her broader; but then she meets with more resistance passing through the water. Owners choose certain qualities for a ship, according to the trade she is in, — whether it is important she should go quickly with a light load, or leisurely with a heavy load. But it is n't all in her shape; she must be rigged right and loaded right to sail well."



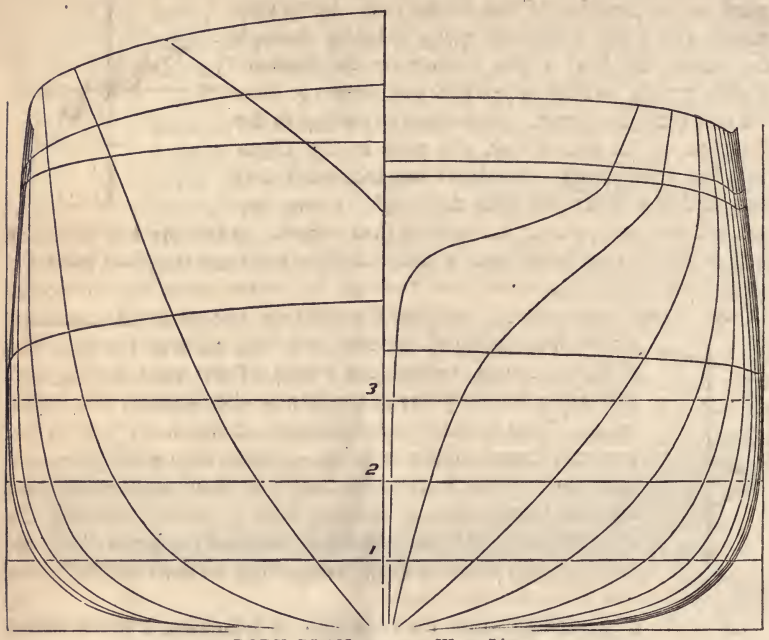
HALF-BREADTH PLAN. — 1, 2, 3, Water-Lines.

I asked him if great improvements had not been made in modelling and rigging ships within a few years.

"We think so," he replied, with a smile. "A modern-built ship, designed for speed, — what we call a clipper ship, — will sail three times as fast as a ship built forty years ago; and it takes fewer men to manage her sails."

"What are the best proportions for vessels?" I asked.

"As a general rule the length of a ship is five times her breadth; her



BODY PLAN. — 1, 2, 3, Water-Lines.

depth, one half or two thirds her breadth. Steamers are longer; a length equal to eight times the breadth is common. Length adds speed, but it weakens a vessel."

"When you get your floor covered with marks what do you do, — rub them out?"

"No, plane them off with what is called a lazy man's plane." And he showed me one; it had a handle like a mop, so that a man could use it standing.

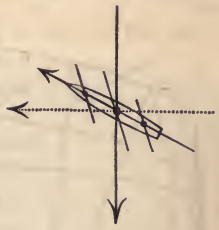
In another room was his office; and there I saw several beautifully finished models of ships and steamers fastened to the wall, the pieces composing each having been finally glued together and polished up. I noticed that neither of them had the keel attached.

"No," he said; "the keel is n't necessary in a model, though it is indispensable in a ship. It not only gives strength, but a sailing vessel can't beat without it."

I told him I never could understand how a ship sailed *against* the wind.

"She can't sail directly against it," he said. "But she goes this way," — he drew a perpendicular arrow. "That represents the way the wind blows. Now suppose the ship's course lies in an opposite direction. But the near-

est she can come to that is a line crossing the course of the wind something like this smaller arrow. Her sails are set diagonally, — this fashion, — so that the wind fills them, and presses them forward in the direction of this dotted line. But a ship meets with great resistance going sidewise through the water; the keel is like a blade on the bottom; it adds greatly to that resistance, and serves to keep her in a straight course. So instead of sailing in the direction of the dotted line, she sails in the direction her keel points. But head her too much that way, and she drifts off with the wind. Some vessels will sail much closer to the wind than others. After she has sailed as long as the master thinks best in that direction her head is turned suddenly toward the wind; her momentum through the water keeps her in motion till she comes clear around, and gets the wind on her other side, and sails off on what is called another *tack*. In this way she describes a zigzag course, against the course of the wind, sailing several miles for every one she makes in the direction she wishes to go. That is what we call *beating*. Some badly built or imperfectly rigged ships won't stay, — that is, they won't go around with their heads to the wind, but lose their momentum, and blow off; such ships, in tacking, have to *wear*, — turning the opposite way, with their sterns to the wind; a great disadvantage, as they necessarily go back a little on their course before they can get around on the other tack."



He took up a piece of wood from his desk, and handing it to me, asked what I thought of it. I found it light as cork, and full of holes as a piece of honeycomb. It was a bit of ship's timber that had been destroyed by water-worms. The outside surface was smooth, appearing to be perforated here and there with pin-points. The worms were no larger than that, he said, when they went in; but, feeding on the wood, they grew rapidly, until they made a hole as large as a pipe-stem. They are *borers;* and, what is curious, the cutting end of a modern ship-auger is copied after their boring apparatus, and it is found to work better, in making a straight, deep hole, than any other.

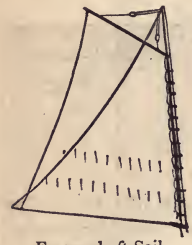
"This ship," he said, "was loaded so that the water came above her sheathing; and so the worms got at her. A ship's bottom must be sheathed in some sort of metallic covering, or she is soon destroyed by insects, shellfish, and marine vegetables, adhering to her. Copper makes the best sheathing, as it corrodes and poisons whatever touches it. But it is expensive, and it wastes rapidly; so a composition of copper and zinc is commonly substituted for it."

"When is the sheathing put on?"

"Sometimes just before she is launched," said he; "but it is liable to get injured when she goes off; and, besides, any leaks in her can't be so well detected and stopped afterwards. So she is usually launched first, and

then taken to a dry dock and sheathed. She is shut into the dock, the water is pumped out by steam-engines, and let in again after the sheathing is put on."

He told me ever so much about the spars and rigging, which I don't think I could write out if I should try. A *ship* is a vessel with three masts and square sails. A brig has two masts and square sails. A schooner has two masts with fore-and-aft sails. An hermaphrodite brig has the foremast square-rigged and the mainmast fore-and-aft rigged; she is half brig and half schooner. A sloop has only one mast. Then there is the topsail schooner, with a square topsail; and the barkantine, with three masts, the foremast rigged like a ship's, and the other two schooner-rigged.



Fore-and-aft Sail.

The mast of a small vessel is generally a single well-rounded, tapering stick of pine. But each of the three masts of one of the largest ships consists of a number of sticks. The lower part of each has a central stick, and others fitted about it, — all well rounded and hooped, to give greater size and strength. At the head of the lower mast is a platform called the "top." Standing on this is another mast, called the "topmast," — secured by a "cap." Atop of the topmast is the "top-gallant" mast; and over that the "royal." Some ships have besides what is called a "skysail mast," top of all. Each of these masts has a square sail of the same name hung upon it by a yard. The masts are held in their places by immensely large ropes, called "stays," and by smaller ropes called "shrouds," which also serve as ladders; the rounds, or steps, are cross-ropes called "ratlines." The "halyards" are ropes for hoisting the yards and sails; the "braces" are for swinging them around; the "sheets" are ropes for hauling and fastening the lower corners of the sails. These, and other ropes used in managing the sails, are called the "running rigging." The stays, shrouds, etc., are the "standing rigging."

So much I remember. He has promised to get me a drawing of a full-rigged ship, and to mark in the names of the sails for me; if he does you shall see it.

All at once, while we were talking, he looked at his watch. "There 's to be a launch to-day at high tide," he said. "It 's almost high tide now."

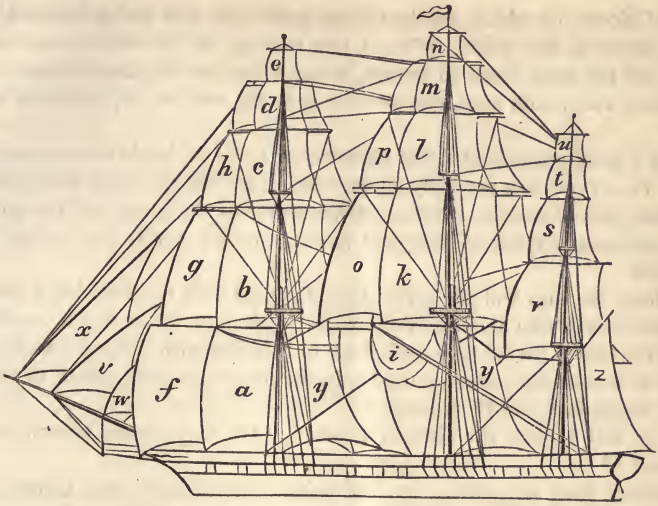
You 'd better believe that excited me, for a launch was just what I wanted to see. I had passed right by the yard where it was to take place without knowing it. As I might have time to see it yet, if I hurried, I bade him good by, and went plunging down his outside stairs like a mad boy. Right under his loft was a rigging-loft, where men were at work making the stays and shrouds of ships, which I should have looked into, if I had had time; but the launch was the thing just then.

I arrived on the ground just in season. A crowd had gathered in the yard since I passed by; and another crowd was standing or sitting on the wharves or timbers of a neighboring yard, waiting to see the show. In ten

THE SHIP LAUNCH.

DRAWN BY G. G. WHITE.]

[See page 842.



a. Foresail.
b. Fore Topsail.
c. Fore Top-gallantsail.
d. Fore Royal.
e. Fore Skysail.
f. Fore Studdingsail.
g. Fore Topmast Studdingsail.
h. Fore Top-gallant Studdingsail.
i. Mainsail.
k. Main Topsail.
l. Main Top-gallantsail.
m. Main Royal.
n. Main Skysail.
o. Main Topmast Studdingsail.
p. Main Top-gallant Studdingsail.
r. Mizzen Topsail.
s. Mizzen Top-gallantsail.
t. Mizzen Royal.
u. Mizzen Skysail.
v. Jib.
w. Fore Topmast Staysail.
x. Fore Staysail.
y. Fore and Main Spencers.
z. Driver or Spanker.

minutes she would go off; and in the mean while I looked sharply about to see how the thing was to be done.

I told you of the ways laid on blocks, and extending down into the water from under the stern of the first ship I visited, — a sort of huge wooden railroad, you know. Well, a track like this had been built of timbers running from the water all along under the ship's bottom, on each side of her keel. It had a slope of nearly an inch to the foot, just enough to make her slide off handsomely.

She did not rest directly on these ways, understand. Built up all about her was a curious sort of frame, called a *cradle*, the bottom timbers of which are called *bilgeways*. These were the runners on which she was to take a ride down the track. She was blocked up by timbers and planks between her bottom and the bilgeways; and these rested on the ways, which had been well "greased with taller," as a workman informed me, and afterwards, when the tallow was cold, "slushed with ile and soft-soap." The under-sides of the bilgeways had also been greased. To prevent her from running off the track, strong hard-wood "ribbons" were fastened to the top of the ways on the outer edge, and well supported by slanting props set in the firm ground.

Her entire weight did not rest on the cradle as yet; otherwise there would have been nothing to prevent her from sliding down the slippery track. The

piles of blocks on which she had been built were still under her keel, and a few shores at her sides. While I was looking on, the shores were taken away, and the word came to launch, when a number of men on each side, who stood ready with axes, commenced splitting out the top block of each pile.

I got a good position at a safe distance on a pile of lumber near the saw-mill. The crowd was perfectly silent, waiting to see the huge thing start; and there was scarcely any noise but the sound of the axes, and the puffing of the steam-tugs lying off the yard waiting to catch her as soon as she was launched.

"I hope the tugs will do better than they did with the last ship I saw go off," said a man who stood on the boards beside me. "She was a very large ship; the cables parted they undertook to hold her with; she got away, and ran clean across the stream, butted agin the navy-yard wall, poked her nose into it fifteen feet, and there stuck."

As he had broken the silence, I asked, "Do they always launch stern-foremost?"

"Oftener than any other way," he said. "Sometimes they launch bow foremost. Very large vessels in narrow streams have to be launched sideways. The Great Eastern was launched sideways in the Thames."

The men had begun splitting out the blocks nearest the water. I supposed they would have to split out the top block on the last pile under the bow before she would start. But half a dozen piles still remained untouched, when suddenly the crowds on each side shouted, "She is going!" The men with the axes sprang away, while the last blocks whirled over beneath her keel, as her weight came down on the bilgeways, and they began to slide. It was a grand sight, — that immense structure, a ship of the largest size, starting slowly at first, then moving off faster and faster, striking the water, and throwing up a great wave as she plunged in! You never heard heartier cheers! I cheered and swung my hat till everybody else was done, I was so excited. The tugs held her; and then we cheered again. Everybody likes to see a great enterprise carried out with such perfect success; and building and launching such a vessel is one of the greatest and grandest.

There were a few gentlemen and ladies aboard of her, when she went off; and how I envied them! Yet people said the sight was grander from the shore.

Well, it was all over; and what astonished me as much as anything was the hole she made in that yard after she had gone off. Imagine a meeting-house in a village square suddenly disappearing, leaving it vacant, and a crowd of people around the spot where it stood, and you 'll have some idea of it.

This ship had been sheathed before she was launched. As the tugs began to move off with her down the stream, I asked where she was going.

"To the shears," said some one.

I asked what the "shears" were, and was told that they were a couple of

spars lashed together, set upright, and furnished with tackle for lifting the masts into and out of vessels. I ought to have told you before that a vessel's spars (which include masts, yards, bowsprit, boom, etc.) are not put in till after she is launched.

It was too late for me to visit the shears; and I guess you are glad of it, — for have n't I written you another stunningly long letter? The shears, instead of cutting it off, would only make it longer.

Good by. LAWRENCE.

J. T. Trowbridge.

A DECEMBER CHARADE. — (FAREWELL.)

FIRST SYLLABLE. (*Fare.*)

CHARACTERS. — JOE *and* NED, *two young clerks from the city.* JOE *is in rough sea clothes: tarpaulin hat, stout boots, trousers tucked in, carries cod-lines, oil-clothes, and a rope-handled bucket.* NED *is in gentleman's fishing costume, wears broad-brimmed straw hat, carries reed-pole lunch-basket, etc. They enter from opposite doors.*

Joe. How fares ye, Ned? Been a-fishing? So 've I. Let 's sit down on the bank here, and talk it over. (*Throws himself down.* NED *spreads out his handkerchief, then seats himself upon it.*)

Ned (*affectedly and with a sigh*). Ah well! or rather, ah ill! Another day of vacation gone! Already the store, the busy, crowded, everlasting store, looms up before me! Customers seem beckoning me away. I hear, methinks, the rustle of cambrics mingling with the rustling of the leaves, and — and —

Joe. And the birds sing out, "Cash!" "Cash!" Don't they? O fiddle-de-dee! The store is fifty miles off! Fifty miles and six days? Another day gone? Well, don't fret for that! Did n't you get enough for it? Now I never fret about letting a piece of goods go, if I get the worth of it!

Ned. Really, Joseph, I don't see what selling goods has to do with the subject.

Joe. Why, you 've let your day go. Old Time took it. He buys up a good many of 'em. But he pays. You got the value of your article. Took your pay in taking comfort. Fair trade enough!

Ned. Well, you may talk, but the day is gone, and will never return (*sighs*).

Joe. But if we live till to-morrow, there 'll another one come. Leastways, I hope so. For I 've a plan ahead. (*Earnestly.*) I 'll do it! I will! I certainly will, dogs or no dogs! Unless the sea dries up, and then I 'll walk. But how was river fishing?

Ned. O, fair. That is to say, reasonably fair, for the first attempt.

Joe. Fine day you had!

Ned. *Charming* day! In the morning we rowed up stream, with Nature smiling all around us, — of course I mean the dewy fields, sprinkled with flowers; and anon we glided through the leafy woods, where the birds sang melodiously! All was fair and lovely!

Joe. Having fair wind 's the main thing, the rest is well enough. So you made an all-day trip of it?

Ned. Yes; a really *charming* little excursion, and the presence of the fair sex — hem —

Joe. Made it still more really charming. Yes, I know. They usually have their charms about them.

Ned. Exactly. And at noon we landed, and spread our repast under the shade of a spreading oak, and there partook of cold chicken, sandwiches, and fruits. At the hour of sunset, with a fair wind, and with now and then a song, we floated calmly down the stream.

Joe. All serene! Now I took it in the rough. See? Borrowed real sea-clothes and sailed on the briny sea! Jingoes, if 't was n't sport, off the Ledge!

Ned. Seasick?

Joe. Hem! Well, little rily, doubling "Hook's Pint." Soon over it, though, and relished my lunch, O, hugely! None of your chicken-fixin's! Real fishermen's fare. Sea-biscuit dipped in the sea!

Ned. Barbarous fare, I should call that!

Joe. Not a bit! O yes. I 'm mistaken. Good many bits. Fish bit lively, and old skipper chowdered 'em right out o' the water. Then we got into a school o' mackerel, and so brought in quite a fare of fish. If we 'd only landed on that island? But I mean to! (*rubbing his hands.*) Dogs or no dogs! What the dogs do I care? Let 'em yelp!

Ned. Of what island are you speaking?

Joe. "Maiden Island" some call it. Skipper said 't was oftener called "The Isle of Dogs."

Ned. Why are these names given to it?

Joe. Because there is a maiden there, of course, and dogs abound. But I 'll land! (*rubbing his hands excitedly.*) I 'll attack the fort. Jingoes if I don't! "Let dogs delight," and so forth.

Ned. I 'm curious to hear more of this Isle of the Sea.

Joe. Listen, then, and I 'll tell you a true story, Only it has n't any end to it yet. But I 'll make an end! (*earnestly.*) I 'm resolved upon that! unless an earthquake swallows it up!

Ned. Swallows up the end?

Joe. The island.

Ned. Can't you explain? (*in a pet.*)

Joe. O yes. Explain? Certainly. Now hark. In the middle of the sea, that is, off in the harbor, stands a lonely isle. And on that isle stands a hut. And in that hut dwells a stern old fisherman. And that stern old

fisherman owns a fair daughter. And on account of the island being flooded with admirers, he has defended it with dogs? Manned it with dogs! Actually!

Ned. Really? Now that is n't quite fair in the old gentleman.

Joe. Fair? Of course it is n't. But I 've got a plan! I 'll land! I certainly will! If every dog had as many heads as — now what was that dog's name that barked down in that dark place? no matter, — and if every head had as many mouths, I 'll land. "Faint heart never won fair lady!"

Ned. But what if they all fly at you?

Joe. Then I 'll fly at them! (*Sings.*)

"Let dogs delight
To bark and bite."

Slight noise of rain heard.

Ned (*rising hastily*). We shall be caught in the shower. (*Going.*) Come!

Joe (*rising slowly*). O, let it rain, let it rain. Better chance of fair weather to-morrow.

Ned (*passing out*). But will you? Will you really dare?

Joe. Yes, none but the Brave deserve the Fair! (*Exeunt both.*)

Rain may be made by dropping peas in a tin pan, behind the scenes.

SECOND SYLLABLE. (*Well.*)

SCENE. — *Out of doors. Tools lying about.* MR. BENSON, *a dark-whiskered Yankee, in working clothes and overalls, is at work on a pump. The* PUMP *is a man, or boy, encased in brown paper, or in wrappings of some kind. He is topped by a six-cornered bandbox cover, or by anything which will bear resemblance to the capping of a wooden pump. One arm is used for the pump-handle. The other, as far up as the elbow represents the spout. A small tub should be put underneath. There must be a bottle of water hid in the coat-sleeve, with the thumb pressed over its mouth, for a stopper. At the proper time, the water is allowed to run out.* (*This operation should be first practised in the anteroom.*) *While* MR. BENSON *is at work* SQUIRE REED *enters. He is well dressed, has gray whiskers, tall hat, and a cane, is a little pompous and condescending.*

Squire Reed. Well, Benson, how do you prosper? Always at work, hey? What! covered up your well?

Mr. Benson. Yes, and got in a pump. (*Works the handle.*) But 't won't draw. Something 's the matter.

Squire R. I 'm very sorry. Not sorry the pump won't draw, but sorry to lose the well, — sorry, I mean, to lose it out of the landscape. It was a very striking feature, with its long sweep.

Mr. B. Wal, to tell the truth, it did go agin my feelings. We 'd got used to seeing it, and my gran'ther dug it, and stoned it up, and I 've hoisted up a good deal o' water out of it, since I was boy, counting washing

water and all. But then 't was a heap o' trouble. (*Works the handle.*) Why don't the critter draw?

Squire R. Trouble? How?

Mr. B. (*resting on the pump*). O, things kept falling down it. I 'd be out in the field, working, you know, and 't would be all the time, "Mr. Benson, this thing 's tumbled down the well, and that thing 's tumbled down the well!" Then I 'd leave and run, and maybe 't would be my little gal's doll, or bub's hat, or clean clothes off the line. And all the neighbors wanted to hang their things down it, to keep cool. Course it put us out; but course we did n't like to speak. So we had to say, "No trouble at all, no trouble at all." Though 't was n't true, you know.

Squire R. Very true. That is, it was n't very true.

Mr. B. And then, 't was a master place to c'lect young folks together, as ever was. First the gals would come, with their pails, and stand talking. Then the beaux would come, 'specially about sundown. Says I to my wife, "Guess I 'll break up that haunt. (*Pumps with short, quick stroke.*) But this new-fangled thing won't draw a mite!

Squire R. Let me try. (*Pumps slowly with long stroke.*)

Mr. B. Yes, you work it, and I 'll pour in water, to fetch it. (*Lifts the cover a little, and pretends to pour in water from a pitcher, then seizes the handle and works it with quick, jerking motion.*) Anything run out?

Squire R. (*stooping a little*). I don't see anything.

Mr. B. (*examining the spout*). Dry as a grasshopper!

Enter Mr. Downing, *a tall man, with green spectacles, and wide red cravat. Has a rod in his hand, and walks with solemn air.*

Mr. D. (*to Mr. B. very stiffly*). Good morning, sir. I understand you have a pump that does n't work well.

Mr. B. Exactly. That 's just what I 've got!

Mr. D. (*solemnly*). I am a pump doctor.

Squire R. (*with a condescending smile*). That is to say, I suppose, that you can cure a pump, and make it well!

Mr. B. (*laughing*). O don't make mine well! It 's been well once.

Mr. D. If you will place your pump in my hands, sir, I will pledge myself that it shall give satisfaction.

Squire R. That is to say, give water!

Mr. B. Here, take it right into your hands! Now let 's see what 't will give!

Squire R. How do you cure, sir?

Mr. D. (*solemnly*). By circles and opposite electricities. Shall I proceed?

Mr. B. Yes, proceed to begin. Don't wait!

Squire R. That is, begin first, and then proceed.

Mr. B. And if the job 's well done you shall be well paid.

Mr. D. I shall require, gentlemen, a little assistance from both of you.

Squire R. (*glancing down at his clothes and his hands*). Of what nature, sir?

Mr. B. O yes. I 'm willing to take hold. Course you 'll take little something off the price.

Mr. D. No labor, no actual labor will be required of you. My system involves only circles and opposite electricities. In the first place, it will be necessary to ascertain whether your electrical currents are opposite.

Mr. B. Well, how will you do it?

MR. D. *brings in an old-fashioned flax-wheel, or some yarn-winders, or anything that can be made to turn round. After some solemn preparation, he whirls this rapidly for a minute or two.*

Mr. D. to Squire R. Have the kindness, now, sir, to touch lightly the circumference of this machine.

SQUIRE R. *touches, and hops away, with a loud cry, dropping his cane.*

Mr. D. to Mr. B. Now you, sir. (*Mr. B. hesitates.*) Don't be afraid. It is quite harmless.

MR. B. *touches, and, with a scream, gives a leap in the opposite direction, rubbing his arms, and looking frightened.*

Mr. D. All is well. The electrical conditions are fulfilled. The one sprang to the east, the other to the west.

Mr. B. (*glancing at the machine and rubbing his arm*). Mighty powerful!

Mr. D. (*solemnly*). I shall now proceed, gentlemen, to describe two circles around the well (*marks out two circles with his rod*). Will you please to advance? (*Squire R. walks towards the pump.*)

Squire R. Sir, this appears somewhat like trifling.

Mr. D. That depends upon yourself, sir. To the light-minded, serious matters appear light. I deal with the truths of science! (*To Mr. B.*) Will you come nearer, sir?

Mr. B. (*advancing cautiously*). No danger, I hope? No witchcraft?

Mr. D. Not the slightest. I will now work the handle. You two, being fully charged, will stand at opposite points (*placing them*), and proceed to revolve silently in these circles, — you, sir (*to Squire R.*), revolving in the external orbit, and you, sir (*to Mr. B.*), in the internal. At your third conjunction water will gush forth. (*Works the handle slowly. The others walk as directed. At their third meeting water streams out. The others step back.*)

Squire R. (*lifting both hands*). Marvellous! Most wonderful!

Mr. B. Wal! I declare! Be you a wizard? I hope — I hope it 's Christian doings!

Mr. D. (*with a smile and wave of the hand*). What you have witnessed, gentlemen, is merely a new triumph of science!

Mr. B. (*with a sigh of relief*). I 'm glad it 's science! I 's afraid 't was witchcraft! Send in your bill, stranger! (*Pumps.*) I 'm all in a heap! Science!

Mr. D. Permit me to inform you, sir, that witchcraft is science, only science does n't know it. Good morning gentlemen (*takes his machine*); I have business farther on. Have the goodness to accept of my card (*presenting it*).

Squire R. (*following*). Will you allow me to accompany you, and give me the pleasure of your conversation?

Mr. D. With pleasure, sir. (*They move to the door.*)

Squire R. Good day, neighbor. I 'm rejoiced that your troubles are over. "All 's well that ends well."

Mr. B. My well ends pump.

Curtain drops.

WHOLE WORD. (*Farewell.*)

It being December, there may be a Farewell Address from the Old Year to the children. This "old year" may be represented by a trembling old man, with white locks and beard, leaning on his staff, — the staff to be a portion of a leafless bough. He should carry a pack on his back, marked on each end "'69," and as a wholly pathetic character is not desirable, he may be plentifully labelled with the same figures. White hair and beard can be made of cotton-wool, or yarn, or both, and dipping the ends in a solution of alum will give them a frosty or icy appearance.

ADDRESS.

DEAR CHILDREN, — Do you know who I am? My name is Sixty-nine. Good by. I am going now. Yet very few of you will mourn for that! Are you not already wishing me away, longing for the young, bright New Year? You know you are!

O, I remember so well when I was myself a young, bright New Year! A Happy New Year, they called me, and so I was. For then you all liked me. You had longed for my coming. You cheered me! You hurrahed! You shouted for joy! For I came bringing gifts and good wishes.

Ah, that is all changed now! Now that I am old, and have little left to give, you are willing to turn me off for another! Such ingratitude is hard to bear. It is that which has bleached my locks, and chilled me to the heart. For I have given you the very best I had. Think, now. Look back, away back to the time when I was in my prime. Did I not give you those lovely Spring children of mine? Don't you remember my young April, so tender, so full of feeling, laughing and crying in a breath? She brought the crocuses and violets, but seemed too bashful to offer them! And do you so soon forget my pretty, smiling May, with her apple-blossoms and her singing-birds? My June brought you green carpets, inlaid with buttercups and daisies, and her warm-hearted sisters gave you all their beautiful flowers!

And then my elder children, how generous they were! How free of their gifts? Think of all the apples they gave you! Think of the abundance of ripened grain, — grain which will last till the New Friend that is coming

shall be able to furnish more. And fortunate that it is so. For let me tell you, that it will be a long time before this young upstart, this inexperienced New Year, can do much for you in the way of providing!

But for all that I have done my very best, you are impatient to see me off. Now why this haste? Why treat me so coldly? When once gone, you will see me no more! Other friends leave you in sadness, to return in joy. But I go, never to return.

And in this pack I carry all the joys and the merry times of '69. You can never have them back again. Do you grieve for that? Take comfort, then, in the thought that I carry, also, all the sorrows of '69. But there is something which cannot be taken away. Memory. All the days and hours of '69 are in this pack, but the memory of them remains. Be thankful. For if memory, too, could be carried away, why, then, in looking back, what a dreary blank there would be!

Well, children, I am going. Good by! Do you wonder that I go off so smilingly? 'T is because Old Santa Claus, dear, jolly Old Santa Claus, comes to cheer me in these last days. Ah, were it not for him, how gloomy would these last days be! But it is not permitted me to be sad. He comes with his jingling of bells, and his mirth, and his Merry, Merry Christmas! and so, thanks to him, I leave you with a smiling face.

And now farewell forever. But when young Seventy comes, happy and bright, laden with good wishes and rejoicing your hearts with his beautiful gifts, look back, I pray you, and bestow one thought upon poor old Sixty-nine!

Whole Word in Pantomime.* (*Farewell.*)

Scene. — Inside of room. When the curtain rises, a young soldier is seen taking leave of his mother. Both are standing. Her head is slightly turned away, her right hand is clasped in his. With the left she holds a handkerchief to her eyes, as if weeping. A little boy stands by his mother, holding by her dress and looking up in the soldier's face. His playthings are scattered on the floor.

Faint noise of drum and fife (*or other instruments besides, if convenient*) heard, as if in the distance. Seems to come nearer and nearer, and very near. Soldier presses the mother's hand in both of his, catches up his little brother and kisses him, then rushes out. Mother sinks down, as if overcome with grief, and sits with face bowed upon both hands. Little boy looks out at the door. Music grows fainter and fainter, and dies away in the distance, while curtain falls slowly.

* The pantomime may be substituted for the Old Year's Address, if preferred.

Mrs. A. M. Diaz.

PUZZLES.

No. 87.

Make sense of the following: —

A E W Y H T L
L R O T Y L A
T I O T Y R E
H S B E L A H
Y E E A R E N
A M D A N D A
N A K E S A M
D W I S E

M. B. B.

No. 88.

ACROSTIC PUZZLE.

First, a poet of England, of medium fame,
Who *friendship with poets* could certainly claim.
Next a poet who Laureate once might have been,
Had he chosen the fame of that title to win.
My *third* was a poet and essayist too;
A fame not unpleasant was justly his due.
My *fourth* was a poet, — you 'll guess, when you 're told
That, whatever might happen, he ne'er could grow old.
These four English poets' *initials* will frame,
Of a fifth English poet the still-cherished name,
And of all, the most polish his poems may claim.

SPHINX.

No. 89.

ALPHABETICAL PUZZLES.

What letter ought to turn a precious metal out of good society?

What letter makes a poem ominous?

What letter makes the aged daring?

What letter conveys one seal of marriage?

What letter makes of age an enclosure?

What letter prefixed to a covering for the head denotes familiarity?

What letter prefixed to a delicate article of dress gives it locality?

What letter turns a short measure into a small room?

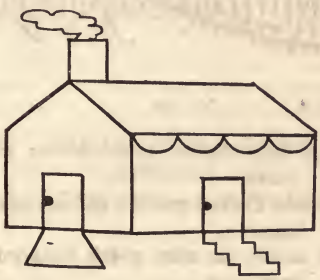
A. M.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 90.

No. 91.

THE HOUSE.

Draw this house with one continued line, without raising your pencil.



ENIGMAS.

No. 92.

I am composed of 17 letters.

My 1, 16, 17 is something that pleases children.
My 2, 3, 7, 6 is a man much talked about.
My 4, 5, 8 is the abode of a quadruped.
My 9, 10 is a particle.
My 11 is an article.
My 12, 13, 14 is not good.
My 15 leads many, but follows one.
My *whole* is a story in Our Young Folks.

No. 93.

I am composed of 16 letters.

My 15, 4, 11 is a Boy.
My 8, 2, 12, 16 is a part of his face.
My 13, 2, 14 he plays with.
My 6, 7, 5 he wears.
My 14, 16, 10, 10 he does when hurt.
My 1, 9, 6, 3 is his name.
My *whole* is a name of fiction.

NYM.

ILLUSTRATED REBUS.—No. 94.

CHARADES.

No. 95.

A lady of rank sweeps proudly by
With a queenly look in her flashing eye;
A velvet robe and costliest lace
Set off her beauty of form and face.
Diamonds flash from her neck and hair,
And gleam on her fingers jewels rare.
With a stately step and spirit free,
What you would call her, my *first* would be.

Gentle and sweet and tender-eyed,
Whom do you see so softly glide
Into and out of the dear old rooms?
With her the sunshine ever comes.
Ever busy for one and all,
Ready to come at every call;
Better than jewels and velvet and lace,
The look of love on her dear, fair face.
Sweeter than singing her every word; —
All honor and love to my *second* and *third!*

Calmly she sits in her rocking-chair,
My *whole*, with her beautiful soft white hair.
Never a cloud in those eyes so blue,
Nor a shadow of doubt o'er that heart so true.
Her hands are folded, their work is past;
They are ready to rest at last, at last.
Our saint, — not much doth lie between
Her gentle life and the Land unseen, —
Not much, but we all do love her so,
How can we ever let her go?

L. G. W.

No. 96.

When overcome with toil and heat,
The soldier walks with weary feet,
Faint and fatigued and sore athirst,
He turns with joy to hail my *first*.

When fighting 's o'er and peace restored,
Silenced the cannon, sheathed the sword,
The soldier, freed from war's alarms,
My *second* meets with open arms.

Now gathered all around the board,
With all the good wife's dainties stored,
My *third* and *whole* will grace the feast,
And give to all a crowning zest.

L. H.

No. 97.

DOUBLE ACROSTIC CHARADE.

Foundation Words.

Two artists, whose works I am sure you have seen;
Right worthy are they of this honor, I ween.

Cross Words.

On stray lambs a diner; —
A humorous designer; —
An artist who long since was touched by death's dart; —
An Englishman famed for his writings on art.

THEODORE.

ANSWERS.

76. Gorillas. — GaS
OperA
RadicaL
InitiaL
LokI
LaughteR
AriostO
SkatinG

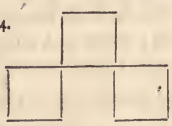
77. 1. Mole, molar, molest. 2. Bee, beer, beast. 3. Go, gore, ghost. 4. Some, summer. 5. Mite, mitre. 6. Y, wire. 7. Must, muster.

78. 8. Let, Carrie, } Letter-Carrier.

9. Hug, Mug, } Hugger-Mugger,

79. Carpet.
80. Current.
81. The Alphabet.
82. Fan.
83. Fore.

84.



85. 1. Eight anchored (A tankard). 2. Because they mutilate (mew till late). 3. When she is foundering (found erring). 4. Because they are Lent. 5. Because she is linked to a Si (sigh). 6. Horse pistols.

86. Evil into the mind of God or man may come and go, so unapproved, and leave no spot or stain behind. (Milton.)

(Eve) (lin) (tooth) e (M in dove) (god) (oar) (man) (May) *comma* N *D* G (O's) O (Una pea rue Ved) a (N D) (leaven) (O's) (pot) (oar) (stain) (bee) (hind).

THE evenings are growing long now, and boys and girls are sometimes perplexed as to the manner of passing them most pleasantly. Would n't it be a good plan for them to tell each other, through the Letter Box, how they spend the time, when they get together for a little party, or when the family circle is large enough to make various kinds of games interesting? We know of fathers and mothers, to say nothing of aunts and uncles, who enjoy both old and new fashioned games quite as well as the children do. Nothing keeps us elders so fresh and cheery, young folks, as entering into your pleasures; so don't leave us out in the cold, when you are planning a good time together.

It does n't matter to the Letter Box whether a game is old or new. Our readers are so far apart, and the ways of doing things are so different in opposite parts of the country, that what is familiar in one region may be quite unknown in another.

To begin with, we offer a numerical puzzle from one of our correspondents: —

"I tell my boy to take his slate and write down a line of four or five figures which I dictate. He then writes under them a line of figures which he repeats to me. We continue to dictate alternate lines to any extent, and when we stop, I tell him at once the sum of the column. It must be understood that I dictate the first line and the last.

I commence with	4742
	3621
	6378
	4936
	5063
	2841
	7158
	3486
	6513
	2692
	7307
	4865
I end with	5134
and announce the sum of	64736

On what principle is this done? BOBUS."

The above is plain enough, when you have looked at it sharply a minute or two. But we will give the explanation next month.

"Buz-buz" is simpler still, and is doubtless familiar to many of our readers. It is played thus: —

A number of persons are sitting together. One begins the game by saying "One," the person next to him "Two," the next "Three," and so on until "Seven" is reached. The person to whom this number falls says "Buz" instead of "Seven." Then the numbers go on to "Fourteen," instead of which "Buz-Buz" must be pronounced. And so, for every multiple of seven, "Buz" must be pronounced as many times as seven is contained in the number. The counting and "buz-zing" must be done as rapidly as the words can be pronounced. Easy as it seems, there are few persons who will not often be caught in a mistake.

"The Elements" is another very simple game, which keeps one's wits closely at work. You throw a handkerchief into the lap of some one sitting near you, saying at the moment, "Earth!" "Air!" or "Water!" The person who receives the handkerchief must name some inhabitant of the element mentioned before the one who throws it can count ten. No general term, like "bird," "beast," or "fish," must be used, and the same creature must not be twice mentioned.

"Initials" is a game we have heard of from Sweden, where, in the evenings, which are longer than our days, they must need a great variety of amusements. You whisper to your next neighbor the name of some distinguished person; he whispers another to *his* next neighbor, and so on around the room. Then the first person to whom a name was first told repeats adjectives or other words, the initials of which in some way describe the individual mentioned to him, and the rest of the company guess who is meant from the initials and appellations.

For instance: Some one says, "Artificial Poet," and you have no trouble in guessing the name of Alexander Pope. Or if the words "Notorious

Butcher" are pronounced, it is quite possible that Napoleon Bonaparte is meant.

The games which are easy enough for the smallest people to share are usually the best. Everybody likes to be counted in, when there is a good time. And there are a great many of these easy plays, — such as "The Grand Mufti," "Hieroglyphics," "My Father is a Merchant," "The Cook who does not like Peas," "Scandal," and the like. Who of our young correspondents will describe to us *their* way of playing these games? or which of them would they like to have *us* explain, in another number? We mean to give, from month to month, during the coming year, the best descriptions of the kind that we can get from our friends, or out of our own memory. But we shall give the preference to those which are sent to us, and which are also the least familiar to ourselves.

We are in many ways reminded that Christmas is drawing near, and one very pleasant thing which brings it before us is this little poem, just dropped into the Letter Box, about

MAKE-BELIEVE CHRISTMAS,

Who, last night, but my little white maid,
Stole out of bed? I caught her myself
Playing at Christmas, the dear little elf! —
Saddest of rebels, I am afraid.
She thinks I don't know, and don't understand;
But I shall tell all that I heard.
Each little dainty lass, all through the land,
Shall know every word.

* * * * *

"However little folks long for Christmas,
Grown folks count up the days all wrong!
They make a month seem as it never would pass,
And a year is twice too long.
My Dolly dear never saw Christmas day!
What a state to be in! If dolls could speak,
I know very well what she would say, —
'O for a nice year! once in a way,
With a Christmas once a week!
Now it is nothing but drag and drone;
Count Sunday, Monday, one by one,
Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, —
Fair day, wet day, worse day, —
With Friday over and Saturday done,
There 's only another slow week begun.'

"Here 's Dolly's night-cap, and here is her gown;
Straighten and smooth her floss locks down;
Settle the coverlet close to her chin; —
I 'll tuck my baby in.
We 'll make Christmas for our two selves,
Since real true Christmas comes so slow,
No use waiting for Santa Claus' elves,
We 've waited two months now.
Sleep! sleep! Doll-baby dear,
To-morrow Christmas will be here.
All good things, nice things that grow,
Into the stocking top shall go.
Make-believe honeycomb up to the sky;
Make-believe candy piled ever so high;
Doll-house with baby gear all complete;
Everything chock full of everything sweet;
A book full of pictures, painted and gay, —
No letter in it, not even an A, —
All things beautiful, fit for a doll,
A make-believe stocking to hold them all.
Wake! wake! Doll-baby dear,
Make-believe Christmas is here."

* * * * *

Are all the little birds gone from the land?
I 'll put it in rhyme, and write it out clear,
That my little maiden may understand: —
No whisper so low that mother can't hear.
Wishing for Christmas all day long,
Sighing for Christmas all night through,
Won't make right of a thing that 's wrong,
However little girls make ado.
A few more days, a few more nights,
A little more patient waiting, dear,
Will herald for little folks grand delights,
And Christmas morn be here!

The Acting Charades, from S. Annie Frost and others, are to be commenced with the New Year. They will be varied by pantomimes, mimic operas, and other matters equally entertaining, — as we can make room for them.

Mr. Trowbridge is to continue his contributions, and they will doubtless interest our readers, as "Ship-building" and others have done. — Those who have read his last articles on this subject will enjoy the pictures of ship-building given in Mr. Longfellow's well-known poem, which *Messrs. Fields, Osgood, & Co.* have had illustrated for the holidays. "The Building of the Ship" is now as much of a gem through its illustrations as it has hitherto been by reason of its own matchless verse. The pictures are by Gifford and Hennessy, engraved by W. J. Linton and A. V. S. Anthony, and the red-line illumination and elegant binding make it one of the most exquisite of gift-books.

There are plenty of new books waiting for a place in the children's Christmas stockings. We have only had time to glance at the covers and title-pages of some of them. To think of *California* sending us children's books, as well as gold! Here are the "Golden Gate Series" and the "Inglenook Series," published by *A. Roman & Co.*, San Francisco. We hope we shall find them as good as gold, when we come to examine them; but we can say nothing about their contents as yet.

Lee and Shepard have two new books which ought to be excellent, judging from their titles: "How Charlie Roberts became a Man," and

"How Eva Roberts gained her Education." The prefaces promise well. Dr. Todd's "Sunset Land," which they also publish, has interested us more than any description of California we ever read. And "Dotty Dimple's Flyaway" is as fresh and funny and fascinating as all "Sophie May's" children are. Little folks will be sorry that this is the last of the "Dotty Dimple" series.

Mrs. E. A. Walker, whose contributions our readers will remember, has put the "Pilgrim's Progress" and the "Life of Christ" into words of one syllable, making two pretty little books. They are published by *George A. Leavitt*, New York, in small quarto, with large type, and illustrations in oil colors. John Bunyan has always been a favorite with children, and we think that the *very* little ones must like this edition, — at least as an introduction to the immortal tinker's delightful allegory; and they will be the better pleased with it because the long speeches and sermons, which the older juveniles usually skip, are all left out.

Every boy who is making a collection of books for himself must want to own the "Illustrated Library of Wonders," of which *Messrs. Scribner & Co., of New York*, have issued two more volumes, — "The Intelligence of Animals," and "Great Hunts." These books are full of instruction and entertainment.

"The Fairy Egg, and what it Held," which *Fields, Osgood, & Co.* will publish before Christmas, is a sort of magnified and glorified "Mother Goose." "Little Bo-Peep and Little Boy-Blue," the "Musical Pie," the "Adventures of Richard and Robin," and other classic legends from the same source, are woven and embroidered into ingenious little romances, and illustrated by Miss Lucy Gibbons. It will be a very attractive holiday volume.

The "Uncle Sam Series," by the same publishers, is now complete. These are all bright, attractive little picture-books, in paper covers, and filled with colored prints. Some of our best poets have here lent their efforts to give a fresh interest to the history and legends of our country, and the series deserves attention, both from children and older people.

We call attention to the attractions of our next year's programme, some hints of which we gave last month. Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney's serial, "We Girls: A Home Story," has surely a most inviting title. It will be commenced in the January number. We shall have a charming little poem from Mr. Whittier in that number, and others from the same source, we hope, through the year. We have several of Rose Terry's pretty sketches awaiting publication. Colonel T. W. Higginson is going to write some new papers for us, about animals. Dr. I. I. Hayes will give the history of several of the Esquimaux dogs which were his companions in the Arctic regions. With these names, and those of Rev. E. E. Hale, Mrs. E. C. Agassiz, Mrs. A. M. Diaz, Mrs. Helen C. Weeks, Mr. T. B. Aldrich, Mr. James Parton, Miss E. Stuart Phelps, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, and others equally welcome to our readers, we feel as if we had a right to promise that "Our Young Folks" will well maintain its reputation as the best magazine of its kind in this or any country.

More than one hundred compositions have been sent to us in competition for the prize. Our decision with regard to them we shall give in the January number.

We slip in an extract from a letter which "S. P. F." sends us from the Berkshire hills. We wish we could also print the pretty pansies which came with it, bedded in a tuft of mountain-moss: —

"October 29, 1869.

"Dear 'Young Folks': —

"Have you had any snow down at the Hub? Snow fell here in fitful squalls yesterday and the day before. For a few moments the air would be so full of snow that we could scarcely see across the way, — then in an instant the sun would shine brightly, and the distant mountains would show snowy crests, for the first time this Fall. Were the Autumn leaves ever so gorgeous as they have been this season? Though the bright hues have faded now, there is still a lingering glory in the fading tamaracks. Now the snow is melting, and everything is dripping, dripping. The green grass is showing strangely bright through the snow, and but for the clinging leaves of the lilacs one might fancy it Spring. A few brave asters and pinks still remain, with the bright-eyed pansies, which are not summer friends, but faithful *all the year*.

"Yes, we went a-Maying! — the sweet arbutus and blue-bell, wild rose and sweet-brier, and the whole tribe of summer flowers within our reach came in to gladden our home. Well we remember *one* day. The youngest, the pet of the household, lay very low with scarlet fever. Charlie, our oldest, came into the nursery very softly, his hands full of wild-roses. Their fragrance filled the room for weary days and nights, when the Death Angel seemed so near. They were the first objects that the little one noticed, as he began to recover, and wild roses are sacred to me now.

"We have country neighbors. Since the snow began to fall, a lone partridge settled, trembling, outside the kitchen window. A few days ago, a large gray squirrel trotted along under the piazza. They often venture near, several having been killed in the yard and one in the shed since we

came here. We begin to think of Thanksgiving. We hear the merry voices of the huskers, each of whom has a pumpkin for a seat. *We* give preference to *country* pumpkin-pies, — eggs and cream being fresh and plenty here."

Look for tempting prizes, boys and girls, in the next number of the Letter Box. We shall then offer something magnificent.

A CORRESPONDENT wishes some of our bright readers to give information of the whereabouts of the quotation,

"Though lost to sight, to memory dear."

And another inquires where this originates: —

"Consistency, thou art a jewel."

DECEMBER is passing, dear young folks, and the snow is doubtless falling while you read. May the best blessings of the season descend with it into your hearts and homes! And do not forget the children who must wander about in the wintertime, unloved and cheerless and homeless. Send their lives a little of the sunshine you can spare so well! Do something to make some sad child happy before Christmas comes!

Christmas! The word recalls to our thoughts Him who came to save the lost, and to teach us that our happiness is to be found in helping others. These verses, by the author of "Christmas Tide," in the present number, remind us very tenderly of His love to all little children; and with them we may fittingly close our Letter Box for the year: —

LOST LITTLE FOLK.

Beautiful stranger, we have walked all day;
Our feet grow weary in the sun and shade,
And we are lost and know not where to go;
And now we see our little hopes all fade,
And weep the tears our eyes should never know. —
"I am the Way."

The skies of morning shone upon us bright;
And flowers we plucked that grew beside the road,
And carried them through all the weary noon;
But now our flowers have come to be a load,
And night is near and darkness cometh soon. —
"I am the Light."

We are too young to know what is the best,
And we are wrong, and there 's no eye that sees;
The hours of toil seem never to be done;
There are no arms to fold us into peace,
Nor any breast to lay our heads upon. —
"I 'll give you rest."

HERE is the picture of the poor little "Gamin" who, by accident, was left out of his place in Mrs. Craik's sketch of "Le Bœuf Gras," on page 829. Our readers will want to see how he looks, — and we think he does not look badly in the Letter Box.

1 358

DEC 1965
WESBY